



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

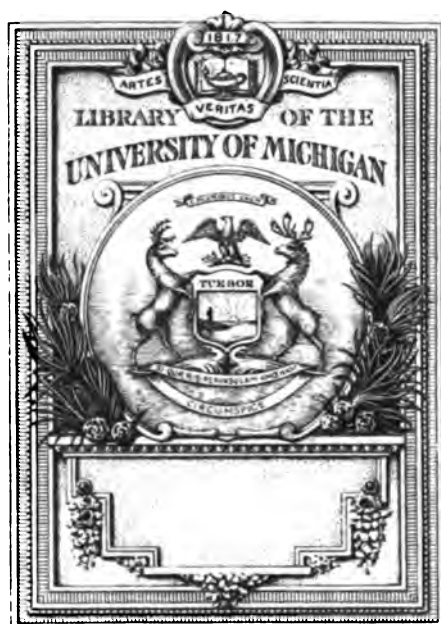
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AP

2

1E19

THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1859.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED AT No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.
1859.



JOHN A. GRAY'S
FIRE-PROOF PRINTING OFFICE,
16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

19

INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.
2. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
3. PORTRAIT OF EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.
4. PORTRAIT OF MARIA THERESA, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, AND OF PRINCE KAUNITZ.
5. PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON III.
6. NAPOLEON I. AND POPE PIUS VII.

A

- After the Battle, (Stanzas)—*Chambers's Journal*, ... 534
- Alhambra, the, Raminiscences of—*Editor of the Eclectic*, ... 434, 581
- An Alpine Storm, Ten Thousand Feet High—*Titan*, ... 44
- Anastasia, the Music of—*University Magazine*, ... 343
- Antique Fables of the Old Teutonic Race—*Westminster Review*, ... 234
- Arabian Philosophy, History of—*London Review*, ... 153
- Art and Science Abroad—*Titan*, ... 267

B

- Biographical Sketches and Notices of—
- Bacon, Francis, ... 289
 - Beaumont and Fletcher, ... 292
 - Bonaparte, Charles Louis, Napoleon III., ... 586
 - Calas Family, ... 92
 - Camden, William, ... 294
 - Daniel, Samuel, ... 289
 - Donne, John, ... 289
 - Eugenie, Empress of France, ... 437
 - Frederick the Great, ... 49
 - Frederick William, ... 51-2, 55, 58-60
 - Kaunitz, Prince, ... 439
 - Maria Theresa, ... 438
 - Pius the Seventh, ... 591
 - Pompadour, Madame de, ... 173
 - Pushkin, Alexander, ... 123
 - Raleigh, Sir Walter, ... 287
 - Sackville, Thomas, ... 294
 - Selden, John, ... 293
 - Shakspeare, ... 138
 - Sylvester, Joshua, ... 295
- Boulder, the Story of a—*North British Review*, ... 256
- Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise"—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 518

C

- Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great—*National Review*, ... 49
- Castle, the, in the Air—*Titan*, ... 210
- Cecil and Mary; or, Phases of Life and Love—*London Review*, ... 529

- Christianity and Ethics—*London Review*, ... 445
- Chronicles of Castle Cornet—*University Magazine*, ... 276
- Comets: What are They?—*Eclectic Review*, ... 407
- Concordat, Napoleon, and the, ... 590
- Courtship, the, of Miles Standish—*London Review*, ... 18
- Cowper's Poem on the Loss of the Royal George—*Leisure Hour*, ... 61
- Crinoline and Whales—*University Magazine*, ... 220
- Cuckoo, to the, Bird of Spring, ... 517
- Curiosities of Imperial Life—*National Review*, ... 494
- Cyrus Le Grand—*Westminster Review*, ... 219

D

- Description, Physical, of the Universe—*Eclectic Review*, ... 332
- Discontented Flowers, the—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 421
- Drama, the Modern British—*North British Review*, ... 29

E

- Empress Maria Theresa, ... 438
- Eugenie, Empress of France, ... 437
- Evil, an, Seemingly without a Remedy—*Chambers's Journal*, ... 566
- Exile's Memory, the—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 130

F

- False Morality of Lady Novelists—*National Review*, ... 377
- Farewell to the Comet—*London Times*, ... 121
- France, Austria, and Italy—*Eclectic Review*, ... 547
- Funeral, a, crossing a Stream—*University Magazine*, ... 266
- Future, a Tear for the—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 534

G

- Gate, at the—*Chambers's Journal*, ... 149
- Ghost, My. A beautiful and true Story—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 397
- Grand Assize Cause, the—*Colburn's New Monthly*, ... 555
- Grand Recipe for Human Ills; or, Concerning Tidiness—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 197
- Great Eastern, the—*Tufts's Magazine*, ... 249
- Great Revision Convention—*British Quarterly*, ... 83
- Great Tomb of Man—*Bryan's*, ... 48

H

- Halicarnassus, the City of—*National Review*, ... 184, 323
- Heroes, the, of India—*Westminster Review*, ... 20

- Horace and his Translators—*Quarterly Review*, 301
Hymns from the Land of Luther; or, Lyra Germanica—*University Magazine*, . . . 211
January—*Bentley's Miscellany*, . . . 420
- K
- Kaunitz, Prince, ... 439
- L
- Legend of the Fatal Ring. A German Story—*University Magazine*, . . . 369
LITERARY MISCELLANIES—150-152; 296-300; 440-444; 591-593
Longfellow, Poems of—*National Review*, . . 459
Love Benighted—*Eclectic Review*, . . . 17
Love me, Beloved—*Bentley's Miscellany*, . . 420
Literature, the, of Wedded Love—*Titan*, . . 75
Lunatic Life, Phases of; or, Love and Retribution—*Titan*, ... 466
- M
- Marriages, Late and Early; or, Three Hundred per Annum—*Sharpe's Magazine*, . . . 131
Memorial Church at Constantinople—*University Magazine*, ... 321
Midnight on the Alps—*Titan*, ... 126
Mid-summer Night's Dream—*University Magazine*, ... 296
Miscellanies, Literary—*Chambers's Journal*, . . 160
Modern Satire, Decay of—*North British Review*, ... 166
Mozart, the Transfiguration of—*Westminster Review*, ... 182
Mysterious Musician, the, of Waldron Cathedral—*Chambers's Journal*, ... 140
- N
- Napoleon, Louis, the Presidency of—*Colburn's New Monthly*, ... 489
November Leaves—*Sharpe's Magazine*, . . . 406
- O
- Optical Illusion of the Yellow Gown—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 63
- P
- Palissy, the Huguenot Potter—*London Review*, ... 532
Pandora's Box—*Tail's Magazine*, ... 82
Papal Power, the Rise of the—*North British Review*, ... 264
Phases of Life and Love—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 424
Philip the Second, Prescott's History of—*Colburn's New Monthly*, ... 540
Plea, a, for the Ways of God to Man—*London Review*, ... 258
Pleiades, Poems of the—*Tail's Magazine*, . . 247
Pompadour, Madame de, Life and Times of—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 173
Pushkin, Alexander—*National Review*, . . . 123
- R
- Romans, under the Empire, History of the—*London Review*, ... 349
- S
- Sand, George, on Prince Talleyrand—*University Magazine*, ... 391
Shadow, A—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 130
Shakspeare, Biographical Sketch of—*Sharpe's Magazine*, ... 138
Sitting Idle—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 182
Sleep, and the Twin Brothers—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 416
Sleeping upon Roses—*Sharpe's Magazine*, . . 425
Stereoscopic Glimpses, (Lines)—*Colburn's New Monthly*, ... 585
Strangely Falsely Accused, the—*Blackwood's Magazine*, ... 568
Subterranean Adventure, a—*University Magazine*, ... 259
- T
- Taming, the, of Horses—*British Quarterly*, . . 80
Tangled Talk; or, The Color of Love—*Eclectic for the Eclectic*, ... 413
Terrible Calais Tragedy, the—*Westminster Review*, ... 92
Travel during the last Half-Century—*Westminster Review*, ... 235
Trench's, Dr., Discourses, Review of—*British Quarterly*, ... 426
- U
- Undiscovered Island, an—*Bentley's Miscellany*, . 116
- V
- Vaughan, Eleanor; or, Twice Avenged—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 106
Verner, Raby; or, a Blow to the Feelings—*New Monthly*, ... 859
- W
- Woman, Her Position, Influence, and Wishes—*National Review*, ... 1
Woman in Extremes and Varieties of Character—*Edinburgh Magazine*, ... 84
Word Paintings in Rich Frames—*Eclectic Review*, ... 45
- Y
- Yesterday and To-morrow, (Stanzas)—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 493
Young Queen Wife, the, (Stanzas)—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 395



0000-0000-0000-0000

44-38861-1H

471.575
S.A. 9.11.1978

Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry

DEAN JAMES M. JONES
LAW OFFICE

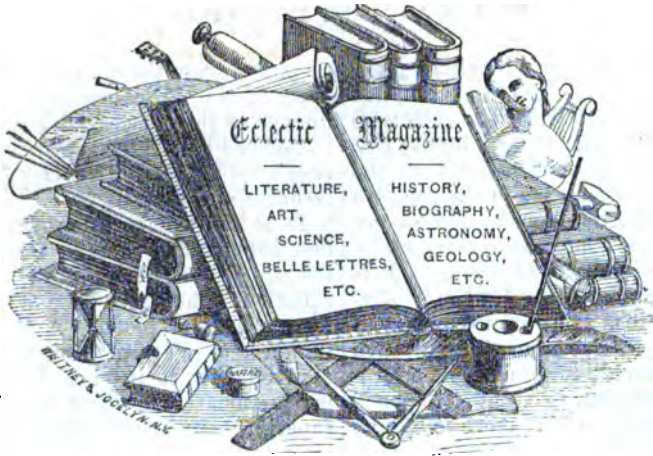
SHAKESPEARE

BAL-SIGN

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON
SIR ROBERT COTTON

DEVELOPER

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1859.

From the National Review.

WOMAN, HER POSITION, INFLUENCE, AND WISHES.*

THE influence of women on modern European society, Mr. Buckle tells us, has, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. We presume the influence of men has also, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. Yet it would seem odd to urge this.

What is the origin of this curious habit, by which we so often speak and think of women as something outside of general humanity, or at least a lesser distinguishable part, whose relation to the whole may be made the subject of estimate? Are they not in reality human society as much as men are? If one looks at the subject with a fresh sudden glance, it seems as strange to speak of women exercising a beneficial influence on society as of the branches and leaves exercising a beneficial influence on the tree. Yet a mode of speech so universal, and of antiquity so undated, must have some true basis. "Man" can not mean both men and women for nothing; and mean it in all times and all languages. Does this expression imply that the nature of the man comprehends, includes within it, that of the woman? Not this probably; but it does imply that society ever since the

* *Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks.* London: Chapman & Hall. 1857.

The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1858. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

The Englishwoman's Journal. London. 1858.

Remarks on the Education of Girls. By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES. Third Edition. London: John Chapman. 1856.

Woman and her Wishes: an Essay inscribed to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. London: John Chapman. 1854.

The Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise. By JUSTITIA. London: John Chapman. 1855.

world began has received its characteristic nature and distinctive impress, not from the women, but from the men who helped to compose it. It does imply, and the world's history confirms it, that the collective body of men are in their nature more strong, more vigorous, more comprehensive, more complete in themselves, than the collective body of women. It is of no use screaming about it; the irrefragable fact remains. It is idle to say it is all owing to the defective education you give us. Why not have secured a higher education? It is no answer to cry, it all depends on your advantage in mere physical strength; for to say so admits the fact, and gives an adequate reason for it. Why tell us of Semiramis and Maria Theresa, of Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther and Captain Betsy who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus? These great names, which shoot so high, serve but to measure the average growth. Against the great fact of subordination of place in the world's history, however, is to be placed another fact not less marked and important, that the upward progress of the race has always been accompanied by a commensurate increase in the influence of women. The fact to which Mr. Buckle calls attention, that in the palmiest days of Athens the influence of women was at a minimum, is strictly in accordance with the purely intellectual, and therefore narrow, though brilliant civilization to which alone the Greek mind attained. It serves to show how large a part of intellectual cultivation may be independent of the woman, and how incomplete in such independence are its loftiest achievements. Mr. Buckle, with his narrow theory of civilization, rests the matter too purely on considerations of intellectual conformation; yet it can scarcely be denied that the influence of woman is less at the present day than it was before the advent of what may be called the scientific age, that our material civilization is the result of effort and mental activity of a more specially masculine kind. Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort

of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, a keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later and proportionately fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world's affairs from the basis of the false idea of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inextinguishable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, leveling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world's progress who make roads bit by bit, as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty they that will be used, and profitably used.

It is a pleasant exercise of the imagination to rearrange the world on an hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of training and mode of life were entirely altered. The effect of this, some bold assertors maintain, would be so com-

plete, that (except during her confinements—if she should foolishly expose herself to such an impediment to her usefulness) she would be in every respect identical with man. Others hold that she would be distinguished from him by retaining all her own superiority, while she absorbed all his special attributes. She would be more chaste, more refined, more virtuous, more religious; not less bold, persevering, thoughtful, and comprehensive. These are engaging speculations, and we will not be rash enough to discuss what the future may have in store:

**"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed—their present state."**

All we wish to call attention to, is the fact, that the main object for our attention is women as they are, not women as they are not.

That hitherto women have ever been different from men, has not been very seriously disputed; and the vast number of instances in which their several characters approach, intermingle, and even interchange, has not been held either by profound thinkers or agricultural laborers to efface, or even to obscure, the permanent distinctions of sex:

**"If black and white blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?"**

Probably the agricultural laborer has the best of it in the clearness of his conviction as to the reality of the distinction: the thinker, in trying to eliminate what is common, and appreciate the exact nature of the differences, gets hopelessly bewildered among the grays, and loses all clear perception of the two original colors. Meanwhile the laborer knows from daily experience that he is not the same sort of creature as his wife.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker-sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy: a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in

another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on to the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rushing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they move from and are guided by the special relations thus educed.

The mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently, and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction for each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel. Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends: they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of, and a far greater power of wielding, small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently: they do not shine in the committee-room.

Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unREFERRED, and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon

these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. A lady will look a servant, who comes to be hired, in the face, and say he is not honest. She can not tell you why she thinks so. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him: he robs you—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes: the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight, but you also say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters: they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognized, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

The characteristics of the moral and spiritual nature of women are closely allied with those of their intellect. Their superiority in all that depends on intuition; their higher apprehension of and fuller life in personal relations, as distin-

guished both from material things and abstract ideas; their deeper power of influencing and greater dependence on individuals, as contrasted with a wider power exercised over numbers—are too obvious not to have been often made the subject of remark.

It is an idle question which is the higher in creation when each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other; but if the point must be mooted, perhaps the following consideration may indicate the true solution:

WOMAN NEARER TO ANGELS.

If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the fox-hound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the sea-weed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man; it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels. Woman is higher than man in her nature; she is less noble in the degree of self-control and independent responsibility imposed upon her. To men, with instincts less pure, intuitions less deep, sensibilities less fine, and a heart less faithful and unselfish, has been given a weightier charge—to be more entirely under his own control, to be more completely master of himself. Often has human existence been compared to the wide ocean, over which each winged ship of individual life struggles forward through storm and sunshine. Man sets the sail and leans over the wheel, bends his eye on the compass and the chart, questions the heavens of his place, and considers with anxious revolving mind what port it were best to seek and what course to make; asks even whether there be an ultimate haven and a pathway across the deep: and, bent on knowing rather than trusting, questions the silent unresponsive stars, and casts his lead in the fathomless ocean. But woman bears a loadstone in

her breast, and, standing on the prow, gazes forward over the waves, and is drawn heavenward by some strong attraction. Devious gusts of passion blow her astray; and losing once her track, sudden and utter shipwreck on sunken rocks or sand too often awaits her; but originally she has but to be true to her highest instincts, and needs not nor cares to distract her mind with questionings of the event. Her nature is higher than man's; but man is set higher above his nature. To speak thus is of course to express, in unmodified language, the extreme tendencies of either sex. We do not mean that men have no instincts, or women no consciences, only that each is stronger and fuller in one direction than the other. And the differences between male and female consciences illustrate the same thing. The sense of duty, the instinct of right, has in itself no discriminating power; it simply asserts in its very action, whenever called into exercise, a higher claim to the obedience of the will than any other of our moving impulses. But it does not itself decide on a course of action, any more than hunger tells us what to eat. Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another in her ordinary intercourse with those around her utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men.

Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feel more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses.

Again, compassion to the individual is the woman's virtue, justice to all the man's. But there is no need to point out the familiar operation of the more instinctive nature of women finding its life among personal relations; suffice it that out of these spring her gracious prerogative and happiest attribute—the power to live in others, through the affections to enjoy self-sacrifice, and, high above these, the faculty through love to discern and rest upon a personal God. We do not say that the influence of women has kept personal religion alive in the world; yet the truth lies not far from this; and certainly there are thousands of men who owe it to her alone that they have ever soared above a cold and stoical conscientiousness. This is a higher office than preaching, or legislating, or “inculcating ideas,” or rivaling men in any of the more general but less profound influences they exercise over their fellows. In religious life, as elsewhere, the highest of all is not that which is specially masculine or feminine, but which unites the best of both, which is based on the most conscious and deliberate self-surrender of the will to the highest claims—which vivifies conscience by love, and loves God because he is good.

WOMEN HAVE TAUGHT MEN.

There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world; and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon

us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference, we do not think this is quite so; we can not believe, what is nowadays so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstance, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly oblitative of such important qualities, it seems strange they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resource. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever: and is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds. On the other hand, none will deny that much is due to education; nor can any limits be assigned *à priori* to the intellectual achievements of which a judicious training might make the female mind capable. We only say that men with equal advantages will go further in their own direction. The same pains bestowed on an average boy and girl, will not make the girl so patient and accurate an investigator as the boy; but neither will it give the boy so quick and suggestive a mind as that of the girl. There can be no doubt, however, that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. In saying this, we do not urge, as some have done, that its office is to create and maintain an equilibrium of powers, and that those which

are naturally the most strong should be allowed to rest in the vain endeavor to place the weaker ones on a level with them; that because a boy has a taste for languages you should confine him to mathematics, or because he is a soldier by nature try to make him a clergyman by profession; the true rule probably is, to give by education the strongest propulsion in the direction in which a man naturally leans, provided it be a desirable one, and at the same time sedulously to guard against absolute deficiency in any other direction; to preserve an impetus, and to guard against an over-balance. We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honor to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.

Those modern Amazons who insist upon setting up their sex as a separate class of beings, naturally at enmity with man, and by him unjustly subjugated and ignorantly tyrannized over, are fond of speaking of us as if we either followed a Machiavelian policy in keeping our wives and daughters ignorant, or as if as a matter of taste we preferred to associate with ignorant females that we may rejoice in our superiority. This is a mistake. No doubt Lieutenant Smith, skilled only in horses, does dislike a young lady to mention Dante; and Jones, who has contracted all he once knew into a familiarity with the prices and quality of cotton, trembles to be asked what Kepler's laws are; but it is an error to suppose that educated men prefer the society of uninformed women. Perhaps, indeed, there is no intellectual exercise so delightful, or so highly appreciated on either side, as the interchange of ideas between cultivated minds of the different sexes. From a female mind on a level with his own a man gathers much more that is new and interesting to him than from conversation with a fellow-man; he sees a new side of old ideas, and is presented with a thousand delicate sug-

gestions beyond the reach of his own faculties; nay, often when his mind is saturated with knowledge which yet forms a turbid incoherent mass, the touch of a woman's mind, some hint—vague perhaps, but far-reaching—will make it shoot into sudden crystalline harmony. It is idle to say that men, whenever they are worthy of it, do not appreciate this sort of intercourse, that they do not consider it one of the highest pleasures of their lives. But they hate, and most justly hate, women who parade their knowledge and and their cleverness for the gratification of their own vanity, who are so narrow-minded that they can talk nothing but information, and so indifferent to the sufferings of other as to obtrude it on them without regard to the occasion. Bored are selfish, callous, pachydermatous animals; and these qualities are peculiarly disagreeable in women. This is a class all agree to avoid; but that intellectual culture of the very highest order to which they can attain is not as good and as desirable for women as it is for men, none but those who are either narrow-minded, or themselves ignorant, will care to deny. Of course the pursuit of intellectual excellence must not in women interfere with higher and nearer duties; but neither must it do so in men; and the only real difference which exists is, that the natural pursuits of men make a severe training of the intellect and a complete stocking of the mind more universally and necessarily a duty with them than with women. Do any women complain of this? Much more justly might men regret that the arrangements of society and the necessities of life leave them so much less opportunity than women for the cultivation of the heart. The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been, the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought; and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education. An opinion of female tact, insight into character, and instincts of management formed in the harems of the the East, would not differ widely from one formed in the drawing-rooms of London; but the estimates of intellectual capacity made in the two places would vary as if made of two different kinds of creatures. The highest development of the human mind lies on

the verge between the sexes; and though the main distinctions are permanent, it can scarcely be doubted that in the progress of civilization they will be ever growing less marked and prominent: only we are apt to make the great mistake that all the improvement is to be in one direction, that the minds of women are always to be elevated and strengthened by making them more like those of men; whereas the fact is, that a great deal remains to be done for the intellects of men by making them more like those of women.

What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subjects towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, instead of being led to look back into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions: they think geography lies in *Butler's Atlas*, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country: they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote: they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla; but they are taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to

look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books—if they studied less, and inquired more—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged; the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigor into the realms of thought. Then we say, you have learned music and French; it is now time you should practice dancing and dinner-parties. Most of them cheerfully acquiesce in this new course of instruction, others of a higher bent grasp at some degree of wider cultivation. The aids for attaining it are certainly greater than they were, but they are still defective and very limited in their operation: it is only extraordinary minds which, when thrown on their own resources, have the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and it is next to impossible that any should perceive the necessity for, and observe the conditions of, strict intellectual training. Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher ladies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes.

Another advantage of studying realities, and emancipating ourselves to some degree from the enervating prostration before print now so universal, would be, that individual minds having something of their own, there would be something to impart and gain in the intercourse between mind and mind. Conversation still exists, but only among those who have experience or ideas of their own. What is the use of hearing a person's disconnected and confused recollections of what you can buy all clear for a shilling? We think it easier to get information from a book than from a neighbor; but if the neighbor has information of his own it is different. Common subjects of intellectual interest

make far better subject-matter for conversation and mental intercourse than reading a book together. The "art of conversation," we all know, has perished—that is an old story; but all oral interchange of idea seems likely to go after it. We amuse ourselves with the pains taken to converse well by our forefathers, and think we have improved on all that; but the fact is, we have improved it away altogether; and after asking where you drove to-day, and what that fellow got for poaching, we "join the ladies." If we say any thing there, we ask them if they have seen A lately, or if they know B. But we need not say any thing. We knew a gentleman in past days who, when the company were gone, would draw his chair to the fire, and say: "Now let's be jolly, and not talk." Nowadays he might have been jolly all the evening. If a man will ask for our ideas on a subject, we put him off as briefly as possible: we have them, but we can not be bored to explain them; it is a process we are not accustomed to. Even the young ladies are becoming brusque and monosyllabic. They say, "Ha, ha!" like the horse in the book of Job, and go on dancing. More is lost in this way—in readiness, accuracy, and what we may call general handiness of mind—than we think for. We have many more avenues to knowledge open to us than our fathers had; but the floating mass of thought and general activity of mind in modern society is certainly less proportionately to the ground which our research has covered than it was in the reign of George III. Both men and women of that day obtained much more intellectual exercise out of far more limited materials than we now possess. The ladies of that day had narrower educations, and were more engrossed in household details, than those of our own; but they had more activity of mind in proportion to their acquirements, and freer intellectual intercourse with men. We dare say nothing of our wives; but we can not help thinking our mothers were agreeable, more social, and enjoyed a more lively and genuine interchange of thought with the young fellows of their day, than our daughters do. Charming clever women, thank Heaven, still exist; but there was something very delightful about her grandmothers. Witness gentle Anne Elliot, and sensible spirited Elizabeth Bennett. One thing we may notice;

there seems to have been a better balance than we now see between the mind and the feelings. Women indulge their feelings too much. They always were in danger of that; but now they ponder upon them. In the absence of external subjects of real interest, they employ their thoughts on their feelings, which are of real interest. They turn their nice observation and their imagination to the contemplation of the aspect and working of character viewed almost exclusively in this aspect. The justly-celebrated efforts of modern female novelists are all studies and representations of passions and sentiments. Characters are drawn and distinguished with exquisite discrimination and felicity, but only one side of human nature is developed. Above all, there is in many writers an exacerbation of moral sentiment, against which there must be a reaction, and which we fear will end in a return to the perusal of Dr. Franklin.

THEORY OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

The theory of female education is somewhat perplexing, to say nothing of the practice. On the one hand is the idea, now somewhat worn out, that girls should be taught only what will make them useful in their homes, and agreeable to their husbands. The other extreme is represented, if not in its best, yet in its most exaggerated form, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught every thing, and that immediately. She is urgent about it. "It appears most necessary," she says, "to open all subjects of thought to young women, and to facilitate their pursuit of all and any even to the farthest limits." There is often a confusion between learning and teaching. It is quite true that we have no right, even if we had the power, to limit by any arbitrary standard the mental activity and studious research of women; still more do we do them injustice if we attempt to cramp their stature with the idea of forming them so as to minister most perfectly to the supposed wishes and happiness of man. This is but a refined remnant of the institution of female slavery. The idea is as false as it is unjust that the best interests of the sexes are not compatible with one another, and of equal importance. The highest possible cultivation of the faculties of women ought

clearly to be subjected to no artificial hindrances, either of law or conventional restraint. But education is a complex matter. We not only educe the powers, as Miss Parkes tell us, we direct them to ends; and, to a certain extent, we not only develop, we mould the character. If we find a little girl given to telling fibs, we do not foster that tendency; if we find her always poring over her books, or gossiping with Anna Maria in the corner about possible lovers, we send, or ought to send, her out to play. And if we attempt to mould character, and to educate the various powers, we must be guided by some notion of the conditions in which the former is to be placed, and the objects to which the latter are to be directed. And here arises a strong divergence of opinion. We say the sphere of woman is home, and her influence personal. Man, we say, finds his activity in the world, and moves minds in masses and from a distance. But while we acknowledge that it is good for man to cultivate the home affections, and draw closer his personal relations with others, we do not so readily acknowledge that it is well for women to have a sufficient field for their energies, and to exercise comprehensiveness of mind. This is a truth which would be more readily admitted if it were not so constantly distorted; if the claim made were for an extension of the woman's field, rather than one to usurp the field of man. When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators, and militiamen, we sometimes wonder that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and so slow to urge claims which are surely as much founded in justice. Why have we not "Man's Right to the Nursery," by a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Foot-guards; or "A Claim to Lie in," by a Templar? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debars us all of this privilege.

The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an in-

creasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other. And there is no bitterer satire passed, or graver injustice done to women, than by those of their own sex who assume so passionately that every thing that is masculine must be desirable for women, and better than what they have of their own; and who quit the pleasant glories of their own seats, to sally out and snatch the most rugged and outlying bits of the territory of their neighbor man. Women must be true to their own high qualities and important duties, if they are to draw men up to themselves in those many points in which we are inferior to them; and men must cease egotistically to assume that they hold an incontestably higher place, and learn that it will benefit themselves in many respects to become more of women, and that the more they approach women on the higher side of their characters, the less danger there will be of their becoming effeminate, that is, approaching them in their weaknesses. "Men," says a Westminster reviewer, "can not retain manliness unless women acquire it." It is true, feeble women make feeble men, and *vice versa*; but it is not true that the reverse of a feeble woman is a manly woman. A manly woman is a very feeble man, a feeble man is a manly woman. But a strong man is a strong man, and a strong woman is—strange as it may sound to the reviewer—a strong woman, and not the less a true woman, and very different from what we call a strong-minded one. A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodeled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organization, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to oc-

cupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them. It should be remembered that of women these are the least truly women, and that it is most misleading to assume them as representatives of their sex. There are two ways in which women and men approach and modify one another. The one is where they are drawn together by the affections, where mutual sympathies, moral and intellectual, are aroused: "Les goûts se communiquent, les sentimens se repandent, les idées deviennent communes, les facultés intellectuelles se modelent mutuellement." Yet so far are they from being merged in one another by this union, that each sex acquires from it its most complete and characteristic development; each gains from the other, and strengthens what it has best of its own; they approach not by abnegations, but by additions, each from the other, of what is necessary to raise either man or woman to the fullness of the perfect creature. Tennyson has said it the best:

"For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

The other mode of approach is the reverse of this, where men brought up apart from women, and women debarred more or less from the society of men, lose not only the benefit of what each can give the other, but something of the truest characteristics of their own sex, which are not developed in their fullness and beauty except when the affections and sympathies, aroused by free intercourse, have their full play. These men and women approach on a sort of neutral ground. Such women are more of men than the others; but it is because they are less of women: the two grow like one another by respective loss, not by respective gain. Many things which these more neutral women

may dare and do without injury, are not fitted for more real women. Many circumstances which will suit the one will not suit the other. If society can be arranged—and doubtless, as far as the defectiveness of human arrangements will allow, it both can and ought to be—so as to give free scope to both, this is what is most of all things to be desired; but if the two come into competition, it is clear which ought to receive the advantage. Yet almost invariably it is the position of the neutral class which is specially had in view, and to whose supposed wants changes are to be adapted. We do not say this is exclusively so, but we do say that the great mass of thought and disputation on this subject is imbued with this idea, and that many arguments professing to be adapted to the wants and position of all women are in reality only applicable to this portion of them; and often it is plainly said, “We do not care for wives and mothers—they are well provided for, they have husbands and children,” but husbands and fathers take an interest in this class of women, and they will naturally continue to look at the question almost too exclusively from this side. The real difficulty is, as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married. Still the whole mass of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live,

might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated; and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favors this excess. It is constantly asserted, or implied, that all women ought to be educated as if they were men and were going to live as men, nay more, that the life of man is necessary to their complete education; you must, it is said, shut no avenue of knowledge to women, and debar them from no occupation through any false fear of soiling their purity or hardening their nature. Now if the woman is to be educated to fight the battle of life in the same ranks and under the same discipline as the man, she must no doubt learn early to fit herself for the roughnesses of the campaign; but if to the normal condition of a woman's life the freshest bloom of delicacy, the grace and depth of unvulgarized emotions, and a nature unhardened by the keen pursuit of selfish interests, are not only the highest crown, but the most necessary conditions of her highest function and influence, is it wise to endanger these at the outset? Two replies are made. It is said, woman is an earthly creature; and it is idle to strive after supermundane purity. Most true, only let us have a *quid pro quo*. If women are to be exposed to a larger extent than hitherto to the ruder and coarser influences of life, let us take what care we can that they lose no more than is necessary, and nothing without an adequate countervailing benefit. Again it is said, if woman be that pure and lofty being you describe her, and would fain have her remain, raised by a holier and finer nature above the man, she may be fearlessly exposed to the same influences as he is, and will pass unsullied through them. But this is by no means so certain as it is assumed to be. Doubtless the innate delicacy and modesty of women is greater than that of men—from this axiom we all start; but experience seems to prove that their finer bloom is more easily rubbed off. The stronger nature of man is better fitted for the ruder trials it has to undergo; contamination neither stains it so deeply nor leaves so permanent a mark. He is, as we have said, less dependent in his nature than woman, and daily we see men retrieving themselves from impres-

sions and habits which must permanently have degraded a woman. Of course the man suffers loss; he can never be what he might have been had he been true to himself and placed under happier conditions; but undoubtedly he has more power of casting his slough than the woman has; and things which rub off his rough outside, sink into and decay the softer nature of a woman.

Let us not be understood. We are not speaking of the contact of a higher nature with extraneous misery or debasement. When the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian charity and Christian patriotism, lead the way, Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses may walk with ministering hands through the loathsome hospitals of war, or Elizabeth Fry visit to redeem the vicious and polluted inmates of the prison; and a stain shall no more touch them than water cling to polished steel. It is of the evils of a competitive struggle we speak, with its temptations to selfishness, to dishonesty, to untruthfulness, its not easy reconciliation with modesty and self-forgetfulness; it is of the dangers which must necessarily, and undoubtedly do, hang about many of the avenues of knowledge. Ought women rashly to expose themselves to these? And there is danger that they venture rashly; extremes have a charm for them. There are signs enough of this in what advanced women write on education. They don't like the common-place difficulties of the beginning, the patient training of intellect, which is what they most want. They prefer something easy and *outré*. Miss Parkes does so. We have cited her before as the advocate of teaching all things; we may cite her again to show that she really means to exclude all discrimination. She does, indeed, give Euclid a condescending half-contemptuous nod of approbation in passing. It is not, however, mathematics that she urges as a discipline for the tender and discursive intellect of young girls, nor the exact study of one of the completer languages, nor the methodic pursuit of some branch of natural science, (indeed, these things do seem poor beside all knowledge;) but she thinks that the subject of the relation of the sexes, which we are told includes in it "the passional influences of women," should certainly engage the attention of young women, and that it

ought to be pursued with entire thoroughness; that granting this, it is preposterous to debar girls from "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding," and they must be well grounded in "George Sand." We can not help saying this is not only nonsense, but nonsense of a very unpleasant sort. It is difficult to say why Dryden and Jonson are named, except from a sort of wanton love of pushing the theory beyond all the limits assigned by decency and common-sense. There is nothing in either of these authors that bears on the relations of the sexes, except perhaps some of the most unmitigatedly indecent parts of their plays; and to read these parts for the sake of the knowledge to be derived from them, would be as if a well-dressed woman should insist on wading up a sewer to secure a pin. Knowledge may be bought too dear, and we daily and most justly sacrifice the acquisition of it to higher considerations. Still it may be true that no research should be denied to a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self-responsible alone, and of mature mind. It may be true that the pure thirst for knowledge may carry her safe through even such a path; but the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the lady is a theorist who has not realized the working of her vague ideas. Practically her recommendation is not a very dangerous one. Few people would send their daughters to attend the lectures of the Professor of the Passional Influences who proposes to read George Sand with his pupils; instinct and experience have alike made plain the ruinous effect, to boys and girls alike, of stimulating feelings through the imagination before they have met a legitimate natural development and practical object.

Difficult as well as dangerous knowledge has a charm for Miss Parkes; any thing that is not simple and dull. "There is," she tells us, "one branch of education so important in itself, so admirable as a method of exact training, and so calculated to supply that lack of interest in large subjects for which women have been hitherto reproached, that it must receive specific mention—it is the study of the Science of Social and Political Economy." We are desired to "take the three reasons for the pursuit of this study by women separately: Firstly, it is most important to that

sex who are expected more and more to undertake the application of detailed relief for social ills. . . . Secondly, another important reason consists in its excellence as a means of training the mind to attain power as an instrument, for which we so often hear the less daily applicable science of mathematics commended. . . . Thirdly, this study is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the minds of young people. . . . Once imbued with the theoretical principles of social welfare, women would soon learn to feel an active interest in the special application of those principles daily treated of in the public papers," etc. Much more of the same sort. Miss Parkes, however, is not responsible at first hand for the idea of teaching social science to the young. To us it seems a caricature of beginning at the end. That science which is of all others the most complex, the most difficult, and the least ascertained, is recommended as a whetstone to the intellects of boys and girls. The real fact is, that you may get them to learn its more obvious principles by rote, but that not one in a hundred of mature minds is competent to appreciate even its difficulties and short-comings. To recommend it as a training for young people, is as if the ascent of Mont Blanc should be recommended for teaching babies to walk. First, it is important to children who will be expected to walk up-hill; secondly, it is excellent as a means of training the legs as an instrument of progression; thirdly, it is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the bodies of little people. We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension; we do not say that minds, though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems: we only say that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for early training of the intellect instead of such things as arithmetic and geometry. The preponderating place assigned to it, and the idea of its serving as a substitute for mathematics, indicate truly the feminine tendency to give the slip to those duller things in which girls really most want training, and to substitute for them some-

thing which shall be immediately interesting and admit of endless discussion.

It is not our object here to enter upon the question of non-domestic employment for women in its economical bearings. It is enough to say in passing, that the objection based on the tendency of their interference to lower the wages of male labor is untenable. The social and educational influence of such employment has, however, received an elaborate treatment in one of the books before us; and may properly give occasion for a few remarks in pursuance of what we have said above. The author is in earnest; but is too apt to think that this entitles him to be prosy and interminable. He sometimes overstates his facts, and often over-strains his arguments; but he has patiently and carefully gathered his subject-matter together, and treats it with vigor and not without occasional eloquence. Many of his observations commend themselves by their truth and appropriateness; but we can not help thinking that his main views are pushed to an extreme which deprives them of truth and value. He complains, and justly, of the distinction which so early takes place between the studies of boys and girls, of social conventions which limit their free intercourse, of the ever-widening divergence of intellectual culture, especially in the middle classes, and of the too frequent perishing of all mental sympathy and intercourse of thought through pure inanition or want of common grounds of interest. But he is not less eloquent in his description of the evil than he is confident in his proposal of a remedy. The women must join the men in their work. Men and women of the higher classes, says our author, lead a life of leisure, and sympathize on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labor. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapped up in industry; all their ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the nar-

row-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husband's ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

WHAT MAN WANTS.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labor the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they

allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this, that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought

lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will must naturally seek and most effectually

find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fish-women worse than fish-men—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less tho-

row-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husband's ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

WHAT MAN WANTS.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labor the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they

allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this, that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought

lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up “playing;” it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will must naturally seek and most effectually

find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fish-women worse than fish-men—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less tho-

row-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husband's ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

WHAT MAN WANTS.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labor the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they

allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this, that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought

lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up “playing;” it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually

find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fish-women worse than fish-men—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less tho-

rough-going advocates of the change—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nurse-maids.

We are strongly of opinion, then, that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for women to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate any thing in the nature of a cloisteral seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist—her “distinctive womanhood.”

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence

and conduct of business that any thing like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

Something we had proposed to have said on the “political rights of women;” but have left ourselves too little either of time or space. Yet we will not conceal our conviction, that if there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and the legislator. If women are indeed only men a little weaker in the body, as “Justitia” maintains in a dogmatic little pamphlet on this subject adorned with a singular apparatus of false logic, then we can understand their entering into direct competition with us, and that the right to vote and legislate is one they may justly claim. If, however, they be really different, and adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours but essentially differing from it, then the question is a more difficult one. It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman’s more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. The argument on these questions can not be compressed into very short space. All we can say is, that women seem to us to have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena; and that, constituted as they now are, and before they have passed through the great transformation they promise us, a large admission of the female element into legislation would pro-

bably carry further than any society has yet experienced the special evils of democratic government—its hasty impulsiveness, its rash action, its discords, its unscrupulousness, and its instability. And yet who shall be bold enough to say that the English constitution shall not, with its slow all-assimilating power, find some safe practical method of including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action? As far as representation goes, it is certain that women possess, from their personal relations permeating all classes, an absolute security that their ideas and wishes shall be taken into account. If in some respects they continue in a position of social disadvantage, it is because they have themselves chosen to acquiesce in it and fostered the conventional tone of thought and feeling in which it is based. The sincere desires of any large number of the real women in the country necessarily secure immediate attention, and certainly exercise at least their full

share of influence over the action of the men. For women to say they are unrepresented, is as if the sugar in the tea should complain that it was not tasted.

Our observations have been directed not to any attempt to discuss the particular claims made for extension of the sphere of women's action; but to draw attention to the false ideas on which such claims are based by what may be called the more neuter members of the sex and their adherents. Two of these ideas may be selected as most commonly put forward, most evil in their results, and most intrinsically untrue. These are, the idea that women are to be considered as forming a distinct class in society, which ought to possess a distinctive class action and a peculiar class position; and the idea that if they are not men, it is only by some great injustice which demands instant remedy, and that the object of their highest ambition should be a successful rivalry in the masculine career.

From the Eclectic Review.

LOVE BENIGHTED.

BY W. TIDD MATSON.

At the hour of midnight dreary,
When Arcturus drives the weary
Bear towards his western setting,
And the busy tribes of men,
Overcome with toil, are sleeping;
Love benighted came a-weeping
At my gates, and loudly knocking
Made the silence ring again.

"Who," said I, "my dreams dispelling,
Breaks the stillness of my dwelling?"
"Be not fearful," then he answered,
"I am but a little child,
And implore your kindly shelter,
From these dranching rains that pelter;
Have compassion on a wanderer
Through the moonless midnight wild."

Having heard, and moved to pity
By his sad and plaintive ditty,
Straight my chamber-lamp I kindled,
And my doors I opened wide;

VOL. XLVL.—NO. I.

Lo! a little child before me,
Clad with wings as with a glory,
In his hand a bow, and quiver
Full of arrows at his side.

By my hearthstone, burning brightly,
Having seated him, I lightly
Took and warmed his hands in mine,
And wrung the moisture from his hair;
Looking then from arch brows under—
"Let us try my bow; I wonder
If the bowstring has been injured,"
Said he, and with sprightly air,

Drew an arrow from his quiver,
And he shot me through the liver,
Like a gadfly, and upleaping,
Loudly laughed, and said again,
With his red lip curling at me:
"Dear mine host! congratulate me!
My bow is indeed uninjured,
But thy heart will feel the pain."

From the London Review.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.*

WHEN a new poem by Mr. Longfellow is announced, we know at least what kind of pleasure to expect, and seldom encounter either disappointment or surprise. We look towards the Atlantic for a half-familiar face: it is as though another child of that dear friend of our youth, who left us now so many years ago for a distant land, is about to greet us in his travels, to bring a message of continued love, and to gratify us with a new presentment of old tones and features, the same and not the same, alike, but oh! how different! It is thus that we anticipate and welcome another member of this favorite family of song, assured that we shall recognize and love it under any guise, whether of moral psalm, quaint legend, or pure domestic carol.

The last offspring of Mr. Longfellow's

muse is now before us, and, claiming the sweet Evangeline for sister and associate, meets at once a cordial recognition. The *Courtship of Miles Standish* is a poem in hexameter verses, the story taking date, incident, and color, from the first English settlement in North-America. Miles Standish is the Puritan captain of Plymouth, New-England. He comes of a good old English family, long settled in Lancashire, and frequently distinguished by the exploits of its members in the cause of freedom and religion. Soon after landing from the Mayflower he meets with a sad bereavement. In the opening of this poem he is bluntly introduced in all his bluntness, handling his Damascus sword, admiring his armory, and interrupting with his reminiscences the occupation of John Alden,

"His friend and household companion,
Writing at diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;"

and then he lapses into a sadder mood, and we read:

"Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest, and meadow, and hill, and the steel blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
'Yonder there on the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the way-side!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them, and see how many already have perished.'
Lastly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful."

Presently the good captain begins to regret his loneliness—to remember and repeat on the best authority that it is not good for man to be alone. The image of the Puritan maiden Priscilla, "the angel

whose name is Priscilla," rises before him. He resolves to make offer of his hand and heart, and to do it by the mouth of his friend, John Alden.

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old captain, a man not of words, but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

* *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London. 1868.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can sing it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of ladies,
Such as you think best adapted to turn the heart of a maiden."

At this proposal, John Alden is surprised, dismayed; for in his secret heart he loves the maiden himself. The struggle of love and friendship then commences. He urges the captain to undertake his own suit, quoting the soldier's favorite maxim: "If you would have a thing well done, you must do it yourself." But the soldier is a coward in love, and presses his embassy on the reluctant youth, who yields at length, and goes in search of the fair Priscilla. We should like to quote the whole of the section which describes "The Lover's Errand," so spirited is the scene. The earlier portion of it we must venture to extract.

"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the ear with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind;
Saw the new-built house and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
'Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living.
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!'

"So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying: 'I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer."

But it is hardly fair to transcribe so much of our author's little book, or even to forestall the reader's interest by disclosing its conclusion. How John Alden fared in his strange mission, for whom he wooed, and by whom the maid was won,

shall be left untold by us; for if we have awakened any curiosity, it may be both cheaply and completely gratified by the purchase of this little book. The few poems at the end will then seem thrown into the bargain.

From the Westminster Review.

THE HEROES OF INDIA.*

THE complaint of Sir Bedivere is the doleful burden of latter-day prophecy. The "true old times are dead"—never more to return. The age of chivalry is past, and to the noble knight there is no longer the noble chance. There is no faith upon earth, for the fear of God has fled with the soul of art and the spirit of adventure. To this dreary, well-abused world there remain only steam-engines, cotton-looms, and electric telegraphs. We work no longer as we once worked—we fight no more as we once fought. All is barren, cold, mechanical. We breed no more heroes, or if we do, we do not discover them and set them over us, abiding in the dead level of representative institutions. We are content

to plod through a base, mean, and soulless existence, owing nothing to faith, and having no room for heroism.

Yet, in the march of time and progress of civilization—phrases which have been so mercilessly derided, but to which, nevertheless, the world will continue to attach a certain definite meaning—there is surely evidence enough to show that the one thing incorruptible and immortal is the spirit of faith—that it abides with us, under all conditions and modes of life—that it has not perished with helm and hauberk, with Crusader and Cavalier, with Puritan and Covenanter—that it endures perennially, and will endure, so long as man has need of it. The hero has even in these days his appointed function, and it is a notable thing to remark, that wherever there is the heroic work to be done, there is the hero to do it. Nor is the Nineteenth Century, with all its spirit of commerce, its lust of gain, and love of forms, without that spring of faith in the heart of it, without which all civilization would be rottenness, and the world a *Malebolge* pool of hideous despair. Notoriously, there is no lack of heroism, of romance, or chivalry, in this age of ours. We can not paint like Fra Angelico, or build like William of Wykeham; but we are not lost to all faith, or beyond hope. The holy Grail is yet ours to seek. The blood of Arthur and Lancelot, of Richard

* *The Homeward Mail from June, 1857, to September, 1858.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow. By L. E. R. REES, one of the surviving Defenders. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

Journal of the Siege of Lucknow. By Capt. R. P. ANDERSON, 25th N.I. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1858.

Day by Day at Lucknow. By MRS. CASE, widow of Colonel Case, 32d Regiment. London: Bentley. 1858.

The Crisis in the Punjab. By FREDERIC H. COOPER, Esq., B.C.S. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.

Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoys during the Mutiny. By Colonel GEORGE BOURCHIER, C.B., Bengal Horse Artillery. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.

and of Oliver, of Sydney and Raleigh, has not so thickened in our veins, as that British chivalry is all a thing of the past. Something the children of this age too have done, not without the purest glow of chivalry. Heroes in every walk of life have we, living and active among us, as great and as glorious as any that are of the past—brave and true men in word and deed. Martyrs to faith and duty we have, than whom no better ever bore lance in rest for the right. A Livingstone, treading on foot, all lonely, the mysterious interior of an unknown continent—a Maclure, cleaving his way through storms and ice to solve a scientific problem—a Brooke, carrying peace and order into the heart of savagery—these are heroes enough to redeem any age; their enterprises may match all feudalism in chivalry, nor are they less chivalrous for being useful.

Heroes of war as well as of peace have we, worthy of the best days of English manhood—of the God-fearing, hardy age of Elizabeth—or of the sterner Puritanism in its highest development. How few of the blessings of peace we have made for ourselves a curse, has been demonstrated plainly enough to the world in these latter days. Nor has our ordeal been easy. Within these half-dozen years, this country has begun and concluded two wars as great and terrible as ever tried the nerve of any nation. In each instance, our manhood has been put to the severest proof. In each instance the country has called for all that the brain of man could devise, and the arm of man perform. And it must be admitted we have come honorably out of the trial. If we have degenerated, our degeneracy has not been made visible. If we have fallen one whit from our ancient valor, fortitude, or fidelity, there has been no outward sign of our decadence. In the Crimea, it is true, our triumphs were mostly negative, but only because of a vicious organization; not the effect of national degeneracy, but of oligarchic assumption. Though we lost an army through the incapacity of our rulers, our soldiers lost no honor. At Alma and at Inkermann, they proved as at Agincourt and Cressy, "those limbs were made in England." All that manhood could do—all that British manhood had ever done, was done, honestly and faithfully. Where we failed, it was from no lack of any manly quality, but from causes

which in all ages have spoilt the results of genius and valor. And even through all our Crimean blunders was seen a generous devotion which never belonged to a race in any stage of decadence. Having foolishly undertaken a double share of the siege work, our army never flinched from it, but died, starved and frozen, where it stood. At Balaklava, the blunder of the immortal Six Hundred was such a blunder as no other soldiers ever made, and is of all blunders the most heroic. And throughout that terrible winter of 1854, whatever other parts of our military character we lost, assuredly we lost nothing on the score of courage or resolution. The lesson, indeed, which we learnt in the Crimea, was the very reverse of that which our philosophical croakers had been trying to teach us; for our failure was precisely on the side of mechanical genius, and not at all in consequence of moral or physical deficiencies. We were betrayed by the very power in which we trusted, and driven at last to rely upon that native "pluck," now as ever, the last and only sure resource of Englishmen.

But it is in India, during the past twelve months, that our manhood has been put to the severest test, and our ever-living heroism most nobly vindicated. India, for a hundred years the grandest theater of British enterprise—the glory of modern British genius and valor—has now borne a final testimony to the greatness of our race. The mutiny of the Bengal Sepoys—that source of death and misery to many of our unfortunate countrymen—has been to Englishmen the occasion of their greatest triumph. And perhaps the triumph is worth all its heavy cost, not only in preparing the way for the better government of India, but in proving to the world our capacity of retaining that government. It has confirmed the opinion of our supremacy, and established our title of conquerors. The mystery of our rule has been proved to consist in that moral and physical superiority which has enabled a few scattered handfuls of Englishmen, spread over a vast alien territory, separated by many long miles from home, and surrounded by every kind of danger from brutality, treachery, and fanaticism, to meet and overcome, all unprepared as they were, the utmost efforts of a hundred and twenty thousand disciplined

soldiers, fighting desperately for dominion. It was a contest by far the most unequal ever seen in the world. The enterprises of Cortez and Pizarro were safe and easy compared to it. At its commencement, every circumstance of fortune, season, and position, was against our countrymen. They were attacked at all possible advantage. The British armed force in the country was smaller in proportion to the native army than it had ever been—sixteen thousand British only holding the entire territory between Rangoon and Peshawur. The number of our troops in India was actually less in 1857 than in 1835, though in that interval we had acquired the Punjaub, Scinde, Oude, Pegu, Nagpore, and Berar—provinces peopled by the most warlike and turbulent races of India—and had increased the native army by more than a hundred thousand men. With entire trust in these Sepoys, the Government gave up the capital city of India to a mock emperor, guarding it, for his sake, with native troops only; and keeping but six hundred English soldiers to garrison a kingdom of eight millions of people, who had just lost their independence, and were afflicted with a chronic prejudice against all government.

The seasons conspired with the Sepoys and the Government for the destruction of the English. The struggle began just before the height of that terrible hot season which the mutineers knew to be their best friend against the British soldiers. It raged under the fierce sun of an Indian summer, when simple exposure was almost death to the native of Europe. Thus suddenly assailed, under every unfavorable condition for resistance—foully betrayed at every point by those for whose faith they had pledged life and honor—hunted from village to village by the hounds of slaughter, and abandoned to every strait of fortune, every peril and privation—yet have our countrymen emerged victorious from the contest—yet have they maintained their old supremacy, visiting with a terrible vengeance those fiendish traitors who had steeped their hands in the blood of women and children.

The heart which is unmoved by the tale of this Indian mutiny is dead to every generous impulse. The nation which does not acknowledge the devotion and fidelity displayed by its soldiers in all this dread-

ful struggle is unworthy to be served by heroes. Our history, the "ages of faith" included, contains no higher examples of heroism. The principal achievements of the war will hereafter be numbered among the chief treasures of glory possessed by the British nation. The capture of Delhi—the turning-point of the mutiny—was a wondrous feat of arms, effected by less than four thousand Englishmen against an army of thirty thousand men, strongly entrenched, in possession of an inexhaustible arsenal, and well provided with every thing necessary to defy assault. Yet fortune, numbers, position, and season notwithstanding, Delhi became ours ere a single soldier from England had reached India. The skill with which the operations were conducted is no less remarkable than the intrepidity displayed by all arms of the service.

The siege and relief of Lucknow exhibit, if possible, in still higher colors, the high qualities of soldiery which abide in the English army. Considering under what circumstances the garrison of Lucknow was suddenly called upon to defend itself against all the armed force of the kingdom of Oude, it is little less than miraculous that it should have been preserved from destruction. The scene of this memorable defense was no fortress, strong by nature and art—no walled city, even like Saragossa and Londonderry, manned by its own inhabitants—but a range of fragile buildings, encircled by such entrenchments as could hastily be thrown up in a few days, surrounded at all points by an enemy in the heart of a hostile population. The garrison consisted of a portion of one British regiment, with some hundred and fifty loyal natives, and a motley gathering of civilians; against whom was arrayed a vast armed host of not less than sixty thousand men, mostly of our own training, inspired by a bloody fanaticism which lent them for the occasion an unnatural courage. For three long and fearful months, before the arrival of Havelock, did our devoted countrymen maintain their hold, in hourly peril of death—exposed night and day to incessant assaults—with twenty-five guns of large caliber playing on their frail defenses, some actually within fifty yards of their position—under a constant shower of bullets from ten thousand loop-holes—with mines exploding every day beneath their feet—with privation and disease

within, and no certain hope of relief from any quarter. It is too little to say that the defense of Lucknow is without a parallel in history. The pen of General Inglis has recorded, in touching and manful terms, a tale such as the world has never yet heard. Not old Saguntum, nor modern Saragossa, can for a moment compare with this leaguer of ours. No body of Englishmen were ever exposed to greater peril, or bore their part with greater heroism.

Two pictures of what was done and endured at Lucknow may be extracted from the recently published evidence of eye-witnesses. Here is a description of one of the most desperate assaults sustained by the garrison, taken from the work of Captain Anderson :

"After these had been knocked over, the leaders tried to urge on their men. Again and again they made the attempt, but back they had to go by a steady fire. Their chiefs came to the front, and shouted out: 'Come on, come on—the place is ours—it is *taken*.' And the Sepoys would then rush forward, then hesitate and finally get under 'cover of the stockade, and keep up a fearful fire. Some hundreds of them got under the Cawnpore Battery, but found the hand-grenades rather disagreeable, and had to bolt rather sharp. Poor Major Banks came up, and cheered us during the hottest fire, and we were glad to see him. Our shells now began to fall amongst the enemy, and this still further roused their indignation; you could hear additional *yells*, and horrid imprecations on the heads of all CHRISTIANS. No less than three times were we assaulted by enormous odds against us, and each attack was, thank God, successfully repulsed. There we were, a little body, probably not eighty men in all, (that is, Cawnpore Battery—our post, and Captain Germon's) opposed to several thousands of merciless, blood-thirsty fanatics. We well knew what we had to expect if we were defeated; and therefore each individual fought, as it were, for his very life; each loop-hole displayed a steady flash of musketry, as defeat would have been certain death to every soul in the garrison. Had the outposts fallen, they were in such immense numbers that we could never have turned the enemy out, and *then* not a man, woman, or child would have been spared. It was, indeed, a most anxious time, and the more so, as we did not know how matters were progressing at other points. We dreaded that the others might have been even further pressed than we were. At intervals I heard the cry of 'More men this way,' and off would rush two or three (all we could possibly spare) here and there; and then the same cry was repeated in an opposite direction, and then the men had to rush to support their comrades who were more hotly press-

ed, and so on: as the pressure became greater at particular places, men rushed to those spots to give assistance. During this trying time even the poor wounded men ran out of the hospitals, and those who had wounds in the legs threw away their crutches, and deliberately *knelt* down, and fired as fast as they could out of the loop-holes; others, who could do little else, loaded the muskets whilst the able-bodied soldiers fired; and in this odd manner these brave men of Her Majesty's Thirty-second upheld the honor of their nation, and strained every nerve to repel the furious attacks of the enemy."

Mr. Rees, a civilian, who found himself unexpectedly shut up with the garrison, and who doubtless fought with as much ardor and vigor as he writes, thus describes the daily life within the Residency:

"As for death it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without a remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common that even women and children cease to notice them. They are the rule, not the exception. At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the wound through the temples instead; at another I moved off from a place where in less than the twinkling of an eye afterwards a musket-ball stuck in the wall. At another, again, I was covered with dust and pieces of brick by a round-shot that struck the wall not two inches away from me: at another, again, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook, one dangerously, the other slightly; at another, again—but no; I must stop, for I could never exhaust the catalogue of hair-breadth escapes which every man in the garrison can speak of as well as myself. The wonder is not that we lose so many men, but that so few of us are hit amidst the constant dangers we are exposed to."

But, in the striking words of General Inglis—

"If further proof were wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle which we have, under God's blessing, so long and successfully waged, I would point to the roofless and ruined houses, to the crumbled walls, to the exploded mines, to the open breaches, to the shattered and disabled guns and defenses, and, lastly, to the long and melancholy list of the brave and devoted officers and men who have fallen. These silent witnesses bear sad and solemn testimony to

the way in which this feeble position has been defended."

In truth, no deed of heroism was ever more clearly made out: the simple fact stands, that for more than three months the garrison defied the whole armed population of Oude.

The minor episodes of the war, attended by whatever fortune, bear equal testimony to the heroic spirit of our countrymen. In a hundred isolated stations, the tale of heroism is repeated with various success. Wherever a handful of Englishmen were gathered together under some leader not altogether effete or imbecile, it defied almost any adverse conjuncture of numbers, position, or season. Of numbers, indeed, there was no account, for the prayer of King Henry at Agincourt seemed to have been granted to our countrymen in this time of mortal peril, and a sense of reckoning was taken from them. At Benares, at Agra, at Peshawur, at Saugor, at Neemuch—at every point, in fact, where a dozen Englishmen had time to prepare for defense, there England was present to assert her supremacy over the wretched traitors who dared to dispute her dominion. Even at Cawnpore, the scene of our greatest disaster, nothing was left undone by the hapless garrison which could serve men in a strait so fearful. For what could a hundred men do behind a brick wall, without shelter from the Indian sun, against some forty times their number of fanatics raging for blood? In all the bitterness of that bloody tragedy there is no shame for Englishmen, but only honor—such honor as is due to the unfortunate brave.

Of the heroes who have made the last chapter of Indian history an epic, there are some who, standing out conspicuously among their fellows, like the champions of the *Iliad*, have performed such parts as single them out for particular honor by their country. Of these, alas! the greatest are already beyond human recompense. Martyrs to duty, they have sealed their work of faith by their life-blood. Henry Lawrence, Havelock, Nicholson, and Neill—are in their graves. This is the heaviest trial which England has to endure—the grievous cost at which India has been preserved. Yet the memory of their heroism survives as a lasting heritage for their country. Not in vain have they lived whose deaths are mourned in every Eng-

lish household—through all the lands which own fealty to England—as a domestic even more than a national calamity.

On the proud roll of Indian hero-martyrs, the first place belongs of right to the name of Henry Lawrence. The full worth of his career is perhaps not so well known in England as it should be; but in India, by common consent, Henry Lawrence had been the foremost man of the public service, since Lord Dalhousie's happy choice made him ruler of the Punjab. Sir Henry Lawrence is indeed the glory of our late Indian history, as Clive is of the earlier—the difference between the characters of the two men illustrating the change which a hundred years have made in the spirit of Indian statesmanship. The rude rough age of battle and conquest found its apt representative in the daring and reckless genius of the older hero; while in the later is typified all that purer and kindlier spirit in which we interpret our present duties towards the subject people of India. And it is the highest merit of Sir Henry Lawrence that he was the first to comprehend and to carry out that milder and more genial policy in our conquered provinces, which is henceforth the basis of all solid government in India. For such a duty never was man more happily fitted. To deep wisdom and rare sagacity, he united that sweetness of nature which is the invariable attribute of the true hero. A man never breathed of a purer soul and loftier purpose. Earnest, simple, and tender, withal manly and self-contained, his fine nature was admirably calculated to win love and trust, to arouse the enthusiasm of every generous and noble heart, and to overcome even those wild spirits intrusted to his dominion.

Called, almost by acclamation, to the administration of the Punjab when yet a simple Captain of Artillery, notably did Henry Lawrence justify an appointment so irregular, according to all official precedent. And in estimating the extraordinary results of that administration, let us remember what kind of people it was over whom he was set as absolute governor. A more arduous governorship was never undertaken. The country which, in 1847, had become ours by unquestioned right of conquest, presented certain difficulties so peculiar to the Indian government, that the timid mind of Lord Hardinge might well have been scared at

the prospect of annexation. The home of the most turbulent and warlike race of India, the Punjaub had from time immemorial been the battle-ground of Affghan and Hindoo. It was the cockpit of Hindostan, in a greater sense than Belgium is of Europe. Either by foreign invasion or internal dissension, war and rapine had been, since Alexander, the normal condition of the country of the Five Rivers. Over it host on host of desolating armies had swept in their course eastward and southward. Tartar and Turk had made it their highway for centuries. Conquered again and again by successive hordes of invaders, it became at length an appanage of the Mogul empire. Then disputed fiercely, during another era of its troubled history, between the monarchs of Delhi and Cabul, it subsided into an Affghan province under Ahmed Shah, the great Dooranee. In all this time a power was slowly rising in the country, destined ere long to put down both Hindoo and Moslem. In the fifteenth century had been born a new religion out of Hindooism. Nanuk, its prophet and founder, who holds the same place in the older faith that Wahab does to Mohammedanism, came to teach that all men were equal in the sight of God—that distinctions of caste were not a principle of faith—that differences of religion did not debar men from a common charity. A singular tolerance and love of peace marked the teaching of the new prophet, but little in accordance with the character of the times, and, as it afterwards proved, with the spirit of his race. Under persecution, these Quakers of Hindooism were not long in unfolding their true genius. Under their tenth high-priest, the Gooroo Govind, the Seikhs were formed into a military confederacy, and carried on an incessant desultory warfare with the Mohammedan Emperors. Every follower of the sect was bound to dedicate himself to arms, to wear a beard, and to carry steel always about his person. The Khalsa, or "The State," as the new confederacy termed itself, taking advantage of the dissensions between Moslem and Hindoo, gradually acquired entire possession of the country between the Sutleje and the Indus. Its form of government at this early period was a federation of chieftains, each independent of others, who met together at intervals to provide for the common safety, and furnished each his armed contingent for the public service.

This sort of constitution, well suited to dangers from without, was little calculated to endure the perils of internal discord; and accordingly it was not long before the genius of Runjeet Singh rose paramount in the Khalsa. One by one the Sirdars fell under the dominion of this remarkable man, until he was left absolute master of the Punjaub, and the acknowledged secular and religious head of the Seikh confederacy.

The territory possessed by Runjeet Singh, which after the events of 1847 fell to the Indian government, extended six hundred miles from east to west, and at least nine hundred from north to south. The population within its boundaries consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Seikhs proper. These latter formed but a minority of the people, including only the army and the chiefs, with their immediate followers. The great mass of the Punjaub peasantry is still divided into almost equal proportions of Hindoo and Mohammedan, and has been little affected by the religion of their military rulers. The character, habits, and pursuits of the Punjabees generally presented difficulties the most formidable to a foreign conqueror, especially to conquerors so exceptional among Asiatics as the British. The Seikhs, by themselves, formed a large, fierce, and turbulent body—every man born to horse and spear, and trained to arms from his cradle. They were the first entire and united sect of religionists in India which had ever come under British sway, and the first who ever fought with us on any thing like equal terms. They might reasonably be expected to offer the most energetic resistance to our occupation. The army of Runjeet Singh, numerous, devoted, and well-appointed, was rather a national militia than the mercenary force which we usually had to encounter in India. Its defeat and dispersion let loose over the country a horde of trained and warlike savages, animated by every passion which could drive hereditary plunderers to despair, and little likely to accept the logical consequences of defeat. To them, defeat meant not only the loss of bread, but the disgrace of their religion. It was the boast of the Khalsa never to be beaten. The ordinary salutation of its warriors was, *Wa Gooroo-jee ka Khalsa!** They

* Victory to the State of Gooroo.

believed themselves destined to conquer the whole of India, and with one foot already in Hindostan—almost within sight of the treasures of Delhi—they had been driven back by the armies of the British—aided, to their greater mortification, by the Hindoo Sepoys, the peculiar objects of their contempt and hatred. The desperate nature of the battles on the Sutleje in 1845-6—the most obstinate ever fought by natives in India—and the vigorous resistance repeated under Shere Singh, in the years following, serve to show in what unkindly temper the Seikhs finally submitted to the British dominion.

In proportion to the difficulty of the work must be our admiration for the manner in which Sir Henry Lawrence dealt with this rugged people, and like another Odysseus,

“—— Through soft degrees,
Subdued them to the peaceful and the good.”

The only other parallel instance of administrative genius is that of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde. The career of either hero is a striking example of what may be done by the mere force of individual character in the government of a barbarous people. Of the two, perhaps Lawrence was the more successful ruler, by virtue of his gentler and more self-sustained temperament. Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjaub. The genius of our country for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. The history of the Punjaub proves by how just a title we hold the place of the ancient Romans as the true *Domini rerum*. The wisdom and beneficence of our rule were never more clearly vindicated than by the present condition and conduct of the Seikhs. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which we owe the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjaub was nothing short of an absolute re-construction of the state. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos—law out of anarchy—peace out of war. He had broken up the feudal system, and established a direct relation between the government and people. He had dissolved the power of the great Sirdars. He had disbanded a vast Prætorian army, and disarmed a whole population. He had

made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people. Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of our Indian dominion say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world.

The effect of Sir Henry Lawrence's policy, (in which he was ably seconded by his colleagues, his equally famous brother, and Mr. Mansel,) has been a thorough revolution in the social state of the Punjaub. The old soldiers of Runjeet Singh have either taken service with us, or have been absorbed in the body of the peaceful population. The majority of them have returned to agriculture. “The stanch foot-soldier,” says the Second Punjaub Report, “has become the steady cultivator, and the brave officer is now the sturdy village elder. The great chiefs, if deprived of the principal portion of their authority, have been confirmed in all their just possessions, and their younger scions display a great ambition for civil employment under the British Government, for which, by an excellent educational system, they are being rapidly qualified.” In regard to the tenure of land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government, and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great Sirdars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private Jagheerdars—an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession; and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British

collectors could not recognize, and every possible means adopted to render the change of government as little harsh to the upper classes as was consistent with the interests of the general community. The land-tax was reduced by one fourth, yet the total revenue, even in the second year of the annexation, had reached the full amount ever realized by Runjeet Singh.

"In short," (to quote once more from the Second Punjaub Report,) "while the remnants of the aristocracy are passing from the scene, not with precipitate ruin, but in a gradual and mitigated decline, on the other hand, the hardy yeoman, the strong-handed peasant, the thrifty trader, the enterprising capitalist, are rising up in robust prosperity to be the durable and reliable bulwark of the power which protects and befriends them. Among all classes (the reign of anarchy and arbitrary exaction being over) there is a greater regard for vested rights, for ancestral property, for established principle. There is also an improved social morality; many barbarous customs are being moderated, and the position of the female sex is being secured and respected. Among all classes there is a thirst for knowledge and an admiration for practical science."

As to material results, giving evidence of the wisdom and energy of our rule, it is sufficient to quote the numerous useful public works which were begun and carried through under the Lawrence administration.*

We have dwelt thus at length upon the civil administration of the Punjaub under Sir Henry Lawrence, not only as exhibit-

ing in the most signal manner the resources of his genius, but for its important bearing upon the present and future condition of India. For it is not too much to say that upon the foundation laid by Henry Lawrence in the Punjaub rested the whole fabric of our empire during the late mutiny. Throughout the late disasters the Punjaub has been our ark of safety and our rallying-point. Its population, tamed and tutored by its late chief, are at present our most faithful and devoted allies. Without the Punjaub and the Seikhs, where would now have been British India? Who shall say how yet more terrible would have been the loss and the suffering to England had the Punjaub not been quiet and the Seikhs loyal? How many Englishmen would have returned to tell the tale of the Sepoy mutiny? To Henry Lawrence, therefore, as the founder of the Punjaub government—as he who first turned the hearts of its martial races—who in himself afforded them so noble an exemplar of the just and good Englishman—is due the eternal gratitude of his country—of all who value the national good name, and recognize the high mission which, by so many evident signs and tokens, has called our race to India.

The secret of Sir Henry Lawrence's success in the Punjaub lay as much in his personal character as in his rare administrative genius. The ineffable, indefinable influence of a large heart and honest purpose breathed over all his works. His very presence was a charm and a power. None who came within the circle of that eager and lofty enthusiasm could resist its fascination. With Europeans and natives alike he was the object of such homage as is rarely paid to a ruler so absolute, stern, and vigorous. By his own officers he was looked up to with a love and veneration in these days rarely inspired by high officialism. By the natives, keenly susceptible as are all Asiatics to the influence of personal character, he was adored as few Europeans have been in India. What the memory of Tod is in Rajastham, what Macpherson was to the Khoonds, Outram to the Bheels, Napier to the Beloochees, that and more was Henry Lawrence to the fierce and haughty Seikhs. How deep and strong is this feeling—how lasting the power of one good earnest man over the hearts of the most barbarous race—is witnessed by the recent history of the Punjaub, and by the

* The great Baree Doal canal, connecting the Ravee with the Sutleje, is in itself one of the most important works ever undertaken, and for grandeur and solidity may vie with any similar undertaking in Europe. Extending over four hundred and seventy miles of country, in the driest seasons it affords the means of navigation and irrigation to all the valuable territory which it waters, and which is mainly dependent on it for its means of wealth and industry. Such a work alone is a sufficient refutation of the charge so often made against the British in India, of neglecting the development of the country. Besides this and other smaller works of irrigation, which have changed the whole feature of the country, making what were sandy deserts fruitful corn-fields, there was presented to Government by the Punjaub Board, in 1853, the following remarkable summary of its labors in road-making: "One thousand three hundred and forty-nine miles of road have been cleared and constructed; eight hundred and fifty-three miles are under construction; two thousand four hundred and eighty-seven miles have been traced; and five thousand two hundred and seventy-two miles surveyed—all exclusive of minor cross and branch-roads."

important part played by the Sikhs in the recovery of the British dominion. Who in the days of Ferozeshuhur and Sobraon would have ventured to predict that in a dozen years the British flag would have been borne by Sikhs into Delhi and Lucknow? And to whom is the marvel due but to Sir Henry Lawrence?

The latter days of the hero's life were worthy of his Punjaub career. Perhaps none of our officers were so perilously situated at the commencement of the mutiny. Appointed too late to the administration of Oude, when already suffering from a mortal complaint, the fruit of his past devotion to the public service, he had barely assumed the reins of power ere the revolt had burst out. The mischief had already been done, and it was too late to arrest the progress of events. The task before Sir Henry Lawrence was hopeless from the beginning, yet he did not shrink from it. The time had gone by for reconciling the nobility of Oude to our sway. The summary and ill-judged policy of Lawrence's predecessor, in the settlement of the lands had alienated all the great *talookdars*, and inspired general discontent and misgiving. Sir Henry Lawrence had always protested against the absolute dispossession of the great landholders, whom custom and long tenure, if not right, had given a sort of title; and there can be no doubt now that to the adoption of a policy contrary to the Punjaub precedent, rather than to any national feeling on the score of the annexation, is to be attributed the present rebellion in Oude—from the beginning something more than a military revolt. And in estimating the danger of Sir Henry Lawrence's position, it is to be remembered that he alone, of all the British officials, had to contend with a disaffected people as well as a mutinous soldiery. To do this, he had a total European force of *nine hundred men*! Upon his success or failure there hinged the vital interests of the empire. The province of Oude is the heart of India. Had it been lost to us as completely as was Rohilcund or Delhi, there would have been no safety for the Europeans outside the walls of Fort William. The whole rebel horde would have poured into our home provinces, overpowered the feeble garrisons on the way, and annihilated the small British bands under Havelock and Neill. That such

were not the results is due to the vigor and foresight with which Sir Henry Lawrence met the revolt at its birth, and to the heroic endurance of the Lucknow garrison, of which he was the head and soul. From the first overt act of mutiny on the third of May, 1857, to the time of his death, there was nothing left undone by Sir Henry Lawrence which it was in the power of mortal man to do, to stem the tide of revolt and to maintain the British authority. And never did the genius of the soldier-statesman rise higher than when the walls of the Lucknow Residency contained all that was left of the British name in Oude. From first to last, we have the grateful testimony of the whole garrison that he did his duty in a manner equal to his reputation. To his foresight it was due that the garrison was provided with stores and ammunition, and to his military skill, that the defenses were concentrated within the Residency itself, to the abandonment of all the minor posts. He has been blamed, indeed, for the disaster at Chinhutt, but most unjustly and ungenerously. On every account it was desirable that the British should not retire into their defenses until the very last moment, and so long as the slightest prospect remained of holding their ground in the field. Nor could the base treachery of the native artillerymen—which was the cause of our ill-success on that fatal day—have been foreseen at that early stage of the mutiny. Of Sir Henry Lawrence's own behavior when, after superhuman deeds of heroism, that small handful of British was forced to retire before an army of nearly twenty times its strength, we have this affecting testimony from the pen of Mr. Rees:

"Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail bridge, he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. 'My God! my God!' he was heard to say, 'and I brought them to this.'"

Of his conduct during the siege every witness, even Mr. Gubbins, speaks with fervent and grateful admiration. Up to the time of his death he was the animating spirit, the good genius, of the garrison. Ever watchful, prompt, and indefatigable, he never spared himself aught of the common duty and the common

danger. Every man fought knowing that the eye of his chief was upon him. His cheerful devotion infected even the meanest soldier of that small band. A characteristic trait of tenderness (misplaced perhaps on such an occasion) is recorded of him during the siege. He would not fire upon the mosques and palaces. "Spare the holy places," was his order. To the last, his great heart was full of noble and generous thoughts. Dying the death of a soldier, he left a place hardly to be supplied—a name which is henceforth an immemorial treasure to his country.

One legacy, by his will, he has left to England, which it should be ours to cherish and preserve in the munificent spirit of the hero. During life, the peculiar

objects of his noble generosity were the children of the British soldiers; with his last words he has bequeathed these to the care of his country. During a career so busy and troublous, they had never ceased to occupy his great and unselfish heart. To the foundation and endowment of schools for soldiers' children in the hills, he had, for many years, given up annually £1000 from his own income—an income derived solely from official appointments. And Kussowlie and Mount Abou will stand—the noblest monuments to the hero's memory. The country which he has served so well has done little in recognition of his worth and genius; but the English army in India will long bless the name of Henry Lawrence.

From the North British Review.

THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA.*

THE plays of Shakspeare are not only the highest examples of the English drama, but they may almost be said to constitute, in themselves alone, the beginning, fulfillment, and end of an art. There was nothing like them before; and whatever has been like them since, has owed its resemblance to imitation, not to related vitality. With the exceptions of Ben Jonson and Massinger, Shakspeare's contemporaries and early successors did not

produce dramas that have any serious claim to be considered as works of art. Fletcher, the next greatest in reputation after Ben Jonson, wrote plays full of fine passages of poetry, and of startling dramatic effects, but a predominating unity of idea, which is the first essential of every work of art, is no more to be found in his works, than in those of our modern spasmodists, whom, indeed, he in some respects remarkably resembles. Ben Jonson and Massinger, however, resembled Shakspeare far less than Fletcher did. Fletcher imitated his style at least; but Jonson and Massinger were independent dramatists of a wholly different school—of a school to which our best recent dramatists have belonged. This school of dramatists occupies a sort of middle place between the ancient and the Shakspearian drama, and we fear it must be described as differing from both by defect. It would not be difficult to show that the Greek and the Shakspearian drama are two opposite poles, between which there is no satisfactory artistic medium. These two arts are so different from each other, that

* *Essays on the Drama.* By WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE. London: 1858. 8vo.

Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance in Two Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR. Sixth Edition. London. 1852. 8vo.

Edwin the Fair, an Historical Drama; and Isaac Commensal, a Play. By HENRY TAYLOR. London.

The Saint's Tragedy; or, the True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr. *Saul: a Drama. In Three Parts.* Montreal: 1857.

Violenzia: a Tragedy. London: 1851. 8vo.

Merope. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London; 1858. 12mo.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Art, and his Relation to Calderon and Goethe. Translated from the German of Dr. HERMANN ULRICH. London.

they appeal to two entirely different states of mind, which can scarcely exist or be exercised at one and the same time. The Greek drama, including all its successful modern imitations, requires of its auditor or reader a refined perception, and a condition of passive receptivity. It is so simple, that it demands no exertion of the reflective faculty for its appreciation; on the other hand, it is so perfect, that it asks for the utmost calmness and refinement of judgment and feeling. It is exactly like a pure and noble style of melody in music, which the hearer receives either easily and passively, or not at all. On the contrary, the Shakspearian drama, as it is found in Shakspeare, and in him only, is an infinitely elaborate harmony, calling upon the hearer for the active coöperation of his reflective powers, in the absence of which it is no more than a musical chaos. Between the pure Greek drama, with its few and simple characters, its plain sequence of action, and its ostentatiously expounded morality, and the drama of Shakspeare, with its little world of people, its complicated unity, and its development of ethical results, too delicate and subtle to be expressed more briefly than by the entire work, there are innumerable shades of difference arising from the mixture of the two systems—namely, that of *melody or rhythmus*, which is a simple and proportioned *succession*, and that of *harmony*, which is a simultaneous working of several such simple successions, the parts of which require, by a lively exercise of attention and reflection, to be contemplated in relation to each other in order that their poetic value may be perceived. It is of the essence of the Shakspearian art, as it exists in Shakspeare, to be practically unlimited. Like nature, the world of Shakspeare seems simple to the simple, and profound to the profound. It is only the Coleridges and Goethes who know enough of him to know how little they understand him. Every reader finds as much as he himself knows, in the works of Shakspeare, and the sense which every intelligent reader must have of the world of unknown meaning which stretches on every side, is the greatest charm of the Shakspearian art; it is the vanishing horizon, without which no landscape is perfect. Though this charm is widely felt, it is rarely that people can be brought to consider the quality of a depth beyond

the reach of a commonly good understanding, as being other than an artistic fault. The fact however is, that that obscurity alone is faulty, which arises from defective expression. In Shakspeare language attains the highest conceivable perfection of expression; the obscurity which covers portions of his work arising from the reader's own remoteness from the writer's thought, and therefore being no more a fault of that writer, than the indistinctness of the stars in the galaxy, or of the separate trees and leaves in the forest on a mountain-side twenty miles off, is the fault of nature. There *are* the objects, to be seen by whomsoever has eyes strong enough; meantime there are thousands of stars and trees sufficiently in the foreground to be well seen by the least telescopic vision, while those which are beyond such vision combine into masses of light and color, which are not the less grateful to the eye, because we know that they are made up of infinite but separately invisible touches of creative skill. To this quality of practical infinitude in Shakspeare no critic has done full justice. The best of all his critics—not excepting Goethe and Coleridge—Ulrici, has allotted too little space to each play to allow of an effective indication of the marvelous way in which the *theme*, which this critic has always caught with admirable acuteness, is echoed from character to character, from event to event, and from word to work.

“Oh! hark, oh! hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh! sweet, and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!”

In the greatest works of the greatest composers alone, is there any resemblance to this quality of Shakspeare's art. In a long composition of Beethoven, you may hear the theme repeated in a very similar manner, and under a thousand variations and disguises, each of which is an additional illustration, as well as a repetition. In order that those of our readers who have never made a critical study of Shakspeare's method may understand it, and so appreciate the contrast which we propose to draw between it and modern dramatic art, we take *Love's Labor Lost*, as being perhaps, of all Shakspeare's plays, that one in which the moral theme is developed in the clearest way. The following is Ulrici's criticism on this work:

"The leading idea of the piece is the significant contrast of the fresh, youthful, and ever-blooming reality of life, and a dry, lifeless, and recluse study of science. Either member of the contrariety, nakedly opposed to the other, and placed in hostile opposition to, and wholly uninfluenced by it, becomes untrue, preposterous, and absurd. The science which abstracts itself from reality, and retires in lonely contemplation, must either quickly entomb itself in the barren sands of a tasteless and pedantic erudition, or else, overcome by the gay seductions of life, give itself up to excessive pleasure and learned trifling, and earn for itself the merited reproach of affectation or pretension. One of these results is embodied in the curate, Sir Nathaniel, and the village schoolmaster, Holofernes—those truthful representatives of the retailers of learned trifles—and in the pompous and bombastic Spanish knight, Don Adriano de Armado, the Quixote of a high-sounding phrasology. The other is indicated by the king and his companions. From the pursuit of wisdom, which they blindly hope to gain by abstract study, they soon fall into the veriest silliness and fooleries of love-making; in spite of their oaths, nature and truth make themselves quickly felt, and gain an easy victory. But this victory over false wisdom is fundamentally nothing more than the defeat of folly by folly. For, on the other hand, nature and reality, taken by themselves, are but fugitive and illusory images when apart from the solidity of the cognizant mind; separated from this, the gayety of love is checked and damped; talents, shrewdness, and acquirements, become a mere vain and superficial wit; and love itself, when unassociated with the solidity, earnestness, and moderation, which occasional solitude and contemplative reflection alone can bestow upon the mind, sinks into a tawdry show of tinsel and spangle; and to such meditation the prince and his courtiers are for a while consigned to the objects of their adoration. We have here the triumph of the fine and correct judgment of a noble woman, which is as complete as that of her social wit and clever management. The speech of the princess, in which she condemns the prince to twelve months of seclusion and self-denial, and the words of Rosaline, which indignantly expose the thorough worthlessness of wit and talents when exclusively directed to festive and social amusement, convey, as it were, the moral of the fable."

It is much to be regretted that neither Ulrici nor either of the other two or three critics, who have shown themselves able to comprehend the method of Shakspeare, and have stated, more or less clearly, the central thought of particular plays, have given to the world that minutely detailed criticism which could alone do justice to the subject. An adequate criticism of the least elaborate of Shakspeare's dramas would constitute a goodly volume, but it

would be one which would teach the ordinary reader to understand Shakspeare better than twenty volumes of mere general criticism, however judicious. In this place we can, of course, undertake to do no more than give a few glimpses of that method which is Shakspeare's peculiarity, as distinguished from other, and especially modern dramatists, and without a knowledge of which some of the most remarkable defects of modern dramatists, who have almost all, more or less, imitated Shakspeare without understanding him, could not be appreciated. The following remarks will be more easily comprehended if the reader will be at the pains to read them with his Shakspeare before him.

In *Love's Labor Lost* the satire on the confusion of words with things—of false science with reality—which, next to pride, is perhaps the most prevailing error of mankind, is opened by the proclamation of the king and his courtiers of their intention to retire for three years' space from the world, in order to "war against their own affections, and the huge army of the world's desires." Shakspeare, however, is careful to make the king state that their ultimate object in establishing this "little academe" is nothing more than a desire for the world's applause. The unreality of the motive vitiates the enterprise, which has none of the moderation that would have been taught by a more real aim. Great emphasis is laid upon the oath which these gentlemen take to live for that time without seeing a woman, etc., etc.; an oath being the most solemn kind of word, and therefore affording the most forcible means of exemplifying, in its, in this case, inevitable fragility, the difference between words and realities. The king's three lords, Longueville, Dumain, and Biron, exemplify three different tones of mind in which such a scheme could be adopted. Longueville shows the greatest facility of deceiving himself by words, when he says,

"I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine,"
etc.

He thinks that he can undertake the task as a new mode of voluptuousness. Dumain, however, professes that he is already to some degree "mortified" to the world's delights, and henceforth

"To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,"
With all these living in philosophy."

He is clearly a more hopeful hermit than Longueville. Biron, alone, has character enough to forecast the difficulties of the enterprise, and to protest against the impracticable features of it. He has no objection to live with the king in a three years' comparative retirement for the purposes of wisdom, but

"Oh! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
 Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common-sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on, then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:
 As thus—to study where I well may dine,
 Then when to fast expressly I am bid;
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common-sense are hid;
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from other's books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know naught but fame;

And every godfather can give a name."

A man so profoundly versed in the knowledge of life's reality was not likely to undertake the king's oath in a tone that could render it very binding on his conscience. In the moment of signing the compact he points out the impossibility of keeping it, since the French king's daughter and her ladies are about to appear at the court on political business of importance; and, moreover, when the king, on Biron's objecting to certain details of the general agreement, tells him, "You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest;" the answer is, "By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest"—words in which a sensible man's "yea and nay" are put above an ill-considered oath. Biron, however, is

himself not wholly exempt from the malady of wordy unreality; but it takes, in him, its least injurious form, namely, that of wit that runs riot for mere pleasure, yet without ever intruding on the more serious affairs of life, except in so far as the habit of such wit damages the general seriousness of mind which a right life requires—an injury which is pointed out, in the end of the play, by Rosaline, who imposes a discipline for the correction of the too exuberant wit of this in other respects wise man. When Biron has taken the oath, accompanying it with the declaration, that

"Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space,"

the king says, that for recreation in spare hours, they have Armado, a Spanish knight, "a man of fine-new words," "that hath a mint of phrases in his brain." The next character introduced is Dull, who abuses language and diverts it from its corresponding reality, not from lightness, as in the king, or wit, as in Biron, or extravagance, as in Armado, but from mere and excessive stupidity; then comes Costard, who perverts every word that is spoken by punning upon it, or otherwise misapplying it, until we forget the primary sense; then, again, we have Moth, who takes up the theme in a new way by his continual word-catching; and Jaquenetta further illustrates it with her poor country wit, in answering the words rather than the sense of the speeches made to her by Armado, who, being the wordiest of all the set who have undertaken an oath with the king, is naturally the first to break the law. Sir Nathaniel, the curate, and Holofernes, the schoolmaster, complete the circle of male characters, and afford additional variations of the theme with their different modes of unreality in words, their whole style of conversation being exemplified by the first words they speak, which are touching a stag-hunt.

"*Nathaniel.* Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *calo*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nathaniel. Truly, Master Holofernes, the

epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least."

Shakspeare, in all his plays, but in this more obviously and perhaps less artistically than in any other, proves his moral by the *reductio ad absurdum*. The fault satirized—and even his tragedies may be regarded as most solemn satires—is chased from the highest form to the lowest, and shown to be identical in each; and in this process, which is exhaustive, every disguise of the error is taken away, and we discover the identical mummer in as many characters as were ever assumed in one night by the elder Matthews. Shakspeare never attempts a general representation of the character of a man or woman, but, in each play, shows only the relation of his various characters to the particular moral idea on which the piece is founded, leaving us to infer the general character as well as we may from this particular development. This system is the foundation of a dramatic unity more complete than has been dreamt of by any other writer, and from that unity arises a system of harmonious contrasts not less singularly admirable. All other dramatists contrast their bad and good people in a general way; now, so small a portion of a man's general life can be directly expressed in the space of a drama, that, by this method, the poet is properly permitted to illustrate only the most common-place and obvious characteristics of such life; and he is tempted, for the sake of novelty, to the representation of violent individualities, which are not rightly the subjects of the drama, because very exceptional characters are not only unconstructive, but, as far as they are exceptional, may be said to be unnatural, and out of the pale of artistic humanity. Shakspeare, as a philosopher, knew better than to represent men as differing from each other except in the *degree* and *manner* of their virtues and vices; and, as an artist, he bore in mind the maxim, that "dissimilar things can not be compared." He therefore shows, in all his plays, not so much the diversity as the fundamental identity of human characters; the diversity being proved to be formal, the identity essential. None but a reader who is willing to give much more attention than the perusal of a play is commonly supposed to require, has any chance of discovering more than one point in a hundred

which the poet makes in his juxtaposition of his various characters under the one relation chosen. We have taken *Love's Labor Lost*, not as the highest, but as the lowest and simplest exemplification of Shakspeare's system; and yet in a space which would serve for a tolerably full criticism of a play of any other writer, we can do no more than give a hint here and there of the abounding meaning. Let the reader observe that the inane pomposity of Armado is so extravagant, that it would not appear to be in any way related to the not very outrageous sacrifice of common-sense to unpractical and wordy knowledge by the king and his courtiers, but for the medium of other characters, especially Holofernes, in whom the love of useless learning is deepened into stolid pedantry, expressing itself with the pomposity which, in Armado, is without even that ground of excuse. In the first case, the thing satirized is so like truth as to be scarcely distinguishable, by itself, as error; in the second case, we have, as it were, the first and imperfect distillation; but in Armado the elimination of the element of folly is complete, yet not so as to prevent the display of a further quintessential distillation in the language of the totally uneducated pomposity, pedantry, affectation, and nonsense of Costard, who when in custody, says—"It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet." Holofernes criticises Don Armado for the faults of which he himself is so conspicuously guilty. "I did converse," says Sir Nathaniel, "this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado." Holofernes. "Novi hominem tanquam te: His humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." Nathaniel. "A most singular and choice epithet." [*Takes out his note-book.*] Holofernes. "*He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument,*" etc., etc. This is just what all the people in the play are doing, in some form or other, but especially Holofernes, who is always led by his word as an ass by the

nose. But perhaps the crowning touch of satire is where, after a long discourse about common things, couched in the most uncommon phraseology, Holofernes, complacent at his own eloquence, exclaims to Dull, "Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this time," and Dull replies, "Nor understood none either," whereby the identity of the extremes of dullness and fantastical learning is intimated, and the advantage, if any, remains with dullness.

We purposely abstain from entering into the principal action of the piece, because we should be led by its pregnancy into a detail for which we have no space. The reader, who has accompanied us thus far carefully, will find no difficulty in discovering a thousand fresh allusions to and illustrations of the theme of this play, whose motto might well have been the following words of the Princess and Biron:

Princess. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Princess. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Our readers will at once perceive that a play constructed on the system observed in *Love's Labor Lost*, and far more elaborately in various other of Shakspeare's dramas, is a work of which the parts must, by a separate activity of reflection, be relatively contemplated, in order that the writer's meaning may be discovered. In the absence of such reflections on the part of the reader, Shakspeare's works must always seem to be mere wildernesses, abundant enough in beauty and depth of character and incidental sayings to repay the reading, but still, as works of art, meriting nothing less than the epithet "barbarous," which has so often been candidly applied to them by French critics.

"Wonder," says Lord Bacon, "is broken knowledge;" and it is with wonder, rather than with intelligent admiration, that Shakspeare, until very lately, has been regarded by all, and is now regarded by all but the very few, who have studied his works so well and wisely that their knowledge of them, though necessarily falling short of the poet's full purposes, is no longer superficial or "broken." Now, it is a great misfortune for artists of any kind to have before them a model of overwhelming and unapproachable merit. To appreciate Dante or Shak-

speare rightly, is to be effectually checked from employing moderate poetic faculties upon similar subjects in an independent manner; but to "wonder" at them, which is what all but all men do, and are compelled to do, is to be condemned to be the slave of an influence not understood, and to imitate, not Shakspeare or Dante, but that "broken" and disordered view of them which presents itself to the wondering copyist. Nothing can be more opposite to the spirit of Shakspeare than the works—including the great majority of English dramas since his time—arising from such an imitation. Every play of Shakspeare is a world in little, a perfect cosmos, in which the greatest variety and boldness of contrast is only a means of exhibiting the unity of humanity; but, to an eye which looks only upon the surface of this cosmos, and therefore sees nothing but the diversity, all appears to be chaos; and, accordingly, it is chaos, not cosmos, which most of the imitators of Shakspeare have produced.

In combination with an imitation of Shakspeare, we must take into consideration the fact of the total decay of the *acting* drama, if we would understand the condition under which modern dramatists write. We believe that the day of the acting drama, in Great Britain, has forever departed, and we are convinced that neither society nor dramatic literature are likely to be the worse for it. The vast majority of a large British audience must always be appealed to by strong rather than by refined influences. Of all modern dramatists, Shakspeare alone was great enough to be perfectly true, and at the same time striking to the populace; we do not remember any other whose plays, having been long and greatly popular, are also capable of taking a position in permanent dramatic literature, whereas there are several plays which have been totally unsuccessful on the stage, and several others whose authors never dreamt of putting them upon the stage, which will occupy a place among the English classics. We need not pause to speak of the causes of the decay of the acting drama, further than to remark, that a fully sufficient reason, without the help of many others also at work, is to be found in the great leveling of external distinctions of all sorts which has of late years taken place, and is daily becoming more complete. Mr. Donne, in his collection of *Essays on the*

Drama, has the following true and picturesque passage on this subject :

"It is perhaps an inevitable result of advancing civilization, that it levels, in great manner, the external and salient points of individual character, and thus deprives the drama of one of its principal aliments and attractions. Evil passions and evil natures are unhappily, indeed, the accompaniments of every age, but they do not, therefore, always exhibit themselves under dramatic forms. The crimes and woes of 'old great houses' seldom affect, in our days, either the annals of the world, or the passions of individuals. Wars have lost their chivalric character. Politics are no longer tissues of dark intrigues revealed only by their results, but hidden during their process in impenetrable darkness. Society has ceased to be divided into castes, or distinguished by outward and visible signs of grandeur or debasement. Our manners and habits have grown similar and unpicturesque. A justice on the bench is no longer worshipful; a squire, except in the eyes of some poaching varlet, is no more 'the petty tyrant of his fields'; we take the wall of an alderman, and feel no awe in the presence of a mayor; lords ride in cabs; the coach with six Flemish horses, with its running footmen and link-bearers, has vanished into infinite space; a knight of the shire may be the son of a scrivener; our men on 'Change have doffed their flat caps and shining shoes; there are no bullies in Paul's Walk, and hardly a Toledan blade within the liberties of London. The toe of the peasant comes near the heel of the courtier. Our very inns have dropped their pictorial emblems; we write instead of paint our tavern heraldry. Town and country are nearly one. Clarendon says of a certain lord of Arundel, that 'he rarely went to London because there only he found a greater man than himself, and because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Lord Arundel's policy would be unavailing now. Our humors and distinctions are well-nigh abolished, and the drama, so far as it depends upon them, is deprived of its daily bread. The stage-poet can not find his Bobadil in any lodging in Lambeth, nor his Justice Shallow in Gloucestershire, nor Ancient Pistol in Eastcheap. The 'portrait of a gentleman or lady' at the Exhibition may represent four fifths of our similar generation."

With the disappearance of these picturesque distinctions in life, has disappeared, in great measure, the popular taste for beholding them dramatically represented; but the finer intellectual elements, which might and do make up for the want of these in our recent *written* drama, are not calculated to be effective on the stage. A premium on false effect is no longer offered to our dramatic writers, and, accordingly, the plays at the

head of this article, all of which have been written within the last few years, present a very remarkable and favorable contrast to any equal number of dramas written in the first quarter of this century, when a capability of representation was considered as being of the essence of a drama. Another great advantage enjoyed by dramatists not writing for the stage, is the absence of limitation as to length. There is no reason why a drama should be limited, any more than an epic, to some two thousand lines; on the contrary, the dramatic development of an action demands far more space than the same action narrated. Two of the plays which we have chosen for special notice are each of them as long as *Paradise Lost*, nor are they the least interesting and readable upon our list.

Mr. Henry Taylor stands at the head of living dramatists, and almost at the head of living poets. We have heard, indeed, that Southey pronounced *Philip van Artevelde* the greatest play which has been written since Shakspeare; but Mr. Taylor's style of mind is too nearly related to Southey's for either of these poets to be a very competent authority on the merits of the other. The excellence of Mr. Taylor's writings has been fully and cordially recognized by the highest critical authorities, and the sale of many editions of his chief work has corroborated their verdict. We venture, however, to predict for the dramas of this writer a wider and deeper reputation than they have yet obtained. Mr. Taylor had the merit, as well as the disadvantage, of writing in a perfectly sound and unmeretricious style, at a time when the popular taste had reached its greatest poetical perversion, and had come to regard the *defects* of certain remarkable poets — especially Keats — as the tests of poetic beauty. Unless every thought and image came clothed in a haze of strange words and a certain vague and sensual beauty, it was not thought poetical. The name of poetry had come to be attached to only a few, and those not the most noble of its developments. The highest poetry, which may be defined to be truths of perpetual human interest perfectly (and *therefore* metrically) expressed, was not in favor; indeed, by the majority of those who talked and wrote about the art, was scarcely looked upon as poetry at all. Trees, flowers, sunsets, and other objects of external nature, and men and women reduced to the level of such ob-

jects by an extravagant admiration for them, and by the dominion of the senses, were the world of Keats, and of the whole poetic school of the time. Mr. Taylor himself, in his short but exhaustive criticism, appended to the first edition of *Philip van Artevelde*, in the year 1834, has expressed the truth concerning the schools of Keats and Lord Byron in words which can not be improved upon. Byron's heroes, he says, "are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. Strip them of the veil of mystery and the trappings of poetry, resolve them into their plain realities, and they are such beings as, in the eyes of a reader of masculine judgment, would certainly excite no sentiment of admiration, even if they did not provoke contempt. . . . All is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroic, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment or infirm in character? . . . Nor can it be said that any thing better, or indeed any thing half so good, has been subsequently produced. The poetry of the day . . . consists of little more than a poetical diction, an arrangement of words implying a sensitive state of mind, and therefore more or less calculated to excite corresponding associations, though, for the most part, not pertinently to any matter in hand; a diction which addresses itself to the sentient, not the percipient, properties of the mind, and displays merely symbols or types of feelings which might exist with equal force in a being the most barren of understanding." Against this style of poetry, which has even now its apostles and disciples among us, *Philip van Artevelde* was a magnificent protest. It stands, among the poetry of the time, like a single oak in a land of flowering weeds. In it a great action is represented with the vivid sympathy and power of realization, which show that the poet is morally related to the hero; and with a severe simplicity of language, of which the only fault is that it slightly tends to the extreme opposite to that of which it was, no doubt, an intentional reproof. It was an almost inevitable result, indeed, of such intention, that the "percipient" and moral properties of the mind should have too marked a predominance, in Mr. Taylor's poem, over

the "sentient;" and the penalty of this predominance has been, that Mr. Taylor is scarcely yet admitted to be a poet, by a large and not uninfluential class of readers, who pique themselves upon appreciating the verses of Keats and his school. During the past few years, however, there has been a marked advance, among the people and the lower literary classes, in the direction of the views advocated and exemplified by Mr. Taylor. With the *cultured* classes, indeed, these views were never obscured, as is proved by the immediate and continued popularity among them of the play we are speaking of; but it is a curious fact that, for many years past, the so-called "literary" and the truly cultured classes have by no means been identical.

Philip van Artevelde is more free from the influence of Shakspeare than any other play of conspicuous merit in modern times. It is a perfect example of the simple or rhythmical drama, as we may call it, in opposition to the harmonic or Shakspearian drama. In its representation of a wise and heroic man, and his power of subduing the disorders of the world, we have the highest subject that could well be chosen; it is, however, as we have already suggested, an epic rather than a dramatic subject; and, accordingly, *Philip van Artevelde* holds an intermediate place in poetry, between the epic and the pure dramatic, as the latter exists in Shakspeare. To appreciate this play fully, the reader must be of a mature, grave, and thoughtful spirit; but, since its moral theme is general, and the characters, good and bad, are not represented under any partial and particular moral aspect, the moral standard which is ever present to such a reader's mind supplies the requisite commentary, and the separate and continually repeated efforts of reflection which are necessary for the right comprehension of a play of Shakspeare's would be superfluous here. And if Mr. Taylor's work is thus clear of Shakspeare's system, it is also clear of the slightest mockery of that system, which can not be said of the works of any other writer on our list. That Mr. Taylor is himself fully cognizant of the quality of his poem, with regard to other dramatic schools, is shown by the title, *Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance*.

This work is so widely known, and its chief merits are of so simple and intelli-

ble, though lofty a kind, that, in speaking of it, we shall limit ourselves mainly to indicating qualities which have often been denied to it by persons who have been made angry by its general opposition to the schools of poetry they admire. Mr. Taylor, in exalting the "percipient" above the "sentient" faculty, has by no means neglected to appeal as often and as forcibly to the latter as was consistent with his higher views. Lyric poetry is the proper field for appeals to the "sentient" faculty, and a man's power of making such appeals may be safely tested by his songs. Now, we feel quite secure in challenging the adverse critics of Mr. Taylor to point out any songs, by poets of their favorite schools, superior to the songs in Mr. Taylor's dramas. The song of Elena, beginning "Said tongue of neither maid nor wife," has scarcely its equal in modern poetry for pathos of theme and phrase.

We may be permitted to take one step out of our way to remark, that the beauty of this song is surpassed only by the design of Mr. D. G. Rossetti (the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite school) in illustration of it, which was exhibited last year at the private exhibition of the Pre-Raphaelite artists. Under a trellis-work of leaves, "betwixt the shine and shade," are two dicers, one of whom is sitting entirely engrossed by his game, while his mistress has her arms about his neck, and is singing in the sun, with raised head, vine-crowned; the other gambler kneels at the stool where the dice are being cast, and holds with one hand the dice-box, and with the other presses to his lips the hand of his mistress, who buries her weeping eyes in her other hand, and droops her head in the direction of a little girl, who is innocently singing and playing on a musical instrument. On the side of the picture, opposite to this little girl, sits a baboon, who is scratching his neck with an expression of extreme animal-satisfaction. The way the story is told by these four "points," namely, the innocent and joyful little girl, the two guilty but not hardened lovers, the careless couple, and the ape, is a marvel of symbolical art, and is exactly in Shakspeare's method, as we have attempted to describe it above. Indeed, we can scarcely explain the difference between the two kinds of art, concerning which we have said so much, better than by comparing Mr. Taylor's song

with Mr. Rossetti's picture. The one is the simple rhythmic expression of the idea; the other is the elaborate illustrative development of it, the thought not ceasing with the representation of the one unhappy woman, but being taken up and echoed through various persons and things, and losing itself in symbols so remote that we can scarcely feel certain whether their presence was intentional or not, as, for example, in the growth of tortuous and tangled branches, which bear up the "leafy honors" of the wood seen in the background, and which may or may not have been meant to afford an additional expression of the troubled mind that is hidden below the "jolly life" of guilt, and in the difference of the crowns of the two women, the singing woman having vine-leaves, and the weeping one roses with thorns.

Many readers of the present day have been so much accustomed to consider picturesque descriptions of nature and startling verbal beauties as constituting the substance, instead of being merely the adornments, of poetry, that a poet who makes no more than a sober and moderate use of these adornments runs the risk of being rated very low by them. His "fine" or "poetical" passages, when they do exist, are likely to be overlooked by such readers; for these passages always arise so naturally from the context, and are always so well subordinated to the principal effects, that they are never "striking." No poem can be thoroughly good, if it contains any "striking passages;" yet nine modern critics out of ten reckon a poet good in proportion to his custom of producing such excrescences. Now, Mr. Taylor's dramas contain innumerable passages which would be "striking," were they not so exactly the right words in the right places; as, for example—

"Artevelda. See'st thou yon sweeping section
of the road,
That leads by Ecdorf to the eastern gate?
My eyes are strained, but yet I thought I saw
A moving mass of men.

"Van Ryk. I thought so too.
When I had held mine eyes a minute fixed,
As in a morsel of dry mouldered cheese,
I thought I could descry a tumbling movement."

These last two lines are as intensely descriptive as any thing in Dante, the great

master of intense description; nor is the concluding image, in the following passage, less remarkable for its imaginative realization of a natural picture:

"How long since
Is it, that standing in this compassed window,
The blackbird sang us forth, from yonder bough
That hides the arbor, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky."

Philip van Artevelde and Mr. Taylor's other dramas, display qualities which make us ashamed to lay much stress upon the writer's skill in word-painting. It would, however, demand more than the entire space occupied by this article to do justice to the virile force, the simplicity, and the fullness of construction, which are the great merits of these dramas. None but a statesman could have represented statesmen as Mr. Taylor has represented Van Artevelde, Van den Bosch, the Earl of Flanders, Dunstan, and Isaac Comnenus.

A certain sameness in the main characters is the necessary defect of the epic tendencies of Mr. Taylor's dramas. He is quite right, for reasons already given, in avoiding the representation of strong individualities in his heroes, for all strong individualities imply great defects and disproportions in character. The wise and good statesman, whether he occupies the time and place of Isaac Comnenus, or of Philip van Artevelde, will be one and the same character in the main; and the epic pitch of the two dramas which go by the names of those heroes involves too great a similarity of circumstance to allow of any very diverse development of characters, on the whole, so much alike. No poet should write more than one drama of this kind, if he would avoid the appearance of want of fertility.

Violenzia: a Tragedy, has not made a considerable reputation, only because its subject is one which excludes it from the reading of young people. The subject, however, has not been chosen in ignorance or wanton outrage of the world's opinion, like that of the *Cenci*; but because a less terrible wrong than that done to *Violenzia*, and, through her, to her betrothed, could not have elevated the conduct of the latter to the highest pitch of the heroic. *Violenzia* resembles Mr. Taylor's

dramas in some points. It keeps close and clear view of a single and simple action, and represents it strictly upon the *explicit and rhythmical* and not the *symbolic and harmonic* method, and consequently it is easy and pleasant reading; in free and musical flow of verse it is superior to every other drama of the present day.

The story is that of an Earl of Felborg, (Ethel,) who, on taking commission in the army of the king, brings his betrothed, *Violenzia*, for safety, to the court. During the farewell festivities, the attentions of the king, a notorious voluptuary, to *Violenzia*, together with her manifest pleasure in them, alarm her brothers, Robert and Arthur, who also hold high commissions in the departing army, and somewhat grieve Ethel, who, however, knows *Violenzia* too well to augur serious evil from this display of feminine vanity in a woman who loves him deeply, and is too innocent to know how her behavior may be interpreted by suspicious people, like her brothers, and by the king himself:

"Robert. What! do you mark it too? for in
your eye
I read but small contentment.
Ethel. I do mark it;
Yet youth may plead her pardon; nor do I
think
She spoke him much encouragement.
Robert. Spoke, man!
Her eyes did speak, with bright, triumphant
sparks,
Delight to have a royal pursuivant;
Her smiles did sun the growth of his advances;
Her very gesture cast itself about
To be admired and bent to."

It is a great fault in the construction of this play, that no sufficient reason is shown for *Violenzia* being left (and for safety!) at the court of such a king. Directly Ethel and the brothers are gone, *Violenzia's* chamber is entered by Malgadin—a mere fiend of malice—a character which we believe to be totally contrary to nature, and therefore to poetry. The king, moreover, must have learned too much about women to suppose that they could be hopefully wooed by proxy, and by *such* a proxy. In this character, and in other parts of the play, the author shows that he has been injuriously influenced by the extravagances of Shelley and of the old dramatists. The *Cenci* is, in our opinion, a very imperfect as well as a very revolting play; and the writer of

Violenzia would have had a good chance of producing a much better drama than any that Shelley could have written, had he depended more upon his own fine and poetical mind for guidance. But to follow the plot: Malgodin, finding *Violenzia* unpliant, circulates reports against her reputation, thinking that she will yield to his master's wishes the sooner for the destruction of her fame. Finding themselves disappointed in this hope, Malgodin advises, and the king adopts, the resource of Tarquin. The rumor that she has yielded to the solicitations of the king reaches the camp, and is treated with contempt by Ethel, into whose presence *Violenzia*, almost immediately after the rumor has reached him, rushes and tells him what has happened. Ethel being second in command of the army, is urged by his indignant friends to seize the opportunity of vengeance, by turning its power against the king, the brothers of *Violenzia*, one of whom is commander-in-chief, being foremost in devising his destruction. Ethel treats such a proposition as treason; and, when the brothers endeavor to turn the forces from the enemy against their own country, they are seized, imprisoned, and condemned to death by Ethel, who assumes the chief command, gains a decisive battle over the Swedes, and then, regarding himself as called by Heaven to be a minister of justice, not revenge, turns his army homeward. In the mean time, the brothers of *Violenzia* have escaped from prison, and put *Violenzia* to death, in fulfillment of their vow. The deposition of the wicked king is an easy matter; and the play ends by Ethel's granting his request that he may not die, but pass his days in banishment and repentance, the crown being transferred to Haveloc, the younger brother of the king.

It is easy to build epics and dramas upon heroic events, but it is very difficult to treat them so that they become intelligible and credible, and therefore influential for good upon the mind of the reader. It is no small praise to say that the author of *Violenzia* has so represented a man heroically putting aside the thought of vengeance, when there was the strongest motive and the most tempting opportunity—nay, when not to revenge himself exposed him to the scorn and misconstruction of his best friends, that we rise from the perusal of the play

feeling that we could have done the same ourselves. Uncompromisingly Christian action, under such circumstances as those of Ethel, is a pitch of the heroic which no other dramatic writer, that we remember, has dared to depict; and in the choice, and in the power which has justified the choice, of such a subject lies the chief merit and originality of the play. This merit has the advantage of being a most seasonable one; for the old forms of the heroic have died out, and it is high time that the Christian heroic should come upon the vacant stage.

After what we have said in praise of this play, the author can afford to be told that it has very serious faults. We take it that these words, from the preface, involve a radically defective appreciation of the functions of the poet: "There could be no other injury so intolerable, no other grief so great, as that which here forms the trial of the hero. For his action under that trial I am responsible as a poet only, not as a moralist. . . . *A poet can not make his creations subservient to the enforcement of his own opinions, at least a dramatic poet can not.*" Now, the great fault of the play results from this mistake of the author, in supposing that a dramatic poet is not bound to be clear upon the point of morality. We are left entirely in doubt, the poet himself is evidently entirely in doubt, as to the right of Ethel to assume regal and judicial functions for the purpose of chastising the sins of the king. The poet, we think, was bound not to leave his readers in darkness upon so important a question; Shakspeare never shirks morality in this way; probably because he never made our author's mistake, of supposing that moral ideas are merely our "own opinions." Every one of the plays of Shakspeare, every poem of every really great poet, has been made "subservient to the enforcement," not of "his own opinions," but of his own *certainities* in morality. A good poem or drama is never what is called "didactic," not because it does not enforce definite moral views, but because its modes of enforcing them are peculiar, that is to say, indirect, symbolical, and representative rather than obvious and perceptive.

Intimately connected with this want of moral certainty in the mind of the author, is the evidently unintentional want of masculine force in his hero. We have said

that this drama is so written that the action is credible to our sympathies, which is the great point in a poem; but we doubt whether this credibility remains when it is closely examined by reason and reflection. A man in the least moral uncertainty would not have had the heart to bear him up in such a course as that pursued by Ethel; indeed, such uncertainty greatly damages the reality of his heroism, and suggests to our mind that he would have been more heroic still had he concluded to do nothing, when to do any thing was for him to take a leap in the dark. His many long, sentimental, and philosophical speeches at junctures when most men would be too full of life and action to talk much, show Ethel to have had too much of the Hamlet in him ever to have pursued a definite course with a calm and heroic determination. We have, however, to thank this temperament of soul for some passages of verse which, as poetry, are superior, or at least equal, to the best in any of the volumes before us. For example, after the death of Violenzia:

"Ethel. Violenzia sleeps. Alone on the broad earth!

Olave. Your officers and soldiers love you dearly.

Ethel. I thank you very heartily. Is it strange

That our diviner impulses, great thoughts, And all the highest, holiest life of the soul, Should yearn for mortal sympathy, and not find it,

No, not in women? Nay, not dare to ask for't?

Olave. What is it you say, my lord?

Ethel. Do you not see, It is the exceeding goodness of our God, To bend our love into his Father's breast, And press our heads to his bosom? We are greater As children than as brothers."

Again, Olave thus defends the reputation of Violenzia against one who believes the rumors set afloat by Malgodin:

"Do you believe it? Why, man, let me tell you,

I, that did never more than once enjoy The touch of her frank hand; that, in such courtesy

As one, till then a stranger, might exact; And never more than once looked on her face, A garden where the flowers of beauty sprang, Troubling the sense with richness; never but once

Took through the dazzled windows of my soul Her proud and innocent gaze; I that not knew her,

And of her musical speech heard no more tones Than go to make a greeting; I'll believe Rather the diamond should fade and rot, Than she be turned to folly."

We must not close this notice without calling attention to a very fine point in the moral structure of this drama. So terrible a fate as that of Violenzia, is shown to have been not unprovoked by herself. It is represented as the penalty—though a fearfully severe one—of her vanity, which unconsciously encouraged the wicked king's desires until they became ungovernable. That this was the author's intention, is proved by the following words in the leave-taking, where Ethel warns Violenzia of the dangers which surround her:

"Ethel. Alas! thou know'st not What infinite perils set thee. Subtler genius Than ever worked for good, shall with foul evil Tangle thy soul, if thou should'st show like virtue.

Violenzia. It is my punishment."

Of *Saul: a Drama, in Three Parts*, published anonymously at Montreal, we have before us perhaps the only copy which has crossed the Atlantic. At all events, we have heard of no other, as it is probable we should have done, through some public or private notice, seeing that the work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain. This copy was given to the writer of the present article by Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, to whose recommendation of this, to him and to us, unknown Canadian poet, our readers and English literature generally are beholden for their first introduction to a most curious work. *Saul* is in three parts, each of five acts, and altogether about ten thousand lines long. In it the greatest subject, in the whole range of history, for a drama, has been treated with a poetical power and a depth of psychological knowledge which are often quite startling, though, we may say, inevitably, below the mark of the subject-matter, which is too great to be done full justice to, in any but the words in which the original history is related. What much adds to the startling effect of this poem, is the manifest fact that the writer is some person who has received little or no education, in the ordinary sense of the term. Not only does he make ridiculous mistakes in the commonest Latin quotations—for example, he has "*from DE PROFUNDUS*" twice

over—but he is apparently ignorant of English grammar, and even of spelling. There are two things, however, which he proves that he knows; namely, the Bible and human nature; and a poet can not be said to be really uneducated who knows these well. Shakspeare he also knows far better than most men know him; for he has discerned and adopted his method as no other dramatist has done. He takes not virtue and morality, and their opposites *generally*, as other dramatists do, but these under the single aspect of their dependence upon *spiritual influences*, of whatever kind: the direct influence of the Divine Spirit; and the influence of good spirits; and of the principalities and powers of darkness; and even the mysterious influences of music, the weather, etc., upon the moral state of the soul. Like most of Shakspeare's plays, this drama has the appearance of being strangely chaotic. There are hundreds of passages for the existence of which we can not account, until the moral clue is found, and it would never be found by a careless and unreflecting reader; for the work is exceedingly artistic, and there are few things in recent poetry so praiseworthy as the quiet and unobtrusive way in which the theme is treated. In a work written upon this noble symbolic method, one is never sure of *exactly* stating the author's meaning—indeed, as we have said of Shakspeare, the meaning is too full to be stated more briefly than by the whole poem; but we are sure that we are not far from the writer's intention, when we say, that in Saul he represents a man who is *eminently* the creature of spiritual influences; who is of the happiest sensitive and perceptive constitution, but lacks the one thing needful, the principle of *faith*, which would have given the will to submit himself to the good influence and resist the bad. "Faith wanting, all his works fell short," is the only *explicit* statement in the whole poem of this idea; but the whole poem indirectly implies it. This view of Saul's character, which is amply justified by Scripture history, is carried out and illustrated with an elaborate subtlety of which it is impossible for us to give our readers an adequate idea. The evil spirit of the king is brought personally, under the name of Malzah, upon the stage; and we are made to understand Saul's nature, and the nature of all who are the more or less passive slaves of natural and spiritual influences

ab extra, by the exaggeration of this character in the spirit himself, who is depicted with an imaginative veracity, which we do not exaggerate in saying has not been equaled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel. Malzah is decidedly "well-disposed," like many another evil spirit, human or otherwise; he knows his faults; is almost changed, for the moment, into a good spirit by artistic influences, especially music; he has attained to be a deep philosopher through the habitual observation of himself; and does not at all like the evil work of destroying the soul of Saul—a work which he undertook voluntarily, and to which he returns as the fit takes him. The following passages will carry out what we have said, and will illustrate the oddity, subtlety, and originality of this writer's language. Malzah tries to exonerate himself, in soliloquy, from the guilt of destroying Saul:

"I've had no part in this. I'm sorry too
(Like thee, king) that I ever came to thee.
Zounds! Why, I ought to have strong penance
set me,
Or else be branded with some sign of shame
For having volunteered for his undoing.
There's no essential honor nor good i'th' world,
But a pure selfishness is all in all.
Nay, I could curse my demonhood, and wish
Myself to be thrice lost for that behavior;
But I believe I am a very mean spirit."

Even finer than this flippant, imbecile, and impotent penitence of Malzah is the following song, which seems to us to be scarcely short of Shakspearian, notwithstanding the *De Profundus*!

"There was a devil, and his name was I;
From De Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye:
It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green i'th' sea, and white i'th' sky,
Oh! do not ask me! ask me why
'Twas green i'th' sea and white i'th' sky,
Why from Profundus he did cry.
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

Saul enters in a gloomy passion; Malzah says:

"Now is my time:
I'll enter him that he may work his doom;
His mind's defenses are blown down by passion,
And I can enter him unchallenged, like
A traveler an inn; and, when I'm there,
He is himself now so much like a demon,
He will not notice me."

In this poem, for the first time, spirits have been represented in a manner which fully justifies the boldness involved in representing them at all. Malzah is a living character, as true to supernature as Hamlet or Falstaff is to nature; and, by this continuation, as it were, of humanity into new circumstances and another world, we are taught to look upon humanity itself from a fresh point of view, and we seem to obtain new and startling impressions of the awful character of the influences by which we are beset. Seldom has art so well performed the office of handmaiden to religion as in this extraordinary character of Malzah, in whom we have the disenbodiment of the soul of the faithless, sophistical, brave, and generously disposed King of Israel, and a most impressive poetical exposition of the awful truth, that he who is not wholly for God is against him. For proof of our opinion we can only refer the reader to the entire work, of which a few separate passages are no tests whatever. Although the language is often powerful, and the thought always so, the writer's want of literary culture is so great, that he seldom gives us many lines together without some obvious and often ludicrous fault. In proof, however, that this writer is a poet of no common order, we append a few sentences, taken almost at random from hundreds which we have marked.

Saul has vowed the death of David:

"*Aneen.* Now, my dear husband, come and take some rest.

Saul. Yes, when I've done what I have vowed to do.

I am beneath the tyranny of a vow,
Which I will honor whilst I am eclipsed,
'That I hereafter may have power to plead,
'I did it in the darkness. 'Tis the fiend:
He darkens, yet illuminates, my mind.
Like the black heavens when lightnings ride the
wind."

Malzah is seen winging his way towards the palace of the king, whom he has been commissioned to possess:

"Lo! when yon demon, with increasing speed,
Makes his dim way across the night-hung flood,
Due to the Hebrew king, with onward heed,
Like to a hound that snuffs the scent of blood."

Saul, like Polonius, is full of wisdom, though it goes no further than his words; for example:

"Full many things are best forgot; and all
The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,

Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. . . . It were wise, nay,
just,
To strike with men a balance; to forgive,
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake.
Thus cherishing the latter,
We shall grow rich in life's pure gold, and lose
Only its base alloy, its dross refuse."

The following is one of many passages which, by creating an intelligence of the greatness and subtlety of Saul's temptations, render his example more affecting and fearful. Abner, in reply to Saul's lamentations over his liability to the apparently irresistible possessions of the evil spirit, says:

"Jehovah's ways are dark.

Saul. If they be just, I care not:
I can endure till death relieve me; ay,
And not complain; but doubt enfeebles me,
And my strong heart, that gladdeth to endure,
Falters 'neath its misgivings, and vexed, beats
Into the speed of fever, when it thinks
That the Almighty greater is than good."

The power of this drama is centered in Saul and his "double," Malzah. The other characters are, on the whole, much inferior to these; and we should be leaving our readers with an exaggerated impression of the merit of the piece, were we to conclude without saying that, though the writer has shown great poetical ability, he has by no means, as yet, written a great work. His faculty, however, seems to be so peculiarly adapted for the treatment of the particular theme he has chosen, that, should these words ever meet his eye, we would venture to recommend him to reconsider, and in many parts re-write, his poem, at the same time greatly abbreviating it by the omission of those parts in which the symbolical reflection of the theme is wanting or weak.

The Saint's Tragedy requires to be mentioned here for little more than the general merit of being one of the best of modern dramas. The author of *Violenzia* speaks of it as "a work which stands without a rival in the dramatic literature of the day;" but this is greatly to over-rate Mr. Kingsley's piece, which, though in various ways admirable, is in no respect superior to the dramas of Mr. Taylor, and in some respects inferior. Mr. Kingsley himself, we are sure, would be the first to allow the great superiority of the character of Dunstan, in *Edwin the Fair*, over Conrad in the *Saint's Tragedy*.

The *Saint's Tragedy*, again, is full of mental anachronisms, such as, "I have prepared my nerves for a shock;" "I had something orthodox ready;" and almost every line in the politico-economical discussions in Act II. By passages like these, we are too much reminded that it is a modern writer writing about old times. This is never so in Mr. Taylor's plays. There is also far more of what we have described as the unintelligent adoption of Shakspeare's manner, in Mr. Kingsley than in Mr. Taylor. The action does not go on singly, orderly, and plainly, as in *Philip Van Artevelde*, but is mixed with a good deal of matter which has more than the merely apparent irrelevancy of the subordinate by-play in Shakspeare. When, to these deductions from the perfection of the *Saint's Tragedy*, we have added the fault of an unnecessarily obtrusive and didactic *sexuality*, (not *sensuality*,) which appears also in other works of Mr. Kingsley, we may give free scope to our admiration of this remarkable production of this writer's youth. It has the merit of being what few poems of late years have been, namely, a thoroughly conscientious work; the author did not leave off until he had made his play as good as he possibly could at the then stage of his faculties. There is not one slovenly line in the whole; and the action is every where kept up with a steady and equable vigor, which is not to be found elsewhere in recent dramas, if we except the dramas of Mr. Taylor, to whom Mr. Kingsley has evidently looked up, as to a noble model of masculine poetic power, especially in the lyrical portions of his work. Mr. Kingsley has been too often and too highly praised in this *Review* for it to be likely that the *Saint's Tragedy* is unknown to the majority of our readers. We may therefore be excused from entering into any detailed notice of it. Mr. Matthew Arnold, also, has been

so fully and so recently noticed by us,* and what we said about his addiction to ancient forms of art is so exactly applicable to *Merope*, that we need say little more of it here than that, with the exception of *Samson Agonistes*, it is by far the most faithful, poetical, and learned revival of the Greek drama of which the English language can boast. We must confess, however, that Mr. Arnold's admirable workmanship, and the weight which justly attaches to his opinion, have failed to impress us with the general feasibility of what he had attempted, or rather, done. It seems to us that the forms of the Greek drama can never be revived among us, if it were only that their simplicity and severity exclude the representation of characters under other than very general aspects of good and evil. Our modern—shall we say "used up"—intellects are entirely dead to causes which were powerfully moving in other times and under other conditions. Even among ourselves, in earlier days, an audience or a circle of readers might have been convulsed with excitement at the crisis in which *Merope* is on the point of slaying her son, mistaking him for her son's assassin; but, alas for the modern reader! "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba," unless they are better acquainted than the nature of the Greek drama allows them to be? We must know *Merope* and *Æpytus* better, we must become personally interested in them as individuals, before we can care a straw for their fates as mere man and woman. We do not say that this is a right state of feeling, but we do say that it is the condition of all modern readers above fifteen years of age, and that it is fatal to the success of any thorough-going revival of the Greek drama.

* *North British Review*, vol. xxi. p. 493.

From Titan.

AN ALPINE STORM TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH.*

STRANGE wavering maze of whirling haze,
 Dim kingdom of indecision;
 Surprise took the helm in thy filmy realm
 To steer through the marvelous vision.
 No lightning stream, or ever a gleam,
 No masses of crimsoning cloud,
 Yet reason might reel at each long-drawn peal
 Of tremulous thunder loud!

Though it roareth past, like an Etna blast,
 The parching atmosphere,
 No burning breath of sandy death,
 No ardent simoom is here—
 It is not peace though the echoes cease,
 And silence dread descendeth,
 With wide wings furled the anarch world
 New lives to wonder lendeth!

O'er the dim profound, though never a sound
 Of the lashing sea is there,
 The light foam floats, with its myriad motes,
 Like a curtain that veils despair;
 But the tumult swift of a dazzling drift,
 Swelling its desolate moan,
 With the speed of thought comes glancing
 athwart
 The stillness dreary and lone.

Deep hoary caves are tossed into waves,
 Curled frothing of white waves free,
 With never a stain of the distant main,
 Or tone of her mistrely:
 No vestige of earth, O region of birth
 For wildered chaos and fear;
 To questioning eyes, no glorious skies,
 No ardors of heaven appear!

Vast, formless space, with never a trace
 Of color, or genial life,
 When Hope is decoyed to thy desolate void
 She is doomed to a ceaseless strife:
 Down still down, where the planets drown,
 And the sun is paling his flame;
 But the tempest has cleft the thick wizard
 web,
 And we gaze through a hurricane frame!

Thousands of feet from the turbulent sleet
 So far may we glance below,

Calm soothing sheen, of the meadows so green,
 Clear rivers of silvery flow,
 Beam through the cold of the Ice-King's strong-
 hold,
 Through his bleak, encrusted lair,
 Glimmer of Paradise, all beyond price,
 Visions of Eden mid-air!

O raving wind! we are leaving behind
 Thy wild, unearthly legion!
 A long farewell, 'mid each stormy swell,
 To the Queen of thy boundless region;
 The grand Snow-Queen, by clear stars seen
 Earth's towering hills controlling
 With the dazzling light of her garments white,
 And avalanche-salvos rolling!

A wan pink shimmer, a light rose glimmer,
 O'er loftiest peaks doth rest,
 Where each lone spire is fanned with fire
 From the pinions of angels blest:
 Those splinters rifted, are pale hands lifted
 In solemn desire above,
 And the wide vales share in that evening
 prayer
 For a reign of peace and love!

Storm ravaged screen, of the dark ravine,
 These straggling braves appear,
 The outmost lines, of an army of pines,
 All ragged, blanched, and drear.
 O sweet, faint changes, borne o'er the ranges,
 Between the serried heights;
 Warm homes low lying, where birds are flying,
 Half-seen Valaisian lights!

From wilds unknown, swift broadening Rhone,
 By a thousand rude crags verging,
 As evening falls, we leave thy thralls,
 From the wonder-world emerging,
 And sink to sleep, 'neath glaciers steep,
 Of the charmed Alp-circle dreaming,
 Till the morrow's morn, with its azure dawn
 And glory of sunshine streaming!

Martigny's plain, with its infinite train
 Of blossoms and buds, is smiling,
 Her floral spells, her wandering bells,
 Our every sense beguiling:
 With gentle speeches, sublime snow-reaches,
 We watch thy skyward strife,
 'Midst balmy gales of the perfumed vales,
 In a world of welcoming life!

* An Alpine sketch at an altitude of ten thousand feet.

Elected for the Eclectic.

WORD-PAINTINGS IN RICH FRAMES.

"AND overcome us like a summer cloud."

Macbeth.

"The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colors of the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring is come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies some how that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May."

LEIGH HUNT: *The Seer.*

"A vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave."

SHELLEY: *Epipsychidion.*

"Chiefly it is when sunshine floods the sky,
O'er waving corn-fields, that I think on death."

HOFFMANN.

"At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-checked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man. . . . 'Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?' said the Hermit. . . . 'Evenings such as this,' continued the Hermit, after a pause, 'seem to me the very holiday time of death,' etc."

Chronicles of Clovernook.

"What kinsman hath mid Summer with the grave?"

The Recluse.

"—Yet can not I by force be led
To think upon the wormy-bed
And her together."

CHARLES LAMB: *Hester.*

By common consent the image of death is connected with what is chill, winterly, desolate. How is it, then, that we so often associate it with glorious spring-tide, and the pomp of summer suns?

But *do* we so associate it? perhaps the reader will ask. Are you not taking for granted what it would be less convenient to prove?

Unquestionably it appears more natural, at first sight, and is infinitely more common, to think of death in connection with winter and its bleak wretchedness, than with mid-summer, and its garniture of green and gold. Frost at midnight, while the pitiless blast is raging, seems as nearly allied to stone-cold death, as July splendors do *not*. "In winter," says Charles Lamb, in an essay he never surpassed—"in winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then we are as strong again, as valiant again, as

wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death." Similar was the feeling expressed by *Delta*, (Moir,) when witnessing a child's burial in Spring:

"Under the shroud of the solemn cloud,
when the hills are capped with snow,
When the moaning breeze, through leafless
trees, bears tempest on its wing;
In the Winter's wrath we think of death, but
not when lilies blow,
And, Lazarus-like, from March's tomb walks
forth triumphant Spring."

Thus, too, when his betrothed is dying, on a bitter winter's night, Ernest Maltravers is described as throwing open his window, stepping into the balcony, and baring his breast to the keen air: "the icy heavens looked down upon the hoar-rime that gathered over the grass, and the ghostly boughs of the death-like trees. All things in the world without, brought the thought of the grave, and the pause of being, and the withering up of beauty, closer and closer to his soul. In the palpable and griping winter, death itself seemed to wind round him its skeleton and joyless arms."

Hence it is in accordance with the common feeling, that a story of death, or a thought of the grave, is, in Shelley's phrase,

"—more fit for the weird winter nights,
Than for those garish summer days, when
we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see."

Make of it, if you will, a Winter's Tale; but forbear weaving it into a Midsummer Night's Dream.

Nevertheless, if we look a little deeper into the matter, we do find a connection of subtle power between summer glories and that chill presence, the shadow of death. "Is it regret for buried time," asks the laureate, "that keenlier in sweet April wakes?" The question is suggestive in its bearing on that now before us. And here let us refer to another passage by the author of *Ernest Maltravers* in a later work, and every way a riper, better, healthier one. The young cousins in *The Caxtons* sit down together in the church-yard, one calm evening in spring, while the roseate streaks are fading gradually from the dark gray of long, narrow fantastic clouds. Blanche has gently objected, how cold and still it is among the graves; but "Sisty" answers, not colder than on the village green. His record of that sweet silent session then merges in meditation: "There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring, which is among those influences of Nature the most universally recognized, the most difficult to explain. . . . Examine not, O child of man! examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the Season of Change, from the dim Border Land." It was "one evening in the beginning of June," that Jane Eyre, an orphan school-girl at Lowood, lingered alone in the garden, and kept lingering a little longer still, for "it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow;" and then and there it was, that, "noting these things, and enjoying them as a child might," it entered her head "as it had never done before—'How sad to

be lying now on a sick-bed, and to be in danger of dying!'" The then and there have a psychological significance, as most things in *Jane Eyre* have.

But leaving spring-tide freshness and summer twilight, and advancing to the full blaze of sunshine, when the days of the year are at their longest and brightest, how stands the question of relationship with death and decay? Wordsworth describes the journey he one day took, in youth's delightful prime, "over the smooth sands of Leven's ample estuary," and "beneath a genial sun,"

"With distant prospect among gleams of sky
And clouds and intermingling mountain-tops,
In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem
Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I
gazed
Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to
draw
Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew from
mine."

Herein lies the solution of the seeming paradox—in this suggestion of opposites. "The brightest sunshine," says Hood, in *Tylney Hall*—an unequal but underrated work—"throws the darkest shadow, and the horrible specter of Death could never frown so sternly and blackly as when thus introduced into the full blaze of the golden glorious light of love." Or as he puts it in his *Ode to Melancholy*—

"The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid."

The essay-writer in *Friends in Council*, Milverton, in his account of a bright day's gay experiences in the Spanish capital, has this memento: "And I looked up at the splendid palace* of Madrid, and thought of regal pomps and vanities. And then, how it was I know not, I thought of death. Perhaps any thing very beautiful has that thought in the

* We walked awhile since through its gorgeous saloons, among the most magnificent in Europe, profusely adorned with the richest goni-paintings of art, and every door-frame and window-frame of the palace is of variegated marble, of which there are one hundred and eighty-two kinds in Spain.—Ed. ECLECTIC.

background." The "perhaps" is no reckless conjecture, beyond or beside the mark. Leigh Hunt points to the same philosophy when discussing the theme, why sweet music produces sadness—why in the midst of even the most light and joyous music, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this? The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things—of beauty, of youth, of life—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality. Writing (July, 1795) to his Jewish friend, Emanuel, after a visit to Baireuth, Jean Paul Richter says: "The day that I left Baireuth, the longest day of the year, was my shortest and happiest. . . . It is wonderful that men, in seasons of happiness, in youth, in beautiful places, in the fairest season of the year, incline more surely to the enthusiasm of longing; they think oftener of a future world, and more readily form pictures of death; while the opposite takes place in want, in age, in Greenland, and in winter." Rousseau felt something of this when he wrote, in his *Confessions*—what he (of course) thought "une chose bien singulière"—that his imagination was most cheerful amid adverse environments.

It is in the *Confessions* of another, and very different writer, that the question of association between summer splendors and the shadow of death, is more fully and impressively expounded than by any other philosopher. Before referring, however, to this forcible exposition, by one who combines the prose-poet with the philosopher, let us interpose an illustration of a thoroughly prosaic and matter-of-fact kind—a statistical conclusion—showing that bright summer days have no necessary opposition to, nor dreary winter any necessary concord with, man's tendency to brood on his mortality, or shape his thoughts, or fears, or wishes, thitherward. Alluding to the once accepted belief in France—not yet exploded, perhaps—that we English, the victims of natural melancholy, are constantly committing suicide, "particularly in November," when we hang and shoot ourselves by thousands, Mr. Buckle states—as the result of his researches in Quetelet, and Tissot, and Forbes Winslow, and Hawkins, and the

Journal of the Statistical Society—that unfortunately for such foreign assumptions, the fact is exactly opposite to what is generally supposed; for whereas the notion that there are more suicides in gloomy weather than in fine weather used always to be taken for granted, and was a favorite topic with the French wits, who were never weary of expatiating on our love of self-murder, and on the relation between it and our murky climate—we have, on the contrary, decisive evidence that there are more suicides in summer than in winter.

The remarkable paragraph in the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, to which we have referred, is the following: "I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*ceteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solacism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly, (which is the main reason,) the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season."

In that unrivaled chapter, *The Affliction of Childhood*, with which the same writer's *Autobiographic Sketches* open, he recurs to his explanation—thirty years before—in the *Opium Confessions*, of the reason why death, other conditions remaining the same, is more profoundly

affecting in summer than in other parts of the year—so far, at least, as it is liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season; the reason lying, as we have seen, in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer, and the frozen sterilities of the grave. In a digression of surpassing pathos and solemn beauty, Mr. de Quincey then shows how inextricably, in early childhood, his own feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, as connected with Palestine and Jerusalem, about which he read with his three sisters in the nursery, from a pictured Bible, and learned to associate the cloudless sun-lights of Syria, and the pomps of Palm Sunday, with the passion and death of the Lord of life. And thence he returns to describe his visit to the room in which his dead sister lay. Let the reader read and assent: "Turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the expressed types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life. . . .

"From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face. . . . I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality

for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

"Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fullness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them: shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I can not say; slowly I recovered my self-possession: and when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed."

Why add a word of ours, to jar on the silence which may be felt, in which dies away that *Suspirium de Profundis*, that heavy-laden, deep-drawn sigh?

GREAT TOMB OF MAN.

YET not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise and good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the Great Tomb of Man! BRYANT.

From the National Review.

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

THESE long-expected volumes are at length in many hands; and for a time the Horatian injunction will be observed with respect to them: *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*. We can not say that no one will lay them down till they are finished; their bulk precludes that. Thirteen hundred pages and more of demy octavo are not to be read at a sitting. The conditions of human existence—the weakness of the flesh hampering the willingness of the spirit—necessitate some interruptions. But there is danger, notwithstanding, of their being read *too* quickly. The interest of the narrative, its rapid movements and vivid style, will hurry on the most thoughtful. Its pages will be reopened and re-read for those “didactic meanings” which all Mr. Carlyle’s writings convey, and which come out with their true significance only on repeated meditation.

Of Mr. Carlyle’s qualification and characteristics as a historian this is not the place to speak at length. Our present subject is a more special one. It is mainly confined to the two volumes before us. We aim rather to give such an idea of their contents and main features as may stay, by something more than bare imagination of a feast, the appetite of those who can not as yet obtain them for themselves, or find time for their continuous perusal.

Mr. Carlyle’s strength as a historian lies in his insight into, and power of delineating, individual character. Even here he stops short too often with those qualities which can be represented to the eye or brought out prominently by some happy epithet, which he affixes like a label to the personage whom he is concerned with. He is fond of selecting some typical action; as if the whole of a character could be expressed and conveyed by that. This kind of writing gives vividness to our conceptions, but it is at some expense

of completeness. Those parts of a character which can not be thus represented in the concrete, which can be reached only by reflection and conveyed in general terms of description, Mr. Carlyle perhaps scarcely brings out so fully as might be wished.

There is one characteristic of Mr. Carlyle’s which raises him above the level of all other contemporary historians, and which must, though in a sentence only, be commemorated here. A solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and of the universe in which it is placed, is never absent from him. In his dealings with the “infinitely little,” that makes so large a part of history, he never loses sight of the “infinitely great,” that struggles ineffectually for expression through it. It is this sense that gives to his writings their turns of quaint pathos, their tone of stern or mournful irony, their startling and grotesque contrasts, and much else that is a perplexity to careless readers. He has always been faithful to the spirit of these noble words, written by him long ago: “The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding these higher wonders; but, as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian.”*

We turn to the *Life of Friedrich*.

The first pages present us with a sketch of him “in his habit as he lived,” which, long as it is, we can not forbear laying before our readers:

“About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci,

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. With Portraits and Maps. Volumes I. and II. Chapman & Hall.

* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. 173.

for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King Friedrich the Second, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vestiture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no scepter but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick, (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors;) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror.' Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray-color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy; clear, melodi-

ous, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter, (rather prickly for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the Doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'"—Vol. i. pp. 3-5.

This graphic and vivid sketch would of course be in its proper chronological place at the close, and not at the beginning, of Mr. Carlyle's narrative. But both as moralist and artist he has seen where it may most fitly stand. This is the man whose life we are to study—the formed character, which we are to see in the process of formation, tracing it through its successive stages, and amid the conflicting influences which shaped it to what it ultimately became. The contrast between the old man, worn and soiled by his "long journey through time," but not yet worn out, a king to the last, and the young frank prince whose first years are the main subject of these volumes, is remarkably impressive. It shows us the extremes of a gradual transformation, such as occurs in every prolonged human life, but which here is of special instruction. In the study of character, the foresight of the end from the beginning throws light on all that lies between.

These two volumes, however, are by no means exclusively devoted to Friedrich or to the influences that directly determined his career. A large part—at least half—of the first volume relates the history of Brandenburg under its successive rulers, Ascanian, Bavarian, Luxemburg, and Hohenzollern, from the time when "Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends," (928 A.D.) to the birth of Friedrich in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The rise of the house of Hohenzollern till it became a power in Germany is also traced. Mr. Carlyle shows us how in the course of centuries they added to the Burgravate of Nürnberg first the Margravate of Culmbach, then the Electorate of Brandenburg, (1415,) afterwards the Duchy of Preussen, and still later the city and district of Magdeburg; and thus laid the founda-

tions, and built up no small part of the superstructure, of the future Prussian monarchy. Scarcely any other writer could have given living human interest to the confused fightings, treaties, and alliances which make up the history of these dim centuries. In his condensed narrative they occupy, as we have said, at least half of his first volume; and it would be vain for us to try to condense them further. Their bearing upon Friedrich's life is upon a later part of it than that which our author has yet reached, and they may therefore be passed over here. We will only remark, that Mr. Carlyle is evidently paving the way for a justification of some of Friedrich's most censured acts as king—as of his seizure of Silesia, which he represents as the revival of an old and legitimate claim, never abandoned by his ancestors. On the evidence of the documents referred to, the validity of his title seems very doubtful. There were prior claimants under acts equally authentic. So far as we recollect, Mr. Carlyle brings forward no arguments not to be found in Ranke and other historians. Even if he were able to make out a complete case, it would hardly serve his purpose of justifying Friedrich, who has put his motives on record in the often-quoted words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The formation of a great and perfectly-disciplined army had been the main business of his father's life; the employment of it was to be his; and the first favorable opportunity was eagerly seized, without much regard to the question of right or wrong. What new considerations Mr. Carlyle is reserving for that part of his work which will treat of the Silesian transactions, we of course have no means of conjecturing. They must be important if they are to outweigh his client's own plea of "guilty."

Friedrich, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, on the 24th of January, 1712. His father was Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia; his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of our English King George I. There had been already two princes before the young Friedrich; but both had died of the pomps and vanities of this world, as we may say; for the one was "killed" (so at least it was rumored) "by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it," and the

other "crushed to death by the weighty dress. . . . put on it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow." There was fear that the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should become extinct, or at least fail of male representatives; and the welcome of the young Friedrich was enthusiastic.

The old king survived his grandson's birth only fourteen months. He was succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm, then in his twenty-fifth year. He is described as "a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises." His father had been a king addicted to pomps and pageants. "Regardless of expense" is the label fastened on by Mr. Carlyle. He had more genuinely royal qualities, however, to which shattered nerves did not allow fair play. Neither shattered nerves nor indifference to expense can be predicated of his son. In two months after his accession, Friedrich Wilhelm had reduced his household and administrative expenses to less than one fifth of what they had been before. He looked through every department of the state with his own eyes, and made provision at once for its more thrifty and more efficient working. But his army was his main business. It was an engrossing passion, almost a poetic enthusiasm with him; and he raised it at length to a degree of disciplined perfection which no other troops in Europe could boast.

"In a military, and also in a much deeper sense," says Mr. Carlyle, "he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fiber and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation every where. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficial function.

"For I have remarked that, of all things, a

Nation needs first to be drilled; and no nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world."—Vol. i. pp. 414, 415.

To every biographer to whom biography is a study of character, and not a mere chronicle of outward fortunes, the childhood of his hero, with the early influences that surrounded it, is the most important and interesting part of his subject. It is the seed-time, whether of tares or wheat; and the remaining life is the harvest. The only reliable source of information about Friedrich's childhood is the book of his elder sister Wilhelmina.

In the year 1719, when Friedrich was seven years old, his systematic schooling began, at the hands of tutors who had taken part with his father in the siege of Stralsund, three years before; under instructions of an eccentric kind, and drawn up in an eccentric way by his royal father himself. The "love and fear of God," and "a proper abhorrence of popery," were to be sedulously inculcated; as also "the true religion, which consists essentially in this: That Christ died for all men," and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent; "which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*) or one freed from human penalties, in the right way." French and German he is to learn so as to write and speak them, but no Latin; ancient history slightly; the history of the last one hundred and fifty years, especially of Prussia, and of the countries connected with it, and their geography; the law of nature and nations; and, as he grows older, with special emphasis, the military sciences; "that the prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. As there is nothing which can bring a Prince renown and glory like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein." (Vol. i. pp. 465-467.)

Another document, of some three years later date, "Regulations for Schooling at Wusterhausen,* 3d September, 1721," ar-

* A royal hunting-lodge "about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia)."

ranges his hours of work and play, of rising and retiring, of washing, dressing, etc., with such drill-sergeant precision, that, if acted upon, life must have become a burden to the poor lad. We wish our space would allow us to give Mr. Carlyle's abridgment of the document; but we must content ourselves with the best part of it, the characteristic paragraph with which it concludes:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible. You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty."—Vol. i. p. 476.

The king's idea of what was humanly possible in this particular, seems to have been extravagant. He enjoins that on rising in the morning, "prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest," is "to be done, pointedly, within fifteen minutes."

We have hitherto seen nothing of Friedrich himself, but only of the system by which he was to be worked. But we are enabled here to catch a slight glimpse of him through the eyes of Herr von Loen, "a witty Prussian official and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now:"

"The Crown-Prince," he writes, "manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay, we may say, something quite extraordinary. He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who has had charge of his learning hitherto, can not speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angelique*, (A little angel,) she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility."—Vol. i. p. 502.

Friedrich was a sedulous reader of Greek and Latin authors in translations. In affliction he used to console himself with the third book of Lucretius. What improving effect his "classical studies" had upon his literary tastes may be inferred from his admiration of Rollin the historian, whom he calls "the Thucydides of his country."(!) In mathematics we have seen it stated, that he never advanced beyond the proposition of Pythagoras. German he could write and speak sufficiently for his practical needs.

"Of Spanish and English," says Macaulay, "he did not, so far as we are aware, understand a single word." But he must at least have *heard* some words of English; for Boeckh has preserved a *jeu-d'esprit* of his at the expense of our language. "It must have been the speech," he thinks, "in which the serpent tempted Eve; because it is a hissing tongue." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Carlyle maintains:

"That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper. . . . He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay, many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of."—Vol. i. p. 520.

While Friedrich's secular teachers were thus usefully and successfully employed in filling his mind with various knowledge, the divines were not less active:

"Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' . . . Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him."—Vol. i. p. 507.

The popular estimate of Friedrich's later religion is, that it was at best a negative quantity. Dr. Henry, a Berlin clergyman, has preached and published a sermon of *Friedrich's Faith in God*, and quotes a good many incidental expressions to correct the notion of his infidelity; but they are not very decisive. They need be no more than the utterance of feelings which occur in the fluctuations of every skeptical mind. Mr. Carlyle maintains in general terms that Friedrich had a fund of silent piety, of practical devout heroism in him. The evidence of this is, we presume, Friedrich's life, *as interpreted by Mr. Carlyle*. We must wait for the interpretation before we can admit the inference from it. In the mean time, that such should be Mr. Carlyle's judgment is a fact of weight. From direct teaching Friedrich gained little. "Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his

mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute." These seem to have been his chief qualifications as an instructor in divine things.

The most important part of Friedrich's education lay in the rough paternal discipline which now awaited him. This, more than any thing else, made him, for good or evil, what he actually became. Dislike of Friedrich's favorite pursuit — of his flute-playing, and verse-making, and coxcombries of dress—annoyance at his indifference to the manly recreations of hunting and partridge-shooting—gradually formed themselves into something like a fixed hatred in the father's mind. There was a divided household. The mother sided with her son, and

"All along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, '*Ragotin*, (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Frederick Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant '*Stumpy*,' and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!"—Vol. i. pp. 514, 515.

The king's domestic grievances came to be increased by a matter which in itself had no sort of connection with them. Almost immediately after Friedrich's birth, a project had been formed—acceptable as a project to the parents on both sides of the water, and to the children themselves as they grew up—for uniting still more closely the royal families of Prussia and England by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was to be the wife of Frederick, eldest son of the (then) Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.;) while the Princess Amelia, his second sister, was to be given to the Prussian Crown-Prince. After some hitches a treaty was drawn up for signing, but not signed. George I., though assenting to the marriages, was loth just yet to trouble his parliament for the needful marriage-revenue for his grandson—money having of late been so often demanded from it "for . . . fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Keudals, and other royal occasions." This delay fretted the temper of Friedrich Wilhelm, "who was capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, disliked to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved-over upon to-

morrow." And in this way it bore ill-fruit for the unfortunate Crown-Prince, upon whom most of his father's vexations were visited.

The European embroilments springing from the Pragmatic Sanction, and the alliance of Spain and Austria by the Treaty of Vienna, disturbing to the balance of power—with the counter alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the Treaty of Hanover, to set right the said balance—occurred at this time, and greatly disturbed Friedrich Wilhelm's peace, as they do that of Mr. Carlyle, who has to record them. He enters on their history with louder lamentations than become so emphatic an advocate of silent endurance and steady uncomplaining work.

"To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory," he says, "never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature; and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called 'Politics of Europe' in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity."

But they affected Friedrich Wilhelm's temper and his treatment of his son, "our poor young Fritz getting tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and soul, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and looked to have quitted said light at one stage of the business." For this reason, they enjoy a temporary remission of the sentence of "suppression" which Mr. Carlyle would otherwise pass on them. It is sufficient for us to note them as facts occurring at this time, and irritating to the King of Prussia.

We must here stop to record that, while these storms were raging without and within the royal Prussian household, the Crown-Prince made a memorable step in life. He entered on active duty in the army on the twentieth of August, 1726—not yet quite fifteen—as major in the Potsdam Life-Guards, the celebrated regiment of giants which Friedrich Wilhelm recruited and kidnapped from all the countries of Europe. "Hereby to" his son's "Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes, and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamant Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable to such a superstructure."

Three months before this date, an event apparently accidental, but of scarcely less importance, had occurred. "On the eleventh of May, 1726, towards sun-set," as the King sits smoking in the Tabagie [Tobacco-Parliament, or Smoking Club] of the Berlin palace, "a square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman of military cut, past fifty, is" seen "strolling over the . . . Square in front of the palace. He turns out, on inquiry, to be the Austrian Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had 'known at the Siege of Stralsund' and elsewhere, passing through Berlin on pressing business in Denmark. However pressing his business, for the present, at any rate, he may be invited in. Friedrich Wilhelm, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand." He is invited to return when his business in Denmark is done. "Seckendorf sure enough will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes—oh! how he likes it!" Seckendorf's real business is with Friedrich Wilhelm, to whom, after a decent term of absence, he returns, not to leave him for the next seven years. He is there in the interest of Austria, to detach the King from his allies of the Treaty of Hanover—England and France—and bring him over to the Kaiser's side; which with the aid of Grumkow, a bribable man, and the King's confidential adviser, he succeeds in doing, on conditions mutually advantageous, it is supposed, which are embodied in the Treaty of Wusterhausen, twelfth October, 1726. This secession from the English side in the politics of Europe is virtually the death of the double-marriage project; though it continued still to live in the hopes and wishes of the queen, Friedrich, and Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's business is to keep "Prussian majesty steady to the Kaiser, always well divided from the English;" to the widening of the estrangement, already wide enough, between the king and his wife, son, and daughter.

In the mean time the Crown-Prince was attending to his command over the Potsdam giants, and already attracting notice by his intelligence and vivacity. His flute, his French books, his indifference to hunting, and his inability to smoke any other than an empty pipe at the Tobacco College, increased the paternal dislike. What was worse, he had fallen into dis-

solite courses—"consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, who lead him into ways not pleasant to his father nor conformable to the laws of this universe," and from the defilement of which he never got quite clear. Kicks and blows, for her share of which Wilhelmina came in, plates sent flying at their heads, food offered them for which they had an aversion, and of that an insufficient quantity, were the forms in which the king's resentment expressed itself. The following is his answer to an humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness. It is curious in a grammatical as well as in a biographical point of view:

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head,) "which does not love thy Father, for when one does every thing, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow, who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, can not ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing. For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love; and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims," (own *Kopf*),—"no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

—Vol. ii. pp. 47-8.

The increased complication of European politics, involving the possibility that he might have to go to war for his ally the Kaiser—suspicion of a secret intrigue in his own house for the renewal of the double-marriage project—the failure of an attempt to set that matter again on a right footing—the death of his cousin George I. of England, whom he really loved—annoyances from George II. on recruiting business—and his own sufferings from gout—all these and many other vexations are to be taken into account in reading of Friedrich Wilhelm's freaks of rage. For years he was, in large part through the machinations of Seckendorf and Grumkow aggravating all misunderstandings, kept in a state of chronic irritation scarcely distinguishable from mad-

ness. The Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina were forbidden his presence except at dinner-time, when they were as often as not saluted with showers of crockery and bad words. They held private interviews with the queen in her apartment, with spies out to warn them of the king's approach; who, however, surprising them on one occasion, they had to squat for hours, and almost got suffocated.

"His Prussian Majesty," writes Dubourgay, the British Ambassador (Dec. 10, 1729,) "can not bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' . . . To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped no worse."—Vol. ii. pp. 118, 114.

Friedrich himself, describing this incident to his mother, says, "it was only weariness that made" his father "give up." "He never saw my brother without threatening him with his cane," writes Wilhelmina. Unwillingness to leave his sister to bear the brunt of the paternal rage had alone prevented him from making his escape, long ago, from the court and from Prussia. Now not even that consideration could withhold him. He resolved, on occasion of a visit with his father to August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at his Saxon court of Dresden, to get across to England; but again yielded to Wilhelmina's representations and entreaties, and postponed his design. There was now, indeed, a short interval of calmer weather. The Queen felt ill. This softened Friedrich Wilhelm for a time. "He wept aloud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private 'he would not survive his Feekin'; and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz—till the symptoms mended." But the discovery of a secret correspondence, which Friedrich had been carrying on with the English court on the subject of the double-marriage, soon made matters worse, if possible, than they had been before. On a second visit of compliment to the Saxon camp at Radewitz, (June, 1730,) "where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him"—Mr. Carlyle quotes from Ranke—"the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and

one time even with strokes. . . . The enraged king, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said: 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes!' " (Vol. ii. p. 189.) Friedrich now not merely thought of flight, but resolved on it, waiting only for opportunity. The sentiments of the English king on the project were sounded; but he, with diplomatic caution, advised delay. Friedrich Wilhelm suspected his son's design, and treated him almost worse than ever. He urged him, in a scoffing way, to renounce his heir-apparentship in favor of his younger brother. Friedrich, however, steadily refused. A chance of escape offered. The King, on the 15th of July, 1730, set out on a tour among the courts of Upper Germany, to gain them over to, or strengthen them in, the Kaiser's interest. His son accompanied him: he could not be left behind, nor trusted out of sight. For security's sake, "old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep strict watch over him, one of them to be always by him." The plan of escape, in which Lieutenant von Katte, a dissolute young man, of literary and musical tastes, was the Crown-Prince's confidant and co-adjutor, was, to give Ranke's condensed and clear statement, as follows:

"Katte was to get himself sent recruiting, and to go in the direction of Upper Germany; in an inn by the roadside, at Canstatt, he was to await the arrival of the royal carriages; a servant, distinguished by a red feather, was to give the signal that he was there; the Prince was then, under some pretext or other, to alight, and while he was believed to be in the inn, was to mount a horse standing ready for him, and gallop off with Katte and his escort. This was to be sufficiently numerous to enable them to defend themselves against any party which the King could at the moment dispatch in pursuit of them. They could thus reach the French frontier, which was at no great distance. . . . As his (Friedrich's) uniform would have betrayed him in a moment, he had a roquelaure of scarlet made in profound secret, as he thought; but every body knew of it."

Various circumstances led to suspicion. Katte could not get himself sent on his recruiting mission; and this difficulty might have led to the abandonment of the whole design. But at Feuchtwang,

where "lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach, . . . The Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady fall,' who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish rebellion—to the silent despair of the poor Prince," who "meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them to himself"—or can confide them only to Keith, a royal page attending the King on this journey, whose promise of help he gains. Here is the issue:

"On Friday morning, fourth August, 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 8 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas! Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

"Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster; 'Hat, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his top-coat, and is gone out of doors!' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the gray of the morning; finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the traveling-carriages. '*Guten Morgen, Ihre Königliche Hoheit!*'—Fancy such a salutation, to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too: 'Whither with the nags, Sirrah?' Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses,' (which I suppose, is true;) 'ready at the usual hour!' Keith might add.—'His Majesty does not go till five this morning; back to the stables!' beckoned Rochow; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so."—Vol. ii. pp. 245, 246.

But in a few hours Keith had made a full confession. Alive or dead, the prince is to be brought to Wesel, the first town in the Prussian territory—Rochow to

answer for his safe custody with his own head. To Lieutenant Keith, at Wesel, the page's brother, and a confidant also of Friedrich's, Friedrich managed to write in Bonn, and smuggle to the post-office, three words in pencil: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert*, (All is found out; away!)" profiting by which hint, Keith made off in safety to Holland, and thence to England. Katte, who had warning and time for escape, loitered, and was arrested.

On the journey the King's rage was boundless. He thrust his cane into his son's face, till it bled: he drew his sword upon him, and would have slain him had not others interfered. At Wesel, Friedrich confessed all, and named his confidants, Keith and Katte, whom he imagined both to be out of reach of danger. He and Katte were tried by court-martial: Katte was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, which the King, not being able to get the court to reverse their decision, changed to death of his own authority. Friedrich, as a deserter, had sentence of death passed on him by the court. The end is well known.

"It was in the gray of the winter morning, sixth November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison," [where Friedrich himself, under sentence of death, was imprisoned.] "He [Katte] took kind leave of Major and men; Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes, (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance;) and Katte knows he shall see him. . . . President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. '*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*' cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; oh! that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte: '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince*,' and fared on—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by

royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common church-yard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred."—Vol. ii. pp. 289, 291.

The King's vengeance, or sense of what justice required—for the two feelings were not very distinct in his mind—was satisfied by this one execution; and, at the Kaiser's intercession, his son's blood was not shed. Henceforth Friedrich's misfortunes, having reached their culminating point, began gradually to mend. He was for fifteen months a prisoner in the fortress of Cüstrin; and for a twelvemonth he did not see his father's face. This, perhaps, he can hardly have much regretted. He professed penitence and submission. The rigor of his confinement was gradually lessened. His flute and his French books were allowed him. He discussed the doctrine of predestination, which he had adopted, and which was an odious heresy in the King's eyes, with clergymen deputed to convince him of his error. After an ingenious show of resistance, he gave way, not feeling inclined, according to his own statement, to become a martyr for his opinion. On the fifteenth of August, 1731, the King visited him at Cüstrin; and after a scene, not without its pathos, a reconciliation took place. Henceforth father and son were on the best terms, the latter implicitly obeying, to the extent of contracting a distasteful marriage, with the outward show of cheerfulness and contentment. He made some acquaintance with the art of war, serving in the Rhine campaign under Prince Eugene against France. First at Ruppın, and afterwards at Reinsberg, he was initiated into the mysteries of government. As a soldier and an administrator he no doubt owed an incalculable debt to his father; but that his moral nature was improved by the rough "apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm" which we have been reviewing, and which Mr. Carlyle thinks so salutary, seems to us more than doubtful. Mr. Carlyle's general judgment appears to be, that the nonsense was taken out of him by it—that he learned reticence, self-control, and the power of "enduring hardness" silently. And this, perhaps, must be admitted. But that he also learned something like hypocrisy, that he got rid of much generous enthusiasm, that a tone of harshness, and a willingness to treat others as he himself had been

treated, were developed, is scarcely less clear. He himself, it is true, was ready in later life to acknowledge his obligations to his father; but his gratitude is in some respects that of the embittered cynical man of the world to the stern teacher who has disabused him of his illusions. The worth of Friedrich's testimony in this matter will depend entirely on Mr. Carlyle's success in proving the common English judgment of his hero's character in later life to be unfounded. If that be correct, nothing worse can be said of the old king than that he made Friedrich what he afterwards became.

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, Macaulay has said: "His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck." The rhetoric of this sentence naturally excites some doubt as to its truth. Metaphorical congruity demands that, Friedrich Wilhelm's palace being "hell," he himself should be a "fiend." He could not, in accordance with the laws of good writing, be any thing else. The infernal commencement necessitates a diabolic conclusion. But there were other than fiendish elements in him—noble human qualities with which neither Moloch nor Puck had any thing to do. To these Mr. Carlyle renders full justice. He seems too much disposed, indeed, to palliate those parts of the king's character which can least admit of apology, and to urge that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Silent, grave, peremptory—bent upon his own will, and inexorable towards neglect or disobedience, he conforms closely to a type of human nature which Mr. Carlyle has of late been unwearied in holding up to admiration and imitation. He was not without intense affections, which, however, to thwart was to convert into hate. Like a strong but impeded current, they beat and raged violently upon objects which they were intended quietly to embrace and lave, refreshing and fertilizing. He had a deep sense of duty, but it was of that kind which is oftener invoked to sanction the decisions of self-will than to correct or restrain them; and so he came to look at resistance to himself as if it were the violation of an intrinsic moral law. He saw his own way clearly before him—generally nothing but that. He could not perceive that others might have paths marked out for them by nature to pursue not always identical with his. We have

said that he saw his own way clearly before him; but it was only inch by inch, as he marched on in it. And so he was unaware of obstacles—impassable barriers in many cases, which others would have foreseen from a distance—until he came into smart contact with them, and had ineffectually struggled against them. He did not know how, by making a circuit, to avoid what he could not uproot; nor that in dealing with men the straight line is not always the shortest, nor the imperative mood the most persuasive form of speech. He had indisputable strength of character, but he was not strong enough to command himself. Hence, it became possible for others—the Seckendorfs and Grumkows, for example—by working upon his passions, to twist and turn him as they would. His frantic outbursts must be referred to the action of the moral and intellectual qualities we have indicated on an excitable temperament—which a neglected education and the habits fostered by the possession of a power so absolute as to be almost beyond the control of public opinion had still further inflamed. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a character as this was a good discipline for the young Friedrich. The drill-sergeant view comes into play here. Human education is in his eyes apparently a process of *breaking in*, with whip and spur and curb, after our manner of dealing with horses. But even as regards horses, this notion seems, under Mr. Rarey's auspices, to be becoming obsolete; and gentler methods of *training* and *taming* to be taking the place of the *breaking* process.

In speaking of Friedrich Wilhelm's character as it influenced that of his son, we have been compelled to do it some injustice, to show it on what will be to most readers its darker and less prepossessing side. For it was this side of it which alone was for very many years turned towards the young Crown-Prince. The following extract, though sad enough in its way, will be felt as a relief to the painfulness of much that has gone before. Our readers will not complain of its length. We could not bring ourselves to shorten it further than we have done, nor yet to withhold it. It describes the last scene, though not quite the last moments, of Friedrich Wilhelm's life:

"For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Priester

Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage vow, in spite of horrible examples every where; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubbut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying: It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well—is there any thing more? Out with it then; better now than too late!" [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well, I will, I do; you Fee-kin, [his wife, Queen Sophie,] write to your Brother, (unforgiveablest of beings,) after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.' Better Her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff. 'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature—that will be safer! An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff: 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man.'—Vol. ii. pp. 681–683.

Presently the Crown-Prince is sent for from Reinsberg: "He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive."

"At sight of his son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling, sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father! My Son, my Son! For the next three days, when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich

Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: 'Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent: endeavored to talk a little, could at least smoke and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done, (finished, Monday night,) why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

"His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes: 'Pray for me; *Betet, betet!*' And more than once, in deep tone: 'Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified!' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn, (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it,) which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go!'—'No,' said he always, with vivacity, at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on.' Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. . . . Tuesday, 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius [the Calvinistic Court-Chaplain] was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I can not pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.' 'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. 'Fare you well!' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world!' Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well. 'Poor little Ferdinand! adieu then, my little child!' From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Fee-kin! O my Fee-kin! thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst! This day I am going to die! thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the official persons and

companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: 'It is over, (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his night-cap, and a blue mantle thrown round him. He was wheeled into his ante-room; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

"The royal stables are visible from this room; Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau, my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke, faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse—any horse. 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old-Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay! nay, my friend!' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 684-688.

The King formally pronounced his own abdication "in favor of his good son Friedrich." The ceremony might have been dispensed with. The very day which witnessed Friedrich Wilhelm's abdication, witnessed also his death. The kingly robes were laid aside, as if in preparation for that world in which there is no distinction of persons; and then the coil of mortality was shuffled off.

We must not conclude our notice of Friedrich's education without referring to an event in which the "French element" of it may be said to have culminated, the formation of his acquaintance with Voltaire. Their friendship is one of the most memorable features in the life of either; their misunderstandings and quarrels one of the most discreditable, though not perhaps in the same degree, both to prince and poet.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Carlyle, professing to quote from the ghostly Sauertieg, "was the spiritual complement of Friedrich; what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. . . . So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief, and in a sense the solo products of their Century, . . . the rest . . . being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and

wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennials at all, as these Two were."—Vol. ii. pp. 578, 579.

Strange if true of a whole century, we must again say; but happily impossible to be true.

Friedrich's intercourse with Voltaire began by letter, epistolary correspondence being for a time its sole vehicle, in August, 1736, when the Prince was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Carlyle quotes his opening letter, and Voltaire's reply. Friedrich's admiration is excited chiefly by an excellence which would be better appreciated in the days of Pope than our own. "Never did Poet before," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "put Metaphysics into rhythmical cadence; to you the honor was reserved of doing it first." On the strength of Voltaire's "taste for Philosophy," he sends him "a translated copy of the *Accusation and the Defense of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism;" and promises him a translation, which he is getting made, of the same author's *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*. Voltaire with many compliments and expressions of profound "respect" for "Metaphysical ideas," expresses a doubt whether "the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice," he adds, "that nestle in some little holes of an immense building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told the secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Of all mice, M. Wolf is the mouse most likely to solve the great problem, if it could be solved. The letters up to the time of Friedrich's accession in 1740 (as preserved some hundred-and-twenty in number.) consist of an interchange of verses, criticisms, and philosophical discussions, with reflections on the dignity of man, the whole enveloped in a cloud of mutual flattery; the ability being, of course, with Voltaire, the sincerity, Mr. Carlyle thinks, with Friedrich.* Till the time of

* Mr. Carlyle is sparing, as yet, in his use of the Letters, as, indeed, of reference to Friedrich's literary works generally, of which he gives no specimens.

Friedrich's accession, the correspondents never met. Their experience and impressions of each other, when they actually came together, belong to a later period of the Crown-Prince's history.

Friedrich, unable to secure the presence of the great high-priest of Letters, yet collected round him, at his residence at Reinsberg, what literary notabilities he could. They were chiefly of theological and philosophical bent; "uniformly men," says Mr. Carlyle, "whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner." We will not burden our readers with their names. He beguiled his time here with pouring out floods of verse, with speculative talk on deep topics, with music, and with architectural and horticultural improvements; generally the resources of men who have no real and necessary work upon their hands, but in his case relaxations of hard and useful administrative labor. This was probably the happiest period of his life, and that least open to question or censure. His poetic attempts, now and afterwards, have been the object of much ridicule. But he never claimed to be a poet; he "left no calling for that idle trade—no duty broke." His verses were but an exercise in which he took pleasure; and which he practiced for his pleasure only, and not from vanity or ambition.* If Lord Bacon's maxim be a true one, that "writing makes an exact man," his

versifying propensities may have been of some use to him. But verse-making was never more to him than an amusement, and severity of criticism is out of place.

The two volumes which we have been so inadequately noticing, bring down the history of Friedrich's life to the death of his father, and his own accession to the throne on the 31st of May, 1740. They might be called "Friedrich's apprenticeship." We have been obliged to confine ourselves to the events and persons directly influencing the Crown-Prince's education in the wider sense of the word, and to leave out much that has close connection even with that. Of the richness of Mr. Carlyle's book in firmly-drawn and vivid pictures of men and things, of the indescribable tone of life and reality that pervades it, of its fantastic humor and rugged manly pathos, no idea can be gathered except from its own pages. From his views of human life and social government, and from the types of character which he admires, we are obliged prevalingly to dissent. We should regard them as harmful, if we thought they were likely to be influential. But they carry their own antidote with them in the noble qualities of heart and soul to which Mr. Carlyle always appeals, and of which even what we think his errors are but the exaggerated or too partial application.

From the Leisure Hour.

COWPER'S POEM ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

It was towards the close of Cowper's life, at the time when that settled gloom by which his declining years were so bitterly oppressed, had taken hold upon him, that the poem referred to in the heading

of this story was written. The circumstances attending its composition present one of the most curious and interesting of psychological phenomena that we have ever heard of, or that can well be imagined, namely, that a mind—apparently unconscious of one set of impressions, whether by an effort of will or otherwise—may be roused to intense action by another set of impressions, totally distinct from them, as far as actual occurrence is concerned.

* He endeavored to prevent their publication. "Friedrich," says his latest editor, "continued, so far as he was able, to keep his poetic works concealed; nay, he even called in again, from friends who were leaving his neighborhood, the copies with which he had presented them, in order to guard against their being in any way divulged."

The dark season of Cowper's calamity was at its height. The morning of the day on which the incidents about to be related took place, was dreary, cold, and dull. A chilling mist, which filled the air, was succeeded by a drizzling rain, making all nature both cheerless and dismal. Deeply miserable, Cowper was hastily pacing his room backwards and forwards, in a state of extreme agitation and distress, the darkness and gloominess without augmenting that deeper darkness and gloom within him, by which his mind was so heavily weighed down. He was humming to himself the air of Handel's *March in Scipio*, his steps keeping time to the music, while his thoughts were no doubt busily occupied in brooding over his own utter wretchedness.

Suddenly his door flew open, and in rushed a lady, holding in her hand an open newspaper, in which she had just been reading the account of the loss of the *Royal George*. Greatly excited at the melancholy news, she exclaimed: "O Mr. Cowper! have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened? The *Royal George* has gone down into the sea with eight hundred men on board, and every soul has perished!" Cowper, wrapped up in his own reflections, paid no attention either to her or her story, but continued to walk on backwards and forwards, humming the air of the *March in Scipio*, and keeping time to the music with his feet.

Who this lady was, we are not able to state. It is not likely that she was one of those who were intimately acquainted with the state of Cowper's mind at that time, and who with such unvaried tenderness were particularly cautious never to suffer any news to reach him which they thought might excite him, or increase that melancholy they so anxiously endeavored to soothe and alleviate.

The catastrophe, as may well be imagined, appeared to her a very fearful one, and hence she wondered at his not being moved by it. Thinking that perhaps he had not heard what she had told him, she repeated the account in fuller detail, dwelling with greater emphasis on the fact that Kempenfelt and his whole crew of eight hundred men had entirely perished. Still Cowper took not the least notice, only he paced his room more rapidly, hummed his air more loudly, and kept time to the march with his feet more

vigorously. Hence she concluded that he was determined not to listen to her, and therefore left the room. Nevertheless, though Cowper had manifested no sign that the melancholy news had produced any impression on him, he was deeply affected. The story had, as the sequel will show, reached his mind, but it had not yet touched his heart. Though he abounded to overflowing with sympathy for the distress of others, so much was he absorbed in his own misery, that he was entirely carried away for the time by it. His mind was struggling for very existence; he himself was in agony, just on the verge of despair. At that instant the bell of the church close by began to toll for a funeral. The unexpected sound, and the solemnity of the associations connected with it, wrought a sudden change in him. Each stroke, as it boomed forth, was to him like the thrust of a sword. The chord that united him to his fellow-man was now reached, and vibrated to the touch. His heart was ready to burst; full to overflowing with his own misery; full of the air from Handel's *March*, which he had been humming to himself to relieve that misery; full of the story of the dreadful loss which he had heard—for now he knew every word of it, so thoroughly had it become fixed on his mind; and, lastly, full of grief for the eight hundred brave men, most of them warriors, who had thus suddenly perished without a moment's warning, not on the stormy ocean, not on a foreign shore, not by the horrors of war, but in harbor, at home, while their ship was at anchor, and they all busily employed at their ordinary work in time of peace. Roused to a state of intense excitement, he could restrain himself no longer, but seized a pen, rushed to the fireplace, grasped the bell-rope, and held it firmly, as if to stop the tolling without, which appeared to cause him such unutterable anguish; and in that state, with the rope in one hand and the pen in the other, he gave vent to his feelings in these deeply solemn and exquisite lines:

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

"Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

"A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George
With all her crew complete.

"Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

"His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

"Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

"Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

"But Kempenfelt is gone:
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more."

It may be here necessary to add that the measure of the verses corresponds exactly to the rhythm of the music of the March alluded to in the story.

From Fraser's Magazine.

OPTICAL DELUSION OF THE YELLOW GOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

I AM not superstitious. I am not nervous. I am not romantic. I may have had the *commune malum*, just as I have had the measles and the hooping-cough, and got over it, too, just as easily. I am fifty-nine years of age. I weigh fourteen stone, and stand five feet eight in my stockings. I would as soon take hemlock as smoke a cigar; and I drink the best part of a bottle of old port every day after dinner. In very hot or very cold weather I generally finish it. These facts I mention simply to deduce the conclusion that I am not a man whose feelings are easily worked upon through the imagination. Imagination, indeed! I despise the quality, and disapprove of the expression. Although I can *stand* music, I never had any patience with poetry.

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—"

and so it is to me—"a flower, and nothing more." What more should it be? I

never saw but one poet to my knowledge, and his acquaintance I made professionally. His notion of business was below contempt. I am one of those people who believe nothing they hear, and only half they see, unless supported by credible testimony; and I sum up all the ridiculous nonsense talked about idealities and sympathies, and odylic affinities and magnetic attraction, in the one comprehensive word "Bosh." I think I have said enough to lead to this inference, that I am no believer in ghosts.

Some winters ago I went down into the west of England, to stay with my old friend and schoolfellow, H——. It is no breach of confidence to state that I was employed to draw up the marriage contract of his pretty daughter Alice, a young lady who has sat on my knees scores of times, and whom I would have married myself had I been thirty years younger, and an idle man. She and her lover were to make up two pence half-penny per an-

num between them; nevertheless, a settlement was to be made, a jointure provided, and younger children's portion devised in the regular manner. So I packed my portmanteau, delighted with the prospect of a holiday; not that I am overworked in Carey street, Lincoln's Inn, (more's the pity,) and started off by the train, as pleased as a boy out of school.

As a practical man, I am of course in favor of rail-roads whenever and wherever a line can be laid down. Time is money, knowledge is power, business is—business, not a doubt of it; and although I do not invest in shares, and prefer to follow a less speedy but more secure method of building up a competency, I am keenly alive to the advantages of steam traffic through the length and breadth of Britain.

Yet I can not help regretting the long coaches. It may be early associations, it may be a John-Bull sort of prejudice in favor of that most national feature, which continental authorities strove to imitate in vain; it may be the germ of a sporting tendency indigenous to the Briton, which makes the least venturous amongst us theoretically partial to a horse; but I do own to a longing for the box-seat once more, the apron tucked in over one's knees, the rattle of hoofs and harness beneath one's feet, planted well forward on the foot-board, the coachman's knowing figure by one's side, with his driving-gloves and his well-tied neckcloth, and his peculiar expression of hat, the glasses of "hot with" at the different stages, the "pleasing to alight" for that indigestible dinner, of which underdone boiled beef invariably formed a component part; the close intimacy struck up with the "through" passenger behind one, whose sharp knees effected a permanent lodgment in the small of one's back; the interchange of broad wit with the guard, leaning forward over the roof expressly to poke fun at the raw country lad, taking his shilling ride to the next market-town; and drawing from its long wicker case the yard of tin, to woo from that instrument sounds such as are never heard now. The local news elicited from mysterious ostlers in a dialect varying with every twenty miles of Mac-Adam; and the close-shaved, well-dressed individual who was to be seen at every change with a straw in his mouth, addressed simply as "Squire" by the coachman, and on terms of respectful familiarity with that func-

tionary. You never see that man at the door of a rail-way station—you never see him at all in these days. What has become of him? What has become of all the varieties and humors and adventures of the road? Nowadays the journey is nothing *per se*. Your only object is to get it over. You shut the windows, buy a shilling's worth of fiction, cut it open with your rail-way ticket, and resign yourself to "the company" in a state of total abstraction. If you have an adventure, why the chances are you do not live to tell it!

The train was punctual, the fly was damp, the evening cold and dark, inclining to a black frost, with a north-east wind that gets through my great coat as it never used to do—they make such bad cloth nowadays. I was very glad to grope up the long dark avenue of my friend's well-wooded residence, and more glad still to pay the flyman his fare, and divest myself of my wraps, and so to be ushered into a warm, well-lighted, cheerful apartment, in which the family were already assembled at dinner. A meal they insisted on my partaking of without going through the ceremony of dressing.

It was a small family party. H—, ruddy, athletic, happy, and full of fun as usual. His wife, a superior woman with a masculine turn of mind, a little more *embonpoint* than the last time I saw her, and with hair that a few years ago was somewhat thin and gray, now black, thick, and glossy as the raven's wing once more. Daughter Alice, with sweet hazel eyes and rich brown hair, and the mantling blushes of nineteen, "silly nineteen!" with a lover of her own, and just going to be married. I dare say she thought there was nobody on earth the least to be compared with that young gentleman who sat opposite to her; that he would always be invested with those fabulous qualities which adorn the future bridegroom; that the time was never to come when he would go to sleep in his arm-chair, or snore in the night-watches, or drink beer, or smoke tobacco, or get fat or cross, or worse than all, bald! And then it had been such a long attachment, as she told me afterwards. Poor child! she had known him six months, during which period she had met him at an archery-meeting, a race-ball, and three country-houses. A long attachment, forsooth! And I recollect a case (professional) in which twen-

ty years had not eradicated the delusion in the two fools, my clients. But let that pass.

No wonder Miss Alice blushed when she met my eye, the little jilt! She had promised to be my wife from the time her eyebrows were on a level with the table-cloth; and now her papa was presenting me to my successful rival; and my only redress, as I took an opportunity of telling her, was to tie up her little fortune so that her profligate husband might not spend it all on his own extravagances, and ruin her and break her heart. I shall not soon forget that sweet, trusting smile when I put the case before her (professionally again, of course) in this light. "Can't you manage for *him* to have it all to do what he likes with?" says she, in her pretty coaxing way; "it seems so like mistrusting him. Him," and the brown eyes filled with tears, "that I'd work for on my bare knees." That's the way with them all; they must be in extremes: if they drudge, it must be on their "bare knees;" if they work, they must "work their fingers to the bone." What I complain of in women is, that they haven't the slightest notion of business.

The lover seemed to have a good appetite. I confess I thought the better of him. Likewise I remarked that H——'s butler always brought him the *old* sherry, a fine brown oily vintage, with which that functionary was good enough to fill my glass to the brim. This looked like common-sense, and a proper forethought in the minor matters of life, which argued well for its graver duties and responsibilities. I never knew a man come to much harm yet who took a sufficient interest in his dinner. When they talk of living on a crust, and being satisfied with a warm climate, a bunch of grapes, and a cigar, there is no end to the follies they will commit. All the best men of my acquaintance — bishops, legal dignitaries, highly respectable merchants, and country gentlemen — have been blessed with good appetites. Judging from their performances, I should also trust with digestions to correspond.

Notwithstanding his whiskers I began to take a liking to the young man; indeed after dinner, while we peeped into the second bottle of old port, I felt quite friendly towards him, till it came out in the course of conversation that he had written a book — 'tis true it was a wretch-

edly bad one, and a dead loss to the publishers — nevertheless there was the intention, and it was no thanks to him that he was not a successful author. After that I changed my opinion altogether. I could scarce look at him now without disgust. When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and I marked the color come and go on Alice's pretty cheeks, and the nervous little manner with which she made his tea, I could have smothered him, I felt so angry to think that my pet should be thrown away on an *author*! He played his rubber though, like a man of sense, and although Miss sat behind his chair and watched his hand, he made no mistakes, and never forgot a card. Mamma was my partner, and played infamously; we lost two rubbers and ever so many points. I was thankful when wax candles and wine and water made their appearance, for after all, whist is whist, and if people *won't* pay attention, they had better let it alone.

"Where have you put Growles, my dear?" asked H—— of his wife, as she finished her tumbler of negus, mixed by the future son-in-law. (Didn't he put in lots of sugar, and make it *brown*!)

"In the Yellow Room, my love," was the reply. "Good night, Mr. Growles; I trust you will find yourself comfortable," and she sailed off, driving Alice before her, who showed an unaccountable propensity to linger for more last words with her lover — as if she wouldn't see him again at breakfast to-morrow morning, and be very tired of him, in all human probability, ten years hence.

The youngster went to smoke — these boys are all alike. I would venture a wager *she* was lying broad awake thinking of him long after he was snoring as sound as a church; and H—— ushered me to my apartment, and left me at the door, having looked in to ascertain that I had a good fire, a kettle of hot water, and my things unpacked.

It was a large room, furnished apparently for a married couple, of gigantic proportions. It contained a wardrobe, of which my modest stock of habiliments occupied a ridiculously small corner; vast chests of drawers lined with acres of whitey-brown paper; hip-baths and foot-baths, wide and deep, with oil-cloth landing-places and tall towel-stands of corresponding magnitude; an enormous swing mirror, in the depths of which I beheld

for the first time for years my whole person, and was surprised to find how stout I had grown; and a lofty bed, in the vast extent of which, with its breadth of counterpane and its pillows so wide apart, and its cold clean sheets, I felt that, stout as I was, I should be chilled, and lost, and lonely. It is a cruel and ingenious torture thus to mock us poor bachelors; nevertheless we are not entirely to be pitied.

There was small temptation to exchange the warmth of the hearth-rug on which I stood toasting myself, for a plunge into that comfortless bed, so I lingered as long as I could over the operation of undressing, studying meanwhile a picture over the chimney-piece, at which the more I looked the more I was struck by an inexplicable fascination. It was a full-length portrait of a lady dressed in the liberal costume of Charles the Second's reign, and had all the appearance of one of Sir Peter Lely's *chef-d'œuvres*. Her light-brown hair hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, making, so to speak, a cascade over a sort of roll above her forehead ere it escaped in graceful clusters; her bust was full, round, and white, corresponding with the fair proportions of her shapely arms; her figure, firm and majestic, gaining height and dignity from the folds of a long flowing satin gown, the bright yellow gloss of which the artist had depicted with admirable fidelity. All the details of a lady's dress—the fine cambric, the exquisite point-lace, the massive jewelry—were studiously worked out and dwelt upon evidently by the hand of a master; but the principal peculiarity in the painting, and that which chiefly riveted my attention, was the expression of the lady's countenance. With rounded cheeks and chin, with a fleshy and somewhat sensuous cast of beauty, the features betrayed a singular amount of resolution, almost of obstinacy; the light-blue eyes had a fixed stony glare of dogged suffering like that of some wild animal caught in a trap; and the whole countenance was imbued with an air of defiant endurance less the expression of a resigned martyr than of a savage at the stake.

One hand was closely pressed to her bosom, the other half-concealed in the folds of the satin dress, but on its soft white palm, turning outwards, there was a narrow stain as of blood.

"How carelessly all painters dab on

these patches of red," said I to myself, with a yawn, as I put the extinguisher on my candle, and jumped into bed, burying my head well under the clothes to condense as much as possible the caloric so indispensable to a good night's rest in the month of January.

As I reappeared on the surface the fire flickered up for an instant, and brought into full relief the yellow satin gown and the head and shoulders of the portrait. By some comical effect of light and shade the face seemed to turn away from the door, to which I remembered it to have been looking, and to gaze fixedly in the direction of my bed. It would have frightened a child, I thought, as I rolled over to the other side and composed myself to sleep.

Man is a creature of habit, and I am not ashamed to confess that I never can rest very comfortably in a strange bed. Whether buried cosily in what a Scotch friend used to term "the depths of Glen Feathers," or poised on a spring mattress like a bird on the wave, it is sufficient that my couch should be one to which I am not accustomed to make me restless and uneasy. In this particular instance I tossed and turned repeatedly without attaining the desired attitude of repose; and it was not till I had heard the clock over the stables strike more than once that I dozed off into a fitful and unrefreshing slumber.

It was provoking to be roused by some one poking the fire so vehemently, an irritating noise to the nerves at the best, and doubly so in the feverish watches of a long night, and I was irritated accordingly.

"That literary young reprobate in the next room," thought I, "who, not satisfied with poisoning the house with tobacco and the public with sentiment, must needs sit up half the livelong night and keep honest folks from their natural rest; a nice bridegroom, indeed, pretty Alice! and a precious beginning for a well-conducted establishment. Good luck! what fools girls are!"

But the light burned strongly up in my own chamber. I saw it flickering against the opposite curtains of the bed, for I lay with my back to the fire-place, and the noise of the poker told me pretty plainly that the disturbance was at my own hearth-rug and that some body was poking my own fire.

"It must be morning," thought I, "and the housemaid is delighted to find that she is spared the trouble of kindling a fresh blaze," so I turned lazily in bed to have a look at her.

All the blood in my body seemed to curdle at once round my heart. She was standing in the full glare of the fire-light; her long fair tresses curling over her shoulders, her bright yellow gown shining like a lamp, the white hand half-concealed in her skirt; nay, the narrow stain of blood distinctly visible, and above all, the blue stony eyes fixed intently upon mine with that agonizing stare; the fire flickered up with a bright expiring flash, and all was dark, but not till I had glanced wildly at the picture above the chimney-piece, and ascertained with a thrill of painful horror that the frame was empty.

If I had complained of cold before, I was drenched with perspiration now. I am not a nervous man nor an excitable one. I consider I have as much courage as my neighbors, which I likewise hold to be very little; but whatever I had, I am bound to confess evaporated freely in the first few dark minutes that succeeded this extraordinary apparition. I could not be dreaming, for the ticks of my watch struck with painful distinctness on my ear. It could scarcely be a trick, for who would be likely to take so much trouble for the purpose of mystifying an elderly gentleman of regular habits and respectable antecedents, whose profession, moreover, was essentially antagonistic to delusion? Pooh! they might as well make one an apple-pie bed! And then, even if some one skilled in masquerade could have dressed the character to such perfection, there was the *vacuum* over the chimney-piece. I had heard of speaking likenesses and striking likenesses, but I had never heard of a likeness walking bodily out of its frame.

I got to sleep, though, notwithstanding, and when morning arrived with a *real* housemaid, and I saw the picture looking exactly as it had done before, its tresses not disordered by a single curl, its satin gown unrumpled in a single fold, and its blue eyes turned with their stony glance towards the door, why of course I attributed the whole circumstance to a custard at last night's dinner, and speculated whilst I was shaving on the connection of the stomach with the brain, and the great preponderance of the former organ

in the majority of one's fellow-creatures.

"By the by, Growles, if you care about pictures, there's rather a good one in your room, above the chimney-piece," observed H—— at breakfast as he helped me liberally to "grill." "One of our female ancestors, a Lady Alice, whose character, however, from all I can make out, was not quite so fair as her face. It looks like a Sir Peter Lely, but I think she must have been a little before his time; but it's a good picture, Growles, and I recommend you to look at it."

Alice glanced nervously at her lover, and evidently made a private signal to that young gentleman, who was displaying an excellent appetite, that didn't look like sitting up very late to smoke or write sentiment either.

"What," said he, "is Mr. Growles in the Yellow Room? why, that's the lady that *walks*, isn't it? Egad, Mr. Growles, I wouldn't sleep in that room for a hundred pounds a night."

Mrs. H—— looked annoyed, but she had been a little cross all the morning, and her front, with an idiosyncrasy peculiar to the fronts of elderly ladies, beetled in consequence lower on her forehead than was its wont. Alice laughed an admiring laugh at her idol, and told him not to be "silly," and the master of the house sending up his cup at the same time to be replenished, observed—"There used to be queer stories in former days amongst the servants, and one of the maids, when first we married, was frightened into fits, but I think the ghost has not walked so much since we have given them more tea and less beer, and when they are on board wages I fancy she leaves off altogether. However, come along, Growles; let's get this little rogue's business settled," (with a fond glance at Alice,) "and then we'll all go and have a shy at the woodcocks."

But we couldn't get Miss Alice's business completely settled, because one of the title-deeds was missing; and though we sought high and low for it—in tin boxes and fire-proof safes, and behind the sofa cushions and under the beds—find it we could not; and after anathematizing my friend H——'s well-known slovenly business habits, and reading his future son-in-law a lecture upon the levity with which he treated so important an omission, I gave up the search for that day,

and accompanied the gentlemen on their sporting excursion.

I presume looking for woodcocks is a pursuit in which there exists some hidden charm known only to the initiated. I confess that to carry a heavy gun with its cold barrel through thick copse, over hill and dale, on a dark winter's day, with an acre or two of mud hanging to one's ankles, a sanguine keeper warning one to "mark" imaginary game, and an occasional glimpse of the soft brown long-billed bird flushed so noiselessly, and turning so smoothly on the wing amongst the under-wood, just at the critical distance that tempts one to miss him, is to me a pastime of which the chief merit lies in the appetite it gives one for dinner. If I *must* go out shooting, I like to let my gun off pretty often; and my own opinion is, that less time is wasted in a Norfolk preserve than elsewhere. The author, however, to do him justice, proved an unerring marksman; then he walked, or rather sprang, over those West-country hills like an antelope. Confound the boy! they tell me too that he is a "thorough workman," as they call it, in the saddle: "*Equus ipso melior Bellerophonte*," and foolish Alice is as proud of him for all these mere corporeal advantages as if he were Lord Chancellor.

We had a capital dinner that day—a woodcock on *toast* is well worth the trouble of shooting him; and I passed altogether a delightful evening. Mrs. H—retired early with a headache; Alice played the piano-forte, much to her own delectation and that of her "future," who hovered near. H—read the paper, and I slept comfortably in an arm-chair.

When bedtime arrived I marched upstairs as valiant as Cæsar; a hard day's walking I thought had armed me effectually against the terrors of indigestion, and I felt as if I could defy all the ghosts of Acheron banded together—ay, even should they come clothed in the formidable shapes of fair women with luxuriant hair and yellow satin gowns.

I looked at the picture whilst I was undressing, and remarked particularly the graceful *pose* of the head and neck, turned *towards* the door; and I smiled to think of the strange optical delusion by which I had been led to fancy on the previous night that the figure was looking at me in bed. The fire was getting low, so I put it out altogether; but first, before

I extinguished my candle, something prompted me to steal one more glance at the portrait. Good heavens! the head had turned whilst I was taking off my clothes. I resolved to examine the canvas minutely by daylight; and convinced that I should make some discovery in optics which would delight Sir D. Brewster, I was soon sound asleep.

I used to be fond of gardening as a boy. Dear, dear! what a many years it is since I saw that sweet little garden, with its yews and laburnums, its lilacs and its solitary acacia, and the privet-hedge that divided it from the fragrant hay-fields, and the midsummer luxuriance of that land of beauty which lies beyond Harrow. I dreamed I was working in it now. With a barrister's wig on, and in my shirt-sleeves, I was sedulously raking the gravel-path, and Cousin Fan was tying up her roses on the lawn. Dreams are queer things. Cousin Fan's blue eyes smiled as they used to smile five-and-thirty years ago—perhaps as they are smiling in heaven now. The Lord Chancellor was coming to luncheon, and she bade me be quick and finish raking, and to come in and dress. Backwards and forwards I drew the rake, working for my very life; the harder I worked the rougher became the gravel, and the iron prongs of my instrument grated against the pebbles till they set my teeth on edge. The sensation was so unpleasant that I awoke, and lo! dark as it was, there was some one in the room poking at the embers of my smouldering fire. Without a moment's hesitation I jumped out of bed and made a rush for the hearth-rug. I heard the quick rustle of a gown at the other end of the room. I passed my hand over the chimney-piece and felt for the picture; there was the frame, sure enough! I had no means of striking a light, so I opened my window-shutters, and the dim starlight struggled faintly into the room. In a distant passage I heard a door shut, and I confess my heart beat quickly with vague apprehension. Groping about, I got into my dressing-gown; and by this time, being more accustomed to the light, I took an accurate survey of my chamber. The picture occupied its usual place, and I returned to bed thoroughly chilled, and more mystified than ever.

Next morning another hunt for the missing title-deed, with the same result. H— was astonished, his wife provok-

ed; the lover laughed, and Alice smiled. After luncheon I settled myself over the fire in the library with the newspaper, thinking, I am not ashamed to confess, of last night's adventures, and rather dreading the return of bed-time.

Enter Miss Alice; with a shy blush and a pretty air of mystery she puts a manuscript into my hand.

"Read that," says she, in her coaxing way; "it's a legend of our family. The lady's picture hangs in your room. It's beautifully written; *he* wrote it."

Seeing it was not poetry, I settled myself comfortably in my chair, and began:

THE YELLOW GOWN.

Lady Alice had a woman's beauty with a man's resolution and strength of purpose. Born of an old Royalist family, bred amongst the turmoils of civil war, and surrounded by friends and connections who had sacrificed the greater portion of their fortunes as they were willing to sacrifice their lives, for King Charles, she may be supposed to have imbibed the sentiments and prejudices of her party with all a woman's virulence and ardor.

When the Restoration was accomplished, and England blessed once more with the presence of that dissolute sovereign in whose cause she had spilt the blood of her noblest children, nobody seemed to rejoice, in her own dignified way, more fervently than Lady Alice. She was then five-and-twenty, in the full flower and prime of her glorious womanhood; one of those spoiled children of fortune for whom nature and art seem to have vied to do their utmost. She had never known a wish disappointed, a whim ungratified—so said the neighbors, so said the Court, so said every one save the best-informed person on the subject, namely, Lady Alice herself.

Perhaps in the whole wide "West Country" there were few more unhappy individuals than this, the subject of so much admiration and so much envy. When Nature in her freaks endows one of her children with gifts either of beauty, intellect, or fortune much superior to the rest of the family, that impartial mother takes care to equalize her favors by some corresponding fiction which counteracts the adventitious advantage. From the earliest ages, the beautiful of either sex have usually been unfortunate in their loves.

Narcissus, eaten up with vanity, met his fate in the contemplation of his own charms. Helen's very improper story needs no comment; and where is the sparkling *brunette* that would envy the fate of Egypt's dark-browed Queen? So it is with intellect. "Burning Sappho" burnt herself out in a self-consuming flame. Socrates, with all his philosophy, found it a hard matter to endure the railing of his shrewish Xantippe, and probably quaffed his hemlock with all the more equanimity that a "stalled ox and hatred therewith" was prepared for his dinner at home. And the mightiest genius of them all groped his way about his native rocks a blind old man, the while he sang his deathless song touching the destructive wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus. Neither can gold pave a royal road to happiness. It is better to be high and dry on a strip of barren sand, than engulfed in the river of Pactolus. Midas, who may be said to have come into the world with a *golden* spoon in his mouth, and whose ablutions in the said river are matter of history, was fain to drink bull's blood, an unsavory potion enough, to rid himself of bad dreams; and Plutus, the very god of wealth, was blear-eyed and lame. No; the gingerbread is none the sweeter for being gilt; and it scarcely requires the testimony of Solomon, who combined in his own person all the foregoing advantages, to convince us that "*Vanitas vanitatum*" sums up the whole of worldly prosperity. And thus it was that Lady Alice, sleeping on a bed of down, and drinking from a goblet of chased silver, envied the very milk-maid that tripped past her windows, singing her blithe song in the early summer morn.

A masculine mind is a fatal addition to a feminine body. Woe to the woman who knows and feels herself superior to those lords of the creation whom it is her lot to obey; who champs at the bit to which she must yet submit, and winces from the spur which nevertheless she is powerless to escape. Her destiny is essentially one of subordination and self denial; if she can not endure her cage she must beat herself to death against the bars. There is no remedy, and there is no escape. *Levius fit patientiâ*; and there is an end of it.

Lady Alice was dependent on her brother, and the "Red Earl" possessed one

of those natures of which the hand is very heavy on a subordinate and very deadly towards an enemy. A few years older than his sister, he was in the prime of his manhood and his beauty at the restoration of King Charles, and the young peer's services had not been forgotten even by that most forgetful of monarchs, whose memory, to do him justice, could never retain a debt, a benefit, or an injury. The loyal nobleman who at sixteen had charged alongside of Prince Rupert at Naseby, who had been wounded almost to the death at Worcester ere the beard had darkened on his lip, and who had survived to welcome his sovereign once more to Whitehall, and ruffle it as merrily and as sumptuously as the richest of the courtiers, was not likely to lack the favor of royalty, and the "Red Earl's" voice was all-powerful for a time at the Court. At his own paternal mansion in the west he brooked neither contradiction nor disapproval, and the Lady Alice was constantly forced to submit with a very bad grace to the dictates of her imperious brother. Intensely selfish, he scrupled not for a moment at any means by which to accomplish his own ends, and the sternest word of command of the strictest disciplinarian was never more unpromising than the "Red Earl's" polite and courtly request. When he said, "Sister, have the goodness," Lady Alice might fret her heart out, but she had to do it, whatever it was, notwithstanding. She dreaded her brother, too. His fits of passion, when once aroused, were uncontrollable; and the sanguine temperament, denoted by his bright color and auburn hair, was capable of being lashed into paroxysms of rage little short of insanity.

Lady Alice pined to be her own mistress, to give up her station and her luxuries, her satins and her jewels, and be free. But what could she do? Between ample wealth and her own beggary stood the tyrant brother. She must remain his dependent or go into the wide world and starve. Conventional shackles are stronger than fetters of iron. Though the meshes of custom are thin and transparent as the spider's web, try to break through them, particularly if you are a woman, and see what you can do. Lady Alice sat in her room and nursed her rebellious spirit till her heart was fit to burst. The "Red Earl" drank and laughed, and ruffled it like a gay, godless, graceless

gallant as he was: and this was the pair that the world in its wisdom thought so attached and so happy. There was balm in Gilead, however. It is not good for man to be alone, and a woman's heart, however proud and however sore it may be, if not utterly broken, will find itself a tenant, or make one, rather than remain empty. Lady Alice attached herself to her neighbor, Frank Marston, and the "Red Earl" forbade him the house.

Now the Lady Alice's meetings with the said Frank Marston were few and far between; perhaps had she known him better she would have loved him less; perhaps we might say the same of all attachments; perhaps the fault, after all, lies not in the idol, but in the attributes with which the worshiper clothes it; perhaps we make fools of ourselves, and have none but ourselves to blame. However that may be, Lady Alice thought she recognized in Frank Marston those qualities which went to make up her ideal, and so she enthroned him accordingly. He was a weak, pale youth, of no physical beauty, but of a stern and decided temperament, and a strong leaven of that old Puritan spirit of independence that had overturned the throne. He had moreover been himself a staunch supporter of the Protector, and his father's hands were not innocent of the royal martyr's blood. "Verily," to use the language of his party, "he stank in the nostrils of the Malignants;" and the Cavaliers having, as they expressed it, now got "the sun on their side the hedge," were not slow to treat their old conquerors with all the insolence and contumely to which in darker days they had themselves been forced to submit.

Lady Alice admired her neighbor's force of character. There was something akin to her own proud spirit in his; there was something parallel in their situations. She chafed and fretted under domestic tyranny; he was scorned and looked down on by those with whom he associated. So she gave him her heart without much consideration, and having given it, found out that she had only exchanged one sort of slavery for another, or perhaps we should say, was now subject to both.

The "Red Earl" swore "his sister should never demean herself by speaking to a wretched low-born crop-ear;" and he begged her to "have the goodness" for the future to discontinue his

society, and pass him without notice when they met. He likewise hinted that a marriage with his friend, Sir Altamont, would suit his views for her, and that he should expect her to consider the subject at once, and make her arrangements to put his plans into effect.

"But Sir Altamont knows I do not care about him, Charles," pleaded the lady. "He is a high-minded, good-hearted gentleman, and he would not woo where he knew he was unwelcome; so *that* will never be."

The "Red Earl" swore a great oath. "I have said it," he replied, his color rising rapidly. "Leave Sir Altamont to me, and make your preparations."

She flashed a glance of exceeding scorn at him. Her temper was nearly as uncontrollable as his own.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "Never! I am my own mistress, brother, and I will not be forced."

"Your own mistress," he sneered. "You mean the mistress of that canting, sniveling Roundhead that ought to be in the lackeys' room cleaning our boots. But let Frank Marston beware. If I catch him here I will beat him to death with my riding wand, as I would any other poaching cur that I find on my domain. Let him look out, that's all."

She was furious now. You see she loved Frank Marston all the more perhaps that her attachment to him was greater than was his to her. She grew quite white, and her lip quivered as she spoke.

"At least," she said, "he would not force his own sister to associate with his light-o'-loves. Listen to me, my lord. You and I must understand each other once for all. If I tolerate your friends, you must be equally indulgent to mine."

He controlled himself with a strong effort. He was bent on mischief, and could keep his temper best when in that mood.

"You will receive my guests with proper courtesy," he said, speaking very slowly and through his clenched teeth; "you will conduct yourself in my house as I desire, and if Master Marston thinks proper to show his low-bred face within the park gates, I will have him cudged by my knaves till he sings psalms again. I have said it, Lady Alice."

With a bitter sneer, worse to bear than his most violent explosions of wrath, he

left the room to make preparations for the arrival of two fair dames whose characters were more than "suspect," and whom he expected his proud sister to receive with deferential courtesy; whilst she, her heart bursting with a sense of outraged delicacy and unbearable wrong, walked into the park to meet Frank Marston once more in sheer defiance.

The devil watches his opportunity to put evil thoughts into our hearts wondrously deftly. His five thousand and odd years of experience have familiarized him with the peculiarities of the race with which he has to deal, and he invariably chooses the right time and the right place at which to present a temptation or to offer an opportunity. Lady Alice walked to and fro, chafing and swelling like a roused lioness. "*Brother*," she thought, "*brother*, indeed; and this is the man that stands between me and wealth, between me and happiness; nay, between me and existence. What is this law of nature that woman should have all 'the chips' and man all 'the cheer?' that we are to be dependent upon them, ay, for the very bread we eat, and must sacrifice the very life-blood of our hearts to please their lightest whim? And this *brother's* life, this kind, good, affectionate *brother*! were he to lose it in a brawl or waste it by his debaucheries, I should be free and happy, and Marston would be mine, and the world rid of an overbearing profligate, and a good man set in his place, a lofty mind, a far-seeing intellect, a patriot, and a man of genius, and he talked of violence and contumely to *him*—*him* whose groom he is not fit to be. Oh! that I were hand to hand with him, brother though he be, and that my life or his could be forfeited in the struggle!"

She blushed blood-red with very anger as the evil thought crossed her mind; and Frank Marston, walking up the park to meet her, saw the blush, and blessed her in his heart for a loving, modest, timid maiden, fearful of her own strong love.

She was a beautiful object, standing there in a yellow satin gown—she always wore a yellow gown—with a dark wide shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and the last gleams of the cold winter sun lighting up her haughty head and its soft clustering hair, and tinging the red lips and the blushing face with a deeper carmine. Her head was erect, and slightly

turned aside on the graceful neck, like that of a deer, or some such wild agile animal, startled but not frightened, and one hand was pressed closely to her bosom, whilst the other, half-concealed in the folds of her gown, turned slightly outwards, revealing the rosy tints of the soft pink palm. It was her favorite attitude, and she fell into it naturally.

He had come to bid her good-by. Frank was a conscientious and right-thinking man, with an unyielding spirit and a hard and somewhat pitiless turn of mind.

Ruined in worldly circumstances and compromised from his political opinions, he had resolved to seek in the New World that home which so many of his former associates had already found; he had determined, with what he thought was a praiseworthy amount of self-denial, to bid farewell to the high-born lady that had loved him so unadvisedly, and forgetful of the claim she too had for consideration, plumed himself on the step he was about to take for her welfare, as he thought, and for his own.

But his heart failed him when he saw that beautiful figure standing there, glowing in the sunset; and when the proud woman, her pride failing her in her love and her despair, implored him to forego his resolution, and remain *for her sake*, Frank Marston, for the first time in his life, wavered in his determination, and yielded to an influence which his better judgment told him he ought to have withstood.

"So be it," he said. "Lady Alice, for your sake I will remain here, to be near you: for your sake I will struggle on, and endure my hard lot as best I may. It will be years before I can call you mine, and those years, the best of both our lives, must be passed in weary longing, and daily heart-burning and disappointment. All my preparations are made; this night I should have sailed from England forever to those shores of the New World where men may worship the God of their fathers in freedom and in truth. I forego my resolve. I will remain, dear one! for your sake."

She loved him more than ever now. She knew his independent spirit, his unhappy lot, bitter and humiliating as her own. She could appreciate the sacrifice he made to her affection, and she felt she would indeed be proud to give him wealth, station, and happiness, in return

for the liberty he laid so ungrudgingly at her feet. She was a proud woman, the Lady Alice, and an unscrupulous: she thought of her brother and shuddered.

"You are cold, Alice," said her lover, "and indeed the moon is already up. Your absence will be remarked; you must go in now. We shall meet again ere long, my own."

He wrapped her shawl fondly and tenderly around her, and with a few more whispered words bade her adieu. The Lady Alice shivered and shook as she paced the narrow gravel walk that led towards the house.

It was a winding path, overgrown even in mid-winter with hollies and thick evergreens. The clear frosty air struck chill to her very marrow, and the bright moon shed a brilliant light on all around. It was a night to walk merrily along, enjoying the seasonable beauty of the weather, and anticipating the cheerful fireside, glowing with the promise of warmth and comfort, merry with the voices of laughing children and kindly friends.

The Lady Alice wrapped her shawl closer around her, and shivered more and more.

She had not advanced a hundred paces ere she started violently, stopped, and turned round. Loud angry tones smote upon her ear; she recognized the "Red Earl's" voice rising to the highest key-notes of passion. Like the scream of the eagle, it boded no good to those who should come beneath his talons.

A smart cutting sound, like the blow of a riding-whip, repeated twice or thrice, succeeded this outbreak, and was followed almost instantaneously by the clink of swords. Alice hurried along as fast as her legs could carry her.

She was just in time. Frank Marston, far inferior in strength and activity to his antagonist, was parrying with extreme difficulty the rapid and *vicious* thrusts of the "Red Earl," whose whole face and features seemed to blaze with concentrated fury. Blood, too, was flowing from Frank's side, and his breath came short and quick. There was no mercy to be looked for, and Alice panted like a hunted deer as she sprang frantically on.

Frank was beat down to his knee, and the Red Earl's point was at his throat.

She scarcely knew what she did. With lightning speed she had unwound the shawl from her shoulders, and ere her foot-

fall caught his ear, it was over her brother's head; blinded and confused, his arm flew aimlessly up.

The devil, too, was not sleeping in Frank Marston's heart. With the energy of despair he went in under the Earl's guard. Once, twice, he plunged the reeking sword through his enemy's body, and then stood still, pale and faint, and sick, to look upon the work that he had done.

The "Red Earl" lay supine. A corpse with the flush of rage still purple on its angry brow. Lady Alice stood over him, motionless, but that she trembled from head to foot, and her stony eyes were fixed upon a spot of blood that had splashed her small white hand.

She was the first to speak. "You must fly," she said, "as you had intended. Not a moment is to be lost. We shall never meet again. I must answer to Heaven for this night's work."

It was Alice who spoke, but was *that* her voice? He could not recognize the hoarse, gasping tones. Years afterward her image haunted him, as she stood there with her pale face and her yellow gown, her eyes slowly scanning the "Red Earl's" corpse from head to foot, one hand clasped tight against her bosom, and the other, spotted as it was with blood, hid in the folds of her dress. It was the same attitude he had so often admired, and yet how changed!

In the Far-West, where the Red man was gradually giving way before the advance of the Pale-faces, Frank Marston made his home. From that ghastly night he never saw Lady Alice again.

Men had grown accustomed to deeds of blood in the long civil war. The disappearance of one on whom he had frequently been heard to vow vengeance, sufficiently accounted for the Earl's death, and the Lady Alice became sole mistress of his wealth and his ancestral domain.

She married Sir Altamont in course of time, and bore him children, and kept his house, or rather her own, with praiseworthy skill and regularity. "Sir Altamont was a fortunate man," said the neighbors again, "to have won such beauty and wealth, such a fine old place, and, above all, such a charming bride!" The priest blessed their union, they lived together fairly and honorably before the eyes of God and man, and yet

—and yet—perhaps Sir Altamont never knew the comfort and happiness of a wife, after all!

They said she was haughty and reserved even with him. Stern and harsh always with her children and her dependents, but self-contained and self-controlling in a rare degree, and never known to give way to those fits of passion which had hitherto been constitutional in her family. If she never laughed, she never scolded; if she never smiled, at least she never deepened the furrows of her habitual frown.

She died in the prime of life, and Sir Altamont never married again. The neighbors said (at least some of them) that it was beautiful to see such conjugal devotion which could outlast the grave; others opined—and these were chiefly ladies, who ought indeed to be the best judges—that once was enough, and that the good-natured knight had no mind to a second venture.

Be this as it may, Lady Alice wore a yellow gown to the day of her death, and complained constantly of the cold. She would shiver on a bright June day as in the bleak storms of December, and when death laid his icy grasp upon her heart, she only muttered, "I am cold, colder than usual," and so she died.

Her picture in the north-room is supposed to be a striking likeness. It hangs over the old carved chimney-piece, and it has rarely been moved, on account of the valuable and brittle ornaments of its frame.

From its life-like appearance it has repeatedly startled more than one timid inmate; and persons of a nervous temperament have been known absolutely to decline sleeping in the apartment, which for many years went by the name of Lady Alice's Chamber.

They laughed at me that evening about the ghost till I was perfectly ashamed of myself. Suspecting some trick, and resolving to afford its perpetrator an object for his practice no longer, I determined to sit up and watch, once in a way, till the first glimpse of daylight; so I no sooner reached my room than, plunging into my warm flannel dressing-gown, and lighting all the candles at my disposal, I stirred up the fire into a comfortable blaze, ensconced myself in a roomy arm-chair, and with one eye on the picture

and the other on the columns of the county paper, I commenced a vigil which I was determined should be satisfactory, if not conclusive.

I don't think I was actually asleep any time for several minutes after the commencement of my *Garde Doloureuse*, but the characters on the *Western Gazette* danced and swam somewhat before my eyes, and I read an advertisement for a "child's caul" at least twenty times before I fairly gave in. I must have slept, however, long and soundly before I woke, for the fire was nearly out, and the wax-candles on my dressing-table had burned down quite low ere I came to the use of my faculties, which I did in this wise; I was aroused by a sensation of extreme cold pervading my whole person, and an icy hand seemed to rest for an instant on my forehead. Instinctively I cast my first waking glance at the picture above the chimney-piece. I need not describe my horror at perceiving that the frame was empty! I am not ashamed to confess that for a minute or more I did not *dare* to turn my head round, but the rustle of a dress in the room restored me the power of locomotion, and I jumped out of my chair and confronted the apparition. There she was, in awful earnest! Her hand clasped on her bosom, her yellow gown shining in the light, her eyes fixed on me with the same meaningless stony glare that I knew too well. She even seemed to smile haughtily as she moved gracefully by me towards the fire with a sort of shivering shrinking gesture, as of one who is *very* cold. If she had spoken I think I must have gone mad!

For an instant my whole being was paralyzed with extreme fear. Then I seized the bell-rope, and pulled a lusty peal; after which, leaving the unwelcome visitor to warm herself to her heart's content, I made for the door, and rushing to my friend H——'s room, knocked him up, and on the plea of indisposition begged him to come to my assistance. In a few brief words I explained to him what I had seen, and he accompanied me back to my chamber. As we hurried

along the passages, we both distinctly heard the sound of a fire being stirred, but on arriving at my apartment, every thing was in the same order as usual, and the picture over the chimney-piece had returned to its frame, as if it had never been out of it.

No power on earth would have induced me to sleep in that room again, and I finished my night's rest on a sofa-bedstead in H——'s dressing-room, after we had both pledged ourselves solemnly to keep the whole matter a dead secret from the rest of the household.

At my earnest desire the picture was next day removed from its place in the wainscoting, and covered by the place it had occupied we discovered a dusty paneled cupboard, and in the secret recesses of this hiding-place, amongst papers of no importance and an accumulation of rubbish, the missing deed. I need not say we settled Miss Alice's business out of hand; and she is now the happy mother of a thriving family. The hazel eyes are, however, as soft, the hair as brown, and the color as fresh as ever. I think, although the author, now a practical Member of Parliament, is not jealous, our attachment is as strong on both sides as it used to be.

I have not been down to H——'s place in the west since; and from all I hear the Lady in the Yellow Gown has discontinued her vagaries since she has been turned with her face to the wall in a lumber-room. For the sake of all concerned I am heartily glad of it. She is the only ghost I have ever seen, and I have no wish to see another.

Mine is a *real* ghost-story. I can not explain the apparition. My nerves, I have already said, are not weaker than those of other men; my eyesight is unimpaired. I am not aware that there is any tendency to insanity hereditary in my family. I have got a photograph of the Lady Alice's picture at my chambers, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn. If I thought it would throw any light on the mystery, I would ask my reader to come and look at it. I shall charge him nothing. He will seldom visit Lincoln's Inn so cheap.

From Titan.

THE LITERATURE OF WEDDED LOVE.

As we believe that the elements of high poetry exist wherever human hearts beat with true vital heat; and as we furthermore believe that the emotional and truly human life of a man and woman, so far from being over when, from lovers, they become husband and wife, then only begins to attain its full growth and capacity of bearing fruit and flower of perennial beauty and fragrance, we are tempted to inquire into some of the causes of this one-sidedness which we have charged the poets with, and to indicate briefly some of the real poetical capabilities of wedded love, and the sort of treatment they require in being wrought into actual poems.

The first and most obvious temptation to limit the poetical representation of love to the period before marriage, lies in the fact that this period seems spontaneously to supply that *beginning, middle, and end*, which narrative or dramatic poems are truly enough supposed to require. Courtship, in ordinary cases, divides itself into two phases, the termination of each of which is a point of definite interest, towards which all the incidents, all the talk, all the surprises, suspensions, difficulties, and triumphs, which make up the plot of a love-story, are directly subordinated. A man falls in love with a woman, and has to win his way by degrees more or less rapid and eventful, to her affection; this is the first phase, rich, as experience proves, in elements of poetical pleasure, which all men and women are capable of enjoying without effort. Then follows the period, richer still in all the materials for varied incident, in which the social arrangements come in to interpose obstacles between the lover and his mistress, and to keep the interest of the reader or spectator always on the stretch. The advantage is beyond all computation which this natural framework, made ready to his hand, confers upon the poet who seeks mainly to amuse his audience by a series of connected occurrences, in each of which the least cultivated, the least thoughtful,

the least generous, can take an interest that demands no strain, scarcely any activity, of the imagination, the heart, or the reason. And the free, vigorous exercise of the imagination is so rare among mankind, that it is little wonder that poets have been content with making their appeals to sympathies that are sure to have been familiar to the hearts of their audience at some time or other in the actual experience of life, and need but the faintest outline of reality in the representation to awaken them again. But though it must be allowed that the love of husband and wife offers no such obvious and facile series of connected incidents, with well-marked divisions, and all tending, by due gradations of interest, to one event; and though in proportion as the interest of poetry is made to turn less on striking outward circumstances, a heavier demand is made upon the imagination of both writer and reader, and a mere passive reception of familiar thoughts and feelings becomes no longer sufficient for the enjoyment of the poem; yet this only amounts to saying that poetry has some higher function than to amuse idle people, some nobler office in cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life, than can be attributed to it so long as it merely strikes one chord of feeling, or at best plays over and over again, from the beginning of time to its close, the same old tune in different keys and on different instruments. It is indeed quite true that it would be impossible to mark the commencement of any poem, which should deal with ordinary wedded love as its main subject, by an event as definite as the first meeting of a man with his future mistress, or a feeling as definite, as distinct from his previous state of mind, as the first awakening of the passion that is to rule his life henceforward through the story. The same remark applies as forcibly to the want of any event equally definite with marriage to serve for a termination, un-

less all such poems were to have a mournful close, and end with a death-bed, or fall into the old tragic vein of seduction, adultery, and murder. We must candidly consent to give up that source of interest which lies in the changes produced upon the outward relation, upon the union or separation of outward existence between the two persons whose inner relations, whose mutual influence upon each other, and affection towards each other, are by supposition the subject of the poem. * * * There can be no want of incident so long as character influences fortune and fortune character; so long as the destinies of human beings in this world are carved out by their virtues and their vices; so long as wisdom and goodness sweeten the bitterest cup of adversity; so long as folly and wickedness infuse gall into the bowl of nectar which fortune hands her favorites in jeweled gold. It is the stupidity of poets which can see no incident in married life so long as the marriage vow is kept to the letter in the grossest interpretation of that letter; and which has for the most part induced them, when they have introduced married people at all, to use marriage to give a spicier piquancy to intrigue, or a darker glow to hatred and revenge.

But this notion of want of incident unfitting married love to be a subject for poetry is closely connected with another notion still more false, vulgar, and immoral. The romance of life is over it is said with marriage; nothing like marriage, is the congenial reply, for destroying illusions and nonsense. In which notable specimens of "the wisdom of many men expressed in the wit of one," there are two remarkable assertions involved. The first is that love is an illusion; the second, that marriage destroys it. We may concede to the wisdom of the market-place thus much of truth, that the love which marriage destroys is unquestionably an illusion. We may also concede to it this further truth, that the love of husband and wife is no more the love of the man and woman in the days of their courtship, than the blossom of the peach is the peach, or the green shoots of corn that peep above the snows of February are the harvest that waves its broad billows of red and gold in the autumn sun. If indeed there are persons so silly as to dream, in their days of courtship, that life can be an Ar-

cadian paradise, where caution, self-restraint, and self-denial are needless; where inexhaustible blisses fall like dew on human lilies that have only to be lovely; a world from the conception of which pain and imperfection, sin, discipline, and moral growth are excluded, marriage undoubtedly does destroy this illusion, as life would destroy it were marriage out of the question. If, too, attracted originally to each other by some slight and indefinable charm, by some chord of sympathy vibrating in harmony at a moment's accidental touch, often by the mere force of the tendency at a particular age to what the great Florentine calls—

"Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,"

two young persons fancy that this subtle charm, this mysterious attraction, is endowed with eternal strength to stand the shocks of time, the temptations of fresh attractions, the more fatal because more continual sap of unresting egotism, ever active to throw down the outworks and undermine the citadel of love; and trusting to it alone, think that wedded happiness can be maintained without self-discipline, mutual esteem, and forbearance; without the charity which covers the defects it silently studies to remove; without the wisdom and the mutual understanding of character to which profound and patient love can alone attain—this is another illusion which marriage will destroy. What is, however, generally meant by the sayings we have quoted, is, that there is nothing like marriage for taking the passion out of people, for taking out of them all disinterested aspirations, all noble hopes and fears, all delicacy of sentiment, all purity of mind, all warmth of heart—nothing like marriage for making them see, in respectable money-making, in respectable dinners, respectable furniture, carriages, and so forth, the be-all and the end-all of human existence. So far as marriage in our actual world realizes these noble predilections; and, so far as it does, the result is mainly owing to the miserable views of life and its purposes which society instills into its youth of both sexes; being still, as in Plato's time, the sophist *par excellence*, of which all individual talking and writing sophists are but feeble copies—just so far is married love, if the phrase is to be so outrageously perverted, utterly unfit for any high poetry, except

a great master of tragedy should take in hand to render into language the too common tragi-comedy of a human soul metamorphosing itself into a muck-worm. But surely every one can look round among his acquaintance, and find marriages that are not after this type, marriages which

"have wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind,
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress can not affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties! Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was the man who did his knightly *devoirs*, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sick-

ness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness, into his hands.

It may, however, be said that married life, when it is not utterly corrupted into crime and wretchedness; when, that is, it in any degree answers to its ideal—is necessarily monotonous; and that, though to the husband and wife it may be a perpetual source of discipline and delight, it offers no scope to the poet, whose story must march, his characters develop, and their passions and affections exhibit change, gradation, and culmination. We have already admitted so much of this objection, as to concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are being narrated. We have said that those outward relations once fixed by marriage, the action of the poem which is to depict married love must lie within narrow limits, and that its interest must depend on more subtle delineation of shades of character and feeling, on a perception, in a word, of those effects which spring from the conduct of the affections in married life, and those influences which circumstance and character combine to work in the affections, and which, slight and common-place as some persons may choose to think them, are important enough to make human beings happy or miserable, and varied enough to account for all the differences that an observant eye can find in modern family life. And the fact, which few persons will dispute, that in our actual family life there is found, quite irrespective of distinctions of class and differences of wealth, every possible gradation of happiness and misery, of vulgarity and refinement, of folly and wisdom, of genial sense and fantastic absurdity, is a sufficient answer to those who talk of the monotony of married life as an objection to its fitness for yielding materials for poetry. In real truth, there is much more monotony in courtship than in marriage. A sort of spasmodic, and, to spectators well acquainted with the parties, a somewhat comical amiability is the general mask under which the genuine features of the character are hidden. Moreover, the ordinary interests of life become throughout that period comparatively insipid; and lovers are proverbially stupid and tiresome to every one but themselves. No doubt

this has its compensating advantage for the poet, who transforms his readers into the lovers for the time being; but it certainly gives monotony to all manifestations of the passion in this its spring-time, which is not found in the same passion when the character has recovered from the first shock, and life, with all its interests, again enters into the heart, but invested with new charms and higher responsibilities, and with the deeper, fuller affections, swelling in a steady current through the pulses.

So much for those more obvious objections that may in great measure account for the almost universal rejection of married love as a theme for poetry. We do not care to argue against any one who says, much less any one who thinks, that it is only young men and women who are interesting. Even with respect to mere sensuous beauty, it is a great absurdity to suppose that its splendor and charm are confined to two or three years of early womanhood. "*Beaucoup de femmes de trente ans*," says a shrewd French writer, after enumerating the supposed attractions of youth in women, "*ont conservé ces avantages; beaucoup de femmes de dix-huit ans ne les ont plus ou ne les ont jamais eues*." Certainly no Englishman who uses his eyes needs this assurance; and no one who delights in the society of women can doubt that they continue to grow in all that charms the heart and intellect, in all the materials of poetry, after they become wives and mothers.

There is, however, one solid objection to the tenor of our remarks to which we are inclined to give great weight. We can fancy many persons, for whose opinions we have the highest respect, protesting against the intrusion of the poet into the recesses of married life, against the analysis of feelings that were not given us to amuse ourselves with, against

"Those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day."

Literature was made for man and not man for literature. There are, unquestionably, scenes which the imagination had better leave alone, thoughts which should find no utterance in printed speech, feelings upon which the light and air can not dwell without tainting them. But without in the slightest degree trenching upon ground that should be sacred to silence,

we conceive married life as one of the most powerful influences at work upon the character and happiness of individuals and of nations, to present capabilities of noble and beautiful poetry, that, so far from weakening the strength or vulgarizing the delicacy of domestic affection, would exalt and refine it. We see no reason for supposing that the conjugal relation would suffer in purity of spontaneous power by being passed through the alembic of a great poet's imagination. If it became the subject of morbid poetry or of weak maudlin poetry—supposing such a combination of terms allowable—the same result would follow as from the morbid or weak treatment of any other powerful human emotion—the poet would influence only weak and morbid people. Nor do we see that the danger is really so great of getting morbid, trashy, unhealthy poetry on this subject as on the more familiar subject of love before marriage. It would demand qualities of genius which in themselves are a strong guarantee—the power and the taste of delineating subtle shades of character and feeling, a perception of the action of character upon fortune, an insight into the working of practical life upon the affections, and their reaction upon it. Such topics are not to the taste, or within the capacity, of melodramatic or sensualized minds; and whatever good poetry was produced on the subject would, as all good poetry does, abide and work upon the highest class of minds, and go on ever spreading its wholesome influence, and giving the tares less and less room to grow. Our domestic life is not so uniformly beautiful as that it may not be profited by having its faults, its shortcomings, its miseries, brought into the full light of consciousness, as only poets can bring them; and bright pictures of what that life might be, what it sometimes is in actual experience, may surely do good as well as give pleasure. But we are not so much concerned to vindicate a large field of strictly ethical teaching for poetry as to open to her almost untried and certainly unhackneyed regions of beauty, pathos, and varied human interest; to bid her cease to stop at the threshold, and boldly, fearlessly, and reverently, penetrate into the inner shrine of love—cease to sing forever of the spring-green and the promise, and remember that love has its flush of summer and its glow of

autumn, and its winter's lonely desolation.

One word before we close upon two special advantages to be anticipated from the habitual extension of poetical representation to married love. The subject, in the first place, interests mature men and women, who must feel, at the perpetual iteration of the first stage of passion in literature, much as if their bodily diet were confined to syllabub and sweatmeats. Poetry is comparatively little read by grown people who do not pretend to cultivate literature as a special study—mainly, we apprehend, because it confines itself to repeating, with a variety of circumstance, experiences which they have passed through, and of the partial and one-sided truth of which they have long ago been convinced by their more mature experience. A poetry which interpreted to them their own lives, which made them see in those lives elements of beauty and greatness, of pathos and peril, would win their attention, stimulate their interest, and refine their feelings, just as much as the same effects are produced by ordinary love-poetry on the young. We shall not argue the question whether the latter effect has been upon the whole for good or not; such an assumption lies at the root of all discussions upon particular extensions of the poetic range. To us it appears indisputable that, along with some perils, the representation of any phase of human life by a man of genuine poetic power is a step towards improving that phase practically, as well as an enlargement of the range of that life which forms so important a part of a modern man's cultivation, the life he partakes by imaginative sympathy.

A second advantage which we should anticipate from the proposed extension would be the creation of a literature which would, in some important respects, rival and outweigh any real attraction which the properly styled "literature of prostitution" may have for any but *mauvais sujets*. It may shock some good and innocent people to be told that such literature is attractive to any but aban-

doned men and women. A statistical account of the perusal of the worst class of French novels by the educated classes of this Christian and highly moral country would probably be a startling revelation. One can only say off-hand, that a familiar acquaintance with this class of works is commonly displayed in society; and the reasons are not very recondite. These novels depict a certain kind of real life without reserve; there is flesh and blood in them; and though some of the attraction is due to the mere fact that they trench on forbidden ground, some to the fact that they stimulate tendencies strong enough in most men, and some to their revelations of scenes invested with the charm of a license happily not familiar to the actual experiences of the majority of their readers, there can be little question that one strong attraction they possess is due to their being neither simply sentimental nor simply ascetic. In accordance with an established maxim, which tells us that *corruptio optimi pessima est*, these books are almost inconceivably worthless, even from an artistic point of view, but the passions of these novels are those of grown people, and not of babies or cherubim. We can conceive a pure poetry which should deal with the men and women of society in as fearless and unabashed a spirit, and which should beat this demon of the stews at his own magic—should snatch the wand from the hand of Comus, and reverse his mightiest spells; though, doubtless, this task belongs more to prose fiction, as the objectionable works are themselves prose fictions. In the poems we have already mentioned this has been done. There is no reason why literature, or poetry in particular, should be dedicated *virginibus puerisque*; men and women want men's and women's poetry; the affections and the passions make up the poetical element of life, and no poetry will commend itself to men and women so strongly as that which deals with their own passions and affections. Again we say, we are not careful to guard our language against willful misconception.

From the British Quarterly.

THE TAMING OF HORSES.*

So the secret of Mr. Rarey's system, about which people have been going so wild, is before the world at last. In spite of all the ten-guinea pupils' bonds it has oozed out. It seems that some few years ago, when Mr. Rarey was as yet unknown to fame, he wrote a little book on his art, and now that enterprising Mr. Routledge has got hold of it, and sells it for sixpence; (Tattersall was charging his customers half a guinea for the same thing;) and a very good sixpennyworth it is. But now people cry out as if they had been swindled, and say: "There is nothing in it after all; we knew all this before; it is nothing but common-sense." We say there is every thing in the world in it. If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, O ingenuous public! wouldst thou not have done it? And now because there is no hocus pocus, no galvanism, nor magnetism, nor any other *ism*, forsooth you have been greatly deceived. "Out upon the false prophet!"

One of Mr. Rarey's pupils, in a letter to the *Times*, certifies that the little book contains more than can be taught in the lesson for which he paid his money; and another writes to contradict him. With the former we must agree, for though the book gives the clue to the system, and a sketch of it, it would be a great satisfaction to a man, before he went into the stable where his own particular Cruiser was loose and rampant, to see how this master of his art managed his approach; how he held the horse with his eye; how cautiously, firmly, and quietly he advanced towards him. Mr. Briggs is before the public as a warning in the pages of *Punch*. Ourselves know two young gentlemen, one laid up with a bad kick in the leg, and another who had his shoulder put out, all owing to this little book. Not one in a hundred of Mr. Rarey's pupils who have paid their ten guineas, and watched Cruiser and him with all their eyes, would prove man enough to undertake the sub-

jugation of a high-spirited, vicious horse; much more one who has only studied the system in this condensed and imperfect form.

After all, there is nothing but common-sense in the book, but then that common-sense happens to be no common thing. Patience, gentleness, and firmness are the watchwords which we hope will spread all over the land as the heralds of peace and good will to horses. But the art isn't to be learnt in an hour. A man must serve his apprenticeship to it. It requires a rare combination of good qualities to make a perfect horseman. One must have a perfect command of himself to begin with, judgment, presence of mind, courage, and a certain quickness of eye and hand, and rapidity of decision, which can only be acquired by long practice.

There is a flourish of trumpets at the beginning of this otherwise unpretentious little book, about the way in which the Greek and Roman young gentlemen used to ride; but that one can see any day by going to the British Museum where Mr. Finch holds his court, the sculpture court. There you will see those noble youths with their hair nicely cut, sitting on the bare backs of their chargers, and guiding them with their hands; you will observe also that they do not sit badly considering they have not the advantages we possess of pig's skin and stirrups to keep them square and trig. A friend of ours doubts though, if they could go across country with the Blankshire hounds in that trim. Mr. Rarey's three fundamental principles may be all resolved into one; namely, that a horse must *learn* a thing before he can know it. He doesn't know what man wants him to do till he is taught. He does not know his strength till some one pulls him. He doesn't know that a thing will hurt him before it has done so. He is, in fact, a perfect example of Locke's blank sheet of paper—you may write what you like upon him. A pretty scrawl most folks make of it!

What is the first thing a breaker does

* *The Taming of Horses*, by J. T. RAREY.

with a raw colt? He drives and bullies him into a house, (dark very likely, and dreadful looking in the eyes of the timid animal,) which takes a long time generally—men shouting, and running, and scaring him with their arms, and the colt bolting and starting this way and that, till at last he bolts into the house to escape the worse dangers outside. Of course sensible men proceed more sensibly. Then you must get a halter that slips; a rope-halter that will tumble him if he gives trouble, and when you have got him into this, (which I promise you shall by a lesson in patience,) you can smack a whip about him two or three times, which will nearly make him fly out of his skin, to punish him for having caused you so much fatigue. He doesn't know what you are whipping him for, but you do, and you are hot and angry, so it's all right. Then drag him out. You must have an army of men now to hang on to the rope, (just to teach him his strength,) which must be a pretty tough one, while you with your whip drive the poor frightened brute round and round. When he gets giddy, or tired, or sulky, as he is almost sure to do, after you have been at him some time, just rattle a stick in your hat, and that will set him off again at a tangent, very likely pulling your men all down in a heap like a game of French and English. Defend us from such games! Well, so the thing goes on in England every day, sometimes better, and oftentimes worse. What wonder then at the vicious horses, or the accidents they occasion, when this is their entrance into public life?

We do not quite assent to the blank paper theory though. A colt knows a thing or two before you begin with it. That wicked old mare, with all her knowledge of the world, and ignorance of it, has not had the young one galloping and gallivanting about in the pasture so many months for nothing. Depend upon it, she has taught it all her wicked old tricks and fancies, and told it all her old stories of frights and accidents and ill-treatment, and we dare say she knows a good many; but it is now for you, O horse-breaker! (horse-tamer is the new and gentler word,) to teach it a lesson. Mr. Rarey would set one man horse-taming, not a dozen. The quieter you are with a colt, and the fewer people you have about, and almost the longer time you are about it, the bet-

ter. "Haste makes waste," Mr. Rarey says. You are not to shout and drive, and lift your arms, but walk quietly round your herd in the pasture, stopping when they are scared, and then slowly moving on again, walking them gently into the pound. Then you should lead a gentle horse into the stable and "hitch him," (says this American,) again gradually walking the colt in, letting patience have perfect mastery over you. As soon as he is in, remove the quiet horse and shut the door. You should now give him a few ears of corn to put him in good humor, and leave him to take note of his apartment. Now is your time for a little cool reflection, and to look after your tools. Mr. Rarey makes a great point (and he is right) of having a good leather halter instead of a rope one with a slipping noose; and you should have it the right size, neither too tight nor too loose. After about a quarter of an hour you are ready to "walk into him," which you must do gently as before. The horse will most likely run from you and turn away his head, when you must walk about slowly and softly, so that he can see you whenever he turns his head, which he will do in a short time. The moment he turns towards you, hold out your left hand, and stand perfectly still, keeping your eyes on the horse, and watching his motions, if he makes any, (we can imagine Cruiser's motions under these circumstances!) then if he do not stir for ten or fifteen minutes (patience guide you, gentle horse-tamer! Fifteen minutes holding out your left hand!) then we say, if he does not stir for ten or fifteen minutes, advance as slowly and quietly as possible, always holding out your hand. And so on (oh! how gradually and patiently!) till you get near enough to touch his forehead, then raise "slowly and by degrees" your hand, and—but it would not profit the general reader to follow this marvel of patience and courage through all his operations—the system is one throughout. The motto is, "Fear, love, and obey." You must handle your horse a good deal, and talk to him and pat him when he is good, "for the horse soon learns to read the expression of the face and voice, and will know as well when fear, love, or anger prevails as you do; two of which, *fear* and *anger*, a good horseman should never feel." Whenever you have to correct a horse, "do it with a good deal of

vigor, but always without anger. Never go into a pitched battle with your horse, and after the correction caress him a good deal more than you have whipped him—then you will excite the two controlling passions of his nature, love and fear, and he will love and fear you, and obey quietly, *as soon as he learns what to do.* "One harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute." These are some of Mr. Rarey's key-notes. There is a good deal of valuable teaching in this little book, if it be only to confirm a good horseman in his previous opinions and ways, (he that is brutish will be brutish still, in spite of all the teaching,) and to teach the credulous world that there is no quackery even in horsemanship, and no royal road to that art. For ourselves, we greatly respect Mr. Rarey for the perfection he has attained in this art, as much as, or rather more than, if he had employed some extraordinary means for effecting his gentle

purpose, instead of those which God has given him of superior sagacity, will, and mind. We think the publication of the secret by which Mr. Rarey accomplishes so much (for however people laugh at the system they can not deny the facts) may prove no mean step to civilization; for surely whatever tends to humanize in any marked degree may be so described. Far from grudging him his ten-guinea pupils, we wish him many of them, both for his sake and their own; and when they drop off we hope he will let in the public; our coachmen and grooms, horse-breakers, omnibus-drivers, draymen, cabmen, and watermen, and for a small sum give them a lesson of gentleness and humanity. We could almost wish that other Mr. Rarey, the married clergyman, (of the advertisement,) who is so successful with unruly children, would step forth and give lessons at ten guineas, and write little green books that all the world might learn his system too.

From Tait's Magazine.

P A N D O R A ' S B O X .

WHEN Pandora's fatal box
Burst asunder from its locks,
Then forthwith there bristling flew
A little armed wingéd crew:
Discord, rushing wildly down,
Deadly malice in his frown;
Anger flew with ruffled mien,
All around was Discord seen,
Where his hot and fiery brow
Gleamed as hateful then as now;
Envy next, with demons rife,
Strove to fill the word with strife;
Discontent soon darkly spread
And his somber mantle shed
O'er the bright and shining world;
Happiness fore'er they hurled
From her golden dazzling seat,
Never more the earth to greet;
Now her place is filled with Care—
Cold and chilly, dark Despair,
From her bright and gladsome throne
Comes the suffering mortals' groan,

When forever she has fled.
Quickly all the evils spread—
Deadly Malice, with his power,
Chased the sunshine from the hour,
And the bright and pleasant day
Changed to night beneath his sway;
Evil passions rose to view,
Widely spread and stronger grew.
But within the box alone
Stood a little helpless one,
Vainly tried to lift the lid
That again had downward slid
When the evils winged their way
Through it to bright cloudless day,
Spreading wretchedness all o'er
Where happiness had reigned before;
Still she strove and strove with care—
Never yielding to despair—
Strove to break the iron bands,
Strove with wildly trembling hands;
Wildly struggling once again—
Till Hope escaped to dwell with men.

From the British Quarterly.

GREAT REVISION CONVENTION.*

NOR a few will attach much importance to the judgment of Dr. Trench on the question which has led to this publication. In brief, the Dean of Westminster thinks that a revision of our authorized version must come. The demand for it is becoming wider, more general; and the attempts being made, both in this country and America, to meet this demand, show that if the work be not done in the best manner and by the most trustworthy, it will be virtually done by parties who had better not be the parties to do it, and in a manner that will not be so generally satisfactory as it might have been. Dr. Trench dwells with becoming sentiment on the fact, that as the division between Puritans and High Churchmen in the seventeenth century did not prevent their being one in the reception of the authorized version of 1611, so the great subsequent division between Conformists and Nonconformists has left them in possession, with scarcely an exception, of the common treasure then supplied to them, and that not only England, but her colonies, and America, are all wont to read the lessons from the mouth of God in the same English words. The fact that the religious life of so large a portion of the human family has been so long nourished by this influence, is a strong reason against attempting any thing like a *new* version. On many grounds that should not be contemplated for a moment. The excellences of the existing translation are too many, and its real faults are too few to allow of such a course. But a *revised* translation *must* come, *ought* to come, and the great question is, How it may be made to come best? One great preliminary difficulty concerns the Greek text that should be taken as the basis of such proposed revision. This circumstance, and others,

seem to say that the time is not yet ripe for actually entering upon such a work. But even when that time comes, Dr. Trench thinks there should not, for a considerable interval, be any interference with the English text. Then, he goes on to say:

"Let come together, and if possible not of self-will, but with some authorization, royal or ecclesiastical, or both, such a body of scholars and divines as would deserve and would obtain the confidence of the whole Church. Fortunately, no points at issue among ourselves threaten to come into discussion or debate; so that the unhappy divisions of our time would not have added any additional embarrassment to a matter embarrassed enough already. Nay, of such immense importance would it be to carry with us, in whatever might be done, the whole Christian people of England, that it would be desirable to invite all scholars, all who represented any important portion of the Biblical scholarship of the land, to assist with their suggestions here, even though they might not belong to the Church. Of course they would be asked as scholars, not as Dissenters. But it were a matter so deeply to be regretted, that these should revise, and that we should revise, thus parting company in the one thing which now holds us so strongly together, while it would be so hopeless, indeed so unreasonable, to expect that they should accept our revision, having themselves had no voice in it, that we ought not to stand on any punctilios here, but should be prepared rather to sacrifice every thing non-essential for the averting of such a catastrophe.

"Let then such a body as this, inspiring confidence at once by their piety, their learning, and their prudence, draw out such a list of emendations as were lifted beyond all doubt in the eye of every one whose voice had any right to be heard on the matter; avoiding all luxury of emendation, abstaining from all which was not of primary necessity, from much in which they might have fitly allowed themselves, if they had not been building on foundations already laid, and which could not, without great inconvenience, be disturbed—using the same moderation here which Jerome used in his revision of the Latin. Let them very briefly, but with just as much learned explanation as should be needful, justify these emendations where they

* On the Authorized Version of the New Testament: in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D. J. W. Parker and Son.

were not self-evident. Let them, if this should be their conviction, express their sense of the desirableness that these should, at some future day, be introduced into the received text, as bringing it into more perfect accord and harmony with the original Scripture. Having done this, let them leave these emendations to ripen in the public mind, gradually to commend themselves to all students of God's holy Word. Supposing the emendations such as ought to, and would do this, there would probably ere long be a general desire for their admission into the text; and in due time this admission might follow. All abrupt change would thus be avoided—all forcing of alterations on those not prepared to receive them. That which at length came in would excite no surprise, no perplexity, or at least very little, having already, in the minds of many, displaced that of which it now at length took openly the room."—Pp. 137-139.

Dr. Trench supposes that good would

come from such a movement, though these emendations should never be transferred to the text; and his own volume may certainly be taken as a fair sample of the valuable criticism which such a project could hardly fail to call forth. Its material is classed as follows: 1. Introductory Remarks. 2. On the English of the Authorized Version. 3. On some Questions of Translation. 4. On some Unnecessary Distinctions Introduced. 5. On some Real Distinctions Effaced. 6. On some Better Renderings Forsaken, or put in the Margin. 7. On some Errors of Greek Grammar in our Version. 8. On some Questionable Renderings of Words. 9. On some Words wholly or partially Mistranslated. 10. On some Charges justly brought against our Version. 11. On the best means of carrying out a Revision.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

WOMAN IN EXTREMES AND VARIETIES OF CHARACTER.

"SHE is a woman." Such was the explanation of a creature met with among the desolate mountains of the northern part of the Isle of Man. It seemed hardly possible for the assertion to be truth. The matted hair was unwomanly; the thick legs incased in still thicker boots were unwomanly; the rough voice and the rough gait, did not seem to belong to woman—but this hybrid of the human race carried in her arms a babe, and the smile she threw on it in the midst of her conversation claimed her to be a true woman at heart, whatever resemblance her external form might bear.

A young girl sat at the window of a country mansion; the moon shone on her fair and lovely face. Golden tresses fell on her neck and shoulders of spotless white, and her blue eyes were raised to heaven, whither her thoughts had flown. She was as beautiful as any thing of earth

could be; delicate and fragile—a breath of humanity; more like a spirit than aught else, seen in that place, and by that pure pale light. Yet was that being a woman, of the same sex as the wild tenant of the mountain cottage.

'Mid the burning plains of a West-Indian Island; under a scorching sun, a mother rocked her child. Her sable skin was as complete a contrast as could be to that of the fair creature above described; her lips were thick and protruding, her nose flat and expanded, her hair wool, or something like it in texture. Yet the negress was a woman possessing a warm and generous woman's nature.

In the northern clime of Lapland a stunted being sat in her wretched hovel; fur-clad, or cased rather, she crept occasionally from her muddy elevation, and then crept back again. Spending her time, and sleeping and eating, and per-

forming the most common offices of life; thus that life glided away. Yet was she also woman in another aspect of woman's life.

In this Indian warfare which occupies men's hearts, and tongues, and pens, a tale has arisen of one who performed deeds of startling cruelty. Helpless children were stricken beneath the murdering knife; women implored mercy in the shape of death, from a fate which was worse than death; old men learnt that age was no protection, and young ones felt the impotence of strong and lusty limbs before the power of that human fiend, the Raneë of Jansi.

Yet she was a woman; she should have had a woman's heart, but the devil must have set his seal upon it at her birth, and quenched its humanity, in making it his own. Not one trace of woman have we of her in the accounts given of her brief career. Foremost in the battle-field, foremost in the scene of torture—so she seemed to live, and so she died—ruthless—cruel—unwomanly—a disgrace to her sex, a stigma on the female nature.

When men were dying in the Crimea, and the Russian guns were less formidable if possible than the disease and privation of the English camp, with pestilence walking hand in hand with famine, and Death coming over this fearful scene in the guise of the last best friend, a lady left her home, where comfort and luxury were her daily habit, and kindness the atmosphere of her life, and sought that fearful scene where such supreme misery dwelt.

Through and through those hospitals she walked, resting beside the bed of the wounded and the dying, carrying comfort to their comfortless abodes, shedding peace around by the blessing of her own peaceful presence, blessings followed her wherever she went; and weary sorrow-laden eyes clung to her departing shadow. Under her superintendence, by her gentle rule those lazar-houses of the sick and dying assumed an air of dimly-reflected comfort. Nothing daunted her in her noble work: sickening sights of wounds, and mutilation drew from her only feelings of compassion for the sufferers; others of stronger frame, yet weaker will, would not have dared the scenes she visited. Truly was she an angel of mercy—a minister of Him whose will she sought to do.

And this good Samaritan—this fine

practical Christian, was a woman: and, in the universal character of woman, as one member of the entire female sex, Florence Nightingale stands forth in bold and startling relief to that inhuman tigress the Raneë. Each the heroine of two great wars of recent years; each gaining celebrity in her own way—yet how differently—the one is to be remembered to all ages, and the other blotted out with utmost haste from the page of history and the memory of mankind.

Varied as the flowers of earth is the character of woman: to a large garden may the whole sex be compared: rank weeds are found there—the sharp stinging nettle and the poisonous nightshade; but likewise are seen blooms of rich beauty—plants of graceful growth—the scented rose, and climbing jasmine—the painted tulip, and the modest lily, all are met in the great parterre of the world blooming side by side, mingling either fragrance or poison with the air around. And the influence of a woman is as diversified as her character, whether in a domestic or public point of view. Two women may be placed in precisely the same circumstances socially, the one will diffuse happiness, the other destroy it; the one will give a perfect charm to life, the other make it almost a curse; and simply by diversity of temperament producing different results.

An ill-tempered, quarrelsome woman is a nuisance on the earth. An ill-tempered man is bad enough; but the perpetual "niggle" of a sour-tempered woman is insufferable, there is a meanness about her irritability which men generally do not possess. A man may swear and behave like a brute—such conduct is as common as daisies in summer, but unless he be something below even the level of a bully—and that is low enough—he won't keep up an incessant small-shot charge of hint and innuendo, and pettish rejoinder—for that is the style of these nettles of the human race, these vegetable blistering plasters of humanity—cross-grained women. Such women, without having any thing of positive vice in their composition, do an immensity of harm; there is sorrow and trial enough in the world, without ill-temper adding to the burthen; a cheerful heart, and a cheering word of comfort it is woman's prerogative to bestow, and if she fail to exert her prerogative, she loses, and deserves to lose, that supremacy over man she is born and destined to hold.

"A help meet for man," so did her Creator decree. A "help" for him in the time of trial, when misfortune's sharp tooth may be gnawing at his tortured mind: A "help meet for him!" with her gentle hand and soothing voice, when sickness lays him prostrate on his bed, and reduces his strength below the meter of her weakness. "A help meet for him," with her words of counsel, and her woman's judgment between right and wrong, when temptation casts her bonds around him, bidding him tread the tempting paths of sin, luring him to dishonest gain by dishonest means—then must woman be a "help meet for man," one to "help him" from the danger of the tortuous path—"meet for the office"—"meet" to be the guide, in the day of her moral strength and his moral weakness—when the disease of the soul threatens prostration to that soul even as the mortal sickness casts down the poor body.

"A help meet for him" in his hour of joy, one to participate in that joy, and listen to each iota of narration which belongs to it—a sympathizing friend, a second self—such is woman's vocation; such the character she should struggle for, and its attainment will produce her greater honor, than if our legislators would bestir themselves to acknowledge "her rights," (according to some,) and give her an opportunity of displaying her rhetoric in the house of legislature.

In a country, somewhere in the world—no matter where—at the North pole probably—or may be at the South—or perchance between the two—there rose a large and flourishing city—its manufactories were noted for their extent, and the merchant-princes of that place reveled in the wealth these manufactories produced. On the outskirts of the town were built two houses—alike in form, in extent, in value. "Two peas," or "two nuts," or "two pins," had frequently described their similarity. Now in these two houses lived two brothers—twins, the only sons of the builder of those two houses. It had been a fancy of the old man to have the boys, as he called them, lodged alike, and his means being ample, he had the power of indulging his fancy. "The boys" married, and on the wedding day the first stone of either home was laid.

"Time enough to get them finished," said the old gentleman, as he rubbed his

hands in glee, "won't want a nursery for a twelvemonth at any rate—small house do till then."

The young brides were present when that remark was made. One blushed—and smiled; the other blushed—and frowned. It was the nettle and the rose again standing side by side.

Six months passed and the houses were half up—the old gentleman himself directing all the arrangements of the building.

"It is good indeed of your father, now an old man, to take an interest in our comfort," said one of the young wives to her husband—"Ralph," that was the husband's name, "you can never repay him for his kind feeling, and his generosity to us." "It is an absurdity for your father to play the architect and almost bricklayer," remarked the other wife to her spouse, "Boydell," (his name,) "you should tell him that it is inconsistent with his calling and his station." "It is consistent with his pleasure," remarked the husband, "and therefore I am content."

Twelve months passed, and the houses were finished.

"Nursery ready in time," said the good old man—"ready in time—ready in time."

The houses were occupied, and in course of twelve months the nurseries were occupied also.

"There are unceasing anxieties in a mother's lot," said the good wife of Ralph, "but unceasing pleasures too," and she smiled at the innocent face of her sleeping babe.

"How women can like the bore of children I can not imagine," remarked her sister-in-law as her child was hastily given to its nurse.

Years passed on—as they always do—and the young wives became middle-aged women, sons and daughters clustered round them, and the grandfather, old and feeble, now leant on these young things for support.

Time had worked a wondrous change in the two brothers. Ralph's face told of a home-stock of happiness, from which he drew largely—while Boydell looked as if content and happiness were not in the world at all.

At this time, when the families of each were springing up, and needed money to be spent on them, in education, maintenance, and the different adjuncts of their

station, one of these panics of the commercial world which ruin thousands, took place. Unfortunately, Ralph and his brother had entered into large speculations, which failing, they were involved in the prevailing ruin, and found themselves verging on bankruptcy.

"Be of good heart, Ralph!" said his wife "there is bread in this great world for all. Our fine large house, our servants and our carriages are not absolutely necessary to our happiness, we can do as others do—live without them, and the children, Ralph! this lesson of adversity, may be for their welfare; take comfort Ralph! there is plenty of that left for us in the world, if our wealth has flown away."

"Yes," answered her husband, as he clasped her hand, and drew her to him, "Yes! there is never-failing comfort here, Lucy; God be praised for having given me one so 'meet to help' me, both in joy and sorrow, wealth or poverty."

"You should have foreseen this crisis," remarked the wife of Boydell, "and not allowed your children to be brought to beggary at their age, when just entering on life; expenses are unavoidable, unless indeed they be educated as the laboring classes; which idea may be worth your wise consideration now."

She ceased with a sneer on her face.

"Other men would not have been so venturesome with their money," she remarked; "the Brownings, for instance—and the Smiths withdrew in time, and Lionel Blagdon told me that you had no one to blame but yourself, and that your children might thank you, and you only, if starvation were their fate."

"In mercy cease," replied the husband, "or you will drive me mad."

"I must put your conduct fairly before your eyes—it is my duty," she replied.

"Then reserve it until I am likely to appreciate your effort at the performance of the duty," he answered bitterly.

Poor "Duty." How dreadfully she is mishandled by these ascetic dames. "It is a duty!"—and under that plea many a harsh truth is uttered. "It is a duty!"—so says the over-strict disciplinarian, and cold stern words are driven forth to tremble on an over-worked and wearied brain. "It is a duty!" covers the cruel rebuke and the severe rejoinder. It may be a "duty" to speak plainly and boldly sometimes—but it is also a duty to choose the opportunity when the speech may be ac-

ceptable, and not fret and chafe the wounded heart by a repetition of the very truths which, silently recognized, are galling it already.

Boydell knew quite well that he might have foreseen and partially have provided for the melancholy event which had taken place. His conscience reproached him bitterly for carelessness and rashness, and his wife's words were not needed to add to the self-reproach, which, left to itself, might have worked some good, by producing a quiet determination to abide by the more sober counsels of Ralph in future, for Ralph's voice had been lifted against the very speculation which had caused the joint failure of the brothers.

Fretted—and galled—and wearied of life and life's struggle, Boydell knew not whither to turn for comfort and consolation. His father had been gathered to the dead; his brother? Boydell was too proud to betray his lack of domestic peace to him; his children, imitating the bad example of the mother, turned against him, and instead of clustering round him in the hour of woe, openly blamed him for the course he had adopted.

At last his mind, torn by a thousand conflicting sorrows, gave way: a lunatic asylum became his home, while his wife and children dragged on a life of misery, supported by the mere charity of relations.

Far differently fared Ralph. In the humble cottage on the outskirts of the town where he now dwelt—a smile always welcomed him when he came from the city's toil and din, tired with the business of the day, heart-sick with its disappointments; rest and peace and happiness awaited him in that little home. His children—drawing their tone from that good wife and mother—thought only how they could soothe the tired wanderer who had returned to them, and make him forget in the placid joy of the present, the misery of the past.

"Ralph," said his wife one day, "I would scarcely exchange our present lot for the one we held when first I became your wife. There is an earnestness in this quiet life of strict utility which is lost in the gilded days of wealthy splendor. I am as happy here, Ralph, as if you placed me in a palace—happier indeed —"

He stopped her as he looked lovingly into her gentle face.

"Not happier, Lucy" he added, "not

happier, dear wife—your nature would carry bliss as perfect as this world can bestow into any phase of life—not ‘happier,’ Lucy, but as happy either here, or there, or any where on earth—as happy as such a kindly heart as yours can, and should, and will be any where.”

Ralph lived to old age: his hair was white, and his step tottering—but the heart and mind were firm still. His children were married, or otherwise settled in the world; wealth had fallen to the share of some, competency only to the lot of others.

But sorrow—keen sorrow, now fell on Ralph. Lucy died; and as he saw the mould fall on the lowered coffin until it was hidden from his view, he whispered, as if to her who lay here: “I know what ‘loss’ is, now, dear wife. I never felt its meaning before.”

Boydell also lived to an old age. A partial recovery enabled him to return to his home—but he was no welcome guest there. Unkindness and want of care had the result which might have been expected, he returned to the asylum, hopelessly mad, and died there some years afterwards, to the very evident relief of his wife and children.

Now in all human probability these two women worked the sequel to the fate of their respective husbands. The one by her gentleness soothed the wounded spirit, and, in seeking to bless him, sowed a full harvest of blessings for herself.

And the other! truly did she “cast her seed upon the waters,” and “truly did she find it after many days.” It was like the poisoned Upas-berry, taking root and springing till the deadly tree casts its destructive influence on those poor wretches who sat beneath its branches.

And numberless cases similar to such as these exist, where women, without any positively vicious conduct, but merely by the vice of an ill-conditioned nature—by a want of judgment, resulting from a want of the delicate perception arising from a delicate and kindly nature, destroy happiness and produce woes as completely as if their acts were reprobated by the world.

The wife of Boydell, for instance, was well spoken of; society could not see the inner working of her externally blameless conduct. Society raised its voice against her husband—blaming his temerity for his first loss, the loss of money, his want of

self-control; and natural weakness for the second, loss of reason. The world in its blind judgment compassioned the wife and sympathized with her, in her unmerited poverty.

Before the reverse of fortune fell on her, she had committed the too common error of purposely keeping herself in ignorance of her husband’s commercial affairs.

“I care nothing for these things,” she said, when anxious and distressed he sought to confide to her his doubts about the speculation he had entered on, “these corn and stock exchange discussions are quite out of my way; a woman must keep in her own province, and leave business matters to her husband. And pray do not annoy me and trouble yourself with Parliament’s sayings or doings—they are supremely uninteresting, I assure you.”

Alienation, and a want of confidence were begotten by her—and the offspring turned on her and stung her to her heart; for although women need not sit in Parliament, or address the people from the hustings, or go to the stock or corn exchange and make their purchases, instead of to the butcher’s and baker’s, yet it does enter into their sphere of duty—and is quite compatible with their sex and calling, that they should partially understand the business of the corn and stock exchanges, and even have some knowledge of the legislature of the land, if their husbands have an interest in either the one or the other. A wife is a very safe and wholesome sedative for a man—and a wife’s opinion, formed in the seclusion of her own home, may be of value to him; yet, if she is a mere domestic drudge—knowing nothing more than how to make a pudding or a petticoat, (very useful knowledge in its way, but not comprehensive enough to be satisfactory,) how can she be competent to advise, or even offer an opinion on any subject, even if (unlike Boydell’s wife) she be inclined to give it? Besides, such knowledge will make her a more creditable and agreeable companion for her husband, and enable her to take a higher intellectual position both with him and his friends.

The following instance exemplifies this: Mr. Josiah Brown of Blank Street in London, was an intelligent and energetic man. Now, intelligence and energy combined, do very well, and generally enable the possessor to get on very well. They did in that instance: Mr. Josiah Brown

became a thriving man. Quick and clever in all things, he readily comprehended the bearing of any transaction. His mercantile speculations succeeded, and he grew to be a rich man. As a matter of course he enlarged his house and his acquaintance, and took from those enlargements and his wealth an enlarged position in society.

But his wife remained the nonentity she had ever been. "Read the papers," he said to her, "for goodness' sake do try to understand what your guests are talking about. You never say one word when political or intellectual subjects are discussed, and only become eloquent on the subjects of servants and butcher's meat."

"And very good subjects too," answered the wife. "I should like to know where you would have been if I had not thought about the servants and the butcher's meat, as you call it. A nice household you would have, sir, if I spent my time like Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her, reading the debates in the morning and writing for some stupid thing or other in the afternoon! a pretty sort of a wife she is—doesn't know a rump from a beefsteak, I'll be bound. She bought a piece of roast beef for her mother's dinner with a big blade-bone sticking through it—believing all the time that it was sirloin. It wasn't any more sirloin than I'm sirloin, only the butcher saw he'd a fool to deal with, and sold it for such. There, sir—there's your clever wife—who reads the debates and talks about them to her guests—and a pretty mess she makes of housekeeping. Defend *me* from such, say I, but she'd suit your book perhaps."

"I think she might," whispered Josiah, as he moved out of the way of the irate lady. "I think she might. A man can buy a house-keeper for twenty pounds a year, a wife costs something more than that—he should have value received for his money."

There was immense truth in his remark. A man wants a companion—companionship is a natural requirement of human nature, and if a husband can't get it at home, he will in all probability go elsewhere to seek it, and therefore such being the case, it becomes the duty and wise policy of each married woman at least to squeeze out a little remnant of time, wherein she can cull some knowledge of the passing transactions of the world which will fit her for such companionship.

What does Josiah Brown talk of to his fellow-men? He does not discuss the momentous fact of Stubbs the butcher giving better weight than his neighbor Jones, or Merkins the baker charging one penny per loaf less than the opposition bread purveyor, who has opened the new shop round the corner.

"I'd like to see you keeping house for yourself, Mr. Brown," continued the flying squadron of a wife following up the retreating party. "I'd like to see you keeping house for yourself—nicely you'd be cheated, sir—oh! yes—I know the phrase—behave like a gentleman, I suppose—and not lock up the tea or sugar, or count the coppers in change. I don't believe Mrs. Thing-'em-bob ever knows what her meat-bill is. Why, Betsy who came to us, lived with her as under-house-maid, you know, but you don't know," said Mrs. Brown, breaking off in her invective, to turn the artillery of her anger on her husband, "but you never know any thing or care, it seems to me; however, Betsy declared positively that she did not go into her kitchen more than once a week, and always let her maid count out the clean linen from the laundry! There's your clever wife, Mr. Brown; I'd just like you to try her, sir, for two or three days."

"Might be very agreeable, ma'am, but wouldn't be a moral arrangement," replied Josiah.

"You'd come back fast enough to me," added his wife, carried on by the volubility of her tongue and anger. "You'd come back to me quick enough."

"Don't think so," said Josiah aside.

"And," continued his excited wife, "find out the difference between a 'clever wife'—and a woman who knows how to manage, and does manage; and can put a good dinner on the table, and leave the talking part of the business to her husband, you'd find out the difference between the two, I can tell you."

"I don't doubt it," again muttered Josiah in an under-tone.

"A wife indeed!" she mumbled as she walked off, "what's a wife to do with politics and literature, as you call it, Mr. Josiah, what is she made for? Why, to mind her house, and to make the best of every thing, and what's the good of her, if she can talk to her guests, but can't buy a piece of meat to feed them?"

Mrs. Josiah had reason in her argu-

ment as well as her husband—a *mere* clever woman, although agreeable enough as a casual companion, is not of the most valuable material for a wife. Mrs. Josiah was quite right in asking: "What's the use of a wife who can talk to her guests, and yet can't buy a piece of meat to feed them?"

But Mrs. Brown forgot one thing in her essentially domestic reasoning, and that one thing is, simply—that it is quite possible for a lady to do both.

Some years since there stood a female name before society as a marvel of intellectual research. Her mathematical knowledge at first attracted the attention of great men, and then when they had the privilege of admission to her presence, and an interchange of thought with her, they discovered that her knowledge on all other subjects was as complete as in the single branch of mathematics; "she can converse on any subject," said one of the leading men of the day, "on any topic I advance, I gain information from her."

Now this lady was perfectly well known in certain circles, and her intellect universally recognized both by those who had, or had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; and although she was without any doubt one of the most intellectual women who ever lived, she did not neglect the less exalting occupation of domestic utility—she was an excellent housekeeper; she could both "talk to the guests, and buy the beef to feed them." This example, and there are many others as convincing, establishes the fact that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and ornamental, and while all may not attain to her excellence, all may imitate the example of Mrs. Somerville.

But "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and if the fullness of the heart consists of beef and bread, and butchers and bakers, with every thing of the kind, then there is no room for any higher theme for thought; and, therefore the tongue can not give utterance to any other expression of thought than relates to the common belongings of daily life and daily cookings.

The restricted conditions of a woman's life, tend to produce a restricted scope of thought. Her mind is confined to narrow circles wandering in them round each particular of her home; each circle having a nucleus or center of its own, and each and all revolving round a common center.

To dissect the mental system of a modern housekeeper, it stands thus, one common center—the general expenditure of the household—sundry little spheres held together by, and revolving round, that one. The butcher is one of these minor spheres—the baker another—and the grocer a third. Now the thorough housewife's mind, the mere housewife's, we would say, turns in and with all these. This is her planetary system, she lives in it, progresses with it each year journeying on to the coming time; when she and it, and all things connected with either, shall cease to be.

Now a woman who has her mind thus circumscribed, can not be an acceptable companion to the man, who leaving his home behind him, with its economy of butcher, baker, and grocer, goes to the world and culls from its experiences, and communion with his fellow-men fresh thoughts and enlarged notions and ideas.

Woman has not this advantage; she *must* stay at home and do her duty there, she can not go abroad and hear the topics of the day discussed; but although that privilege be denied her, others are within her grasp. She has the papers for her perusal, they give full information of the topics of the day, and she can partly from them and other sources gather information enough to converse on the subjects which are uppermost in the minds of the gentlemen of her family, and their friends.

And woman should not despise this kind of reading, or this kind of knowledge. It tends to make home happy, by establishing an interest between those who constitute that home. If ladies took a little more trouble to inform themselves of the leading public questions of the day, husbands would not be compelled to go abroad to discuss them. And perhaps that sort of information might in the end be productive of more content than the same amount of thought expanded on the choice between two butchers, the subject of halting between the two being probably a question of one half-penny or one penny per pound, and an imperceptible difference in the quality of the meat.

The truth is, that as a rule women are often in extremes. He was wrong who made the sweeping assertion, "*Women are always in extremes*"—that is not quite the case, but they are generally in extremes. They are either mere stocking-

darners, and domestic nonentities, or they are strong-minded "rights of women folks," (a very objectionable class,) lamentably ignorant of and indifferent to the duties of their household, giving their thoughts to more interesting, but not more necessary, social questions and intellectual pursuits.

How to divide the minutes of life profitably seems the thing to be found out, and what degree of attention to bestow on one object, and what on another, the question to be decided.

"Women are all in extremes." There was more truth in the saying than at first sight appears. Extreme in goodness, woman is—no one need deny that, because should he do so, he would only gain disbelief by his denial. A good woman is an extremely admirable creature, and there are many good, extremely good women, walking quietly through the length and depth of this wicked earth, scattering good—and good only about them.

"Women are all in extremes"—unfortunately the "extreme" holds still in another manner, and the extremity be one of ill instead of good. A bad woman!—an ill-conditioned and unprincipled person, will, it has been remarked, exceed man in ill. That may be true or not; probably the fact has never been tested, but whether true or not, one thing is established by experience, and that is, that when a woman casts the better feelings of her nature to the winds, those of a viler kind gain almost superhuman strength, and hurry her along in an irresistible current of sin and guilt and woe.

Society places a certain check on woman's conduct, but once let her cast aside principle and prejudice, and burst through the bonds which society places between her and an outwardly vicious course, and there will be no bounds to her open dereliction of religion, of right feeling, and right principle.

A female drunkard has been pronounced incapable of reform. Once let a woman take to that horrid vice, and she knows no medium. On she goes, madly—recklessly, until Death says, "No more!" then and then only is the poisonous draught relinquished and the sin forsaken—if that can be called forsaken which we no longer have the power of clinging to.

And in cruelty. When woman outrages her nature, and in savage purpose be-

come cruel, it were a stigma on the tigress to call woman by its name. In olden times, a woman lending herself to fanaticism, under the plea of religion, sanctioned the murder of a band of unsuspecting Huguenots, with fiend-like exultation; thinking of their cries and glorying in their massacre. History records no more terrible crime perpetrated beneath woman's rule, than the massacre of Saint Bartholomew under Catherine de Medicis.

And in later days, when a pestilence raged in France, and the poor stricken victims writhed in mortal agony in the overcrowded wards of the public hospitals, a woman walked amongst them, and, under the plea of mercy, holding out the hope of alleviation, administered the potion which was eagerly sought for by the fevered lips of the sufferers. Cold, and calm, and impassive, stood that heartless woman beside each dying wretch; looking, with the philosophy of devils, on the working of her deadly drug—for poison, in various forms, was the cordial she gave; and the wards of those pestilence-stricken houses were the fields of her diabolical experiments on human life. Never, in any times, modern or ancient, has cruelty exceeded hers, for as a monster in human mould, the memory of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers is execrated by the world.

Such women stand out like finger-posts on a sunny shore, indicating where the treacherous quicksands lie, and proving the female character to be capable of great enormities.

Few happily have the opportunity for the magnitude of crime practiced by those named here; yet, as the gushing river grows from the single drop, so do the passions and the vices which, in the end produce such crimes, spring from a fountain of unhallowed feeling as small, compared to the full crime, as the tiny drop to the wide flowing river.

And if woman's nature be capable of this enormity of ill, so is it also capable of good. Crime is the consequence of an ill-trained heart and mind, and the most favored natures—those which are imbued with the strongest feelings and the strongest purposes—are exactly those which, capable of the greatest good, run to the extreme of ill. It is a thought of deep responsibility! Shall the talent given be so foully abused, and returned to the Mas-

ter's hand soiled, defaced, and blemished? And on the retrospect, can woman's position, in a social point of view, be deemed inferior to man's? She has the early training of the whole human race intrusted to her; the days of childhood begin and grow beneath her influence: the first impressions of life are formed by her, and, as life progresses, she has the power of still directing those impressions. Whatever be her lot, whether married or single—as the wife, the mother, the child—her influence exists. In savage or civiliz-

ed life, in bondage or in freedom, amid the enlightened inhabitants of our own land, or the unlettered denizens of barbarian regions, is woman's influence, either acknowledged or unacknowledged, still felt. Where she is highly esteemed, the general tone of society is good; but where she is held in a degraded light, society shares in the degradation. Thus then must we regard her position, and acknowledge the immense importance, in the social scale, of—Woman and Woman-kind.

From the Westminster Review.

THE TERRIBLE CALAS TRAGEDY.*

It happens, from time to time, that the world is called upon to alter or reverse one of its settled judgments on some character or event of the past time. Some new evidence turns up, or the old facts are more carefully and critically inquired into, and the result is, that the traditional view of the case has to be modified or corrected. This is the legitimate advance of knowledge. This is the way in which history can take its place among the progressive studies; and to make such a discovery is one of the most prized rewards of its critical study.

A very different complexion belongs to those fluctuations of the popular taste which dispose it at one to admire, and soon again to hate, the same objects. This mutability of opinion—the “turba Remi” burning the gods which once it worshiped—does not operate upon the living hero or statesman only, it is extended far back into history. This shifting of opinion is a process, like the other, incessantly at work, and inevitable in its op-

rations as the law of elevation and depression in terrestrial physics. But it is not a legitimate process. It is not one worked out by the science of criticism. It is no part of the solid victory of the human understanding. It is rather the play of human passion, and the confession of human infirmity.

A very remarkable instance of this instability of historical belief is brought before us by a *brochure* of a young writer, who bears the honored name of Athanase Coquerel. It offers a complete narrative, far the most complete that has ever been published, of the case of Jean Calas, a Protestant, who was executed at Toulouse, in 1762, on the charge of having murdered his eldest son, but who was afterwards discovered to have been innocent. The publication has been called forth by perceiving a fashion growing up, first in Catholic circles and religious periodicals, and extending gradually from them to society at large, of believing Calas guilty. This “view,” which is thus spreading itself to the sun, has no foundation on any new documents or facts that have only now been brought to light. It is a mere sign of the great general reaction of opinion in France—one of the straws which show which way the wind is set-

* *Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Étude Historique d'après les Documents Originaux, suivie des Dépêches du Comte Saint Florentin, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat, etc.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Reformée de Paris. Paris. Joel Cnerbuliez. 1858.

ting. More than two years ago Emile Montégut said (*Revue de Deux Mondes*):

"What do you think of the Calas business—what of that of the Chevalier Labarre? Are you for or against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Such is the conversation, full of present meaning, which one hears in the salons of Paris—Paris of the nineteenth century."

This disposition is not mere levity and fickleness, the caprice of the mob which turns upon its own idol—*odit damnatos*—it is a part of that general Catholic revival which has been working for some years, and which, like a fog, is spreading over the face of opinion, and giving its own views and altered proportions to all objects, past, present, and future. This change of opinion about an event which happened nearly one hundred years back, proceeds not from the growth of knowledge on the topic on which the opinion is formed, but from the accretion of ignorance. The facts and proof once known are convincing. But the innocence of the unhappy victim is, for reasons which will be seen in the following pages, a truth extremely unpleasant to the Catholics. If they can only get inquiry stifled and criticism gagged, then they may safely maintain their thesis. This application of force, however, to drown the truth of history, is one for which opinion in France is not yet ripe, though it is rapidly advancing in that direction. M. Coquerel has taken advantage of that remnant of freedom which is still left to the French writer to publish a clear and succinct narrative of the transaction. We have thought it worth while to give our readers a very succinct *resumé* of this narrative. Not only is this *cause célèbre* of the highest interest in itself, but its connection with existing passions and prejudices curiously illustrates the temper and tendencies of French thought at the present moment.

Toulouse, the theater of the tragedy, obtained its popular appellation of *La Sainte* from possessing in the crypt of one of its churches the skeletons of seven out of the twelve apostles. This extraordinary accumulation of riches justified the inscription over the vault in which they were contained:

"Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus."

The sanctity of the locality was not without its influence upon the character of the population. From the year 1203, when

the "genius loci" inspired Saint Dominic with the idea of the order to which mankind owes the Inquisition, down even to the murder of General Ramel by the Catholic Royalists in 1815, the history of the Holy City offers a series of fanatical outbursts and ferocious cruelties, which can only be paralleled in ancient Egypt or in modern Turkey. To ascribe these deeds of blood and frenzy to the influence of the Catholic superstition would be an error. But it is too true that the priests and ministers of the religion, instead of checking, have fomented the savage passions of the multitude; instead of disavowing, have adopted their feats of murder, have publicly justified them, and endeavored to make the Church responsible for them.

One of these achievements of the religious mob of Toulouse was enacted in the sixteenth century. In 1562, a Huguenot procession was accompanying a corpse to burial, when it was set upon, under some pretext or other, by the rabble. The street-row grew into a general fight. The Reformed population of Toulouse, though a considerable body, was vastly outnumbered by the Orthodox, and was obliged to entrench itself in the Hotel de Ville, and stand a siege. The besiegers sent the Governor of Narbonne to offer terms. The Protestants accepted them. They were to march out of their defenses, leaving their arms and munitions, and to retire unmolested whither they thought fit. On Whitsunday, May 17th, the Protestants began their retreat. Though they had chosen the hour of vespers designedly to avoid all risk of commotion in the streets, the Catholics obtained intelligence of the movement, rushed out of the churches, seized arms, and massacred upwards of three thousand unarmed men, women, and children.

But this was the work of an ignorant and fanatical populace, brutalized by feudal oppression, kindled into momentary rage by the armed resistance of their enemies. It was a time of civil war, in fact, a war in which both parties were equally in the wrong, Huguenots as well as Catholics; and the excesses of the victorious faction were lamented by all good men, even of their own party.

Nothing of the sort. The Church adopted the double crime of perjury and murder. The Parlement of Toulouse instituted an annual *fête* to commemorate the massacre of the 17th of May. The Pope

(Pius IV.) hastened to issue a bull, in which he authorized the religious ceremony, and attached indulgences and benedictions to it. Two centuries afterwards, 1762, the *fête* of "The Deliverance" had its centenary. It was celebrated with extraordinary fervor and magnificence. Clement XIII. renewed the bull of Pius IV. with ampler privileges. Such is the aspect of the Church toward crime, when it is committed in its own interest.

The event of which we are about to narrate the chief incidents, fell in the year 1761. There lived at Toulouse a certain Jean Calas. He kept a respectable draper's shop in one of the principal streets of the city—Grande Rue des Filletiers, No. 16. He had been forty years established in business; his age was sixty-three, his character simple, his dealings honest, his habits industrious, and his unassuming virtues those which were hereditary in the families of the Protestant *bourgeois*. The piety of the Protestants of that age had lost its harshness, without abating its grave sincerity. Calas was known among his neighbors as uniting steadiness to his inherited religious principles with entire tolerance towards his Catholic fellow-citizens; a tolerance which was very far from being reciprocal, and which was rare in provincial towns in those days, and, indeed, is far from being universal in these. He was, in consequence, generally respected, and among his co-religionists enjoyed, like Isaac Walton, a consideration far above his worldly rank. Limited as were his means, we find him admitted to the society and friendship of the *petite noblesse* of Languedoc, and even connected with some of them by marriage.

His family consisted of his wife, who was eighteen years younger than himself, and who appears, by her conduct during her examination, to have been a woman of strong sense and superior character, six children, and one maid-servant. Of the children four were sons, Marc-Antoine, Jean-Pierre, Louis, Jean-Louis-Donat, and two daughters, Anne-Rose and Anne.

The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, with whom we are principally concerned, was, in the year 1761, twenty-eight years old. He had been a law-student at the University, and taken his Bachelor's degree. He had what is described as a taste for letters, which seems rather to have been a taste for a sauntering, easy life, and a decided distaste for the shop. But no

one could, in France, be admitted to the bar without a certificate of Catholicity, signed by the curé of the parish. These tyrannical regulations, by which the professions and many of the trades were closed to the Protestants, were somewhat alleviated in practice by the good-nature of many curés, who used to sign these certificates without inquiry, as matters of course. In the present case, however, the curé had refused to give the voucher without an attestation signed by a priest, to certify that Marc-Antoine had confessed to him. This disappointment had soured the temper and broken the spirits of the youth. He became moody, silent, irritated against the present, and without prospects for the future. He took no part in the amusements which the household shared together, and sate by, not joining in any conversation which might be going on, but appearing occupied with some thoughts of his own. He read a good deal, and was often heard to comment on the excuses for suicide urged by Plutarch and Montaigne.

The maid, Jeanne Viguié, was a zealous Catholic, but had lived twenty-three years in the family, and brought up the children, to whom she was much attached. Her zeal for their spiritual interests had induced her to attempt their conversion. She had succeeded with one member of the family only, the only one without character or good sense—the third son, Louis. These endeavors, however, were but additional evidence of her zealous devotion to the family, to whom she adhered through their terrible trials with a steady fidelity which was rare, even in those days, and in the southern provinces, which retained more of the old-fashioned manners than the north.

Such was the *personnel* of the family at the time when the quiet course of their existence was broken by a catastrophe so sudden and undeserved, at the same time so blighting and irretrievable, as to excite the compassion and sympathy of all succeeding ages in the highest degree of which our nature is capable.

The following account of the facts is contained in a letter written by Madame Calas herself, for the information of a friend of the family. Its natural and simple language, and the suppressed anguish of spirit which it reveals, make it more touching than the most highly-colored narrative could be.

"I herewith send you an exact and true statement of our unhappy business, as it happened.

"On the thirteenth of October, an evil day for us, M. G. La Vaisse arrived at Toulouse, from Bordeaux, on a visit to his parents. He found they had left town for their country box, and he endeavored in vain to hire a horse to take him out. Between four and five in the afternoon he came to our house. My husband said to him, that as he was not leaving the city, it would give us great pleasure if he would sup with us. He readily consented, and came up-stairs to see me. After the first compliments were passed between us, he said: 'I am coming to supper with you; your husband has asked me.' I expressed my satisfaction, and left him for a few minutes, to give some orders in consequence. When I went down-stairs, I found my eldest son alone in the shop, seated, in a very absent mood apparently. I requested him to purchase some Roquefort cheese for supper. This was his ordinary province, as he knew more about cheese than any of the others. I then ascended again to the room where I had left M. La Vaisse, who soon took his leave.

"He returned at supper-time, (seven o'clock,) and we all took our places. The conversation during the meal turned on indifferent matters—the antiquities at the Hotel de Ville, etc. After supper, which did not last very long, my unhappy boy (Marc-Antoine, the eldest son) rose from table, as usual, and went towards the kitchen. The servant asked him, 'Are you cold, Monsieur Lainé?' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'I am burning hot.' We remained seated at table a very short time longer, and then passed into an adjoining room, and continued the conversation. My younger son fell asleep, and about three quarters after nine, or towards ten o'clock, M. La Vaisse took his leave. We wakened up Pierre, who went down stairs with a light in his hand, to show M. La Vaisse out.

"A moment after we heard their cries of alarm, and my husband ran down to see what was the matter, I remaining, all trembling, in the passage at the head of the stairs, not daring to go down, and not knowing what it could mean.

"At last, as no one returned, I ventured down, and at the foot of the stairs encountered M. La Vaisse, and asked him hurriedly what it was. He only replied by urging me to go up stairs again; and he went up with me, but left me immediately. I did not know what to do, so I called to Jeannette, and sent her down to see what had happened. As she did not return, I went down again myself; and what was my horror when I saw, great God! my dear son stretched upon the ground! I did not suppose he was dead, so I ran for a bottle of *Reine de Hongrie*, supposing that he was taken suddenly faint, and did every thing I could think of to revive him, not being able to persuade myself that it was his dead body which I had before me.

"Meanwhile the surgeon had come in, with-

out my seeing that he was there, till I found him telling me that my pains were of no use, for that he was dead. I persisted in asserting that it could not be so, and implored him to use all his efforts to save him. He did so, to appease me, but in vain. All this time my husband was leaning against a desk, in a state of desperation. My heart was torn in two between the sad sight of my son stretched dead before me, and the fear of losing my husband, who abandoned himself to sorrow, and would listen to no consolation. They made us go up-stairs; and in that state we were when the officers of justice came and arrested us.

"This is, word for word, what happened. May the Almighty, who knows our innocence, punish me eternally if I have exaggerated or diminished one iota, or have not told the pure truth. I am ready to seal this truth with my blood.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,
ANNE ROSE CABIBEL CALAS."

The mother confines her statement to what she herself saw. From the depositions of other witnesses taken at the time, we can fill up what is wanting to complete the story of the events in the Rue des Filetiers.

When La Vaisse returned to supper at seven o'clock, Pierre Calas who had been out along with him, shut and barred the outer door of the house towards the street. This circumstance, which was afterwards construed as premeditation of crime, explains itself by the ordinary practice of the shops, where the front-door was invariably fastened while the family were at meals.

After retiring from the supper-table the party spent about two hours in chatting in the adjoining parlor, Madame Calas working at her embroidery the while. When they came to wake Pierre, on La Vaisse's departure, the young man tried to deny that he had been asleep. They rallied him playfully on it, and the adieux were mirthful and gay; the last time that gayety visited that household. Death was already within the walls.

When La Vaisse, accompanied by Pierre, reached the bottom of the stairs, he noticed that the door leading from the passage into the shop was open, which, it seems, was unusual, and raised a momentary suspicion that some person had got into the shop who had no business there. Pierre went in to look. The first object that met his eye was the body of his brother suspended by the neck against the inner door by which the outer shop (*boutique*) communicated with an inner store-

room, (*magasin*.) Across the two leaves of this folding-door, as it stood open, the unhappy suicide had placed a long billet of wood, and suspended himself by a cord and running knot. Pierre took hold of his brother's hand, on which the body began to swing, and the two then called out for help. Jean, the father, came down instantly, and seeing what had happened, seized the corpse in his arms. The round billet of wood, thus relieved of its burden, rolled off the top of the doors, and fell to the ground. He deposited the body on the floor, and slipt the knot, crying out to Pierre: "Run for Camoire." Camoire was a surgeon who lived in the neighborhood. Pierre and La Vaisse both rushed out, and returned with a young man, a pupil or apprentice of the surgeon.

As soon as Jean Calas came to understand what had happened, his first thought was for the honor of his dead son and the family. "Let no one know," he cried, "that he has died by his own hand." La Vaisse was easily enjoined to secrecy on this point. This deception may have given an unfavorable color to the case, but it was extremely natural, if not excusable, when we recollect the hideous barbarity of the French law of suicide.

Such were the occurrences within the house. Misery enough for the afflicted family. But this was but the beginning of sorrow. Outside the house, in the street, a considerable assemblage of the curious had gathered. Misfortune must never expect sympathy or commiseration from a crowd. They began, as usual, to indulge in liberal commentary on the enigmatical proceedings within the house. The usual uncharitableness of such remarks was, in this instance, inflamed by the ardent hatred of French Catholics against a Protestant. The ingenuity and malice of an individual could not have deliberately invented a fiction more plausible or more destructive to its object than that which grew up spontaneously from the passions and imagination of this street-mob. It only needed to be suggested, and these Catholics were sure, that the Protestant parents had murdered their son. But with what motive? why, of course it was to prevent him from turning Catholic. It is the business of justice to crush such scandal, and to sift facts without regard to what may be the popular cry. "*Vanæ voces populi non sunt audiendæ*," is a maxim of the Roman law. In

this instance the magistrate caught eagerly at the suggestion, and thenceforth all the efforts of law were bent towards getting up a plausible proof of a suggestion which had this chance origin.

The public of Toulouse, as well as the administration of justice, both civil and criminal, "*haute et basse*," was in the hands of a municipal council, locally elected. These eight councillors, or aldermen, formed a court, styled "the Consistory," each member of which was called a "*Capitou*," (that is, member of the chapter, *capitulum*.) Out of the total number of eight Capitouls, the majority were changed, or reelected annually. But two or three of the body were usually persons who had purchased their place, according to the custom which prevailed in France before the Revolution. These held their post for life. This of course gave these "titular Capitouls," so they were styled, a very great ascendancy over their annual colleagues. One of these titulars at the present juncture was David de Beaudrigue. This man was not a villain, though he has been made to play that part in some of the tragedies founded on this history. He was one of those self-important officials, to whose well-meaning zeal so much of the evil which takes effect in the world is owing. As a police officer he was in his place. The impetuous restlessness of his temperament, even in this capacity, made him perpetually overstep the line of usefulness. Such a man is always dangerous except when kept under the strict control of a superior. But as a magistrate, with supreme control over the persons and property of others, there exists no form of character more pregnant of mischief to society. He is ready to become the instrument, and always a most energetic instrument, of the reigning prejudice or passion. In the present case, the Catholic fanaticism of Toulouse was the storm that swept him away. He came into it with all the violence of his character, and displayed, in hunting the Calas to the death, as much blind passion and ferocious determination as if, instead of judge, he had been a party having a private injury to revenge.

David had been roused from his first sleep by the commotion which began to spread through the city. He hurried to the spot with the watch, ordering at the same time a physician and two surgeons to be fetched. His first measure was to

arrest Pierre Calas, who had remained down-stairs with the body while the parents had withdrawn above. He then, without any of the formalities which the law required, or any examination of the premises, ordered off the body of Marc-Antoine to the Hotel de Ville, and proceeded to arrest Monsieur and Madame Calas, the maid Jeanne, La Vaisse, and a friend of the family named Cazeing who had come to the house on hearing the terrible news. The parents of the defunct, absorbed in grief, supposed that they were being conducted to the Hotel de Ville to depose to the circumstances of the suicide. Pierre was about leaving a candle burning in the passage, that they might find a light on their return. David, with a sarcastic leer at his simplicity, bade him put it out: "They would not get home again so soon."

It is obvious how this precipitate arrest, and the neglect of an examination of the spot, was calculated to prejudice the case of the Calas family. It is possible that a proper scrutiny at the time would have established at once the fact of self-murder. Some essentials of the evidence were irretrievably lost. Such was the hurry of the proceedings, that David did not even stay to ascertain the name of Cazeing, but described him in the *procès-verbal*, as "*un espèce d'abbé*." This "sort of clergyman" was a manufacturer of stuffs, and, as an employer of several hundred hands, perfectly well known in Toulouse. One of David's colleagues arrived while he was making out this *procès*, and seeing the trembling eagerness of the zealot, ventured to suggest a little more patience and caution. "*Je prend tout sur moi*," was the reply; "*c'est ici la cause de la religion*."

We shall not follow step by step the subsequent hearings of the five accused, for such they now were, before the Consistory. The procedure of a French court of justice before the Revolution seems to have been arranged, not with a view of eliciting truth, but with that of securing condemnation. In the *procès-Calas*, even this iniquitous system would have failed of its purpose. It required all the address and management of David to get up a case sufficiently plausible to obtain a sentence against his victims. The prisoners were kept in close confinement, not allowed to communicate with their friends outside, and consequently unable to in-

struct counsel for their defense. The daughters Calas, and Louis, employed an advocate. But not only had he no access to his clients, he could not approach the tribunal. For there was no public trial. The accused were interrogated separately and secretly by the judges. They could produce no witnesses for the defense, nor state any thing except in answer to a question of the court. The advocate's part was reduced to that of presenting "*memoirs*," which it was at the judge's option to treat with neglect. But in this case David had taken care that not even a "*requête*" should reach the bench. At the beginning of the process, the attorney employed by the Demoiselles Calas had filed a bill in the court which was calculated, but apparently not judiciously calculated, to stay the proceedings. So irritated was David at this attempt to arrest his course, that he employed all his credit to get the attorney, Duroux, cashiered. He did actually succeed in getting him sentenced to a public apology, and three months' suspension. After this it became impossible for the friends of Calas to find an attorney to act for them. Even the bailiffs declined the hazardous office of serving the memorials which their advocate drew up.

Notwithstanding all these arrangements, the affair did not progress rapidly. More than thirty witnesses had been examined, yet no evidence had been obtained which permitted the Calas to be sentenced. It was found necessary to have recourse to the "*monitory*." This was a resource of the civil tribunals in cases where witnesses were backward. The Attorney-General drew up a list of "*presumed facts*" of which the Court was in need of evidence, which list was addressed to the ecclesiastical authority, and by it dispersed to the various parishes, to be read from the pulpits by the curés. The monitory so published informed all those who *knew by hearsay or otherwise* any of the circumstances stated in the requisition, that if they did not appear to disclose what they knew before either the magistrate, or the curé of their parish, they rendered themselves liable to excommunication. One of the rules for drawing up this terrible document in point of form required that it should always summon witnesses on both sides — for the defense as well as the prosecution. This provision was necessary, because the tribunals in

those days adhered rigorously to the maxim of the Roman law, that no witness can be heard who offers himself. (*Testis se offerens repellitur a testimonio.*) As the accused themselves were not allowed to call witnesses, none could appear for the defense at all, were the monitory so worded as to cite them for the prosecution only. In the present case the Attorney-General, with flagrant illegality, drew up his requisition in this partial form.

Meanwhile the passions of the populace were further appealed to by the aid of religion. It was determined to give Marc-Antoine a public funeral. The Attorney-General, by collusion with the Capitouls, demanded, in the King's name, an order for interment on the ground that "une foule de motifs le rendent necessaire." As proper means had been taken to guard against decomposition, there were no other motives that could reasonably be alleged. David, and one of his colleagues, took an opportunity when the rest of the consistory were absent, and they found themselves alone with two of their assessors of whom they were sure, to make an order to that effect. They then engaged the curé of the parish of St. Etienne to undertake the ceremonies. Accordingly the body of a Protestant and a suicide was buried with all the honors of the Catholic Church, attended by all the clergy in Toulouse. It shows the temper of the people, that one of the lay confraternities, called the "White Penitents," attended the procession in their colors, on the pretext that the "martyred" Marc-Antoine had entertained the idea of joining their society. After this, one reads with satisfaction, in the *Moniteur* of eighth Avril, 1792, in the decree suppressing the confraternities throughout France, that the part played by the "Penitents Blancs" in the affair of Calas is recited as one of the motives of the suppression.

By these means a mass of evidence was slowly gathered which enabled the Capitouls to proceed to judgment. Not that any new facts, either direct or circumstantial, belonging to the tragedy of October thirteenth had been collected. The depositions are a mass of suspicions and hearsays, proving only the general animosity with which the Protestants were habitually regarded by their neighbors, and pointing constructively to the conclusion that the heretics thought any crime, even assassination, permissible to prevent

the conversion of one of their body to the Catholic faith. From this premiss the inference was, that on the thirteenth October, 1762, Jean Calas, aided and abetted by his wife, his son Pierre, his servant Jeanne Viguiet, and the young La Vaisse, had murdered his eldest son, Marc-Antoine. There was no evidence whatever for the murder, but the particular fact was thought to be sufficiently proved, because the general doctrine of the Protestants had been presumptively established. The accused were not proved guilty, but they had been rigorously excluded from offering any evidence of their innocence. It was not to be endured that heretics should be allowed to say that one who had received from the Church the honors of a martyr had been a suicide. Nor, indeed, in the excited state of popular feeling could any witness have dared, even if the citation had been so framed as to have admitted it, to depose in favor of the accused. There were, indeed, two persons who could and would have come forward to affirm on oath the innocence of Calas and his wife. These two persons were La Vaisse, and the maid Jeanne Viguiet. The prosecutors were, indeed, much embarrassed by having arrested these two persons, and by having included them in the charge. Jeanne Viguiet was a devout Catholic, who had been the means of converting one of her young masters, Louis Calas, and was supposed to have been urgent with Marc-Antoine to follow his brother's example. The absurdity of the supposition that she had aided in murdering Marc-Antoine, to prevent his conversion, was glaring, and the obvious mode of removing it would have been to have silently released her. But had she been released, she would have immediately appeared in quality of witness to prove that she had never quitted the Calas, father and mother, for an instant, from supper-time to the discovery of the body, and it would have been impossible to bring them in guilty.

As to the state of opinion in Toulouse, it was now the fixed belief of the whole city that one of the articles of the Protestant creed required all Protestants to put to death any member of their body who became a convert to the Church Catholic; that their own parents were bound to denounce them, nay, to aid, if required, in their execution. It was further affirmed by those who pretended to know, that on

the morning of the thirteenth, an Assembly of Protestants had been held in a house which they named, at which the assassination of Marc-Antoine had been resolved in solemn conclave. One of the depositions bearing on this charge may be selected as illustrative, not only of the evidence in this case, but of the sort of evidence admissible under the system of secret interrogatory practiced in the French Courts before the Revolution :

"Pierre Lagrèye, master-tailor, sixty-first witness, declares, that he *had it from* one Bonnemaison, that he, the said Bonnemaison *had heard say*, that a laborer of Caraman, on hearing of the affair of Calas, *had said*, that there was nothing strange in it, for that five or six persons had been made away with at Caraman in the same fashion."

Evidence enough of this sort had been got, and public opinion in Toulouse was not only ready, but impatient, for a severe sentence. Accordingly, on November eighteenth, the Capitouls met, and proceeded to what was called a preliminary sentence, which condemned Jean and Madame Calas, with their son Pierre to the rack, (*question ordinaire et extraordinaire*), and La Vaisse and Viguiier to be "presented." This presentation consisted in attaching the persons to the instrument of torture, and making every preparation for proceeding, and in that position interrogating them.

The sentence was immediately read to the victims. They appealed from the sentence of the Consistory to the higher court, the Parlement. Their appeal was met by a counter appeal on the part of the Attorney-General, an appeal *a minima*, that is, on the ground that the sentence on the two last criminals was too light.

The Parlement of Toulouse ranked as the second supreme court of justice in the kingdom. The Chambre de Tourneille, so called because the counselors sate in it in rotation, was a board, or judicial committee of magistrates for the hearing of criminal appeals. It consisted apparently of fifteen members, though only thirteen sat and voted on this appeal. None of these magistrates bear names of historic note, though many of them were men of high consideration in Languedoc. Under such a system, however, where offices were purchased, and

the magistracy vied with each other in truckling for ministerial favors, the highest names give no security for justice or even for common integrity. Those who know any thing of the history of the provincial Parlements will be prepared to find that the magistracy of Toulouse did but swim with the stream, and fall in with all the prepossessions and passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

It will be unnecessary to go over again the pleadings before the Chamber, as the depositions which had already been taken in the court below were put in the higher court, and nothing material was added. The accused had here, however, the advantage of counsel. They could not have had an abler advocate than M. Sudre. Combining a thorough knowledge of the civil law with a classical taste, the pleadings which he drew up for the defense are in the best style of the French bar, and far superior in their chastened reserve to the exaggerated and tumid protocols which were put forth at a later period of the affair, when it had begun to attract the attention of Europe. They do not appear to have produced any effect upon the magistrates. One member of the Chamber only, M. de La Salle, was, at an early period of the trial, convinced of the innocence of the unhappy Calas, and was courageous enough to brave public opinion in the endeavor to save them. He was easily put aside by his colleagues, not by argument, but by the simple sarcasm: "Ah! Monsieur, vous êtes tout Calas!" What courage it required to bear even this useless testimony to truth may be conceived from the fact that M. Sudre, for his generosity in undertaking the defense of the helpless, lost all his practice at the bar, no one daring to employ a barrister who had so seriously compromised himself.

After ten "grandes séances" the court proceeded to deliver judgment. M. de La Salle, from highly conscientious motives, abstained from voting, as having already taken a part out of court. Of the thirteen judges who voted, only seven voted for the extreme sentence of the law. This would have saved the prisoner, as the law required an absolute majority of the chamber. Upon this the senior magistrate present, out of complaisance to the court, transferred his vote, and the required majority was obtained.

The sentence condemned Jean Calas—

"1. To the rack (*la question ordinaire et extraordinaire*) to draw from him a confession of his crime, and a betrayal of his accomplices.

"2. That in his shirt, head and feet bare, he should be drawn from prison to the cathedral, and there on his knees, at the principal entrance, with a candle of wax two pounds weight in his hands, he should demand pardon for his crime of God, the king, and the laws.

"3. That he should then be replaced in the cart, and taken to the Place Saint-Georges, where he should be stretched on a wheel, and have his arms, legs, thighs, and ribs broken by the executioner.

"4. That he should then be laid upon his back, with his face toward heaven, to live as long as it should please God to give him life in pain and repentance for his crime and misdeeds, and to serve as an example of terror to other malefactors."

This sentence was pronounced March 9, 1762, and executed the following day.

The horrible details of the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, by rack and by water, are given at length in the official *procès-verbal*. Human nature shrinks before the repetition of them. Suffice it to say that the spirit of the heroic victim triumphed over his mortal agonies, and that the butchers, assisted by the exhortations of two Jacobin friars, only extorted a consistent and unwavering declaration of innocence. In the hideous interrogatory between the patient and his judges we have no difficulty in recognizing an error on the one side endeavoring in vain to find any grounds on which to establish itself: on the other, the integrity of innocence reproducing itself in every form, and under the most terrible test to which human nature can be subjected. When brought out on the scaffold for the final scene of brutality, a single cry escaped his lips at the first blow out of the eleven, each one of which broke a bone. He endured the rest without a murmur. When stretched out in the manner prescribed by the sentence, notwithstanding the double torture and the breaking of his limbs, life was still so tenacious in the man of sixty-four, that he lingered in his agony for two hours. At the expiration of this time the executioner had orders to put a period to his sufferings. At this moment David, who had presided at the torture, and had been watching the subsequent proceedings, unable any longer to control his rage and disappointment at not having

extracted a confession, rushed towards him on the scaffold: "Wretch, you have but a moment more to live! Confess the truth!" Calas, unable to speak, but retaining his faculties perfectly, made a sign in the negative with his head, and the executioner put the cord round his neck.

It is some consolation to outraged humanity to record the end of David. As light was gradually thrown upon this horrible perversion of justice, David found himself become the object of universal detestation. In 1765 he was turned out of the Capitolate. The horrors of his situation deranged his mind. He thought he saw gibbets and executioners on every side of him. He was taken home to his native place for the benefit of the air. He threw himself out of window once, but without fatal consequences. Though carefully watched, he managed to evade his keepers a second time, and killed himself by throwing himself from a window, crying out the name of Calas!

In relating the fate of the wretched Capitoul, we have anticipated. We return to the year 1762.

It had been thought advisable to take the case of Jean Calas first, separate from the others, as it was expected the torture would wring from him such a confession as would furnish a better ground of proceeding to their condemnation than as yet existed. The heroism of the father saved his family. The day after the execution, the *Procureur-Général*,* "*ce Procureur de Beelzebuth*," Voltaire called him in the Sirven affair in 1770, moved the court to proceed to sentence the rest of the prisoners. He demanded that Madame Calas, her son, and La Vaisse should be hung, and Jeanne Viguier confined for life in the prison of the asylum, after having been present at the execution of her accomplices. On the 18th March the court pronounced its decision. This was—against Pierre Calas, banishment: against the other three, a verdict of acquittal. It is evident from this sentence that the judges had already begun to feel a suspicion of their error. For if Pierre had been guilty as an accessory to the murder of his brother, he should not have been let off with banishment. And if he was

* The *Procureur-Général* was the head of the bar attached to a supreme court. The *Procureur-du-Roi* held the same position at the bar attached to any inferior court.

not accessory, for what crime was the penalty of banishment inflicted? And as he and the other three were not accessory to the murder, we are to suppose that a man of sixty-four had, unassisted, strangled a vigorous young man of twenty-eight, without his even being able to make sufficient resistance to alarm the rest of the household. This second sentence is the severest censure on the first.

Such was the tragedy enacted in Toulouse. Let us turn to the effect produced as it came to be known beyond the walls.

On the Protestants of France it produced the utmost degree of consternation. The odious horrors of the torture and execution of an innocent man, and the blind violence with which his destruction at all hazards had been pushed on, struck the imagination with awe. But more than even this were they alarmed by finding the whole of the Reformed churches publicly charged in an official document, authenticated by the Church, with holding the doctrine that it was the duty of parents to assassinate their children if they showed a disposition to become Catholics. They thought themselves obliged to obtain a solemn disavowal of the tenet, signed by the "Venerable Company of the Pastors, etc., of the Church at Geneva." And they further engaged the most accredited name among the French Reformed, the illustrious Paul Rabaut, Pastor of the Desert, to put forth a "Memorial" in their defense. This defense, entitled *La Calomnie Confondue*, is, in the opinion of M. Coquerel, not the production of Paul Rabaut himself. He was led to this conclusion by the style of the pamphlet, which is spirited, defiant, and tinged with the declamatory rhetoric of the man of letters of that age. Such was not the attitude of the Reformed religion in France in the eighteenth century. The French Protestants were terrified at the pluck of their own apologist, and hastened to let him know that they found his pamphlet "too severe." Too severe on the murderers of Calas! To what can a few generations of unresisted and hopeless oppression bring a feeble and persecuted class or sect of men? We may not taunt these unhappy "sheep in the desert" with pusillanimity. But it is too true that the vigor and life of the Huguenot body had quitted their country at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Those

who staid behind had to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of insult and humiliation. They voluntarily accepted their lot, and their submission produced its natural effects on their character. We are reminded of the description given of them in the indignant appeals of Saurin to these Nicodemites, as he calls them, who, by remaining at home, had sacrificed their conscience to their interests. Saurin reproaches them with betraying their God and their brethren. It would be more true to say that they were unfaithful to themselves. They had, like all defeated parties, lost the consciousness of being in the right, and seemed to cling to their creed rather from a stupid tenacity than from conviction. They justified their oppressors, and really thought it "treason" to complain. We must ascribe to this entire subjugation to the opinion of the majority the fact, that many Protestants in France at first expressed their full belief in the guilt of Calas.

All that the voice from the Desert dared to call in question was the ascription to the Protestant body of the doctrine of assassination. Even for this moderate resistance the memorial of Paul Rabaut was ordered by the Parliament of Toulouse to be burnt in the public square, and informations were directed to be taken against all "concerned in composing, writing, printing, or distributing the said libel." The sentence on Jean Calas, a sentence passed with every solemnity by the second court of justice in the kingdom, no Protestant would have ventured to dispute the legality of, whatever suspicion he might have nursed in private. But even had the Protestants possessed the will, they had not the power to obtain a hearing. It required a mind unsubjugated by the reigning fanaticism, and a voice which could make itself heard, in order to bring the murderers of Calas to the bar of public opinion.

About the end of March, 1762, a merchant of Marseilles, on his way home from Toulouse, stopped at Geneva, paid a visit to Voltaire, and gave him an account of the dreadful scene which he had just witnessed. He affirmed most emphatically that Calas was innocent. Over and above the indignation inspired by the perversion of justice, there was that in the character of the business which in an especial manner addressed itself to Voltaire's interests.

The most sincere and disinterested of his feelings was his burning indignation against crimes committed in the name of religion. In the Toulouse tragedy he had brought home to him one of the most atrocious of such crimes on record. And this, on either alternative. Was Calas guilty? Then would be betrayed a dark and murderous fanaticism lurking among the crushed relics of French Calvinism. Was he innocent? Then Catholic bigotry had committed in the sight of day an atrocious wickedness, which it concerned the honor of the French nation to atone for as publicly and fully as lay in its power. With his accustomed energy he set about obtaining all the information he could gather; he spared neither time nor labor, nor any of his accustomed artifices, to elicit, to surprise—the truth; writing in every direction, checking one correspondent by another. If he found one of his informants zealous in the cause of the Calas, Voltaire assumed the tone of one who believed their guilt, and challenges proof of the contrary. It was not long, however, before he saw his own way. The task of putting the evidence in a shape to convince others was much more serious. For one species of proof which had most influenced himself could not be represented on paper. This was his experiments, for so we may call them, on the two sons. Donat Calas, the youngest, was then fifteen; he had been apprenticed to a tradesman at Nîmes. After the arrest and imprisonment of his family, he was recommended to fly the country, as the only way of escaping being involved in the catastrophe; he took refuge at Geneva; here Voltaire found him, carried him home to “*Les Délices*,” and kept him with him. By this means he gained a knowledge not only of the young man’s own disposition, but of the character of the family, and the interior economy of their household. Had Voltaire found in Donat the traces of savage fanaticism and sectarian hatred, it would at least have given possibility to the crime. He recognized, on the contrary, in the family with whose habits he thus made acquaintance, a gentleness of manners, a respectful tolerance towards the Catholic religion, which is most remote from such sacrifices to Moloch as were alleged. In July, Pierre Calas, having escaped from a Dominican convent at Toulouse into which he had been entrapped, made his appear-

ance at Geneva. Voltaire, not content with examining him, placed persons in secret espionage near him for four months. His whole conduct and language, writes Voltaire, at the conclusion of this long trial, “*sont de l’innocence la plus pure, et de la douleur la plus vraie.*” The innocence of Calas is not doubtful. Had it been otherwise, the result of Voltaire’s experiment upon the sons would have been of the greatest weight in favor of the father. It may be true that it suited Voltaire’s purposes to attack the Parlement rather than the Protestants. But it was essential to him, if he did engage in a struggle with the Parlement, to be sure that he had right on his side before beginning. Had he had a bad case, he must have been ignominiously defeated. As it was, with right and justice on his side, success was doubtful.

As soon as he was decided to act, it was necessary to engage the coöperation of the Widow Calas. Broken-hearted by a calamity which was irreparable by any human aid, she had retired with Jeanne Viguier into the country, in the neighborhood of Montauban. Her only desire now was to drag out in privacy the sorrowful remainder of a life whose sunshine had been so cruelly extinguished. When she found herself expected to reappear in the world, to undertake the journey to Paris, and the harass and shame of a personal canvass, she at first shrunk from the effort demanded. Indeed it was a hazardous as well as a difficult enterprise. She had but just escaped, herself and one of her sons, from participating in her husband’s tortures and death. They might be thought fortunate in having got off so easily. Was she now to confront authority, to levy war against the Parlement of Toulouse, or even against the Capitouls? The same credit and influence which had been used to procure the unjust verdict would be exerted with tenfold force to sustain it.

Voltaire better understood the risk run in the attempt than Madame Calas herself. He knew that now the whole strength of the Church would be engaged to uphold the unjust judgment, and with the more pertinacity because they knew it to have been unjust, and its exposure would therefore involve signal disgrace. But with his far-sighted and clear understanding, he had calculated his resources, and saw that it could be done. The closest cau-

tion, however, was necessary. Had it been known that Madame Calas was in motion, the Attorney-General would have had little difficulty in obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, and shutting her up in some prison or convent. She went to Paris alone. Her means were now too narrow—for their fortune had been wrecked by the imprisonment, and even their shop pillaged by the mob—for her to afford an attendant, and the faithful Jeanne was left at home. M. La Vaisse, who acted in concert with her, also appeared in Paris under an assumed name. Voltaire from a distance watched over her proceedings, smoothed her path, and acted as her protector with that thoughtful delicacy in which he was unsurpassed. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, the lonely woman soon found herself surrounded by friends, and offers of assistance. But this brought with it new troubles. Her inexperience of the capital was so great, that every friend thought himself bound to become adviser also. The multitude of counselors became itself an embarrassment. Voltaire's time is now occupied in setting aside the impracticable proposals of mistaken well-wishers, and repairing the blunders of officious but ignorant zeal. His activity was incessant, and equaled by his steadiness. The fertility of his invention, his inexhaustible fund of expedients to meet every difficulty, were never more conspicuous than in this cause, into which he threw himself with all his soul.

The difficulties were appalling. First, there was the pervading official difficulty of getting any thing *done*, which is multiplied tenfold when it is a question of getting *undone* that which has been done. Not public offices only, and professions, but society, swarms with persons who are always convinced that an official sentence is always a just sentence. Such a one was the Duc de Villars, whom Voltaire had endeavored to enlist in the cause. He had so far complied as to make an application to the Secretary of State, that the grounds of the sentence (*motifs de l'arrêt*) might be produced :

"This is as much as I considered myself justified in saying to M. de Saint-Florentin. I could not venture to assert that the sentence was an unjust sentence, as I have no reason for thinking it so. The papers which you have forwarded to me, and which I hereby acknowledge, have not altered my opinion. I wish I may be

wrong in believing that fanaticism can prompt to any crime. But I can not suppose that thirteen judges would unanimously condemn a man to the most terrible of punishments without a certain assurance of his guilt."

These sentiments, which breathe the refinement and cold good sense of the "highest circles," were by no means confined to those circles. They were above all things adapted to damp Voltaire, who, however he might outrage decency at times, was always alive to the proprieties. An anecdote is told by M. Gaberel (*Voltaire les Gênois*) of a German Baron who happened in passing by Geneva to call at Ferney, in the very height of the business. Having just emerged from his patriarchal Schloss, the baron was in baronial ignorance of the news of the day. Voltaire, who could think of nothing else, immediately inquired: "Monsieur, que pensez-vous du pauvre Calas, qui a été roué?"

"Il a été roué! Ah! il faut que ce soit un grant coquin!"

Voltaire's indignation may be guessed, and the visitor was summarily ejected from Ferney, much to his astonishment. His blunder was explained to him at Geneva. He, on his part, had supposed Calas to be some brigand to whom the Lord of Ferney had been administering seigniorial justice.

The coldness of official person was not the only obstacle to be grappled with. The Calas had a secret opponent in the most powerful personage in the realm, the Secretary of State, the Comte de Saint-Florentin. His opposition was all the more formidable that it was veiled under the cautious and stately reserve of diplomatic forms. What may have been the minister's policy it is impossible to guess. But we now know, from the secret dispatches, what was not penetrated by Voltaire himself, that throughout the affair the Secretary of State was the active and interested patron of the enemies of Calas.

Another danger to be guarded against was the susceptibility of the Catholics. Had the appeal of the Calas for justice been put in its true light, it might easily have been represented on the other side as a conspiracy of the Calvinists, and so not only the Church, but the whole Catholic party, have been roused to resist it. In drawing up the memorials for the appellants, Voltaire had the difficult task of pleading for a Protestant, and before

Catholic France, such as Louis XIV. had left it. His own account of the nicety of touch this required is found in one of the letters, published for the first time in 1856.

"My dear Trochin—I send you the memorial as I have worded it for our Catholics at home; you see that, like the apostle, I make myself all things to all men. A Protestant, speaking as here in his own name, could not, I thought, conceal his creed, but must speak of it with modesty, to disarm, if possible, the French prejudice against Calvinism. Consider that there are plenty of folks quite ready to say: 'What signifies it if they have beaten a Calvinist to death! The State has one enemy the less!' Depend upon it, many a good simple ecclesiastic thinks this. We must stop their mouths by a modest exposition of the reasonable side of Protestantism, so stated that the Catholic convert-mongers shall continue to cherish hopes of success."

Many other obstacles of a technical nature, such as the difficulty of obtaining a copy of the original proceedings at Toulouse, arose; the expense, which was enormous, Voltaire paid out of his own pocket, or by a subscription among his friends; but finally they were all surmounted by his address and ardor. On the seventh of March, three days short of a year since the death of Jean Calas, Voltaire had the gratification of seeing the first step towards reparation made. The Conseil d'Etat, on the motion of M. Mariette, made an order for the review of the case of Jean Calas. It had now attracted general attention, not only at the bar, and in legal and official circles, but in the court. The Conseil du Roi was held at Versailles; and we have the following account from an eye-witness, in a letter dated the following day, March eighth:

"Madam Calas's affair was decided yesterday in the Council. I accompanied her to Versailles, as did several other gentlemen—her friends. She met with a most favorable reception from the ministers. She was not obliged to wait any where. As soon as ever she presented herself, the doors flew wide open. Every one seemed bent on offering her all the sympathy in their power. The Chancellor said to her: 'Your business, Madam, engages all our thoughts. We desire that you should receive here all the consolation for your troubles, which we can give.' She proceeded to the gallery, with her daughters, to see the King pass to council. Several of the great lords addressed her—the Duc d'A., the Comte de Noailles, etc.

They undertook that the King should notice her, and placed her on purpose. But owing to a strange accident, their design was frustrated. For just as the King came to the place, one of his suite stumbled and fell, and drew all eyes upon him."

This first *arrêt* of the Council, ordering a review, was only the first stage. It took twelve months more to carry the case through all the necessary steps. The 4th of June, the Council having reviewed the case, quashed the judgment of the Parlement of Toulouse, (*arrêt de cassation*.) and ordered a new trial.

The indignation at Toulouse, when the news reached that city, was extreme. It was indeed an extreme and rare stretch of royal power to reverse the judgment of a supreme court of justice. The lawyers at Toulouse maintained that it could not be done. However, they were obliged to content themselves with muttering this constitutional doctrine, and with making an extortionate charge for certified copies of the proceedings. One religious consolation the Archbishop (Arthur Richard Dillon) indulgently added. To reward their Catholic zeal, and console them under their cruel humiliation, he permitted each of the counselors of the Parliament to have mass said at home on Sundays. In the enjoyment of these Christian comforts they had nothing to regret, as they said, in the business, but not having had the whole five broken on the wheel instead of one only.

The Council du Roi, or Privy Council, having annulled the sentence as a court of appeal, sent the case for a new trial before a court composed of the "Maitress des Requêtes de l'Hotel au Souverain." This appears to have been a sort of Palace Court, for the trial of causes arising within the precincts of the palace or royal residence. Its cognizance seems to have been extended, on this and rare occasions, to such cases as the King in council pleased to reserve for his own hearing. This second trial was of the greatest consequence for clearing the memory and establishing the innocence of Jean Calas. Had the proceedings ended in annulling the Toulouse judgment, it would have been certainly pretended that the reversal was unfounded. Now the whole evidence was gone into afresh, and the Calas were enabled to produce evidence for the defense, which the iniquitous procedure of the provincial tribunal had not admitted.

The examination of the evidence occupied six sittings of about four hours each, the last excepted, which was more than eight. The final sentence, in which the forty judges unanimously concurred, was given on the 9th of March, 1765—the very day three years on which the original sentence had been passed on Jean Calas. This piece of French puerility might better have been spared. "This theatrical trick," says Grimm, (*Corresp. Lit.*, 25 Mars,) "in so solemn a business, makes one shudder, as if one was among children playing with knives and axes." Some of the advisers of Madam Calas, elated with success, urged her to proceed to sue the Parlement of Toulouse for damages. This was judiciously prevented. She received a sum in compensation out of the public purse. It sounds considerable, but it was all exhausted in the costly legal proceedings which had now spread over three years, beside the sums which had been laid out by Voltaire. To the subscription which Voltaire opened foreign countries contributed. The Empress of Russia was said to have given three thousand livres. The English subscription-list contained nearly one hundred and fifty names, headed by those of the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Long before all the creditors were paid off, these succors were exhausted; and it remained for the National Convention in '92—thirty years after the event—to make this final reparation. On the 23d Pluviose, the citizen Bézard made a set harangue before the Convention, reciting the whole story, and bringing forward some facts which had not been produced on the trial, with which he had been furnished by the surviving members of the family. This is the last public notice of the Calas tragedy.

One reflection is forced upon us by reviewing the share which law had in this drama. The arm by which Voltaire fought out his success was public opinion. The power by which the Catholic magistrates of Toulouse had worked was also a public opinion, namely, that of the Catholic population of Languedoc. Voltaire was able to upset their judgment by bringing to bear on the tribunals a wider and more comprehensive publicity. The opinion of Europe corrected the narrow bigotry of a remote province. The tribunals play a subordinate part throughout. Law appears as the creature and instrument of the public voice, which controls and di-

rects its findings. Instead of waiting to let the case be sifted in court, confident that justice will be done, the public out of doors dictate what view the bench shall take. The public must assume the office of Dicast, and labor through the evidence, or there is no security that justice will be done. Let us suppose that instead of a skeptical and tolerant age, with a Voltaire to direct opinion, these events had occurred in a reactionary and servile period, when orthodoxy and the infallibility of government were the reigning doctrines, what possible chance would there have been of the reversal of Jean Calas' sentence? The same bigotry which had perverted justice at Toulouse would have sanctioned the perversion at Paris. The rational and instructed minority would have raised their voice, but it would have been heard only in an unavailing and despised protest. There has probably been no age of the history of France in which such a sentence as this passed by the Parlement of Toulouse was impossible. There is hardly any period of that history, besides the one in question, when such a conspicuous act of justice to a Protestant, as the reversal of Calas' sentence, was possible.

Thus it happened that a matter of fact, no more doubtful than any of the most certain facts in history, became a party question. The memory of Calas had been vindicated by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. That was quite enough for the Catholics. A good Catholic must know no more in order to form his opinion. It is the characteristic of Catholicism that it supersedes reason, and prejudices all matters by the application of fixed principles. And this habit of mind a Catholic carries with him from religion and philosophy into history and matters of fact. His question is not, "Is there evidence that this man did this thing?" but, "Which view does the Church take?" The mental habit thus engendered is fatal to truth and integrity. M. Coquerel flatters himself, in his closing words, that he has set the matter at rest forever. The writers on both sides, he says, had followed the same method. They had repeated, out of the histories, the same arguments, the partisans dwelling on those which seemed to tell for the accused—the adversaries on those which made against them. But no one before himself had undertaken to go through in detail the written depositions

and the pleadings of the advocates. M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well-informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics

are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ELEANOR VAUGHAN; OR, TWICE AVENGED.

"You've distinguished yourself to-day," said Charley Noel to his companion, as they rode their tired hunters into Leamington late one winter's afternoon. "'Pon my word, then, you have! You're just as sound as I am, my boy, or you couldn't have ridden as you have to-day."

"I suppose I am getting all right again," our old acquaintance, Paul Fletcher answered, "and it's only now and then that I still feel the effects of the wound. But as to hunting, you know that's no criterion, for I believe I should ride till I dropped without feeling tired."

Two years had elapsed since we left Paul in Caffraria, but he had only lately returned to England. Having partially recovered from his wound, he resumed duty again and got through the remainder of the campaign. "Chi va piano va sano;" but Paul, pursuing a precisely opposite course, suffered accordingly, and though much recruited by his loitering overland journey home, he was not yet fit for much, and to this Mr. Noel attributed his taciturnity at times, offering such a contrast to his own native expansiveness. It was, however, rather a recommendation to him in Paul, for he had command of language enough for two, and Fletcher often let him have it entirely his own way, throwing a monosyllable in now and then. Paul had also changed somewhat in appearance since we first intro-

duced him to you. His tall slight figure had, without filling out much, gained in dignity; his features, then so animated and buoyant in expression, had acquired a severer beauty; the half-parted lips were now somewhat compressed, and round them lurked at times a faint smile of sarcasm, just enough to make you feel uncomfortable. This was relieved, however, by the deep earnestness of his brown eyes and the still open brow, from which it seemed no shadow could quite chase kindness away. His coloring had once been bright and rich as an Italian boy's—now, but for the sun-burning, it would have been pale. But if Paul Fletcher's face had lost the beauty of youth, it had gained in that of intellect and thought, and we think that altogether this second beauty came off victorious.

"I don't think I can go with you to-night, though, Noel," Fletcher resumed. "I am not yet sufficiently civilized to encounter the *belles* of Leamington.

"But you'll see my widow," said Mr. Noel, as an additional inducement.

"Mrs. Heathcote?" Paul exclaimed. "Heathcote's widow?"

"The same; do you know her?"

"I—I met her long ago, before her marriage," Paul answered. "Poor Heathcote was devoted to her, and died with her name on his lips. I was close beside him."

"What did you expect?" Paul asked

satirically. "You would not have her more than woman! She has only the courage to show what others feel *without* showing it. At any rate, there is no deception about her."

It was a large dinner-party to which Paul and Mr. Noel were asked at this Mrs. Langton's, to be followed by an evening party; and they accordingly went, and Mr. Noel reintroduced Paul to "his widow." She was a very pretty sparkling brunette, with rippling brown hair from which the widow's cap had long been discarded, though she still wore half-mourning.

When they returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, a number of fresh guests had arrived, and the rooms were filling fast. Music commenced, and with it a general buzz of conversation. Mr. Noel had already resumed his place by Mrs. Heathcote, and Paul being a stranger, felt for a moment a little solitary, and began to regret having yielded to his friend's persuasions. Then he remembered that he had often derived amusement from observing the groups of humanity round him, and, retiring to the corner of a chimney, prepared to indulge in this rather uncharitable entertainment. What a bee-hive it was! what nonsense some of them were importantly talking! how funny it was to see a young lady every now and then cast glances at herself in the mirror opposite, and then, when Paul caught her eye, pretend she was looking at her neighbor, and do it again determinedly! Were those people really amusing themselves? Did it make them happy to sit in hot rooms, listening to indifferent music, and talking so very much about nothing? Was this happiness? What *was* happiness? After all, what did *any thing* mean? Paul was becoming perplexed, and wished he were quietly in his own rooms with his Shakespeare and his faithful old dog, Captain. He thought he would go now. When looking round to see if Noel were still there, his eye lit on a face he had seen before, but could not remember where. While Paul was watching her, a lady, who had hitherto been concealed by the group that surrounded her, rose from her chair and moved to the ottoman. For a moment she stood speaking to her, and for that moment Paul Fletcher's heart stood still, and he leaned against the chimney-piece for support. It was natural

that he should feel this emotion; he had just recognized one whom he least expected to see there—one whom he could not see again for the first time without such emotion—he had recognized Lady Torwood. He had heard nothing of her since his return—very little since he learnt that, after a few months' marriage, she had lost her husband. Lord Torwood, after a short illness, during which she had nursed him dutifully, had meekly died as he had meekly lived, blessing his wife for the brief happiness he owed her. Lady Torwood had put on the deepest weeds, and passed the first year of her widowhood in complete seclusion at her beautiful jointure house, her old and faithful friend Mrs. Campbell being again her companion as she had been in her girlhood.

Eleanor's position was a very brilliant one. Her husband had left her one of the richest widows in England, her beauty was at its height, her *ton* established, and her reputation for talent just sufficient to avoid making enemies, and quite within a high-bred compass. She was on the best of terms, too, with Lord Torwood's relations, and had always been so. Eleanor, they thought, had always so well maintained her dignity, and her conduct since poor Torwood's death had really been irreproachable. Her grief, though so deep, had been so dignified, and she had shown so much delicacy of feeling and such consideration for his memory.

Lady Torwood's beauty was indeed at its height, and the rich plainness of her dress suited its style. Her black velvet gown showed off the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and, forming almost a train rolled to the ground in graceful folds. A fall of old point lace, fastened at the back of her head, alone hid the glorious masses of her sunny-braided hair, while the plain string of diamonds round her statuesquely-turned throat and white arms, formed her only ornament, leaving the beautiful face itself, with its deep gray eyes, to be the riveting point of the picture. Paul stood not very far from the ottoman. Probably from the intent gaze he had fastened on her, (and of which people generally have a consciousness,) Lady Torwood involuntarily turned towards him, and their eyes met. A slight start proved that she too had recognized him, and then she bowed in a manner that made it impossible for Fletcher not

to go up to where she sat and speak to her, as she evidently wished he should do. As he approached she extended her hand, and though he felt himself turn pale, it was with perfect composure that he took it and heard Lady Torwood's voice speaking to him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Captain Fletcher!" she exclaimed; "I did not know that you had returned to England."

"Still less did I know you were in Leamington," Paul answered, in a very steady voice, "and it was by a mere chance I came here to-night. A most fortunate chance," Captain Fletcher added, with a somewhat Grandisonian bow.

"And are you quite well—quite restored from the effects of— We have heard about you, though not *from* you, since we last met," Lady Torwood said, a little reproachfully; "Mrs. Campbell and I thought you had treated such old friends rather ill."

Paul did not answer—what could he answer?—but he raised his eyes slowly to Lady Torwood's face, as she also looked up at him. Apparently there was something unpleasant in the expression of Captain Fletcher's eyes at that moment, for Lady Torwood began talking again, and speedily moved off their first ground of conversation. Paul sat down beside her, and with great tact she gradually drew him into an account of the campaign he had made, of the occasion of his wound, etc., subjects which he was afterwards surprised to find he had entered upon; for when Paul *was* drawn into battle-talk, he always ignored his personal share in the subject. Lady Torwood, however, had acquired great art in conversation, and had that in perfection of making the person with whom she conversed become thoroughly self-satisfied for the time being.

In anticipation, Paul had dreaded the ordeal which he had this evening gone through with such composure—had feared that the feelings he once entertained for Eleanor Vaughan, and which, when he left England, he had striven with all his might and main to destroy, would revive again at sight of Lady Torwood; for though his love had received one grand death-blow when he lost faith in her, it was too much a part of himself to be easily eradicated. The fibers had wonderful tenacity, and at times he despised himself when he found

how weak his iron will was to tear them quite away. Had he still believed in her it would have gone hard with him, though his sense of duty was so strong that he would have struggled to the death to conquer himself. But this straightforward truthful spirit had despised Eleanor's faithlessness, and despised its motive; contempt and love could not live together. Had he been a woman they might—for women, when they love, "bear all things, endure all things;" but the one feeling in Paul Fletcher had, like a noxious weed, killed the other; and though to-night he had felt emotion he had not felt love. Still, he wondered at himself, wondered that this dreaded meeting was so easily over.

How very beautiful Eleanor was! Even now that he could pass a calm dispassioned opinion, it could be no other than that. Lady Torwood was even more beautiful than Eleanor Vaughan had been. Well! she had attained the object of her ambition—he wondered if she was happy?—he wondered if she had had any sort of affection for her husband? Bah! it was better not to inquire too deeply into the amount of attachment in any marriage. At least you must generally measure it by the *policy* of the arrangement. "Foreign alliances," after all, were the best; in them women were disposed of by their fathers, and saved having to transact the mercenary business themselves. Turkish women, he thought, were the most entirely free from any blame of millionaire-trapping; but if it were not managed for them, he had no doubt they would do it as well as any well-trained British maiden.

Paul felt that he was becoming bitter, but was it to be wondered at?

"Was he not right to be bitter at heart?" And yet he had forgiven Eleanor long, long ago; indeed, he had never felt anger against her. The anger that she alone had caused, instead of falling on her, had been dispersed over her whole sex. She was only a woman; he excused her at the expense of all the daughters of Eve.

And now he asked himself, would it be wise for him to come once more into daily contact with Lady Torwood? was he quite strong enough to stand the test, or had he better leave Leamington directly? She had asked him to call, and if he remained he must undoubtedly do so; and besides,

in a place of the kind, he was sure to meet her constantly. Paul felt his pulse mentally as he argued this question with himself, and finding it beat quite calmly, decided that he saw no reason for altering his winter plans because accident had brought Lady Torwood to Leamington, and smiling to himself a little boastfully, said that he had never yet fled before a foe, and did not see the necessity of now flying before so fair a one. He would pay his devoirs to Lady Torwood the very next day.

When Paul and Charley Noel, who accompanied him, made their way into Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent the following day, they found her seated at work with her cousin, Miss Ellis. Mrs. Campbell was also with them, and was so sincerely rejoiced at seeing Paul again, that the tears rose to the kind old dame's eyes as she greeted him. Lady Torwood's reception of him was cordial; she evidently wished all that had passed between them to be forgotten. It was as if she held the book of their past lives in her hand, and tearing out the blotted pages, said graciously to Paul: "Thus much shall you retain, and no more. I am willing to forget all that has ever been disagreeable in our interviews; willing to forget that you have occasionally caused me unpleasant twinges of conscience; therefore, do you also forget." But Paul's memory was not under his control.

However, this did not of course appear outwardly, and if you had heard their conversation to-day you never could have guessed that any thing more than an ordinary pleasant acquaintance had existed between them, so sparkling was it, so easy, and to all appearance untutored, though in reality they were now proving to what perfection in the art of talk they had both arrived.

Mrs. Heathcote had come in, and was looking very pretty in her morning dress and lilac bonnet, and the conversation now became general. She was going to a large ball that night, and wanted Lady Torwood to go too, but the latter gravely declined, intimating by her manner that neither her health nor her spirits were sufficiently restored to admit of her entering into an amusement of the kind.

"Are you to be there, Captain Fletcher?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

Paul smiled, and told her that he still

considered himself sufficiently invalided to escape from balls, which he hated.

"It's a pity you hadn't escaped *one* ball just before you made an excuse for the others, Paul, my boy," muttered Mr. Noel, in a stage aside. "Me boyh" Mr. Noel always pronounced the two last words which he so frequently applied to Paul..

"Oh! to be sure, said Mrs. Heathcote; "I forgot you were badly wounded in that horrid Caffraria. You were quite a lion last night; Mrs. Langton told every body you had been left for dead, and that when you came to life again one of your legs, which was cut off, had to be sewed on again; and I'm sure two or three people looked to see if you'd got back the proper leg. But do tell us all about it; it's such fun hearing about battles."

Pressed on all sides for an account of the occasion on which he was wounded, Paul Fletcher gave a graphic sketch of the day in his simple, straightforward manner—losing sight of himself in the narration, you may be sure as much as possible. Lady Torwood listened attentively, and once when it was evident—tell it as he might—that Paul's share of the honor and danger of the day had been no small one, a light kindled in her eyes, and she fixed them earnestly on his face, listening eagerly. She had always known he was a true, brave man; till now, she had never considered the heroic in his composition.

"How long is it since you returned to England, Captain Fletcher?" asked Miss Ellis.

"How long 'reminds me that we have really trespassed on your time, Lady Torwood," said Paul, taking up his hat to go.

And with this finale terminated Paul's first visit to Lady Torwood.

Certainly the meeting with Lady Torwood and Mrs. Heathcote tended materially to make Captain Fletcher's and Mr. Noel's stay at Leamington more agreeable. The two fair widows made a great sensation there that winter, each after her fashion. Lady Torwood, though she went out very little, holding a species of court and surrounded by humble vassals; Mrs. Heathcote followed by less awe-stricken admirers, especially in the hunting-field, where she shone conspicuous. Mammals who feared any loss of time on their daughters' parts, and had taken

them to Leamington for the campaign there, said that Lady Torwood was intolerably proud and stiff; and that as to beauty, you derived far more satisfaction from looking at a statue, for that she entirely lacked expression. As to Mrs. Heathcote, they wished any body had influence enough with her to prevent her going on in the way she did. They really did not like *their* daughters to make a companion of her. And this, perhaps, was not to be wondered at.

After his first visit to her, Paul had been quite easy on the score of his feelings towards Eleanor; he never hitherto believed it possible that he could feel so calmly towards her. He viewed her character in quite a different light now; the divinity had sunk into a mere woman, with a soul of about the usual altitude—not lower; he must not be too hard upon her. Yet he never wondered that she had seemed a divinity to him. He still acknowledged that she was more beautiful, more admirable than by far the greater number of women you saw. And her quiet, refined manner cast a halo of superiority around her which he admitted was enough to make a devotee of so young and enthusiastic a man as he had then been. He knew better now, and he took a strange cynical pleasure in testing his present feelings towards her, seeking her society that each time he might feel the more conscious of his own freedom, and revel in it.

Paul Fletcher was, as you will perceive, playing with edge-tools, and where *this* foe was concerned, perhaps it would have been wiser if he had let his discretion prove the better part of valor.

"You really are going too far, Charlie," said Paul Fletcher to Mr. Noel, as they walked one day to Lady Torwood's, the meeting-point of a riding-party which they were to escort. "I shouldn't have presumed to say so if you hadn't started the subject. But do you or do you not want to marry Mrs. Heathcote?"

"'Pon my word then, I don't know," Mr. Noel answered, with a rueful countenance.

"And do you or do you not want to marry Miss Ellis?"

"Not on any account," was the decided reply. "I may want steadying, but such ballast as that would sink me at once. By all the widows in Christendom

it would, then! But," Mr. Noel added, pathetically, "notwithstanding all that, I expect to find myself married to one or both of them some day without knowing it!"

"Then I should recommend you to think about taking flight as soon as you can," said Paul, laughing.

"Think! but I tell you, my boy, that when I'm with one of them she rattles away so that I can't even hear myself think—and the other thinks so much, that it seems waste to do it one's self too!"

The party (consisting of the two widows, Miss Ellis, and a Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, connections of Eleanor's, and excellent humdrum people, who were never in any body's way) was soon mounted, and *en route* for Stoneleigh and Kenilworth. Paul and Eleanor, as usual rode first, followed by Mrs. Heathcote, who was a beautiful rider, and looked particularly well on horseback, and Mr. Noel; Caroline Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill rode abreast, and brought up the rear.

"The estate has improved immensely since then," said Lady Torwood, continuing their conversation. "You would not know the farms again if you were to go over them. All *your* tenants have thriven and made them thrive, and Mr. Burton tells me it is now one of the most flourishing properties in —shire."

"I am delighted to hear such a good account of my nurseling," said Paul, lightly, "and hope it may answer its present promise."

"Poor Lord Torwood took great interest in my old home," Eleanor went on resolutely, "and in all the people about it, and we spent two or three months there during— He had planned a new village school just at the gate leading into the meadow from the high road, and would, I think, eventually have made it his pet place. I assure you we neither of us ever forgot to whom we owed its preservation."

"I have always understood Lord Torwood was a most benevolent man," Paul answered, determined not to be behind-hand in the subject she had chosen.

"You would have liked and respected him, I am sure," Eleanor said gravely.

A huge note of interrogation seemed to dance up and down before Paul as he heard this last remark; but he did not say any thing.

"I live now chiefly at Chesterton, my dower-house," resumed Lady Torwood. "I have neither courage nor spirits to face the solitude of Vaughan with—its recollections."

"They must indeed be mournful ones," Paul said considerably, "after what you have just told me. Your last associations with it must be very sad."

"My last?" Eleanor repeated, looking straight before her. "Yes, my last. But I have many bitter associations with what was once a very happy home."

Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Why nourish them?" he said. "I had thought you were more philosophical, Lady Torwood. Let the dead past bury its dead!"

"But even then I am bound to be its chief mourner!" Eleanor answered with some bitterness. "Believe me, I am not ambitious of the post. Will you give me my 'warrant of release' from it?" she added suddenly, and looking round at Paul.

"If I had had the power," Paul answered, again in a light tone, and with an icy smile on his lips, "it should have been given long ago—without your asking what you have a right to command." And a Grandisonian attack again caused Captain Fletcher to bow to his horse's mane.

A slight sigh escaped Lady Torwood.

"But are you sure this is the way?" said Mr. Noel to his fair companion, as they branched off the Lillington road, instead of taking that followed by Paul and Eleanor. "Does it rejoin the Kenilworth road again?"

"Oh! it's all right," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing, we shall get to the end of it by and by. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Caroline are following us most dutifully and sheepishly, and so we have the majority on our side. Never mind the others, Mr. Noel. I dare say they're very happy. You know that's a very old story now. What? *don't* you know? Did Paul Elether never tell you? Of course not, by the by, for there's no doubt she behaved shamefully to him." And Mrs. Heathcote proceeded to enlighten Mr. Noel, as far as her knowledge went, on the past history of Lady Torwood and Captain Fletcher. "But I see it's all coming right again," Milly ended, cheerfully; "it's such fun her being a widow!"

"There's no doubt that that must make her more irresistible," said Mr. Noel;

"and so you played her this trick on purpose, Mrs. Heathcote?"

"What trick? Oh! the road, you mean? I never said there *was* a road round, though there might have been; I never came this way before. But we've ridden too far to turn back. Do look at Caroline, plodding along on that great heavy black horse; I wonder she doesn't come off, for she isn't thinking in the least about what she's doing."

Mr. Noel did look, and during the remainder of the ride became unusually taciturn, notwithstanding the sallies of his very lively companion.

Paul and Eleanor, meantime, pursued their onward course without looking behind them. The day, which had been very bright when they started, now began to darken; heavy masses of cloud gathered overhead, and soon the low sigh of the wind and a few big drops of rain came as harbingers of the storm.

"Do you think it will be heavy, Charley?" Paul called out, looking round; but no Charley answered, neither was any such individual in sight.

"They must have lagged behind," Paul said to Lady Torwood; "we had better push on, though, and not wait for them. It is getting very heavy, and I think you had better take shelter in Kenilworth. They are sure to join us there, as that was to be the limit of our ride."

It was good advice, for the rain was gradually increasing, and soon fell in torrents mingled with hail, while a cutting north wind struck chill upon Eleanor's not very robust frame. The best plan, Paul thought, was for them to take shelter at the inn till the storm was over; the others were just behind them, he said, and would rejoin them. So they rode on as fast as they could, and before long Lady Torwood was safely installed before a bright fire in the inn-parlor, where Captain Fletcher, after having had the horses put up, speedily rejoined her. After watching for some time in vain at the window, Paul decided that it was no use expecting the rest of the party any longer, begged Lady Torwood not to be uneasy—they must have taken a wrong turn at the cross-roads, or ridden desperately home again; but as *she* was safely housed now, they had much better remain where they were till the rain was over, and make themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. So Eleanor re-

signed herself to her fate and the fire, which after all, when she looked at the sheets of rain plashing against the window, was not a bad alternative. The fire crackled cheerily, Paul drew a comfortable arm-chair to one side of it, while Lady Torwood dried her habit at the other, and presently the tidy little waitress came "trippingly," as Mr. Tennyson would say, with a tea-tray in her hand, which she deposited on a little table beside them. "Missus had sent it up, as she thought the lady might like the chill taken off her."

Paul had never seen Eleanor make tea, he remembered, (a trifling recollection, to be sure,) as he now watched her, since that last evening at Vaughan. Whatever she did was gracefully done. She certainly was more beautiful than any one he had ever seen.

He was rather amused with this little episode: he would not have believed, two years ago, that he could be thrown so completely *tête-à-tête* with her as he was to-day, and have been so quiet and unconcerned. Captain Fletcher's spirits rose with the occasion. He felt a general sensation of *bien-être* stealing over him, a strange lightness of heart. It was the contrast between the outlook and the in, he thought; we are material creatures after all. It was the fire that gave him such a particular sense of satisfaction. Lady Torwood did not seem so fully to share it, therefore Captain Fletcher became compassionate, and did all in his power to enliven her. When he unbent, no one could be a pleasanter companion than Paul, and now he exerted himself to the utmost, and with success. Eleanor became animated also, and, in short, it would be impossible to imagine a more agreeable hour than they both spent in the little inn-parlor at Kenilworth. We don't think they once mentioned Amy Robsart or Tressillian, which would have been the right thing to do in the right place, but the former subject would have been too dismal for their present mood, the latter infinitely too prosaic. An odd change had come over Paul Fletcher that afternoon; the tea must have been made with water from the fountain of oblivion. It was the Paul Fletcher of three years back that sat there—buoyant again with youth and spirits "pétillant d'esprit"—not the stern, satirical personage who had ridden away that day from Leamington, and

bowed with such ceremonious dignity to Lady Torwood over his horse's mane, on the way. Paul had forgotten every thing that day; forgotten his disappointment, his bitterness of spirit; it was Eleanor Vaughan who sat beside him—Eleanor Vaughan, his first love! As they talked, the inn-parlor at Kenilworth vanished, they sat once more in the well-known library "at home," as Paul had once fondly called it. Eleanor was in her gentlest mood; gently, and with smiles, she looked into that loving face—ah! so through life her eyes would ever meet his! so through youth, and middle life, and hoar old age—so till death it would be! No cloud of falsehood or betrayal had ever darkened, would ever darken, the brightness of those eyes!

And as they sat thus together, the oaken door at the end of the room opened, Eleanor's deer-hound bounded in, and in the doorway stood the dear old squire, with his silvery hair, and kindly face, and cordial smile, while—

Illusion, alas! The door had opened—but it was the door of the parlor at Kenilworth, it was only "missus, who had sent up to say that the rain was over, as the lady wished to know." So there was no more time for dreaming. The evening was closing in and they must make the best of their way home. But the spell was still on Paul; for when the horses came to the door and he had helped Eleanor to mount, he laid his hand suddenly on hers. "Are you *very* sorry it rained?" he said, looking up at her.

"Not very!" Lady Torwood smiled, in some surprise.

And when, after a quick, silent ride back to Leamington, they entered Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent, where poor Mrs. Campbell was anxiously expecting them, it was with almost his boyish gleeful manner that Paul exclaimed, going up to her, "Here she is, Mrs. Campbell—you see I've brought her safely home to you!" and shook the old lady by both hands in a manner that caused her to look up bewildered.

"What spirits Captain Fletcher is in, my dear?" Mrs. Campbell said, in an inquiring tone of voice, after he had made his exit in the same rather wild manner.

"Paul?" said Lady Torwood; "yes, he is more like himself to-night." And for a few minutes she leaned thoughtfully against the chimney-piece.

"It was very thoughtless of Milly Heathcote to take the wrong road," Mrs. Campbell went on, indignantly.

"Very," was Lady Torwood's complacent rejoinder.

"Caroline told me when she came in that she followed them, of course thinking Mrs. Heathcote knew the way. You know she never sees any thing; she doesn't even see that Mr. Noel evidently regards her with an eye of affection, but maintains that he is paying his addresses to Mrs. Heathcote. As if I couldn't judge," Mrs. Campbell added, drawing herself up with a jerk. "It might have been *very* disagreeable for you!"

"Very," said Lady Torwood again, but without taking the trouble to inquire to which part of Mrs. Campbell's speech the latter remark pertained.

II.

Paul Fletcher's warning to Mr. Noel had not been uncalled for; for, to own the truth, that gentleman had contrived to place himself in a rather awkward predicament. With that peculiar turn for compliment which his compatriots are celebrated for, Mr. Noel had rarely been in Mrs. Heathcote's society without so conducting himself as to appear entirely her slave—an appearance which, to be still further candid, the fair and fast widow had done her best to convert into a reality. Whereas, on the other hand, strange as it may appear, after his decided disavowal to Paul, the steady, solemn qualities and charms of Caroline Ellis were gradually bringing Mr. Noel's volatile affections to an anchor. A crisis of some kind he felt was at hand, and he became more and more convinced of this as he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Miss Ellis the morning after their ride towards Kenilworth. He had called with Paul to inquire after them, and the latter, hearing Lady Torwood was fatigued and still in her room, had left him at the Regent, Mr. Noel suddenly remembering that he had something very particular to say to Mrs. Campbell. When he entered the drawing-room, however, he found, to his surprise, *only* Miss Ellis there, Mrs. Campbell being with Lady Torwood. However, as she probably would come down again soon, he thought he might as well remain till she did so, and that was how he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Caroline. Mr. Noel was in an

unusually grave mood that morning. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to have acquired some of his surplus vivacity. Indeed, it was generally observable now that in Charley's presence a greater amount of vitality animated Miss Ellis's otherwise apathetic nature.

"And you think you have really no prejudice against Ireland, Miss Ellis?" said Mr. Noel, continuing a conversation which now and then touched upon dangerous ground.

"Caroline and I will come and pay you a visit there if you like, Mr. Noel," said a voice at the door, which made him start. Mrs. Heathcote had a way of coming into the room without being heard, which, to say the least, was sometimes dangerous. "I delight in Ireland, and want of all things to see more of it. We were only quartered at Belfast when I was there, before we were ordered out, so—Where's Eleanor, Carry? Tired? I'm sorry the ride or the society should have been too much for her!" Mrs. Heathcote went on, laughing.

Miss Ellis lapsed into her customary stolidity. Mrs. Heathcote always acted like a refrigerator upon her.

"It's getting late, too," said Milly, taking out her watch. "One o'clock." (Mr. Noel had been precisely an hour and a half waiting till Mrs. Campbell came down.) "I have been at the pump-room since twelve, waiting for a friend who had appointed to meet me there, and he—*she*, I mean—*left* me there."

Here Mrs. Heathcote coughed, and poor Charley became hot all of a sudden. He had quite forgotten the engagement Mrs. Heathcote had made for him the previous day! He was in for it now, he felt.

"Some more important engagement, however, I suppose," Mrs. Heathcote continued, playing with her watch-chain. "My friend lacks your punctuality, I am afraid, Mr. Noel." And the fair widow raised her eyes deliberately to Charley's face.

"Don't be too unmerciful, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, rallying, "I am sure your friend will never so transgress again! If *you* are too severe upon our faults, where are we to find merciful judgment?" an ambiguous speech on the part of Mr. Noel which might be differently interpreted, as his *side-glance* at Miss Ellis showed he intended it should.

"The criminal confides too much in my

humane indulgence, I have no doubt," Milly answered, now looking down and buttoning her beautifully-fitting glove. A pause ensued.

"I think I had better go and see if Lady Torwood is coming down," said Miss Ellis, putting down her work.

"Not on any account, Miss Ellis," Charley exclaimed, hastily. "I beg you won't disturb her on my account—*pray* don't go! I must be going myself directly—a very particular engagement."

"I am glad to see that (unlike my friend) you are so particular, Mr. Noel," Milly said, drily. "Never mind, Caroline dear, I can wait." And Mrs. Heathcote settled herself yet more comfortably in her arm-chair. "What a beautiful bouquet?" she said, looking round the room; "where did you get it?"

"Mr. —" began Caroline.

"Paul Fletcher sent it for Lady Torwood by me this morning," Mr. Noel interrupted, with equal truth and politeness.

Caroline opened her eyes wide and looked steadfastly at him. Charley returned the look beseechingly. Mrs. Heathcote unbuttoned her other glove.

"Have you and Eleanor the same taste in flowers, then, Cary?" she asked, quietly. "White camellias and violets are your favorites, are they not? That was such a lovely bouquet you sent me for Lady Maynard's ball on Tuesday, Mr. Noel! And, by the by, I quite forgot to thank you for the songs. It was so kind of you to remember them!" Again Caroline looked up.

Mrs. Heathcote grew every moment more relenting towards the culprit, and better satisfied apparently with herself; and so the conversation went on, Charley finding it more and more difficult to keep the "*juste-milieu*" between his two fair companions, till at last, in despair, he rose to go, and departed with the consciousness that Caroline's manner to him had entirely changed since the morning, and that its haughty offended composure formed a marked contrast to Mrs. Heathcote's, as his tormentor smiled him a gracious farewell, and took her bonnet off as he left the room, "to have a little chat with dear Caroline," as she herself expressed it.

Lady Torwood had recovered from her fatigue, and was able to receive Captain Fletcher when he called again that afternoon "on his way" past the Regent.

The change remarkable on the preceding day was still apparent in him. He had found fairy treasure at Kenilworth. Ah! it was more than magic, though! it was, or might become, reality! Why should happiness not again be his? He had had his fill of disappointment—looked dreary solitude long enough in the face; his share of the trial which in some form must come to all, was at an end. Might he not take the weight of caution and suspicion from off his heart and let it beat and bound again as it *had* done of yore? The poor heart in its stone-prison yearned so earnestly for freedom!

"How good of you to come again," Lady Torwood said, extending her hand from the little couch on which she sat near the fire.

Paul smiled as he held the delicate hand in his own. (Paul's hand was a very characteristic one, not small or fleshy, but well shaped and with determination in every muscle and line of it; a hand that looked as if it had never been idle, and as if it could handle an oar or a rod—ay, and sterner implements too, with equal facility.)

"Are you quite rested?" he said, in answer. "I am afraid I rode too fast for you; I think I forgot what I was doing—I forgot every thing yesterday."

"Did you?" Lady Torwood blushed as she said. She did not merely change color as she used to long ago; this time the blush came straight from her heart. "I feel quite rested now, though. But I am not equal to very much exertion yet. Repose is a blessed thing—repose of mind and body." And Eleanor sighed rather sadly.

Paul looked anxiously at her. She did indeed not look robust, though the subdued air and tone about her to-day made her more charming than in her most brilliant hours. There was something touching in the half-humility of her attitude as she sat with her usually haughty head bent down, and her hands lying folded together on her lap, gleaming white upon the dark drapery of her gown. She *was* subdued in reality—she was changed; had she, too, not known much sorrow of its kind? and after all, had she been happy in the life she had chosen, had it not perhaps been one of long regret and repentance?

Such thoughts passed through Paul Fletcher's mind as he watched her.

"Repose!" he repeated. "It depends so much on the individual mind which seeks it. With us men, for instance, action is often the greatest repose. It requires a certain amount of happiness to enable one to find repose of mind in rest of body. To escape from a greater evil to a lesser, is, I believe, the truest repose—and so I have often found it in great exertion. A racked and wearied mind and heart often prove the best goad to bodily work. They make fine soldiers in every profession."

"They give the energy of desperation, if you will," said Lady Torwood, looking regretfully at Paul, "and the after-weariness of over-fatigue; but exhaustion is surely not *rest*."

"Can you teach me what *is*?" Paul said earnestly.

Lady Torwood shook her head.

"I must first find it myself," she said. "Charity fulfilled, preachers would tell you, is the surest step towards it; and in charity lies one thing—forgiveness of injuries"—her voice trembled as she went on—"and if you would find rest yourself, to give rest first to another; where you have been injured to forgive!"

Paul Fletcher started. Outwardly calm, within he was terribly agitated. He knew by the tone of her voice, by the eyes raised to his as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece beside her, that Eleanor Vaughan—Eleanor whom he had so loved—was now a suppliant before him. Eleanor—humbled, repentant—once more free.

"Eleanor!" he said, looking down into her face.

So in the old days he had looked, so called, the suppliant then himself. How had she answered *then*?

Once more his eyes met hers, and though the same haughty glance did not now repel him, still they could not meet his long. Eleanor's eyes were not true eyes, and Paul felt it. In an instant the spell that had for the last two days been on him was dissolved—the fairy gold turned to dross. It was but glamor over him; the old deep first love was dead; it had

not revived, it never would again. He looked at the hand that now covered Eleanor's face, and guarded by its diamond circlet he saw the plain gold wedding-ring. It acted like a counter-charm. For that ring, for glitter and tinsel like those diamonds, she had bartered his heart and his love—destroyed the happiness of his youth. Cold, ambitious, worldly as she had then been, her nature could not now be so entirely changed. False she had been—false she would still be; twice she had betrayed him—she would betray him again. He could forgive her, but he never could trust her again; never honor and confide in her as his soul felt it must honor and confide in her whom it chose as its mate. Without truth, on what foundation could he build his happiness? All this passed with lightning rapidity through Paul Fletcher's mind during the intense pause that followed the utterance of her name. Lady Torwood did not speak, but as much as was in her nature to feel she then felt. It was in an altered tone, but one of great feeling, that Paul Fletcher spoke again.

"I am not wrong in thinking that you speak of the past?" he said. "And if it be so—if ever a thought of me has given you a moment of unrest—one pang of self-reproach—let it be so no longer. For my sake, and for the sake of olden days, Eleanor, believe me—that I *have* forgiven, that I do now forgive!"

He took her hand in his and held it with the kindliness of a friend—no fervent clasp as in those olden days. He now felt calmly and with friendliness towards her, as she had wished he should. Again Eleanor raised her beautiful eyes to his, but Paul met their beseeching glance unwaveringly. He had decided; he never could waver from this resolve again.

A deadly paleness over-spread Lady Torwood's face, and, as she turned her eyes downwards, a tear went slowly rolling down her cheek and fell on Paul's hand. It atoned for much! And if Paul Fletcher had been twice betrayed, we believe that in that moment he was a second time avenged!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

AN UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

On the sixteenth of December, 1857, I took my passage from Sydney for Buenos Ayres in an American ship of four hundred tons burden. Besides myself, there were six passengers on board, one Englishman and five Americans, and a lady, the wife of one of the latter.

On reaching latitude 35° south, longitude 175° west, we were assailed by a hurricane. Our captain, however, was an excellent seaman, his crew composed of thorough sailors, and his ship a very taut craft. We therefore wore out the storm, without, as it was supposed, more damage to the vessel than the loss of our foretop-gallant mast and the springing of a slight leak. This last circumstance caused our worthy skipper some uneasiness, as we were, from his reckoning, very far from the nearest land. He was therefore exceedingly surprised when the look-out man hailed us with—"Land on the larboard bow."

"The fellow must be drunk or blind," cried the captain, "or my sextant out of order." With these words he proceeded to mount the rigging.

We anxiously watched him as he went aloft. As soon as he had reached the main-topmast he applied his glass to his eye, and swept the horizon to larboard, and at once hailed us with—

"The chap's right. I see the land looming about five knots off, on the larboard bow. We should have viewed it before, but it's covered with a haze."

As may be imagined, the ship's course was at once laid in the direction of the land, and in about an hour we arrived off a low shore covered with dwarf trees. To our utter surprise, however, we perceived a large town built close to the water's edge, and presenting every appearance of civilization. As the sea was deep all round, we came close in shore, and cast anchor in fourteen fathoms water. There was a large crowd assembled on the beach, and as soon as we had

come to an anchor a small boat pushed off and made towards us. What astonished us the most was, that the inhabitants, so far from being naked savages, were all clothed, and wore wide slouching hats. Their costume appeared quite strange to us.

The boat which had left the shore soon came alongside, and a man in the bows hailed us in a language we did not understand.

"I must be wrong in my reckoning," observed our skipper, "but may I be 'tarnally flammegasted if I know where we have got to."

A tall, fair man now came on board. He wore an immense slouched hat, and had a short beard cut to a point, and long flowing hair. He was dressed in a sort of doublet, made of blue silk. Having set his foot on deck, he advanced and spoke some words which nobody understood, but from the signs he made it was evident that he was asking whence we came. The captain pointed to the west, when our visitor uttered the words "Vaut Nauteeôné?"

"Hang me if his lingo be not something like ours," said the skipper; "the chap evidently means to ask what nation we belong to. America!" he continued, in answer to the question.

Our visitor uttered the word after him, and said, "Note Aingleès?"

"How the duce can the fellow know any thing about England?" said the captain, "and where could he have picked up those few words of our talk?—oddly enough pronounced, notwithstanding."

The whole boat's crew were now invited down into the cabin, and some excellent brandy placed on the table. Our skipper mixed several glasses of grog, hot with, and handed them to his guests, who with one accord, after having tasted the liquor, exclaimed, "Vairee gobôd."

"If that does not mean 'very good,' " said the captain, "may I be mastheaded until the day of judgment."

After a while, as we became used to their pronunciation, we discovered that the language of our new friends was neither more nor less than a corrupt sort of English, and before half an hour had elapsed we could make each other out.

As may be expected, we were all anxiety to go ashore, and the captain's gig having been got ready, we followed in the wake of the native boat until we reached a sort of pier, on which were assembled a crowd of people, with astonishment and curiosity expressively depicted on their countenances. On landing, we were accosted by several dignified-looking persons, dressed in the same fashion as their countrymen who had boarded our vessel, the predominating color of their doublets being blue. "*Vailcomè hairè*," was the observation of a portly man of fifty, who shook us all by the hands. We replied, speaking as distinctly as possible, "That we were most happy at making his acquaintance;" but it was evident that no one understood our way of speaking.

We were now invited to enter a nondescript sort of vehicle, drawn by four animals resembling sheep, with long necks and legs, and proceeded through the town, the streets of which were not paved, but well and cleanly kept. The ground-floor of the houses on either side, which generally consisted of a ground and first-floor, were composed of shops, or rather booths. We remarked names over them which were in large Latin capitals, painted blue. We at length drove up to the door of a house much larger than the rest, when our host, alighting, signed to us to do the same, and then conducted us through a spacious court, in which was playing a small fountain, into a large room not inelegantly furnished. On the floor was a carpet made of a mixture of silk and wool; a divan, covered with silk damask, encircled the apartment, in the midst of which were tables and arm-chairs. Our host left us for a few minutes here, and returned with a lady and two children. He introduced the former to us as his *spòòse*. The lady was dressed in a costume of blue silk of a most peculiar form. She was a very handsome woman, with auburn hair, dressed in a fashion resembling that of English women in the days of James I. Round her throat she wore a necklace of small diamonds and rubies, and on her

fingers several large silver rings, set with the same kind of stones.

Our host shortly afterwards conducted us into another chamber, which was evidently the dining-room, as upon a large table was spread a white linen cloth, covered with plates and dishes containing roast and boiled meats, puddings, pastry, and some magnificent pine-apples and other fruits. The plates and dishes were all made of silver, at the side of each cover were laid a knife and fork, also of silver, with blades of polished sea-shell. There were no glasses on the table, but by each cover was a mug of silver.

Having seated ourselves, we partook of a most elegant repast, the liquor we drank consisting of the fermented juice of the pine-apple, and it was delicious.

I must here observe, that in the year 1627, the island, which was then uninhabited, had been peopled by the survivors of an English ship wrecked on the coast. As far as we could learn, there were now about twenty-five thousand people in the island, being the descendants of ten persons—four men, four women, a boy and a girl.

Before the conclusion of the meal we had begun to understand each other, the language spoken by our new friends being a sort of corrupt English, chiefly differing from our way of speaking by its pronunciation and accent.

It appeared that our host was the chief of the island. He informed us that since the wreck, from which the original settlers had landed, no communication had taken place with any other part of the world, and from the timber on the island not being of a size large enough to build any other craft than small boats, it had been impossible to venture any great distance from the land. A few attempts to make voyages of discovery had indeed been made, but neither the boats nor their crews had ever been seen again. The only sort of craft belonging to the inhabitants are very small fishing-boats, which never lose sight of land.

We were hospitably invited to take up our abode in the house of our host, and to remain as long as we might wish, and, as it eventually appeared that our vessel had suffered more damage than was imagined, and there being no large timber on the island, it became evident, as our skipper informed us, that we should be obliged to make a stay of at least four

months. We did not however, regret the delay, as we felt we were among friends, and that nothing would be spared to render our sojourn as comfortable as possible.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I will relate how it happened that we found an English colony on an island which had hitherto escaped the researches of all the navigators of these seas.

As far as was known by the present inhabitants, an English ship was wrecked during a violent storm upon the northern coast, which is very dangerous on account of the numerous reefs that surround it. The greater portion of the crew had taken to their boats, but were seen to perish by those left on board. These persons, who remained on deck until the water had become calm, were ten in number. They consisted, as I have before observed, of ten persons—four men, four women, a boy and a girl. Fortunately for them, the ship remained for several months firmly wedged upon the reef on which she had struck, and they were enabled to bring off many things that proved of inestimable service to them. From these ten persons were descended the twenty-five thousand present inhabitants of Salvation Island, such being the name given to it by the first settlers. For about a hundred and fifty years a regular journal had been kept by the first colonists and their successors, but unfortunately it had been destroyed, about seventy years before our arrival, by the house in which it was deposited having been consumed by fire. In consequence, the history of the first settlers was a matter of tradition. There must, however, have been among them persons of genius and practical talent, as by their means a desert island had become not only a populous but a civilized country.

The island, which is about the size of Guernsey, contains one town and several flourishing villages. The land being low, and appearing from the ocean constantly covered with haze, it can not be perceived from any great distance from the shore, which accounts for its having remained undiscovered for so long a period. The soil is very fertile, and the greater portion of it is under cultivation, the chief productions being corn, sugar, fruit, silk, and cotton. Pine-apples are so abundant that the wine of the country is made from the juice of the fruit. There are no ferocious beasts; a few venomous snakes and scor-

pions being the only obnoxious animals remaining. There is still some game to be met with, consisting of golden and silver pheasants, partridges, and hares. The domesticated animals consist of a large species of lama. In the interior of the country is an extinct volcano, which supplies the natives with sulphur. Silver and copper ore are plentiful. A little gold and lead are to be met with, but no iron.

The government of the island consists of a chief (pronounced "sheeâif,") elected for life, and an assembly composed of, at present, twenty representatives, termed "tousants," from there being always one for every thousand inhabitants. They are all elected for life, by every male and female of nineteen years of age and upwards. For the last eighty years the dignity of chief has remained in one family, the great-grandfather, the grandfather, and the father of the present chief having been all in turn elected.

It was at the house of the chief that we were lodged, there being no establishment worthy of the name of inn in the town; and had there been, such was the hospitable nature of our host that we should not have been suffered to take up our abode in it.

It was evident to me that one of the first settlers must have been a Presbyterian minister, as the religion of the island was Presbyterian, differing very slightly from the rites of the Scottish Church. There were no less than four places of worship in the town, and every village possessed at least one.

The island is traversed by very good roads, the vehicles being rude cars, hung upon leathern straps; the leather is made from the skins of the lama, which is a most useful quadruped. It gives abundant milk, its flesh is good, its wool is made into very tolerable cloth, and the animal is used to draw light carriages; it can also be mounted, provided the rider be of light weight. Innumerable flocks of these inestimable animals pervade the surface of the island, and form the chief riches of its inhabitants. There are several kinds of precious stones to be met with, the most valuable being diamonds, rubies, and topazes. The two former, however, are of small size, while the latter are large and brilliant.

The principal manufacture of the country is silk; mulberry-trees of small size

being abundant. A beautiful blue dye is procured from a flower, the name and genus of which I forget.

The inhabitants of Salvation Island are of a most gentle nature, and possess very handsome forms and figures, particularly the women, many of whom are beautiful. I presume they owe their charms to their simple mode of life and the climate, the latter being the most delicious that can be conceived, for, although the island is situated almost within the tropics, a constant cool sea-breeze from the south-east by east prevents the heat from becoming oppressive; besides, the sun is constantly veiled with clouds during nine months of the year.

After a few weeks we got quite accustomed to the pronunciation and accent of the inhabitants, and could converse with them without difficulty. The hospitality of our host continued ever on the increase. In his company and car we visited every portion of the island, and made several excursions to a house he possessed in the interior. His questions were numerous concerning the history of the inhabited world since the period of his ancestors having been separated from their kind. Fortunately for him and his fellow-countrymen, the few books that had been saved from the wreck had not been consumed by the fire which had destroyed the archives of the community seventy years previously. Among these books were several of Shakspeare's plays, and histories of England, France, Spain, and Italy. Some were in manuscript, and others printed in the rude manner of the epoch. As may be conceived, the chief's, as also his fellow-countrymen's knowledge of English history, did not go further down than to the commencement of the reign of Charles I. The tragic death of the martyr king, and all the subsequent stirring events that had occurred, were unknown to them, and, as may be expected, all the books we had with us were perused with avidity.

I have already alluded to the beauty of the women. I do not think that in any other portion of the globe exists such faultless charms. Their dispositions are most amiable, and in a very short time after our arrival there was scarcely a single man who had arrived in our ship, and who was under fifty years of age, but was in love; indeed, a general petition was made to our captain to entreat him to re-

main altogether in the island, but the skipper observed that he had a valuable cargo on board, and that to remain would be robbing his owners. I must observe that he was fifty-five years of age, and had a wife and family at New York. I confess, that had I not myself had a wife and family at Tours, in France, I should have been content to remain for the rest of my life in the island. As it was, all the unmarried passengers chose that course, and remained.

The Sabbath is most religiously observed by the little colony, every person being obliged, under a penalty, to attend at public worship at least once on that day, unless prevented by illness or infirmity. All the shops are closed from Saturday at sunset until the Sunday at the same hour.

There are, naturally, few public amusements in the island; the chief diversions, however, consist in wrestling, foot-races, and shooting at a mark with bows and arrows for prizes, which are in general small sums of money.

Although gunpowder is made in the island, the bow is the arm in use, for the only guns in the possession of the inhabitants are some old match-locks saved from the wreck.

Justice is administered in a very simple manner. Thieves and other misdemeanants are tried by a judge and a jury, composed of seven persons, the latter being of the same sex as the accused. As for heinous crimes, they may be said to be unknown, not a single murder having taken place to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. Adultery is considered a misdemeanor, and punished by a public whipping on the bare back.

A short time after our arrival, a young man and woman were thus punished upon a platform erected in a square used as a market. An hour before sunset the two offenders were brought out, and, first, the woman was tied up to two perpendicular poles and her back bared, but in so decent a manner that her bosom was not exposed. Two women then proceeded to inflict thirty-nine lashes upon her shoulders with a rod made of rushes. The infliction was by no means severe—so little so, indeed, that I overheard the boatswain of our ship, who was standing near, remark: "Mercy on me, do they call that flogging?"

After the woman had been whipped

(she was, by the by, a lovely creature,) she was untied and led away, looking very much ashamed of herself, and her accomplice tied up in his turn. He received the same number of lashes, but they were inflicted in a more severe manner, as they were laid on by men, and the instrument used was a whip, the thongs of which were made of string; still, our boatswain observed, that it was a mere sham of a flogging.

It must be observed that adultery is by no means of common occurrence, or, at least, the misdemeanor is not frequently brought to light; besides, the inhabitants are a very moral people, and there is a great deal of shame attending a conviction.

Thefts and other misdemeanors are punished by whipping and exposure in a sort of stocks. Imprisonment is not in use.

Plays are never performed in the island, there being no such a thing as a theater; but public recitations from Shakspeare are frequent. On an English stage they would not be understood, from the peculiar manner of pronouncing, of which I will attempt a description, as far as possible, from a declamation I heard of *All the world's a stage*. It was pronounced nearly as follows:

"Aul te vaurld's a stauje,
Aund aul te main aund vomain màlairlee playu-
airs;
Tai hauv tair aiscceets aund tair aintrauncaïs,
Aund oné maun een hees teemé plauz maunee
paurts.
Te aucts, etc."

I must observe, that in familiar conversation the inhabitants always make use of the pronoun thou, pronounced *tóòò*.

Since the wreck of the original settlers, no ship from any part of the world has ever visited the island. On several occasions, during the storms which have taken place, ships have been seen running before the wind in the distance, but have never come sufficiently near to observe the signals made on shore. The lowness of the land, and its appearing from the sea almost constantly enveloped in haze, has evidently been the reason of its never having attracted the notice of any passing vessel. Had it not been that the day was unusually clear at the time we neared the island, we should in all probability have passed without observing it. The water to the south, east, and west is very deep,

and free from reefs; but on the northern coast there are many hidden rocks, which would render the navigation very dangerous, and any ship getting among the reefs in a gale would be almost sure to periah.

I have already observed that all the unmarried passengers on board our vessel got married and remained in the island. I called upon one of them about a fortnight after the ceremony; he told me that his wife was a most devoted and affectionate creature, anticipating his every wish, and seeming to exist for him alone. "I have no near relations in my own country," he observed, "and I never wish or intend to leave this place."

I have already mentioned that the government of the island is carried on by a chief elected for life, and by an assembly of "tousants," also chosen for life. The election is carried on in the following manner:

When a chief, or a tousant, dies, the inhabitants of the whole island are called upon to choose another in the place of the deceased. The election commences thirty days after his death. An enormous earthenware bowl, with a hole in the lid, is deposited in the market-place from sunrise to sunset, and strictly guarded for a week. During that time, every body in the island, both men and women, of the age of nineteen and upwards, is allowed to throw into the orifice a small flat piece of shell, with the name of the person he votes for inscribed thereon. At the end of the week the bowl is broken, and the contents examined, when the person who has most votes is elected. There is no intimidation or speechifying, and during the election nothing uncommon appears to be going on.

There are seven magistrates or judges in the island, termed justices, (pronounced *joostissés*.) They judge every case, whether criminal or otherwise, assisted by a jury of seven persons, termed deciders, (pronounced *desseeders*.) In criminal cases these deciders are always of the same sex as the accused: from their decision there is no appeal. The right of pardon is vested in the chief, who carries on the government assisted by the tousants.

At the end of five months, our ship being thoroughly repaired, the skipper gave us notice that he was about to set sail. Our departure, however, was delayed by at least half of the ship's company desert-

From the National Review.

A L E X A N D E R P U S H K I N .

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN was the great poet of Russia—the Shakspeare of that great Empire. Without room for more we quote the following from an article in the *National Review*:

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1837, the unfortunate duel took place in which the hand of a foreigner (Von Dante, or more properly Van Heeckeren) put an end to the life of the greatest Russian poet in the prime of his manhood and the meridian of his genius. Pushkin's wife was the unhappy occasion of this duel; but the details of this sad affair are too little known for us to venture to pass any opinion on the subject, and we prefer, therefore, merely to present our readers with the account given by Shukowski of his lamented friend's last moments in a letter to the father of the poet:

"I have had no courage until now to write to you, my poor Sergei Swowitsh. What could I say, stunned as I was myself by the misfortune that has come down, like an avalanche, to crush us all? Our Pushkin is no more! It is but too true, impossible as it seems. The idea that he no longer exists can scarcely force itself into the current of our daily common thoughts; we can not yet free ourselves from the habit of looking for him continually. It is still so natural to expect him at the usual hour; his voice seems constantly to mingle with our conversation; his childlike cheerful laugh seems still to be heard where we were daily used to hear it. Nothing is changed, there is no other mark of the sad loss; every thing takes its wonted course, is in its place; he alone is gone, gone forever. It seems incredible. In an instant this strong life was extinguished; this fullness of genius and of brilliant hope had vanished. I say nothing of you, his afflicted father; I say nothing of us, his mourning friends; but Russia has lost her poet, her favorite poet. She has lost him at the very moment when he had attained his full maturity; the turning-point at which the mind takes leave of the turbid unruly forces of youth, and, guided by genius, gives itself up to the clearer creative power of manhood, which is as fresh as the former and more prolific, though not perhaps so exalted. Where is the Russian whose heart has not been bereaved of something dear to it

by his death? The present glorious reign has lost its poet. He belonged to it, as did Derzhawin to the glorious reign of Catharine, and Karamsin to that of Alexander. . . .

"At six o'clock in the afternoon Pushkin was brought home by Lieutenant-Colonel Dansas,* in the most terrible state. The valet-de-chambre carried him from the carriage up the staircase. 'Am I too heavy for you to carry?' asked Pushkin. He was brought into his cabinet; he asked for clean linen, changed his dress, and lay down on the sofa. Just as they carried him to bed, his wife, who knew nothing of what had happened, wanted to come in; but he exclaimed with a loud voice: 'Do not come in, I have some one with me.' He was afraid of frightening her. She did not come till he was in bed. The doctors were sent for. Arendt was not to be found. Scholz and Sadler came. Pushkin asked to be left alone with them. 'Is my case dangerous?' said he, tendering his hand to Scholz. They examined the wound, and Sadler hastened to fetch the necessary instruments. When alone with Scholz, Pushkin asked: 'What do you think of my state? Speak openly.' 'I can not deny that there is danger.' 'Say rather that I must die.' 'I can not conceal it; but we must first hear the opinion of Arendt and Salomon, for whom we have sent.' 'I thank you: you have acted like an honest man with me,' said Pushkin. He put his hand to his forehead, was silent for some moments, and added: 'I must arrange my affairs.' 'Would you not like to see some of your friends?' asked Scholz. 'Farewell, my friends!' said Pushkin, while his looks fell upon his library. Of what friends he took leave at that moment, if of the living or the dead, I know not. Shortly afterwards he asked: 'Do you think, then, I have not more than an hour to live?' 'Not at all; but I thought you would like to see some of your friends. Mr. Pletneff† is here.' 'Very well; but I should like to see Shukowski also. Give me a glass of water, I feel ill.'

"Scholz felt his pulse; he found his hand cold, his pulse weak and quick. He went to fetch him something to drink. I was sent for. . . . When Arendt came, he saw directly that there was no hope. They put ice on the sufferer's stomach, and gave him cooling drinks. These produced tranquillity. As Arendt was leaving him, Pushkin said: 'Ask the Emperor

* His second in the fatal duel, and who had been his friend ever since his school-days.

† Professor at the University of St. Petersburg.

ered by Dr. G. B. Donati, astronomer at the Museum of Florence, on the evening of the second of June. Previous to this date we had no knowledge of its existence, and therefore it was not a predicted comet; neither is it the one last observed in 1856. At the date of discovery it was distant from the earth 228,000,000 miles, and was an excessively faint object in the largest telescopes. It was not until the middle of August, or later, that a trustworthy determination of its future track among the stars could be obtained. It is now fairly within our grasp, and astronomers are not likely to be ignorant of its position to any extent until it is again within the range of the telescope in Europe more than two thousand years hence. The tail, when the comet was most conspicuous, appears to have maintained an average length of at least 40,000,000 miles, subtending an angle varying from thirty degrees to forty degrees. The dark line, or space down the center, frequently remarked in other great comets, has been a striking characteristic in that of Donati. The nucleus, though small, has been intensely brilliant in powerful instruments, and for some time bore high magnifiers to much greater advantage than is usual with these objects.

In several respects this comet has resembled the famous ones of 1744, 1680, and 1811, particularly as regards the signs of violent agitation going on in the vicinity of the nucleus, such as the appearance of luminous jets, spiral offshoots, etc., which have rapidly emanated from the planetary point and as quickly lost themselves in the general nebulosity of the head. The comet arrived at its least distance from the sun a few minutes after eleven o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth September; its longitude, as seen from the sun at this time, being thirty-six degrees thirteen minutes, and its distance from him 55,000,000 miles. The long

diameter of its orbit is one hundred and eighty-four times that of the earth's, or 35,100,000,000 miles, yet this enormous space is considerably less than one thousandth of the distance of the nearest fixed star! The smaller diameter of the ellipse is about 2,780,000,000. The comet remains on the north side of the earth's path only two hundred and five days, so that nearly the whole of its vast trajectory is situated below or rather to the south of that plane. The time of revolution resulting from Mr. Loewy's calculations is two thousand four hundred and ninety-five years, which is about five hundred years less than that of the comet of 1811, during the period it was visible from the earth. The hourly velocity of the comet in its orbit varies between 127,000 miles at the perihelion and four hundred and eighty miles at the aphelion. The permanency of comets is strikingly exemplified in the history of the celebrated comet of Halley, which revolves round the sun in about seventy-six years, and was last visible to us in the autumn of 1835. With the aid of the observations preserved in the Chinese annals there is strong reason for supposing that this body may be traced to the year 11 B.C., when it appeared, as Dion Cassius relates, "under that consulate of M. Valerius Messala Barbatus and P. Sulpicius Quirinus, before the death of Agrippa," and for many days seemed "as though suspended over the city of Rome."

It is only necessary to suppose that the comet's orbit coincided somewhat more nearly with that of the earth than it does at present, (an inference supported by several subsequent appearances,) and, taking the year 11 B.C. as our point of departure, we may recognize the comet at almost every visit up to the date of its last return. Notwithstanding their extreme tenuity, it is evident that these bodies may exist in their actual state for thousands of years.

From the National Review.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN was the great poet of Russia—the Shakspeare of that great Empire. Without room for more we quote the following from an article in the *National Review*:

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1837, the unfortunate duel took place in which the hand of a foreigner (Von Dante, or more properly Van Heeckeren) put an end to the life of the greatest Russian poet in the prime of his manhood and the meridian of his genius. Pushkin's wife was the unhappy occasion of this duel; but the details of this sad affair are too little known for us to venture to pass any opinion on the subject, and we prefer, therefore, merely to present our readers with the account given by Shukowski of his lamented friend's last moments in a letter to the father of the poet:

"I have had no courage until now to write to you, my poor Sergei Swowitsh. What could I say, stunned as I was myself by the misfortune that has come down, like an avalanche, to crush us all? Our Pushkin is no more! It is but too true, impossible as it seems. The idea that he no longer exists can scarcely force itself into the current of our daily common thoughts; we can not yet free ourselves from the habit of looking for him continually. It is still so natural to expect him at the usual hour; his voice seems constantly to mingle with our conversation; his childlike cheerful laugh seems still to be heard where we were daily used to hear it. Nothing is changed, there is no other mark of the sad loss; every thing takes its wonted course, is in its place; he alone is gone, gone forever. It seems incredible. In an instant this strong life was extinguished; this fullness of genius and of brilliant hope had vanished. I say nothing of you, his afflicted father; I say nothing of us, his mourning friends; but Russia has lost her poet, her favorite poet. She has lost him at the very moment when he had attained his full maturity; the turning-point at which the mind takes leave of the turbid unruly forces of youth, and, guided by genius, gives itself up to the clearer creative power of manhood, which is as fresh as the former and more prolific, though not perhaps so exalted. Where is the Russian whose heart has not been bereaved of something dear to it

by his death? The present glorious reign has lost its poet. He belonged to it, as did Derzhawin to the glorious reign of Catharine, and Karamsin to that of Alexander. . . .

"At six o'clock in the afternoon Pushkin was brought home by Lieutenant-Colonel Dansas,* in the most terrible state. The valet-de-chambre carried him from the carriage up the staircase. 'Am I too heavy for you to carry?' asked Pushkin. He was brought into his cabinet; he asked for clean linen, changed his dress, and lay down on the sofa. Just as they carried him to bed, his wife, who knew nothing of what had happened, wanted to come in; but he exclaimed with a loud voice: 'Do not come in, I have some one with me.' He was afraid of frightening her. She did not come till he was in bed. The doctors were sent for. Arendt was not to be found. Scholz and Sadler came. Pushkin asked to be left alone with them. 'Is my case dangerous?' said he, tendering his hand to Scholz. They examined the wound, and Sadler hastened to fetch the necessary instruments. When alone with Scholz, Pushkin asked: 'What do you think of my state? Speak openly.' 'I can not deny that there is danger.' 'Say rather that I must die.' 'I can not conceal it; but we must first hear the opinion of Arendt and Salomon, for whom we have sent.' 'I thank you: you have acted like an honest man with me,' said Pushkin. He put his hand to his forehead, was silent for some moments, and added: 'I must arrange my affairs.' 'Would you not like to see some of your friends?' asked Scholz. 'Farewell, my friends!' said Pushkin, while his looks fell upon his library. Of what friends he took leave at that moment, if of the living or the dead, I know not. Shortly afterwards he asked: 'Do you think, then, I have not more than an hour to live?' 'Not at all; but I thought you would like to see some of your friends. Mr. Pletneff† is here.' 'Very well; but I should like to see Shukowski also. Give me a glass of water, I feel ill.'

"Scholz felt his pulse; he found his hand cold, his pulse weak and quick. He went to fetch him something to drink. I was sent for. . . . When Arendt came, he saw directly that there was no hope. They put ice on the sufferer's stomach, and gave him cooling drinks. These produced tranquillity. As Arendt was leaving him, Pushkin said: 'Ask the Emperor

* His second in the fatal duel, and who had been his friend ever since his school-days.

† Professor at the University of St. Petersburg.

to forgive me.' . . . His wife's state of mind is scarcely to be described. She glided like a shadow from time to time to the room where her dying husband lay. He could not see her, but each time he felt her presence. 'Is my wife here?' said he; 'let her go away.' He was afraid of allowing her to approach him, because he did not wish her to be a witness of his sufferings. 'How is my wife?' he once asked Spasky, the doctor who staid with him during the night; 'the poor creature suffers innocently, alas! and the world will condemn her!' He bore his sufferings with astonishing fortitude, except two or three hours during the first night, when they passed all human endurance. 'I have been present at thirty battles,' said Dr. Arendt; 'I have seen a great many people die, but no one like him.' In the moments of his greatest physical suffering he did not scream, but only groaned, being afraid that his wife might hear him. When towards the morning, his sufferings had a little subsided, he asked to see her.

"I can not describe this farewell scene. He next asked for his children. They were asleep, and were brought but yet half-awake. He fixed his looks silently on each of them, laid his hand on their heads, blessed them with the sign of the cross, and ordered them to be taken away. 'Who is here?' he asked the doctors. They named me and Prince Wjäsenski. 'Call them,' said he with a faint voice. I approached him, took the hand, already growing cold, which he held out to me, and kissed it. I could not say a word. On his waving his hand, I stepped back. But he called me to him again. 'Tell the Emperor,' said he, 'that I am sorry that I must die; I have been entirely his. Tell him that I wish him a long, long reign, and joy in his son and in Russia.'

"He said these words in a low voice, with pauses, but quite intelligibly. He then took leave of Wjäsenski. At this moment Count Wichorski arrived, approached him, and received a last clasp of the hand. It was obvious that the dying man was in haste to settle his account with the world, and that he already felt the presence of death. He twice felt his pulse himself, and said to Spasky, 'Death is coming.' When Turgenieff approached him, he looked at him twice with an expressive glance, as if wishing to say something; but only waved his hand and whispered: 'Karamsin!' She was immediately sent for, and soon arrived. He looked at her for a minute. When she stepped back from his bed, he called her and said, 'Bless me!' then he kissed her hand."

His sufferings still continued through the following night, but were somewhat ameliorated. He was as much master of himself as before, and helped to carry out the directions of the doctors; although he wished for death as a relief to sufferings so dreadful, and repeatedly said: "Please, quicker: is my last hour come?"

Oh! please, quicker!" He heard with satisfaction how general was the sympathy people felt in his fate. It was like a national misfortune. Persons, known and unknown, thronged to the house to inquire how he was, and to express their deep concern. Every face showed grief, many wept. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, (on the twenty-ninth of January 1837,) he expired. Only for a few moments during the last struggle was the clearness of his mind obscured; but shortly before death his face became quite serene, he opened his eyes, and said: "It is over with life; breathing becomes difficult, it suffocates me." These were his last words. Shukowski adds:

"When all had left the room, I sat down and looked at his face. Never had I seen any thing like the expression left upon it in these first minutes after death. His head was a little inclined; his hands, a few moments ago moving as in cramp, lay now stretched out as if reposing after heavy labor. But the expression of his face I can not describe. It was so new to me, and yet so well known; it was that neither of dream nor of sleep; it was not the intellectual expression which was formerly habitual to it, nor was it a merely poetical thought; but it seemed to be some deep and thrilling insight, which gave the characteristic expression now visible—the discovery of a divine secret, a state of profound spiritual content. Whilst I thus looked at him, I felt as if I ought to ask him: 'What is it that you see?' And what would have been his answer, could he have come back? These are the moments of life which deserve to be called great. I may say that in this one I saw the face of death itself—the sublime, mysterious, unveiled face of death. What a stamp it had left on him! how the secrets of death and of his own inmost nature were written on these features! I assure you that I never before saw on his face any expression of such deep, solemn, sublime thought. Surely this thought must have preëxisted in his mind, and belonged to his noble nature; but it came out in this perfect purity only when, at the touch of death, all earthly things have vanished from him."

The two following days, while his coffin was yet unclosed, more than ten thousand persons came to take a last glance at him. On the first of February he was solemnly buried in the vault of a church at St. Petersburg, from which a few days afterwards, the coffin was taken to the convent where his mother was buried, and where he had wished to repose likewise.

Among his descriptions of nature, the representations of autumn are the most

beautiful; as, for example, in *Onegin*: "How sadly the dawn of morning rises from out the cold mists! The wolf and his mate, lurking for prey, emerge from the thick bushes; the steed, feeling the enemy near, prances about, snorting and trembling for fear. The horseman prudently turns round his horse, and rides to the mountains. No longer is heard the horn of the shepherd leading the cows from the village; every body stays at home. The spinning-wheel rattles, the girls sing at their work with cheerful faces, the pine-torch flickers instead of the candle."

Pushkin had an excellent library at his country-seat, which he continually enriched with new treasures. In 1829, he published an historical poem, *Poltawa*, and a new edition of his smaller poems in two volumes. His dramatic composition, *Boris Godunoff*, was at the same time prepared for the press. He was very much annoyed by the mutilations which his works suffered from the censorship, and for a while almost entirely ceased from publishing; until, as it is said, the Emperor Nicholas, having heard the reason of the poet's silence, took it upon himself to exercise the censorship on his works, and was found less severe than his officers. In the same year, 1829, Pushkin followed the triumphant march of the Field-Marshal Paskiewitch to Erzeroum. He saw again those beautiful countries of the Caucasus, Georgia, and a part of Armenia, which he had known before, and wrote a masterly description in prose of this expedition.

The summer of 1830 he passed at his country-seat Boldino, in the province of Nishni-Novgorod, whither he retreated to arrange his private affairs, as he had made up his mind to marry. These occupations, however, did not affect his literary activity. He was, on the contrary, busier than ever. He finished the two last cantos of his greatest poem, *Onegin*; wrote a poetical tale, *The Little House at Kolomna*, a series of dramatic scenes, *The Avaricious Knight*, *Mozart and Salieri*, *A Festival at the Time of the Plague*, besides about thirty smaller poems, and five tales in prose for the journal of a friend. In February, 1831, his wedding took place at Moscow. In a letter he wrote shortly afterwards, he says: "I am married. My only wish is, that nothing in my life may now change.

I am so little accustomed to this new position, that I feel as if in a new life. The remembrance of Delwig" [a friend recently dead] "is the only shadow in this existence of otherwise heavenly light." From Moscow he was intending to go back and pass the summer at Tsarskoe-selo; and, anticipating the pleasures of this sojourn, he writes to the same friend: "I shall then pass the summer and autumn in my enchanting solitude, not far from the capital, with the recollections of former and the enjoyment of present happiness, and surrounded by all the blessings of married life. I shall see you and Shukowski every week. St. Petersburg is so very near; living is cheap; I need not have a carriage. What is left me to wish for?" This summer, indeed, was one of the happiest in Pushkin's life; Shukowski also passed it in Tsarskoe-selo, and the two poets lived in the greatest harmony and mutual enjoyment of each other's works.

Several poems, and the beginning of Pushkin's *History of Peter the Great*, date from this time. Unfortunately, the latter was never finished. He worked at it till the time of his death; but the many minute details which such a work required tired him thoroughly out. His lively mind could not fix itself for any length of time on the same pursuit; he liked the study of history only so far as it fertilized and enriched his poetical genius. In the course of the year 1833, he again made a journey into the interior of Russia, to see the scene of the insurrection of Pugatshoff. As a literary result of this journey, he wrote the charming novel, *The Daughter of the Captain*. On his return, he took an active part in the publication of a periodical called *The Reading Library*, and in 1835 published a volume of new poems. Some of his most finished works — *The Brazen Horseman*, *The Stone Guest*, *the Sylph of the Stream*, *Galub* — appeared in 1836. Towards the end of this year he lost his mother; and when he followed her to her last resting-place in the convent of Swätigorski, he ordered, as if with some presentiment of the near approach of his own death, a burial-place to be reserved for him by her side.

We can not better conclude this imperfect account of the great Russian poet than by a very literal rendering of his own proud epitaph on himself:

"A monument to me leave I among my people,
 Not built by human hands, not overgrown
 by grass,
 But rising up more proud than that which
 does relate
 Napoleon's great deeds of glory.

No, I shall not perish; that may ever fall
 to ashes
 Which is destruction's prey—the body they
 inter;
 My spirit in my song shall be alive as long
 as
 On earth a single poet lives."

From Titan.

MIDNIGHT ON THE ALPS.

I HAVE myself achieved my Alpine ascent. I walked over Mont Cenis. I beg you will not think too light of my deed. Had I any power of description, I know my narrative would not sound tame, even by the side of Albert Smith's one thousand and first performance.

What, in sober reality, is after all an ascent of Mont Blanc? You huddle and crouch together, a score of you, in a cleft of the rock of the Grands Mulets—you consume an intolerable deal of cold fowl and champagne—you toil up in the dark by a slippery snow-path, tied together like so many Spanish onions in a string—you have in your ears the din of your jabbering Chamouni guides, the piteous moans, or the stale jokes of your jaded, dreary fellow-Cockneys. In due time you reach the summit—if you reach it—and in a cruel, cutting, killing wind, you stand for five, or it may be for ten minutes upon it, benumbed, bewildered, frost-bitten, sick at heart, and have before you—weather permitting—a bird's-eye view of "all the kingdoms of the earth." Then down you slide, or scamper or tumble, *pêlé-mêle*, *harum-scarum*, riding on your spiked mountain-staff, like so many witches on their broomsticks, down on the snow-dust again. You are met in the valley by a troop of half-cheering, half-jeering Savoyard ragamuffins, who have got up an ovation ready for you, for the sake of

the halfpence you are expected to sow broadcast amongst them. You sit down to a hot *fork-breakfast*, pen your letter to the *Times*, and are able to say, for your lifetime, that you have done it—you have done Mont Blanc. You have not paused for one moment; you have not been one moment alone, not one moment sufficiently collected to "realize a sensation." You have seen and heard and felt nothing.

Now for my achievement. We had dined on tough mutton, at a dirty hole of an inn at St. Michael's in Maurienne. I had sat from six o'clock till midnight in the *coupé* of the *Messagerie Impériale*, napping for six weary hours, that being, as you know full well, "my custom always of an afternoon." I had a Berlin Rath and Ritter of some kind or other with me, and his blooming tender bride on her wedding-tour, who kept nodding most affectionately to the Alps as they neared, and whose fair blonde head perpetually oscillated like a pendulum between her husband's shoulder and mine, till it settled comfortably on the side where her heart beat—I sat on her left—affording me the benefit of a genial warmth, which the late hour and the keen mountain air rendered any thing but superfluous or unwelcome.

On the stroke of twelve we were at *Lans-le-bourg*. There I drank a whole King Arthur's punch-bowful of coffee

and milk ; then, while the conductor, with many an oath, put twelve mules to his lumbering conveyance, I walked forth into the night alone.

I felt fresh and strong, and my heart bounded within me. I brandished my trusty iron-headed stick, a weapon, as you are well aware, with which I could crack a bull's frontal bone, let alone a mere Christian man's skull. We have traveled together, dear Marmion, and you can bear witness that I have few, if any, equals for soundness of lungs, and swiftness of foot, especially walking up-hill. It is a peculiarity with me that I never stay or slacken my pace in the ascent, however long or toilsome, but ever rush on and on, as if I meant to take the mountain by storm. The rapidity and continuity of motion raises the blood to fever-heat, and gives the brain something of the actual throbbing of fever. Now most of us know from experience that no human enjoyment comes up to the trance of a good fever, and the lightness and elasticity of the mountain air impart to the senses a high-wrought excitement, which comes as near the spiritualization of the whole frame as it is possible for us to attain here below. I traveled with the hurry of a Queen's messenger, had had two or three sleepless nights on the journey, and had still the boots on with which I stepped into a cab at my door in Pocklington Square, so that long unrest had brought me to a state of coma which lifted me up to the highest realms of the unreal.

I had not gone ten yards when the firm tread of my heel was the loudest—presently the only sound I heard. The toiling diligence thundered shortly afterwards behind me, but was soon far away in the rear, and the jingling of a hundred bells, and the crack of the whips, and the shouts of the postillions, and the "Sacrés" of the conducteur, who, having no horn to blow, apparently consecrated his superfluous wind to blow up men and cattle, ascended, mellowed by the widening distance, till they died away altogether in the space I put between me and them.

After two or three turnings in the road, I was again alone, and silence deepened around me. I tried two or three snatches of song—marching-tunes with which I am wont to beguile my way ; but the notes died in utterance. The God of the Alps awed and hushed me. The road wound up in the hollow of the valley ;

the rocky mountain-sides were fringed here and there with ragged fir-trees ; the view was bounded, the air close and noiseless, nothing broke the holy stillness of the night. Now silence and solitude are the first and foremost elements of all Alpine enjoyment. Another essential condition is perfect freedom of motion. Where you have to mind and pick your way, where you apprehend that any false step, any untoward tumble, may pitch you over a thousand fathoms' precipice, you must be a very Syntax if you have an eye for the picturesque. But here the road lay before me as smooth and safe, as firm and compact, as the carpeted floor of your drawing-room ; mountain and valley, as far as eye could reach, were almost as clear and distinct as the fullest noontide glare could make them. Right before me, where the jagged mountain-gorge seemed to close the way, there flashed a blaze of stars such as can only light up an Alpine atmosphere. Those stars—I knew them by heart. It was the glorious gorgeous cluster of the winter constellations just rising in the east. There was the milk-white Capella, and the blood-red Aldebaran, and the ruby Rigel, and topaz Procyon, the pale twinkling Pleiades, and the flaming belt of Orion. The very Koh-i-noor of the whole set, my own Sirius, played bo-peep behind rocks and woods ; but far up above-head a planet glowed, Jupiter, I supposed, bright and broad as a bran-new sixpence, a very Bude-light in a whole galaxy of minor gas-lights. The warmth, the purity, the calmness of the air was unspeakable.

Presently, however, I issued forth from that deep gully, and reached more open space ; you have gone yourself over Mont Cenis, Marmion, or have crossed the Alps at some other point, and I, who have been on foot, by night and by day, summer and winter, up and down, nine out of ten of those Passes, hardly need describe the peculiar features of the scenery. Mont Cenis is by no means the most sublime of mountains, though its road be perhaps the most striking of all mountain-roads. You are familiar with the change of landscape at every step along the winding ascent ; now deep in the glen, now high on the terrace, now thick through the wood, now close by the foaming cataract, now up on the dizzy bridge, now edging the yawning abyss.

Well—I reached an open space, and

was suddenly assailed by the roar of the thousand voices of the Alps. Down on my left dashed the unseen torrent, down on my right the wind reveled across the tangled pine-forest. The night was not so still as it had seemed below, and some thin streaks of pitch-dark clouds scudded like evil spirits along the narrow gorges, forerunners of a storm that was brewing in the east.

As yet there was only that low moan, that keen, fresh, freshening breeze quickening all our senses and heightening our perceptions, so that I, whose eyes like the cat's, are always keenest in the night air, and whose ears are of the sharpest at any time, could catch sights and sounds at an incredible distance and with amazing swiftness. But somehow the imagination would work upon all sounds and sights, so as to people every crag and every bush with unearthly objects, and to make the air alive with notes and tunes other than those of the piping wind and of the brawling brook.

The Alps are on the whole, pretty lonely and stirless, and especially on the highroad, singularly destitute of animal life. At night, however, a hundred invisible things seem perpetually rushing past; a hundred unaccountable voices—voices of the night—blend with the real music of earth, air, and water. The Alps are haunted!

Heaven! that I could only write down the thousandth part of the fancies that flitted across my mind! There is no million of miles of space, no million of years of time, a man may not travel through, in the millionth part of a second, under such a combination of magnetic causes. You have noticed the peculiar effect of a gust of wind through extensive firwoods: it sounds like the clash of ten thousand steel blades meeting in mortal conflict. It seemed to me as if all the legions that ever toiled up that far-famed ascent—Gauls, Africans, Romans, Goths, Burgundians, Lombards, Saxons, and Franks—were now marching up in the dead of night, in one close array, and I heard the clangor of their iron tread, and descried their spears and halberds gleaming up those star-lighted defiles. Charlemagne and his host of Franks took my fancy particularly, and I pictured to myself the meeting of that monarch with the solitary obscure monk, or deacon, who came to point out to him an unknown path, which would lead the Franks to the rear of the

Lombard position at the Chiuse, and give their onset all the irresistible impetus of a sudden surprise. I was myself by turns the French king, by turns the Latin monk. I rehearsed, in the name of this latter, the graphic speech, in which that lonely wanderer gives an account of the miraculous way in which Providence had guided him across the Alpine desert, in the third act of Manzoni's *Adelchi*. Anon, I bethought myself of Excelsior: I was Excelsior, and my stick became his star-spangled banner; and I wished and hoped Mont Cenis might, like Jacob's ladder, reach up to heaven, and I felt that I could walk up, up, forever, sure not only that my mortal strength would never forsake me, but that my breathing would become easier and easier, my limbs lighter and lighter, till my mortal frame would be buoyed up into the air, and the ascent would end in Ascension.

Oh! what ether is more exhilarating, what opium can give rise to wilder dreams, than such as beset us in the pure mountain air and after a smart mountain walk at midnight? There is hardly one hour of my life I did not live over again, hardly a line of poetry I ever read in any language, hardly three notes of a tune I ever heard in any land, that did not flit and flash across my mind in that short spell of clairvoyance—not one familiar face that I did not conjure up, not one well-known voice that did not mingle with the eternal roar of the Alpine wilderness. And in the midst of that mazy reverie a thousand evanescent, ineffable sights and sounds came suddenly to startle me: it was now a footstep—a very distinct footstep—not the echo of my own footstep—as if of some one dodging me—close behind me: now a heavy-trailing thing—some giant snake or other huge monster—rushing through the bush, almost at my feet: now a great flitting shadow towering on my path, and moving straight in my direction: a dark demon spreading his bat-like wings, ready to enfold me to his breast. Oh! the endless jugglery and phantasmagoria of the night! and I strained my eyes so as to pierce the gloom, and stood still and listened, till the throb of my pulses was the loudest noise: but the slightest attempt at seizing any of those sounds and sights would melt them into nothing; the moment I stilled my heart, the moment I rallied my wandering faculties, nothing

but the real was before me. I felt conscious all the time that I stood on the very brink of the supernatural, that I was walking on the very border of the "night side of nature," but any attempt to reach over the bourne flung me back rudely; back I fell into the dull, visible, and tangible world.

And I recalled to mind the day—and that day was hardly fourteen months back in the past—when I traveled over that same Alpine chain, though on another road, over the Splügen; traveled, but not alone; when a gentle and beloved companion pressed close to me, as the sledge bounded and jolted over the deep ruts of the uneven frozen ground, and she clung gasping and trembling to me for support; and I was reminded how that gentle, tender, timid being, so full of youth and life and love and happiness, lay now as cold as the snow she was then passing over; and, all on a sudden, I lifted up my voice till it rang like a bell in the still night air, and I prayed with a fervor, such as nature's temple only, and only sometimes, can inspire—I prayed to God Omnipotent that I might be allowed to break through the barrier that parts us from the invisible world—that here, in this great desert, where no human being was near to see, whence any tale I might tell would be credited by no human being, I might, for the shortest instant, catch a glimpse of the sweet countenance of the dear departed one—that I should for once stand with the dead face to face. I prayed—and as I prayed, I gazed wistfully before me, and eagerly breathed a name—and almost fancied faith and longing love could work miracles—ay, almost fancied—only fancied; for it is God's will that the great depth should never be sounded, that men should believe because they never can see. Even on the Alps, at midnight, the dead never return!

In the mean while the wind had freshened into a keen piercing gale; the clouds rolled darker and darker, and as I reached the highest regions, the stars paled one by one, the planet itself was absorbed, earth and sky mingled; the whole atmosphere was invaded by a thick fog, which lashed my face with almost imperceptible atoms of I knew not whether rain or snow or dust. At every new turning I had been plunging into more and more palpable darkness, and at last I moved through such a dense inky-black medium, that the foot had to dispense altogether with the aid of the eye. The very mist had become invisible.* Past the heavy crosses set up to guide the traveler through the winter snows, but now scarcely discernible from time to time, as they loomed portentous through the dusk—past the cantonniers' houses placed at short intervals by the wayside—past the dilapidated hospice, all dark and voiceless, and the paltry mountain inns which have usurped its hospitable duties, I trod stealthily, wrapt in my cloak, myself not unlike the spirit of darkness and of storm: the very watch-dogs gave no sign. I stood on the summit; I walked across the plain, along the icy-lakes, the death-lakes of Mont Cenis. Italy lay before me, a vast ocean of gloom. I stood at Grande Croix. Presently a ruddy light, a mere burning speck at first, then a huge fiery ball, meteor-like, flashed across the plain, low on the horizon, in the distance. There came jingling bells, cracking whips, swearing voices—the lumbering, thundering blundering diligence. I crept into my place beside the Berlin bride, who was napping and nodding still, drowsier and warmer than ever. The weird trance was at an end.

The Alps were left behind, and I, a man, found myself talking, thinking, and acting like other men.

* "Ricorditi, Lettor, se mai per Alpe
Ti colse nebbia per la qual vedessi
Non altrimenti chi per pelle talpe."

Dante, Purgatorio, xvii. 1-3.

"Call to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er
Hast on an Alpine height been ta'en by cloud,
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole
Doth through opacous membrane."

Cary's Translation.

Who ever observed more correctly or described more forcibly?

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE EXILE'S MEMORY.

BY KLEANOR F. COBBY.

ANCIENT homestead! quaint and lonely,
When shall I thy threshold tread?
When return to those who love me,
If, alas! they are not dead?
Round thy rustic porch the woodbine
Flutters in the evening breeze;
Still thy lowly gate is guarded
By those ancient poplar-trees—
Standing sentry, night and day,
With their leaves of trembling gray.

Well I know each sounding chamber;
Well I know each dark recess:
Oh! I might be happy often
If I could but love thee less!
Well I know the streamlet winding
Through thy pleasant pasture-land,
Where at noon the dappled cattle
In the shady waters stand.
Thoughts of home are sweet to me,
Pining o'er the distant sea.

Joy the dearest, grief the deepest,
Bind my heart with sacred ties,
To that homestead, quaint and lonely,
'Neath our gray, old English skies:
There I drank life's cup of anguish,
Brimming o'er with bitter tears;

When our gentle sister left us
In the dawn of joyous years—
Through that porch where woodbines wave
Borne, in silence, to the grave.

There, love's sweetness first entranced me;
There, I felt its tender spell;
Clasped hands and gentle glances
Telling what the lips should tell.
Absence came, with wider changes,
And the dream was soon forgot;
Yet it leaves a lingering kindness
For the old, familiar spot.
Oft at eve, my mind recalls
Glimpses of those ivied walls.

Oft at eve, my mind refills it
With the friends I see no more;
Oft illumines its parlor casement
With the merry lights of yore;
In the midst of outward sorrow,
When my heart is bleeding fast,
Nature's low unceasing voices
Tell me of the happy past—
Distant stream and moaning breeze
Sound like rustling poplar-trees.

A SHADOW.

WHAT lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gay?
What lack the babbling fountains?
Their voice is sad to-day.
Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low,
That made the earth rejoice,
A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?
A shadow is on the sun:
What lack the merry hours,
That I long that they were done?

Only two smiling eyes,
That told of joy and mirth;
They are shining in the skies,
I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes it
So weary and full of pain,
That trembling Hope forsakes it,
Never to come again?
Only another heart,
Tender and all mine own,
In the still grave it lies,
I weep alone!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

LATE AND EARLY MARRIAGES; OR, THREE HUNDRED PER ANNUM.

"WELL! and is it really you, Bessie Villiers? And what, in the name of goodness, have you done with yourself all this time? Five—well, no—but four weeks at least it is, since we have had the honor of a visit from your Ladyship."

This speech was finished with a grand mock courtesy, from the speaker, Miss Isabella Rivers, a handsome young lady, dressed in the very last fashion, in the richest of silks and the costliest lace; and it was addressed to another young woman of her own age, who a minute previously had been announced by Mrs. Rivers's page, who was gorgeously bedizened in blue, and silver buttons.

Bessie Villiers, the visitor, beside her friend, would not possibly have attracted much notice at first; she was by no means so *distinguished* looking, and was dressed very quietly though neatly. Her black *glacé* was not enlarged to inconvenience by crinoline, though a daintily-worked white petticoat just peeped from the skirt of her robe, as she held it up to avoid the contact of even Mrs. Rivers's handsome morning room carpet. A sweet and happy face, though not a *very* beautiful one, beamed from beneath a modest straw bonnet, plainly but elegantly trimmed with violet-colored velvet; perfectly-fitting gloves and boots finished this unremarkable toilet, if I except a black velvet mantle and sable furs, which served to denote the winter season.

"I have been very busy, my dear Isabella," said Miss Villiers, with a slight hesitation, and a color very perceptibly rising through her pure pale skin.

"And so, indeed, has been your humble servant," said Isabella: "Balls, soirées, operas, weddings!"

"What!" said Bessie, smiling, "have you at last made up your mind then?"

"To my own wedding?" Miss Rivers almost screamed. "Good Heavens, no! How could you think of such a thing? Why, Frederick and I are not half rich enough yet. I say Frederick and I, but I mean Mr. Bury; for, of course, every

one knows I have no money, don't they, mamma?" continued this lively young lady, tapping her mother under the chin—a proceeding which interfered with that matron's dignity materially, as, dressed in a costly morning silk, she lounged with one of Mudie's volumes in her hand.

"Don't be foolish, Isabella," her mother answered; "and pray don't tumble my collar so; it is really very disagreeable."

"What is, ma, dear?" replies her daughter—"that I still hang on your hands? Well, you know it is not Fred's fault, because he wanted to arrange our marriage only last month, and you would not hear of it."

"Certainly not," the elder lady says, "until Mr. Bury's prospects improve, and his income will enable him to keep a wife."

"I was about to name to you," said Bessie Villiers, "that I am going to be married on the seventeenth of next month. We think now there is every prospect of Mr. Dimsdale's income progressing, and we have made up our minds not to make any further delay. I shall be twenty-one you know," she said, "next week; my birthday is on the fourth, and Arthur is just two years older, and—"

"And pray, my dear," Mrs. Rivers broke in, "what may—if not an impertinent question—what may be the income of Mr. Dimsdale?"

Most people would have thought this a very impertinent question indeed. Bessie colored a *little*, but answered quietly: "Three hundred a year, Mrs. Rivers."

"Is it possible!!!!" in an accent of astonishment which demands all those four notes of admiration to describe it.

"My dearest Bessie!" (from Isabella,) "you are surely dreaming; or out of your mind; or"—laughing immensely—"terribly in love."

"I do, certainly, wish to say that I love Mr. Dimsdale very much," says Bessie, in a little tone of pique. "If I did not, I should be very wrong to marry him."

This mildly-tempered shaft, perhaps, was aimed at Miss Rivers, who had been wavering—so said evil report—between her engaged lover and a certain gentleman considerably older than herself; at any rate, Isabella received the innuendo (which became so, more from the emphasis with which it was delivered rather than its words) with a long loud laugh—the way, by the by, in which Mrs. Rivers and her daughters usually received any thing like hints of reproof, and which was doubly effective in at once expressing their scorn of report, and their contempt for the hinter.

"You are quite Arcadian, my dear girl," said Isabella, when she had indulged her mirth; "perhaps I might better say Utopian; but certainly I agree with you, it is much pleasanter to marry a person one does like, than any one to whom we have an aversion. And that is the reason I intend waiting for Frederick."

"But," interposed Miss Villiers, "surely Mr. Bury's income exceeds what Mr. Dimsdale and I think we can afford to marry on?"

"It does indeed," answered her friend, rather more seriously than before: "Frederick has five hundred a year. But do you think we could keep house on such a wretched sum, my dear girl? The thing would be out of the question; even mamma says so, don't you mother, dear? although she wants so very much to get rid of me, and hear me called Mrs. Some body, instead of Miss Rivers."

"Out of the question? Of course," her mother answered loftily; "and I can not, my dear Miss Villiers, imagine how your parents can permit you to sacrifice yourself, and descend from the enjoyments of a comfortable and elegant home into poverty."

"Poverty!" said Bessie, smiling.

"My dear, yes. What can you possibly do with three hundred a year?"

"At least," said Miss Villiers, "it is, in careful hands, a competency; and together we can make it go further than living singly; for Mr. Dimsdale candidly acknowledges that, as a single man, he can save very little, and wants beside the comfort of a home. Papa, you know," said Bessie, blushing, "takes a great interest in all social subjects, and discusses them freely among us all; and he declares this system of waiting till people are rich, now in vogue among the genteel middle-

class people, is productive of great immorality."

Mrs. Rivers tossed her head: "Those are questions," she said, "best left alone; at any rate, with us they are kept entirely out of sight."

"No man," said Isabella, in the tone of one who had definitively made her mind up on the subject—"no man has a right to marry unless he can support a wife in the way she has been brought up."

"And there again lies the fault. Papa says," exclaimed Bessie, "middle-class families bring up their daughters to know nothing whatever of domestic economy; to acquire showy accomplishments, which are yet not perfected enough to gain them bread, if accident or misfortune forces them to earn their own subsistence; to dress expensively, to frequent parties, and to keep a fixed determination not to marry until they can, as wives, be supported in the same reckless system in which they have as daughters before existed."

"Capital," says Mrs. Rivers, derisively. "Upon my word, Miss Villiers, you have retained your father's lectures well. I wish, Isabella, you would remember what I say to you, in the like manner. And pray, my dear, Bessie"—patronizingly—"tell us your qualifications for keeping house on the smallest possible income I ever heard of people being desperate enough to marry on?"

"One thing—the first and best principle, I believe," answered Miss Villiers gravely—"will be to keep our expenses within that income. I shall regulate them weekly, take a small house—just sufficient for decent and respectable comfort—have only one servant, and superintend every domestic occupation myself, which I am happy to say will be in my power, because we have always assisted my mother in those affairs."

"Really!" said Mrs. Rivers, being obliged to make some observation, and not knowing what other on earth to offer.

"Papa's income, my dear Mrs. Rivers," continued Bessie, "is, as you know, a very handsome one; but even he owns that if my mother had not exercised a strict economy and been prudent in her domestic expenditure, he could not have done as he has; that is, provided by a life assurance, handsomely for her in the event of his death, and put by something for his daughters, for marriage-portions, or to

help them on if they remain single. Every one of us," Bessie pursued—a flush of honest pride coming into her sweet face—"has followed some pursuit, by which, if compelled, we could earn our own living. We have never calculated on marriage as a means of livelihood, nor do I believe any of us are likely to sink into repining helpless beings, if we are destined to remain single. I believe each state of existence has its own peculiar cares and trials. We have endeavored to prepare for either."

Excellent sentiments! but they appeared to make no impression at all on Mrs. Rivers, or her daughter Isabella, who deemed it entirely beneath ladies to understand any thing whatever about household matters. Had they been born to rank and wealth, perhaps their high station might have denied them a participation in woman's dearest duties. The Duchess of Oldschool would certainly be out of place, walking into Her Grace's kitchen, directing Her Grace's *chef*, haggling with Her Grace's butcher, baker, or poulterer. But Mrs. Rivers, the wife of a commercial man, whose income was fixed at seven hundred per annum, might have so directed her affairs, with the greatest possible advantage to her husband's expenditure and her daughter's future welfare, since this young lady could not hope for an alliance with any member of the peerage, or even a wealthy commoner of high family. But Mrs. Rivers and her daughters preferred aping the Duchess of Oldschool, in their expenditure, their idleness, their fashionable modes, and even fancied that people mistook their Birmingham lacquer for Her Grace's massive gilding.

A week or two after the conversation recorded, Miss Villiers was united to the man of her choice, and subsided down into a small neatly-furnished house in a cheap locality, where the Rivers family would have been horrified to have ventured, and where, for untold sums, they would not have been supposed to visit.

When the acquaintances of our girlhood once cease, they rarely become renewed. Very wisely, Bessie Villiers, instead of marrying to please the particular set among whom she visited, married to please herself! Many persons shook their wise heads at Bessie's marriage; they said Mr. Dimsdale was fond of company, was

inclined to be gay, and that a longer courtship would have been better, because there would have been an object for him to pursue—to save, in short, for his marriage. As it was, Arthur Dimsdale had saved very little money, and Bessie married without many things which half-a-dozen friends told her were perfectly indispensable for a new-married couple.

"We shall keep no company," said Bessie: "our income I know will not suffice for that; so really I do not see that we require so much plate, neither do we want an expensive dinner-service, nor all the accessories belonging to the givers of dinners. As for the few friends who may take a cup of tea, or a sandwich supper, our every-day wares will do very well, for I always wish to set out a neat table for my husband."

And neatness reigned in the small household, and the young husband came to regard his house—small and inconvenient as many thought it—as a casket wherein he had enshrined a jewel of untold price.

As times and women go, I fear really good, unexact, and economical wives—wives, in short, who steer clear of that Scylla and Charybdis, Extravagance and Meanness, are regarded as something no less precious than rare.

When Bessie's third infant was born, she accidentally learned that Isabella Rivers was not yet married but still engaged to Frederick Bury; Isabella had declared that she would not marry till Frederick's income averaged a thousand per annum. Mr. Dimsdale's own income by this time had reached five hundred; but though his family had increased he had some little money saved, and lived in comfort, though neither in fashion nor splendor. The small house still was large enough for the married pair, and home was still the most attractive place to Arthur Dimsdale. A new book, a new song, a rare plant were among the few luxuries they permitted themselves. Never once had Mr. Dimsdale regretted his early marriage. Like most other young men, when first he entered the busy world, he had tasted some of those pernicious pleasures to which the world, in the intervals of money-making, devotes itself; but these soon palled on a taste too pure to enjoy amusements tainted with vice—too unsophisticated to find any happiness save in the ties of home. If he loved Bessie when he first knew her,

for her simple, unpretending manners, he became entirely devoted to her when he found that she did not refuse to share his privations as well as his more opulent prospects.

"I hear," said Arthur to Bessie, one evening after he had been dining with some bachelor friends—for Mrs. Dimsdale was not one of those exacting wives, who demand that their husbands should give up every former acquaintance—"I hear Fred Bury is living a sad fast life. No wonder the poor fellow has been disappointed in his expected home; he has no domestic happiness, not even at the Rivers's, who never spend their evenings at home, but are eternally gadding to balls, to lectures, soirées, parties, the opera, or heaven knows where; and so he visits all the haunts about town, and finishes a night of dissipation at the 'Chimney Corner,' where the greatest attraction is Mr. Codling, that humorous comic-singer, who, I declare, always sent me home, whenever I have listened to him, (and I confess Bessie, I did sometimes—in the times before the Flood, I mean, my dear—before you took compassion and married me,) with suicidal inclination; so dreadful was the contrast between that poor wretch's ludicrous ditties, and his wo-begone private descriptions of his sufferings, with a wife and nine children at home. But of course Isabella knows nothing of these practices of young men, and would believe no one who should assert that she is to blame for Fred's delinquencies."

Two years after, when, according to Bessie's calculation, Isabella was twenty-nine, and Mr. Bury was thirty-three, Miss Rivers was married. The wedding was performed—for what are those silly pageants, but entertainments enacted for the special amusement of the mob who congregate at the church door, and a large circle of private friends?—in the most approved fashion: Veils of Honiton lace, orange-blossom wreaths, white *moiré* dresses, and *bouquets* were plentiful, and cost as much money as would have furnished a good-sized house from top to bottom. A honeymoon, spent in Paris, completed the expense attendant on this marriage; and when Mr. Bury settled down in his new and expensively-furnished residence, he was thoroughly put out by the expenditure to which he had been forced.

Mrs. Bury had furtively stolen two or

three visits to Bessie Dimsdale's before her own marriage took place, partly out of curiosity to see her former friend's humble *ménage*, and to ascertain if they were not involved in deep distress, and how people could manage on an income of three hundred per annum. She was much surprised, on her first visit, to find that although there was no page in blue, and silver buttons, there was nothing at all sordid or squalid in the appointments of Mrs. Dimsdale's well-ordered home. Bessie herself on this occasion had been preparing her husband's five o'clock dinner, yet was dressed in a snowy wrapper and lace cap, as nice and neat as if she really had expected early visitors, which she did not.

"Well, my dear, you must be sorely put to it," said Isabella sympathizingly, as she said "Good-by!"

Bessie only laughed: "Try it yourself," she answered; "but take my advice, don't try Frederick's patience too much."

Mrs. Dimsdale returned Isabella's visit, after the latter's marriage. Mrs. Bury resided in a handsome house near Baywater, in which there was every thing the most luxurious could desire. Mr. Bury, she informed Bessie, had received an addition to his income by some fortunate speculation in railway shares: "So we are pretty well off," she said. "You know, of course, I could never have done as you did: and see, now, you have actually three children! Bless me! I declare I am quite old! and yet how fresh and well you look—quite handsome, I declare. Do you know I was much happier at home, than I am, now I am married? Fred is so fretful, you don't know; but I always refuse to listen to his troubles, for he's always boring one about something or other; but I tell him women have nothing to do with business, and ought not to be worried with it: then he flies in a passion, and twits me with keeping him single so long; and actually, Bessie, the other day, what do you think he said?"—and the tears really filled Mrs. Bury's dark eyes as she spoke—"why, that I had grown into a cross, peevish creature, and that I was more like a sour old maid than a young wife. I cried all day, and did not come down to dinner; so my lord clapped on his hat, and left the dinner smoking on the table, and, I suppose, went and got his own where he could. So you see I

have my troubles, though we are well off."

Troubles, indeed, which Bessie, with her well-regulated temper and well-regulated home, had never experienced.

"And then," pursued Isabella, "Mr. Bury has habits quite unbecoming a married man. At first, of course, he was pretty attentive and well-behaved; but, my dear, he comes home sometimes dreadfully late; and, when he finds me up—would you believe it?—he actually swears, and declares he will have a key! He shall not, though," said Mrs. Bury, her spirit rising, and showing a tolerable sample of what she could be if roused; "though he turns round and reproaches me with his having got into bad habits, because he says I kept him for years from the comforts of a home and domestic happiness."

Her friend soothed and calmed her as well as she could; but Isabella, having once begun to complain, found it such a relief, that she kept on. One day she came to Mrs. Dimsdale in a state of great excitement; she produced a note, after some indifferent conversation—for Bessie did not care for these confidences, and, seeing something was amiss, wished to discourage her from making them—and, showing it to her friend, begged she would read it, being in Italian, in which language Bessie was a proficient, though Isabella knew nothing of it, but "Ah! sospiri," or "Una voce," which she used to sing to her Italian music. "I found it," she said, "in Fred's waistcoat pocket this morning—I always search his pockets before he gets up. It is from a woman, I am certain; I have brought it to you to read, remembering how well you understood Italian before you were married. See!" she said, holding out the satin, pressed, perfumed billet, which, if not written in "very choice Italian," was nevertheless indited in that mellifluous language, unfortunately a sealed book to Mrs. Bury—"see! do read it, my dear! I am on the rack till I know whom this is from."

The rack! Ah! my dear Mrs. Bury! what were all the tortures of ancient times—the thumb-screw, the press, the knotted cords for flagellation—compared with those of jealousy, which women have, from time immemorial, invented for themselves, and which they administer constantly to their own souls so unsparingly, so remorselessly? So Mrs. Dims-

dale, taking pity on her friend's agonies of doubt and curiosity, though protesting a good deal against the action, translated the note—not without much blushing and hesitation, for the first four lines explained perfectly, even to her inexperience, from what kind of person the epistle came.

"Caro Carissimo"—

So it began, and I will translate the rest, for the benefit of my dear reader, who, like Mrs. Bury, may not be sufficiently skilled in "*La bella lingua Toscana*;" for I hold it to be an impertinence to write in a language not universally understood:

"Caro Carissimo: I die a hundred thousand deaths, because you have not been to me for these two days. I looked for you in vain last night behind the curtain. The opera was '*Norma*;' and if I had sung *Norma*—as but for *La Crinolini's* infamous jealousy I should—how I should have mourned my *Pollio's* falseness! As it was, '*Animo Mio*,' having to go on for *Clotilde*, and support that vile *Crinolini*, in her agonies! think how much my own exceeded them! By the by, I have seen the sweetest bijou of a bracelet, at *Houbigant's*, yesterday; bring it with you, and receive my forgiveness, my embraces, my fidelity till death!

"Yours ever,

"GIULIETTA."

"There: I told you so!" said Isabella, as she heard this, with a visage inflamed with rage, and eyes which, could their glances have been turned to steel, would have inflicted deep stabs on the person of her rival—"I knew there was something of this kind. And I have gone to the opera, and actually seen this creature act confidantes and mammas—a beetle-browed, swarthy wretch. And for such an object he is false. Oh! I—I can not—can not bear this!"

And Mrs. Bury's convulsive sobs threatened a fit of hysteria, which, being produced by violent and irrepressible emotions, are not, as some male slanderers assert, always under the control of the female exhibitor thereof.

"My dear Isabella, try and be calm," her friend—distressed as much as it was possible for a by-stander to be—said.

But you might as well have preached discretion to a tearing March wind, and have persuaded the same to become a Zephyr meandering among summer trees, as have prevailed on that furious and stung woman to cease complaining. When

she could weep no more, and even the kind-hearted Bessie grew weary of trying to soothe or reason with such a tornado. Mrs. Bury rose, and took her departure. Her brougham conveyed her home, from which her husband had long since departed; doubtless, she thought, to make his peace with the Italian woman, Giulietta.

To calm herself, and yet to keep alive her resentment—although that fire needed no fuel to be thrown on its flames—what does my sympathizing reader think Mrs. Bury did? She opened the cellaret in her sideboard, and drank a glassful of French brandy—the best, purest Cognac, but still, an undoubted and sad fact, brandy. I will not positively affirm that the same process did not take place more than once during the course of that miserable day; a process which certainly did not improve Mrs. Bury's temper, or give her reason the aid so much to be desired.

Mr. Bury came home to dinner; it was as much as his wife could do to preserve her equanimity till the servant had withdrawn. Then a dessert was spread out before Frederick which he had little anticipated. Olives of bitterness formed the principal ingredient of this repast, to which no sweetness came as alloy; no cooling fruits offered themselves to the parched palates and fermenting acids of recrimination and anger. His wife threw the billet of La Signora Giulietta before her husband, in fact into the plate from which he was just eating his grapes—sour ones indeed they proved to be. A storm arose, of which none of my readers can form an accurate idea, unless, as married persons, they themselves have passed through such experiences.

The battle raged, with equal forces on either side. The lady brought an overwhelming fire, at first, on the enemy—of tears, sneers, reproaches, complainings, and a volubility which had well-nigh at last routed the opposing party, who, indeed, at the onset, acted merely on the defensive. Presently retaliation ensued.

"You would not marry me when I first asked you; you would wait till I had money enough to give you every bauble you fancied. I don't see much difference in women, for my part; Giulietta gets all she can, so do you; I'm only the poor stock that gets the money—how, none of you know or care, so long as your wants and pleasures are supplied. A man need have full coffers, who presumes nowadays

to take a wife: I wanted a home—a place where I could smoke and talk and come and go, without a parcel of nonsense and etiquette, and all that rubbish that fags a man out; so I took to Giulietta. And when I married, why, I could not turn the woman off without more expense than I could well afford, with all the trumpery of our wedding. Well, separate if you think proper. I tell you to your face, I am much more comfortable and free and easy at Giulietta's lodgings than in my own stuck-up house, where I am in awe of my own servants, and frozen by my own wife, who is never pleasant, affectionate, or kind, but when she wants money or presents."

And this reprisal of the enemy fairly routed and silenced the invading force, who took flight in tears, and sought the refuge of her own room, which was locked and bolted against the approach of her husband, who smoked a cigar without any concealment, in the dining-room, and who put on his hat about ten o'clock, and went to fetch Signora Giulietta from the opera, on whose boards she had been that evening representing the confidante in "*La Favorita*."

Mrs. Bury's own couch on that night was far from being a bed of roses. Her pillow, indeed, was bedewed with tears—not of repentance, but rage and balked revenge; and she arose in the morning unfreshed by sleep, and with a breast filled with anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. She did not carry her threat of separation into effect. She determined on a different course of conduct, and ordering her brougham, drove to various shops where she was known, and ordering herself rich dresses and jewelry, desired the bills might be sent in to Mr. Bury. She sought out a career of dissipation for herself, and flirted on the very verge of impropriety, and this she called revenge.

Mr. Bury took no notice of his wife's absence from her home. He did not frequent her set; and Mrs. Bury gave parties quite independent of her husband, merely assigning the bills to him for payment. He began soon to be uneasy at his expenditure. He tried to expostulate with his wife, and was answered with a threat and a sneer, which caused him to turn on his heel with something which I fear strongly resembled an oath.

There is little doubt but that the present writer will be blamed for so plain a

description of Mr. Bury's vices and follies; and indeed there is no excuse to be offered but the statement that these things occur every day, and are heard of and discussed in many private families of respectability, who, if the truth must be told, are themselves to blame for the consequences of their own insatiable demands to be supplied with the very best loaves and fishes which this life offers, and who ignore love and suburban cottages as quite unworthy living for, and as things incompatible with genteel and fashionable existence in the nineteenth century.

When Mrs. Bury's milliner's bill, and her dress-maker's bill, and her perfumer's ditto, and that of the lady's shoe or boot-maker—for her gloves, bijoux, furs, and other trifles not possible to be done without—came home, and the sum-total of these came to be added to Mr. Bury's own accounts, that gentleman declared himself in a state of insanity.

Mrs. Bury was going out to a party, one evening, when a messenger came to her house, and informed her that her husband had been arrested at the suit of Messrs. Crescent and Opal, jewelers. Isabella turned white as her own *moiré* dress when she heard this news. She had been nursed in the lap of prosperity; for though Mr. Rivers lived up to his income, yet no signs of distress had ever hovered over him, or shocked his wife and family; and Mrs. Bury's sympathy therefore was at once aroused for her husband, whom this lady came—although rather too late—to regard as the victim of her extravagance; which, indeed, *she* styled her revenge.

O man and wife! of whom marriage is supposed to make one frame, one heart, one mind! what become of ye, when either stoops to vengeance on the other? Is it not as if I should pluck out my own heart, because my right hand had failed me and lost its cunning? And can two beings knit into one, really exist independently and yet be happy?

Mrs. Bury, with many tears and sighs, acknowledged her error. Repentance came to her, as it comes to many other sinners, somewhat too late to do good. She visited her husband in his durance, and implored for his pardon; which he, much affected, freely bestowed, imploring at the same time absolution at her hands for his own grave errors as a husband. She became aware then, that he had no

longer an abandoned partner in guilt; that, in a word, La Signora Giulietta had—with the ready custom of her class to forsake adversity, and cling only to the skirts of prosperity—deserted him when he could no longer supply her rapacity.

Isabella became shortly afterwards aware of another circumstance: that she had been collecting hoards of dresses, jewelry, and property, only for the demands of her husband's creditors.

I will close now this dismal history, which, had it not been to point a moral to the evil every day increasing among us, I would not have related at all. Isabella and Frederick at the first and earliest period of their affection would have supported, soothed, and wooed each other—the last only more devotedly for privation; whereas, waiting till selfishness got the upper hand, they could not enjoy the competence for which they had had the patience to wait whole years, and, like children who having with the utmost caution, skill, and care, constructed a house of cards, so these full-grown babies blew down with a breath the edifice which had cost youth, toil, and long waiting ere it was reared—reared only to be thus destroyed.

Mr. Bury was a bankrupt, and his former associate, Arthur Dimsdale, was not only a husband, but a loving father, and a prosperous rising man. With him and his family, desires had not increased with wealth. Simple pleasures to them were ever the best liked. Love and happiness were, after years of union, still centered only in each other.

Isabella sat with Mrs. Dimsdale, a twelve month after Frederick Bury's disasters. Mrs. Bury had discarded her gay toilettes; perhaps, more properly speaking, they had discarded her. Be that as it may, Isabella looked better in her plain black silk and net cap, than she had ever done in her *moirés* and velvets; for there was a look of content and happiness which, in her earlier days of wedded splendor, she had never worn. She was conversing with Bessie on the past and present. Something of the future mingled too with their discourse.

"Yes," Mrs. Bury said, in answer to some remark of her friend, "we are beginning life again: and would we had so begun it years ago! But, O Bessie! I feel so light—so happy—so active! Ah!

if people knew what comfort and happiness they miss by waiting to grow rich, early marriages—where there was a competence and a fair prospect of getting on—would be promoted, and we should in the end be wiser, happier, and better.

You must teach me," she said, (the tears rising in her still beautiful eyes,) "to be my husband's helpmate; and in return I will tell your girls, when they grow up, my story, and warn them against putting off happiness for riches."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SHAKSPEARE.

WE are impressed with the belief that we could not please our readers with any embellishment better than to place at the head of this first number of the year, a portrait of the world-renowned poet, in company with his cotemporaries, in one beautiful group, of which he was the honored chief. His fame will last undimmed while the world shall stand, and his works remain an inexhaustible store-house and mine of thought and literary treasures, for all coming generations, who will dig or draw out their gems and jewelry.

For this beautiful portrait-group, adapted thus to the dimensions of our journal, we are indebted to the artistic skill of our incomparable artist, Mr. John Sartain, who for fourteen years has embellished its consecutive numbers. We subjoin a brief sketch of the poet.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, and died. "This," says Steevens, "is all that is known, with any degree of certainty, about Shakspeare." We should have cared very little about the birth and marriage, the will, or the death, of this native of a petty country-town in the sixteenth century, but for the one other certainty, "he wrote poems and plays." That fact renders the minutest incident in the life of this son of a Warwickshire yeoman, a matter of interest to the whole human race; for out of the cottage in which he was born, has gone forth a voice which is the mightiest in modern litera-

ture; which has had no small influence in forming our national character; and which, in connection with the higher teaching from above, is refining and humanizing wherever its sound is heard. Steevens was in a great degree right, as far as regards a mere biographical notice of Shakspeare. His real biography lies in a critical estimate of his writings, as compared with others of his time, and in his relation to the age in which he flourished. The documentary biography, beyond that furnished by the facts that tell us the dates of his several works, lies in a very narrow compass. William Shakspeare was born in 1564. His baptism was registered in the parish church of Stratford, on the 26th April, in that year. It was usual to baptize within three days of birth, and, therefore, his birth-day is held to be the 23d of April, the St. George's day of England. The probability, though not the certainty, is that he was born in the town of Stratford. The old house there, in which he is said to have been born, was unquestionably the property of his father, John Shakspeare. His father was married and living in Stratford in 1556. His mother was Mary Arden, of the ancient family of the Ardens. The course of John Shakspeare may be traced by the parochial and municipal record, from the office of juryman of the court leet in 1556, to that of bailiff, or chief magistrate, in 1568. He has been held to have been a butcher, or a wool-stapler, or a Glover. In an age when there was little subdivision of occupations, the yeoman cultivating his land, might have sold the carcasses of his sheep,

dressed their wool, and prepared their peltries. The occupier of grazing land had no large separate markets for such commodities. There was a free grammar school at Stratford. We have no record that William Shakspeare went to that school; but why should we doubt that he was educated there; it was the natural place of his education. Some persons have endeavored to show that there is no tincture of grammar school studies in his writings; that he was essentially unlearned. Such a belief is now wholly abandoned, except by those pedants, if there be any left, who think that there can be no learning without a constant parade of it. It has been stated by Rowe, that John Shakspeare had "a large family, ten children in all." There were other Shakspeares in Stratford. The registers distinctly show that the father of the poet had five children who survived the period of infancy. We have no trace how William Shakspeare was employed in the interval between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. The tradition is, that he was a wild young fellow, stealing deer. The certainty is, that he was treasuring up that store of knowledge, and cultivating that range of genius, which made him what he became. At Shottery, a pretty village within a mile of Stratford, is an old farm-house, now divided into several tenements, where dwelt a family of the name of Hathaway, and this property remained in the possession of their descendants. Anne Hathaway became the wife of William Shakspeare in 1582. The marriage-bond and license are preserved in the Consistorial Court, at Worcester. By this marriage there were three children, Susanna, Hammet, and Judeth. Hammet, the only son, died in 1596. The two daughters survived their father, and inherited his property. Soon after his marriage, William Shakspeare became connected with the Blackfriars' Theater, in London. In 1589, when he was only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint proprietor of that theater, with four others below him in the list. The players of the Blackfriars' were the Lord Chamberlain's company, those who acted under royal patronage. We know nothing of the date of the production of the first play. We can absolutely assign very few dates to any of his plays, except by the following table, which has been given by Mr. Knight, of the positive

facts which determine dates *previous* to which they had been produced :

Henry VI., Part I.....	Alluded to by Nashe in "Pierce Pennilesse,"	1592
Henry VI., Part II.....	Printed as "The First Part of the Contention,"	1594
Henry VI., Part III.....	Printed as "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,"	1595
Richard II.....	Printed.....	1597
Richard III.....	Printed.....	1597
Romeo and Juliet.....	Printed.....	1597
Love's Labor Lost.....	Printed.....	1598
Henry IV., Part I.....	Printed.....	1598
Henry IV., Part II.....	Printed.....	1600
Henry V.....	Printed.....	1600
Merchant of Venice.....	Printed, 1600. Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
A Midsummer Night's Dream.....	Printed, 1600. Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Much Ado About Nothing.....	Printed.....	1600
As You Like It.....	Entered at Stationers' Hall.....	1600
All's Well that Ends Well.....	Held to be mentioned by Meres as "Love's Labors Won,"	1593
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Comedy of Errors.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
King John.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Titus Andronicus.....	Printed.....	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor.....	Printed.....	1602
Hamlet.....	Printed.....	1603
Twelfth Night.....	Acted in the Middle Temple Hall.....	1602
Othello.....	Acted at Harefield.....	1602
Measure for Measure.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1604
Lea.....	Printed 1608. Acted at Whitehall.....	1607
Taming of the Shrew.....	Supposed to have been acted at Henslow's Theater, 1598. Entered at Stationers' Hall.....	1607
Troilus and Cressida.....	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court.....	1609
Pericles.....	Printed.....	1609
The Tempest.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1611
The Winter Tale.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1611
Henry VIII.....	Acted as a new play when the Globe was burned.....	1613

Of the thirty-seven plays of Shakspeare, the existence of thirty-one is thus defined by contemporary records. The six which are not so defined, are *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, *Timon*, and the three Roman plays. There are not many instances of the mention of Shakspeare, during his lifetime, by writers of his period; but one writer, Francis Meres, notices many of his more important plays, in 1598. His poems carry their own dates. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593; *Lucrece* in 1594; the *Sonnets* in 1609. Meres had mentioned, in 1598, Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets amongst his private friends." Shakspeare became rich in connection with the theaters. He purchased the principal house in Stratford in 1597, and parcels of land in that parish. He became the tithe-owner also by purchase. It is supposed that he ceased to be connected with the theaters in 1609, for there is a valuation of his property in that year, for which he asked £1433 6s. 8d. His fa-

ther died in 1601; and it is more than probable that the greatest of poets succeeded him as a practical farmer in his native place. He had his actions in the bailiff's court for corn sold and delivered. He was looked up to by his neighbors, as there is evidence in letters. His eldest daughter, in 1607, married Dr. Hall, an eminent physician residing in Stratford. Judeth married Thomas Quiney, a tradesman of substance, in February, 1616. The register of Stratford has another register two months afterwards. On the 25th of April, William Shakspeare was buried in the parish church. Anne, the wife, survived till 1623. She was amply provided for by the laws of her country; for the greater part of Shakspeare's property was freehold, and the widow was

entitled, for her life, to the dower of one third. The bequest to her of the second-best bed was one of affection, and not of neglect. The best bed was always an heir-loom. The eldest daughter, Susannah, died in 1649. Judeth died in 1662. Neither left any male-heir. The one grand-daughter of Shakspeare, Elizabeth Hall, inherited the bulk of his property. By her second marriage she became the wife of Sir John Bernard. In half a century the family estates were all scattered, and went to other races; with the exception of two houses in Henley street, which Lady Barnard devised to her kinsman, Thomas Hart, the grandson of Shakspeare's sister, Joan. These houses were purchased by the British nation, in 1847, of the descendants of the Harts.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSICIAN OF WALDON CATHEDRAL.

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldron Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjahr*—I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is "chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the Lord-bishop of the diocese;" but I do not think that it is "noted" at all. Nevertheless, though I have traveled much, I have

never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation, received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry mid-summer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fields and fiords. I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the

cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah! ye Waldonites! ye shall slumber through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye!"

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there — no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a foot-fall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if

human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had "drowsed" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen "naught nor nobody."

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practiced again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaivering still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed —. But I did not consider my-

self to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of by-gone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed upstairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. "Hollo! I thought you were in the other room," he exclaimed.

"Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old—?" My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Every thing was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checked my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer, "I don't understand it, any more than I understand this"—tapping his book with his pipe. "I saw you leave that door"—pointing to that of the outer room: "Soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out: 'Well done, old boy.'"

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mould-

ering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded, all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain!

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What* had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practiced. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this, (showing a shilling,) and went away the very minute she'd adone playing."

"She!" It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight plain young girl. She would surely come again—I *would* secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minute in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant, of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted though the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: "There is no meroy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed;

before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain; the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to *command* her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

"If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys."

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

"Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since; you must fill his place in this cathedral."

"Are you not the organist?"

"No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it."

"Are you the bishop, then?"

"No." I laughed. "But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral."

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

"I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here."

"I am the best judge of that: I will try you. I will call at your home and arrange with your relations."

"I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow."

"Your answer must be, 'Yes;' and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?"

She shook her head; so as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

"Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again," I said.

"Oh! yes, if you wish it."

"You have not asked my name, or where I live." I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

"It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night, you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again."

I said "Good night," but followed her still; it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the façade of the cathedral immediately opposite me, (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight,)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognized the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

"I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor," was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

"I have yet to learn the young lady's name," I reminded her.

"Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town."

"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs. Smith—that was her name she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I dispatched Margaret with Mrs. Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play any thing she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarleth's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her, but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admirably she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practicing in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when——"

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs. Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

"No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall

you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes: she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine: she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practice with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved; now she

could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs. Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral-yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

"Would it be possible for me ever any where to forget this place," she said musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt, (so she called Mrs. Smith,) I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am under-ground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted, heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterized her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission: evidently, a central somewhat was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had

long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline—But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual: her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

"She is shockingly affected; a dreadful

flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the old fancies she might be a bishop's lady!"

"She flies rather lower than that," said a kindred voice. "She and Mr. — (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course they call it practicing—a very pretty kind of practice!"

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

"A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies," I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the veiling lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendliness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice any thing beyond these instructions—any thing personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last reentered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and

my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had reentered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead," was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly-kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by and by.

"Nigh a month since, sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please, sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir; she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, sir; it has, sir." Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said any thing of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs. Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I can not say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no

right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh! well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked humbly.

"Yes, yes."

"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no: you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said :

"You must not spoil me so ; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried :

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice — (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral-yard. It was on New Year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New Year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half a dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

A T T H E G A T E .

I MET the maiden at the gate,
The eve when first I spoke her name;
I would not have been there too late,
For all the flattery of fame.
And lightly fluttered her sweet dress,
O'er which the fondling zephyrs strayed;
With affluence shook each raven tress,
Imprisoned in pearl-sprinkled braid!

Large clusters of white lilac bloom
In adoration o'er her bowed;
For through the evening's dusky gloom,
They saw her face with charms endowed.
While I grew tremulous to see
How low they drooped her brow to reach;
For I believed they strove to be,
Near to her cheeks flushed like a peach!

I envied all the leaves that stirred,
Lest they should round her beauty crowd;
And when she spoke her first sweet word,
I felt the proudest of the proud!
The moon seemed conscious of the pride,
That fame-like in my bosom glowed;
And whiter than the fairest bride,
Her splendor round the maiden flowed!

Then I grew jealous of all things
On which the maiden cast her eyes;
For touched with love all Nature sings,
And earth seems nearer to the skies!
I loved her from that hallowed eve
She vowed her lot in life was mine;
I doubted not, and now believe,
That love once born must be divine!

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. EDMUND HORNBY. Pages 500. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South-Sixth street. For sale by A. S. Barnes & Co., New-York.

Mrs. HORNBY presents her book of travels and of sojourn in the form of sixty-one letters addressed to her mother. The style is plain, easy, and familiar—quite conversational. We looked for a preface and introduction to the book, but found none, which we regard as desirable as a portico or vestibule to a well and tastefully constructed building. A book of travels, well written, imparting valuable information concerning the manners and customs of a people and country which comparatively few are supposed to visit, is an accession to literature. Mrs. Hornby has filled her volume with facts and incidents of her travels and sojourn which are pleasantly described and will interest the reader.

THE SABBATH HYMN-BOOK FOR THE SERVICE OF SONG IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. Pages 941: Hymns 1290. New-York: Mason & Brothers. Boston; J. E. Tilton & Co.

THE compilers of this book are men of high repute, learning, talents, and influence in the theological and musical world. Professors Park and Phelps of the Andover Theological Seminary, and Doctor Lowell Mason, so long the *primus inter pares* of the living musical world, are men whom the religious public, at least, have a right to suppose are fully competent to the work and the responsibility which they have undertaken and assumed. How far they have succeeded, and what approximation to the highest standard of hymnology they have made, will be differently estimated even by those who are competent to judge. The responsibility of preparing a book of songs for service in the house of the Lord is no ordinary one, viewed in its true light. The index of subjects is the best we have seen.

PRACTICAL SERMONS. By NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D.D., Late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. Pages 456: Sermons xxxii. New-York: Published by Clark, Austin & Smith. 1858.

THESE are memorable sermons. They will be had in everlasting remembrance by many now in heaven and many still on earth, who have been converted by the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon their instrumentality. We welcome their appearance, and commend them in earnest language to the attentive perusal of all. They are powerful discourses—redolent of weighty and solemn truths, plain, pungent, pointed, direct—burnished weapons,

like the sword of the Spirit, flashing with celestial brightness. They are Pauline in their strength and logic and force of diction. They are not small arms from the great armory of truth; but heaven's heavy artillery, siege-guns constructed and designed by a skillful engineer, to do execution when brought to bear upon the citadel of sin in the hearts of men, and induce an immediate surrender to the rightful Sovereign. The Spirit of God honored them, made them effectual as weapons in the spiritual warfare in numerous cases through continuous years. We have heard most of them again and again uttered in impressive tones, and a deep yearning interest, from the lips of him who on earth will never utter them again. Preaching in the estimation of this man of God, was no fancy work, no commonplace affair, of a dull and sleepy intellect, and a careless, indifferent heart; but a great and solemn business doing and to be done for eternity, and worthy of the entire devotedness even of angelic minds. This earnest, impressive conviction of its transcendent importance, breathes through all these discourses. As such they are worthy of the attentive perusal of all who, as preachers of the Gospel, are engaged in the most important and responsible of all business which can employ the human intellect and heart on earth. This brief notice should have accompanied the striking portrait of the author in our last number, but the volume was not received in time.

EXTRACTION OF TEETH BY ELECTRICITY.—The *Moniteur des Hopitaux* publishes a letter addressed to the Academy of Medicine by Mr. George, the Paris dentist, in which, after alluding to the danger of employing chloroform for so insignificant an operation as the drawing of a tooth, the writer mentions that after Mr. Snape's experiments for producing local anesthesia by means of electricity he has repeated them himself on various patients, and has obtained the most successful results. It appears from Mr. George's description that electricity applied to a decayed tooth does not by any means produce a shock, but merely an agreeable *frémissement*. Mr. George also states to the Academy his intention of devoting gratis, to the poor, an hour daily, for the extraction of teeth.

THE YIELD OF GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.—From the first discovery of the gold fields in Victoria up to the end of last year, the government escorts had brought down to Melbourne 11,457,472 ounces of gold, the value of which is estimated at £45,830,000. During the above period the total amount of revenue derived from the gold-fields, inclusive of the export duty, was nearly three millions sterling, out of which about £1,583,000 had been expended in making and repairing roads from Melbourne to the various gold-fields.

SINGULAR HUMAN PETRIFICATION.—The *Alla California*, of July tenth, contains a letter from a German physician, Doctor F. Lichterberger, at Fort Langley on Fraser River, giving a detailed account of the death of a miner, by petrification, consequent upon drinking a mineral fluid known as water of crystallization—a solution of silica—found in a geode. Geodes are rounded masses of quartz, containing cavities lined with crystals; and varying in size from a few inches to sometimes two feet in diameter. The unfortunate man whose death is recorded, in striking one of these geodes, broke off a piece, leaving a cup, which, according to the statement of a companion, contained about half-a-pint of the fluid above named. With a jesting remark about the crystal, the thoughtless man swallowed the whole of the fluid at a draught. In a short time its effects began to manifest themselves, death soon followed, *rigor mortis* immediately supervened, and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the fact that the whole system had become petrified.

TREATMENT OF GOUT.—The *Abeille Médicale* contains an article on the use of the oil extracted from the horse-chestnut as a sedative in gout. In order to extract this oil, the horse-chestnuts are first ground to powder, the latter is then treated with sulphuric ether, which dissolves the oil, resin, and saponine contained in the mass; the oil is then obtained pure by evaporating the ether. Ten kilogrammes of horse-chestnuts yield ten grammes of oil. To use it, it must be applied with a fine hair-brush on the part affected; if the pain is very intense the unction should be effected circularly, so as to arrive gradually to the center. When the first application is absorbed, a second one is effected after the lapse of a few minutes, and then a third and fourth, if necessary. The oiled part is then covered with blotting-paper, cotton, or flannel, and then with oilskin; the patient must be kept in perfect repose. In some cases the application of the oil causes an increase of pain for the first half-hour, after which the sedative action commences, but generally the pain gradually disappears without any aggravation.

APPETIZING.—"Each lion makes so great an impression on the population, that their number is generally exaggerated. A lion eats, at the lowest calculation, one hundred pounds' worth of beasts in a year, and, as he lives naturally thirty years, he costs the Algerians three thousand pounds in his life. I met a lady last night, who told me she was a few years ago going home to her house in the neighborhood, attended by two servants. It was dusk, when, quite close to her grounds, in a path by a brook, she saw within a few yards of her, on the other side of the brook, two large glittering eyes—nothing more—it was a lion: 'my lord' allowed them to pass and they heard no more of his royal highness. The same lady told me that at Oran—I think it was, a lion was killed, which three days before, had eaten a man; the Prefet gave a great dinner, the principal dish being the lion, which the French gentlemen assembled eat with the greatest relish."—*Algeria*. By B. L. S. Bodichon.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.—No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure to the utmost limit

of what is fit. It promises excellence and usefulness, to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans who have neither father nor mother to care for them; but a child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent; it is its own master—it is peevish, forward, headstrong, blind—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—The operation of taking up the trees on the Boulevard des Italiens, from the Rue de Richelieu to the Rue Louis le Grand, and replacing them by large healthy ones, is now being carried on with great activity. The plan pursued in planting these new trees is to dig a deep continuous trench, nine feet in width, which is to be filled throughout its whole length with fine vegetable mould, so as to enable the trees to send out their roots longitudinally, the extreme hardness of the ground under the footpath and carriage-road presenting an almost impenetrable obstacle to their development in those directions. This trial of a plan for giving the roots of the trees a particular direction is good, and many prove useful. It is a sort of espalier training below ground. English tree-growers will look with interest for the result.—*London paper*.

SYDNEY SMITH says: "A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember a joke after a meeting of the clergy, in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming: 'I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith—you meant a joke.'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I believe I did.' Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back."

WILLIAM VHAZIN furnishes "A Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington; with a Sketch and Life of the Author." The publisher deserves great praise for the elegant and tasteful style in which this volume has been prepared, and it is to be hoped that public appreciation may not be withheld from an enterprise at once so liberal and audacious. The paper, printing and binding of this work, as well as of the same publisher's previous issue, *Distract's Curiosities of Literature*, are of the first quality, and combine all requisite neatness and beauty with lowness of price. Many current issues are entirely unpreservable in cloth binding, but this is an exception from which other publishers will do well to profit.

JAMES MILLER sends us a volume published by J. P. Chamberlin and Company, entitled the *Duties of Human Life*; translated from a Sanscrit Manuscript, written by an ancient Brahmin. To which is prefixed a Letter, giving an Account of the manner in which the Manuscript was found, from an English gentleman residing in China, to the Earl of K***, edited by Joshua Perkins.

KING JOHN'S PALACE IN STEPNEY.—"There is about to be an act of downright Vandalism perpetrated in the east of London—namely, the demolition of that old palace of King John, on Stepney Green, which has stood for eight centuries, and is now in thorough repair. The old castle is a beautiful specimen of ancient brickwork, and it ought to be preserved when a very small outlay would restore it to its pristine beauty. It is on record that a Parliament was held in it seven hundred years ago. It is a most interesting relic of old times, and it is a disgrace to our antiquaries to suffer so fine a building to be wantonly destroyed."

A GREAT GUN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—A monster piece of ordnance was brought from Woolwich to Windsor Castle, by command of her Majesty, and placed on the North Terrace, where it will be inspected by the Prince Consort, and a suitable situation selected for its permanent position. The gun was taken during the late war from the Chinese, and brought to England by the ship *Sibyl*; it is an admirable piece of workmanship in brass, and weighs 7 tons 3½ cwt. 8 lbs.; its length is 13½ feet, girth 7 feet 3 inches, and 12 inches in the bore. It requires upwards of 30 lbs. of powder to load it, and it will carry a ball of 200 lbs. weight. The value of the brass alone is estimated at between £500 and £600.

J. E. TILTON & Co. issue a new edition of *Biography of Self-Taught Men*: with an Introductory Essay, by B. B. Edwards. This volume, which has been got out in very readable style, contains nearly fifty biographical sketches, including nearly every department of human mental activity. Its purpose is to furnish examples of industry and perseverance which may stimulate and encourage young men, between whom and the acquisition of knowledge obstacles are interposed, to continued and unremitting effort, showing how in many similar instances all difficulties have been overcome, and the Temple of Fame reached even from the very foot of the mountain.

T. NELSON & SONS favor us with a copy of *Martin Rattler; or, a Boy's Adventures in the Forests of Brazil*, by Robert Michael Ballantyne, author of many other well-known and favorite Juveniles. The author observes: "In presenting this book, I have only to repeat what I have said in the prefaces of my former works—namely, that all the important points and anecdotes are true; only the minor and unimportant ones being mingled with fiction. With this single remark, I commit my work to your hands, and wish you a pleasant ramble, in spirit, through the romantic forests of Brazil." The volume contains several spirited illustrations.

THE Sultan has made another step towards the admission of Europeans into the Mohammedan family. He has sent a Christian to be his Ambassador at Berlin, Aristarchi Bey, a Fanariote noble. The Turkish Christian diplomatist hastens to his post on the wings of love, for his bride awaits him at Berlin. He is about to espouse Fraulein Bonnin, the daughter of the Prussian general of that name, who commands the Seventh Division of the Prussian army.

THE funeral-car of Napoleon I., presented to Napoleon III. by Queen Victoria, has arrived in Paris in the custody of Sir John Burgoyne. The Minister

at War had sent one of his aides-de-camp to Havre to meet Sir John. The ceremony of the reception of this relic at the Invalides took place at one o'clock in the afternoon. The Prince Napoleon, the Minister at War, and General Count d'Ornano, the Governor of the Invalides, were present. The pensioners were drawn up in two lines extending from the outer gate to the chapel-doors. The car was placed temporarily in the peristyle of the chapel, but it is ultimately to have a place near the Emperor's tomb in the Chapelle St. Jérôme.

CHINESE WIT.—A missionary in the Chinese waters having distributed several copies of the Ten Commandments on shore, they were sent back the next day with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

"Do you profess religion?" "No, sir; I profess my faith and practice my religion." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

"LOST AND FOUND."—A person crossing over the Severn, was asking the master of the boat whether there were ever any people lost in the passage? "No sir," answered the Monmouthshire tar, "never; my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

WHEN Lord Erskine was chancellor, being asked by the Secretary of the Treasury whether he would attend the grand ministerial fish-dinner at the end of the session, he answered: "To be sure I will. What would your fish-dinner be without the Great Seal?"

LUNAR BEAUX.—Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows: "Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?" "I have seen a beau by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

THE Pays says it is authorized by M. de Lamarine to declare that the statement made by different journals of the sale of his estate of Milly is unfounded. Not only has the property not been sold, but it has not been offered for sale.

A BOTTLE was on Monday picked up on the shore at Portobello, having inclosed in it a slip of paper, bearing the following words: "1857, August 4. Ship Lady Franklin, Arctic Regions, all well. Dear Mother, P. B. One boy killed. P. B."

MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, is now at Stockholm. He has tamed several violent horses there in the presence of the Prince Royal, and His Royal Highness presented him with a gold medal. Mr. Rarey is, a letter states, about to proceed to St. Petersburg.

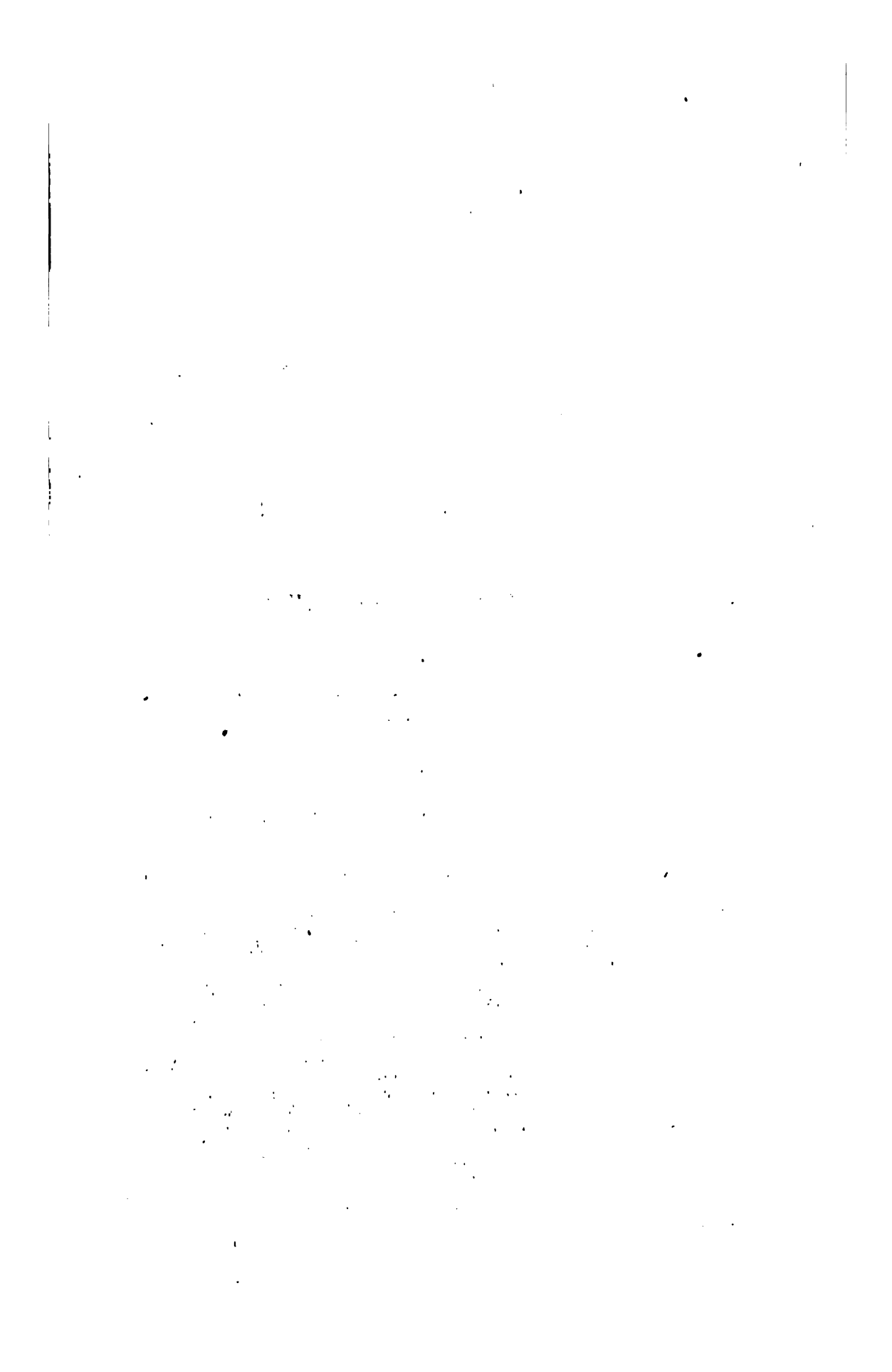
ON Friday week Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, at their auction-rooms, Fleet street, concluded a five days' sale of the literary property belonging to the late Mr. Bogue, bookseller and publisher, of Fleet street, and the amount realized by the sale was nearly £10,000.

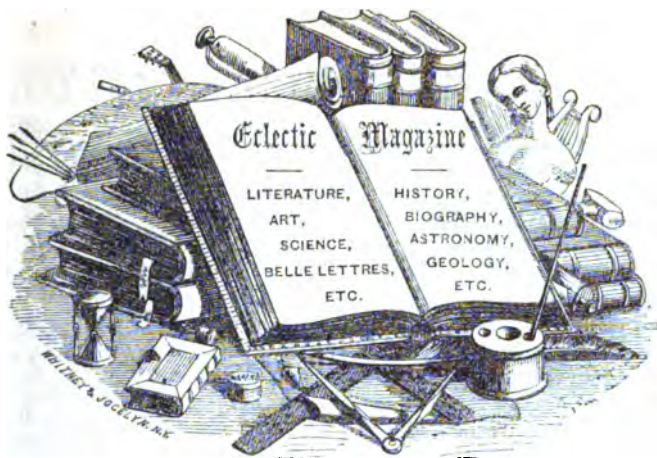
THE Emperor Alexander has presented a diamond ring to the principal editor of the *Invalides Russe* for an historical account of the Lunatic Asylum of St. Petersburg.



PAINTED BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER R.A.

ENGLAND BY JOHN MARTIN F.R.S.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1859.

From the London Review.

HISTORY OF ARABIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

THE history of philosophy is an inquiry into its historical causes: it has two branches—one *general*, embracing the connection of the whole series of philosophical systems from the birth of thought until now—the other *particular*, restricting itself to some one period or country. And thus the history of philosophy may be represented as a series of cycles linked with one another more or less slenderly; as a grand historical catena, which binds into unity the whole line of thinkers from Pythagoras to Hegel, and gives us not only the facts which philosophy has evolved, but also the laws of philosophical development. Each cycle has thus two

aspects: considered absolutely, it is a circle returning upon itself; considered relatively, it is a step in the ladder which reaches to heaven: for although the philosophy of every country has had its birth, and growth, and decay, the universal philosophy of the world has been a mighty and glorious progression—a continual brightening of the light which lighteth humanity towards the golden age.

It is under these two aspects that we propose to consider the schools of Arabia: in themselves, as the philosophical development of a particular people: in relation, as a result and a cause, whose influence reaches even to ourselves. For the sake of clearness in a subject where confusion is easy, we shall treat the latter of these aspects as fully as our limits will

* *Essai sur les Ecoles Philosophiques chez les Arabes, et notamment sur la Doctrine d'Algazzali.* Par AUGUSTE SCHMÖLDERS. Paris. 1842.

permit, giving the whole chain of historical facts which connect Alexandria with the schoolmen.

The midnight of Arabia, as the Arabs call it—the century before the Hegira, in plainer language—saw the inhabitants of the great deserts in a strange conflict between the old faith and the new, the heathenism of their ancestors and the Christianity which was spreading its growth in the midst of them. Both Christianity and Judaism had some hold upon the popular mind, but only in their laxest form. The dominant religion was Sabæism, once a Monotheism which looked upon the planets as the seven Spirits of the one great God, and upon the whole starry world as the congregation of his angels. To them the Pleiades and Orion were in reality, and not only in fancy, the white-robed ministers of the Most High: the Galaxy was the crowding of the heavenly ones on their great highway, and Ursa Minor was the beacon over the gate of Paradise. It is with the stars only, they said, that God, who is the crown of the universe, can communicate: and it is through the stars, therefore, that his influence comes to us, reaching us through an almost infinite series of “spiritual substances”—idols, and amulets, and talismans, and, above all, the sacred stone of the Kaaba. They believed in prophetic inspiration and in dreams; they had the faith of children in specters, in angels, in the wandering of spirits among the tombs. Ethically, their three cardinal virtues were bravery, eloquence, and hospitality: they had no slaves, except prisoners of war; they placed the strictest guards on family purity.* But all this had come to be a mere ideal; the poetry was gone from their creed, the virtue from their practice; they were passing into a Fetichism, whose darkest side was not its religious degradation, but its insatiable bloodthirstiness. Side by side with this was the Magism which had long lived in Persia, and which there assumed a political aspect, as the State-Church which erected heresy into treason. It was chiefly the worship of Ormuzd and the seven ministers round his throne, who had their earthly manifestation in the Shah and his Divan; to

whom, therefore, reverence was to be paid as to the Lords of Light themselves. But against this a strong current of reaction was gradually setting in, which, in the reign of Kobad, a few years before the birth of Mohammed, broke out into an open rebellion—that of the Mazdakites—which was at once religious and political, since it asserted in the same breath religious liberty and political independence.

Upon this medley of creeds, this laxity alike of faith and of practice, the preaching of Mohammed came as the opening of a flood-gate when the waters are gathered for their outpouring; it was at once the effect and the supplement of all that had gone before; it borrowed from Sabæism, and it borrowed from Christianity, blending the salient points of each into a strange religious syncretism. But it was perhaps recommended most of all by its fanciful and poetical form: the Koran was a poem, a work of genius, and this to the Arabian mind was the best proof of its inspiration. For we find that in the dark age immediately preceding, poets had been regarded in the light of God's prophets, gifted with a Divine utterance which rendered them sacred. So far was this belief carried, that their seven great national poems were written in letters of gold, and suspended in the Kaaba for adoration. The pretended miracles of Mohammed are, almost without an exception, the inventions of a later age, when his disciples had an interest in surrounding him with marks of superhuman power, or when the state of the Arabian mind in the seventh century was forgotten. And apart from its false theology, the chief injunctions of the Koran were mostly mischievous only in their exaggeration. Its four great duties towards God, confidence for the future, resignation for the past, continual prayerfulness, and continual thankfulness, would leave but little unperformed, if they were not distorted into apathy and fatalism, formal prostrations and flippant thanksgivings. Its summary of duties towards men, “Be true, just, faithful, humble, patient, charitable; for such God loves,” was at least a marvellous advance on the pitiless cruelty of former times.

But Mohammed himself being utterly unlettered, his system was necessarily unintellectual; and in tracing the rise of Arabian philosophy, we must remember that it was at the mercy of external in-

* We have gathered this account of Sabæism, and some of what follows, from an excellent article by Von Hammer in the *Fundgruben des Orients*. Vol. i. p. 360.

fluences. The Arabs were the conquerors of the Eastern world before they had passed the infancy of thought: it was only when they rested from their labors that they had leisure to begin to learn. At first they were content with theological quibbles, discussing with all the eagerness of Thomists and Scotists the questions on which the Prophet was ambiguous. One sect denied liberty, and another predestination: the Hajelites maintained the Divine incarnation of Jesus, the Kharamites asserted God's corporeality: some condemned to everlasting torment those of the faithful who died in mortal sin, and others placed the ground of justification in faith, and not in works. But in a short time their thoughts expanded, and shaped themselves under the influence of the nations whom they had subdued. Herein is one of the benefits of war, that conquerors and conquered are thrown together, each impressing the other with their own peculiar character. It was from the fusion of races that Rome arose and gathered strength to subdue the isolated nationalities around her: it was from a similar fusion that the Arabian dynasties were able to spread the tide of their conquests from the rising to the setting sun. And as the Roman mind was fashioned by Etruria and Greece, so was the Arab mind by the relics of Hellenism, and the new growth of Christian philosophy.

It will be well to trace the precise shape in which these influences reached them, and the mode in which they affected them.

Greek philosophy died with Proclus at the close of the fifth century: in his own words, he was the last of "the Hermetic chain." The school of Athens lasted a few years longer, but only as a dead masquerade. Nominally, Proclus was succeeded by his biographer Marinus, Marinus by Isidorus, and Isidorus by Damascius the Syrian. The latter is one of the few important names of the period: his works consist chiefly of commentaries on Aristotle, a life of his predecessor Isidorus, and a speculative treatise, *De Principiis*. Contemporary with him were his master Ammonius, the pupil of Proclus and the instructor of Simplicius and Joannes Philoponus, whose commentaries on Aristotle's *Organon* are still of considerable use; David the Armenian, whose works

were translated into Arabic and Hebrew, and who himself translated part of Aristotle into his native tongue; Olympiodorus, an Alexandrian, the commentator on Plato; (who must be distinguished from three others of the same name, the same country, and almost the same date—one the favorite teacher of Proclus, another the minister of Honorius, and a third an Aristotelian commentator half a century later;) Simplicius, to us the most valuable of all the commentators of the later Alexandrian school for his copious quotations from lost works of Greek philosophers; and lastly, somewhat later, Joannes, surnamed the Laborious, (*Φιλόπονος*), from his great capacities for book-making, who plays a conspicuous part in the apocryphal story of the burning of the Alexandrian library. These were the last champions of the old faith, the last philosophical adherents to the shreds of the old mythology. But Christianity had now become the state religion, and it gradually assumed to itself the state's power. Persecution changed sides: the philosophers found their property confiscated, their disciples imprisoned, and finally, by the edict of Justinian in A.D. 528, their schools closed. According to some, they had to choose between baptism and banishment, or according to others, silence only was enjoined on them: but at any rate it was in this way that Aristotelian philosophy was disseminated over the East. The president Damascius, with the six leaders of his school, including Simplicius, Eulamius, and Priscianus, went to the court of Khosru (Chosroes) Nushirwan, by whom they were received most favorably, and under whose auspices the flower of Grecian literature was translated into Persian. And although the seven sages, who had looked upon the kingdom of their patron as a kind of Platonic paradise, were so disgusted with Persian habits as to make a speedy exit, yet the seed which they had scattered was not without ultimate fruit. The star of the Sassanidæ was rapidly setting; the successors of the Prophet with *la religion et la terreur*, like those who practiced *la liberté et la terreur* in later times, allowed no thought but that of war, until the whole Eastern world presented a smooth surface of Islamism. Then came the consolidation of the Khalifate, the fusion of the conquerors with the conquered, and the consequent birth of Arabian philoso-

phy.* At first, under the Ommaiades, it appears that the only sciences which broke the monotony of theological dispute were the rudiments of mathematics and medicine. The introduction of the speculative sciences was the fruit of political change. The Khalifate being essentially a religious institution, the moral obliquities of some of the Ommaiades "stank in the eyes" of all true believers. Meanwhile the exiled sons of Abbas had sought and found a refuge among the Nestorians of Syria, whose opposition to the orthodox Platonism made them severe students of Aristotle. When events paved their way to political power, the Abbassides did not forget their benefactors. The Nestorians, to the exclusion of almost all other Christians, rose to a prominent place at the court of Bagdad; and thus a focus was established for the scattered rays of Aristotelianism, which had been mingled with the general darkness of the Eastern world. Almansur, and his minister Kaled, commissioned the translation into Arabic of nearly all the great scientific works of Greece. It is uncertain whether these translations were made immediately from the Greek or through the Syriac; but the reputation of the chief translators, Honain and his son Isaac, has descended to later times. The seventh of the Abbassides, the Khalif Almamoun, founded the schools of Bagdad, of which we see the speedy results in the first Arabian philosopher Alkendi.

It was thus that the Aristotelian philosophy reached the Arabians: inherited from the later Alexandrians and the heterodox Christians of Syria, shaped by Oriental theories of creation, fused with a predestinarian theology, it was the only system which could speak to them with any authority; it was all they knew and all they could conceive of philosophy. But there was an internal as well as an external cause for this: they were but infant thinkers, they had not passed through the first stage of growth towards intellectual manhood, and in the stunted dwarfishness of deferred birth they had a natural sympathy with the thoughts of the later Greeks, who were staggering in the

imbecility of a second childhood. When Mohammed first preached to them, they had but little religion and less science; they were a putrid whirlpool on the ocean of humanity, forever turning round in the same intricacies of semi-barbarous life, and never rising to the consciousness of individuality. The one book which Mohammed had given them was the embodiment of all their religion and all their thought; and thus far the path was clear. For they found in Aristotle the exact complement of the Koran: so complete a compendium of knowledge that these two volumes—the writings of Aristotle and the writings of Mohammed—were to them an encyclopædia of all conceivable science, human and divine. And the character of the Aristotelian philosophy, no less than its completeness, must have borne its part as a cause of its reception. For no one has ever yet equaled the Grand Vizier of Alexander, as the Arabians called him, in laying down the fundamental facts on which a nascent school of thought must be built, or in working up floating popular impressions into something like scientific consistency. On the one hand he can hardly be accused of depth, but on the other he can hardly be reproached with obscurity; and scarcely any one could read a page of his writings without seeing some fact recorded which had fallen beneath his own observation, or some truth enunciated which was within his own apprehension. All these causes—internal and external—coming then into forcible conjunction, we can hardly wonder that the system of Aristotle, at least as it shone through the Neo-Platonic prism, became the law and substance of Arabian thought, the *Quicunque vult* of the philosophy of Islamism.

And when once it had obtained this prestige, the maintenance of it was a natural and necessary result of the constitution of the Arabian mind. The sons of Ishmael resemble the sons of Isaac in the tenacity with which they cling to an old faith. As Hegel observes: "The particular determinate object which the individual embraces is grasped by him entirely with the whole soul." There is an utter want of the skeptical element of human nature. In fact, they are the national representation of that type of character which occurs so frequently even among the Teutonic races, which is the servant of a few dominant ideas, accepted as axio-

* It must be remembered that Arabian philosophy is so called not from its geographical limitations, but from the language which, both in the East and in the West, the disciples of Mohammed commonly employed.

matic truths, and elevated into necessary limits of human thought.

But to return to historical facts. The schools of Almamoun continued to flourish, and about a century after the death of Alkendi, the first really important name occurs, that of the philosopher Alfarabi, whose works show a logical power similar in kind and equal in degree to that of any of the Latin schoolmen. He was first a professor at Bagdad; then, after becoming a Sufi, at Aleppo; and subsequently at Damascus, where he died in A.D. 950. Thirty years afterwards his great successor, Ibn Sina, more commonly known by his Latin name, Avicenna, was born at Assenna, near Bokhara. In every sense he was the Aristotle of the Arabs, and with him Arabian philosophy divides itself into two distinct periods, as clearly as the schoolmen divide at Albertus Magnus. His erudition was almost as vast as that of his Grecian prototype: he was equally familiar with the physical as with the mental science of his day; and, indeed, his fame may be said to rest as much on his medical as on his metaphysical treatises. Those who wish to gather some idea of his philosophical position will do so most satisfactorily by consulting his *Commentary on the Metaphysics of Aristotle*, published in the Venetian Edition of his Works, or the short *De Logica Poema* in M. Schmülders's *Documenta Philosophiæ Arabum*. A few years subsequent to him is Algazzali, "the Imaum of the World," as he is called, the only other of the Oriental schoolmen who has become celebrated in the West. Born at Toos in A.D. 1058, he was soon called to one of the theological chairs at Bagdad, which he filled with an almost unparalleled *éclat*. But the Sufism towards which he tended would not allow him to continue long in a state of activity. He gave the best years of his life to contemplation and pilgrimage; but at last accepted an appointment at Nishapore, which he filled until his death in A.D. 1111.

But the sun which was shining in the East had long been dawning upon the West, preparing for the ground which was ready for it a vigorous growth of thought and knowledge. At the beginning of the eighth century the Saracenic races had found a footing in European soil; and at the expiration of the first century of the Hegira the kingdom of the Khalifs embraced the whole of Spain.

After the elevation of the Abbassides to the throne of the East, the last of the Ommaiades, Abderahman, dissolved the unity of the kingdom of the Prophet, and established the independent throne of Cordova. When the storm of political contention had subsided into calm, the science which was gathering strength at Bagdad became wafted gradually westward. Arabia was still their mother country: the disruption of political ties had not changed their unity of language and character: we must expect, therefore, a similar unity of philosophic apprehension. Historically we trace this in the gradual establishment of schools along the southern coast of the Mediterranean: every large town has its gymnasium or university, each with its subordinate *scholæ*, or professorial "halls," of which at Alexandria, for example, there are said to have been twenty. (We may observe, in passing, that this appears to be the earliest approach to the modern university system; offering, however, more analogy to that of Scotland than to that of England.)* At length this regular teaching of science by organized staffs of professors reached the shores of Spain. Its influence must for some time have been a silent one; for when the first and most famous of the Spanish universities—that of Cordova—was founded by Hakem II. about 960, we find an immediate cluster of distinguished names, and a fame at least sufficient to draw men like Gerbert to its lectures. No branch of either the "trivium" or the "quadrivium" appears to have been neglected in it; and its reputation was equal to that of Paris or Oxford in the later days of scholasticism. But in the long list of names with which that reputation was connected we can only find two whose celebrity had reached modern times,—Ibn Thofail, and his great pupil Ibn Roshd, (Averroes.) The latter is the most important if not the greatest, of the Arabian Aristotelians. He made the last and best known of the Arabian translations of his master, which derives a singular interest from the fact that, although it was made in almost utter ignorance of Greek from an older version by Alsheigi, it formed the basis of the know-

* Those who are interested in the subject will find fuller details and further references in Middel-dorff's *Commentatio de Institutis literariis in Hispaniâ, quæ Arabes Auctores habuerunt*: published at Göttingen in 1810.

ledge of Aristotle which was possessed by the contemporaries of St. Thomas Aquinas. His system, compared with orthodox Islamism, may be called one of dogmatic Rationalism; and this brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, by whom he was condemned to death, which he only escaped by an inglorious exile in Morocco, where he died A.D. 1198 or 1206. The other great Arabic universities of Spain were those of Granada, which rose into notice about the end of the eleventh century, Seville, Toledo, Murcia, Valencia, and Malaga; but the names of their great professors are so utterly unknown to fame, that it is as difficult to discover as it would be pedantic to produce them.

Side by side with this philosophy of Islamism there was growing up, under the shadow of the Latin Church, a system strangely similar both in its origin and in its results. The causes which we have assigned for the spread of Aristotelianism among the Arabians were at work elsewhere; and the chief difference in the effects is, that the Arabians had grown with more rapid progress and into deeper truth. The disputes between Nominalists and Realists had lived and died in Saracenic schools, while as yet they were only mooted in France: the severance of Arabian Protestants from the Catholic Church of Islamism had taken place long before even Wycliffe's birth; the controversies of Abelard and Bernard seem almost transcribed from the pages of Eastern thinkers: the Monachism, the Mysticism, and the Dogmatism of the West were only the Christian phases of the effects of a cramped philosophy, which had shown themselves with equal intensity among the disciples of the Prophet. And this may help to remind us that the history of thought, like the history of kingdoms, has its periods of growth and decadence, which fall under ascertainable psychological laws. In the one case, as in the other, we can form historical analogies and make historical inductions. In the present instance for example, we find the same moral and political causes—immensely various in circumstance and shape, but still psychologically the same—working in the East and in the West to abolish independence of thought, as they had abolished liberty of action: Orientalism and dogmatic Islamism in the one case, Feudalism and dogmatic Catholicism in the other,

operated upon by the same crushing power of an apparently unassailable dialectic, resulted in the concurrent growth of Arabian and Latin Scholasticism, which gradually came into fusion, until the gigantic chain was fully forged which with greater or less intensity has bound the minds of the majority of men until the present day.

If we look deeper, we shall find that there was more than an analogy between them: the material causes of Latin Aristotelianism lay deep in the Latin character, but its occasional causes were undoubtedly the Arabs and Jews of Spain. The evidence for this is twofold: it has the support of probabilities as well as facts. The former depend on the intercourse which is known to have existed between the universities of Spain and those of Christian Europe. We have already mentioned the visit of Gerbert to Cordova at the end of the tenth century: like that of Abelard of Bath, and others a few years later, his visit was not a fruitless one. Alvaro of Cordova complains in the bitterest terms of the neglect of "Christian theology" for Moorish literature; and Hugh of St. Victor, in a letter to the Bishop of Seville, makes a similar reproach. And besides this, the Jews, who passed from one country to another for literary as well as commercial purposes, must have disseminated throughout Christendom the fame of the schools of the South. So that we can hardly imagine that at least the greater names of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—Avenzoar the physician, Avempace, and Averroes, with their Jewish disciples, Maimonides and Solomon Jarchi—were utterly unknown to the contemporaries of Abelard.

But if we look to the actual traces of Arabic influence in scholastic literature, and the historical facts which accompany them, the weight of evidence will place the question beyond doubt. The inquiry will thus resolve itself into that of the growth of Aristotelian knowledge from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. This period comprehends the two great eras of Scholasticism: in the first, there was merely a knowledge of Aristotle's *method*; in the second, there was also a knowledge of his *matter*. In the former, his method was applied almost exclusively to theology; in the latter, theology and philosophy began to take up distinct positions. After the decline of

letters at the death of Charlemagne, nearly all that was known of Aristotle consisted of Boëthius's Commentaries on the *Organon*, and a few meager abridgments made by the Latins of the declining empire, Isidorus Hispalensis and Martianus Capella; or, according to some, by the English Bede. And from that time to the close of the eleventh century, no progress whatever is apparent in Aristotelian knowledge. The *Organon* alone appears to have been in the hands of the contemporaries of St. Anselm; and in what remains to us of Abelard's works, we can find no certain evidence of any thing more. John of Salisbury analyzes, and that very fairly, nearly all the treatises of the *Organon*, but apparently without having more than some Latin translation of them: and the inference that it was on these that Aristotle's fame up to that period rested, is favored by the mention of him in a poem by Alain de Lille, where he is merely introduced between Porphyry and Zeno as one of the masters of dialectic. The minor physical works seem to have been introduced next in order; and at the very time when Aristotle's method was permeating all theology, these treatises were confounded with the whole of his writings, and caused his prohibition for heterodoxy, not only by the Council of Paris, in 1210, but also by a papal bull in 1230. Herewith this partial knowledge of him ceases; and it is precisely at this point that we find a series of translations from the Arabic, which must certainly be regarded as the efficient causes of the change. The first of these translations had been made at the close of the preceding century, under the auspices of Raymond, Archbishop of Toledo: the *De Animâ*, *Metaphysics*, and *De Cælo*, with the Commentaries of Avicenna, and some original works of Algazzali, appear to have been first translated from Arabic into Spanish by a distinguished Jew, John Avendeath, (Johannes Hispalensis,) and from Spanish into Latin by Domingo Gundisalvi. The next great translation was made in the first decade of the thirteenth century by Michael Scot, who spent many years at Toledo, and took to the court of Frederick II. the versions which he had superintended or made: the best known are those of the physical works and the *De Animâ*. Another translation was brought out under the immediate sanction of Frederick II. him-

self: a famous letter is still preserved which accompanied his presentation of a copy to the students of Bonn, about A.D. 1230. But the translation which finally clenched the impetus thus given to Aristotelian learning, was that of Albertus Magnus, published before A.D. 1250, the Arabic origin of which is shown not merely by the continual adherence to Arabic paraphrases, but by the Arabic words introduced, the Arabic orthography of proper names, and the frequent reference to the Arabic translations. It is remarkable, that at the same time some Greek MSS. appear to have reached Western Europe, which furnished the schoolmen with the means for another and still more correct version, made, if not under the superintendence, at least at the suggestion of Thomas Aquinas. The point, however, which most deserves attention is not whether Greek copies of Aristotle existed; there can be little doubt, that when Aristotle was once known as any thing more than a dialectician, Greek copies were sought, and the Greek commentators, Psellus and Eustratius, consulted—but whether the mode of studying and interpreting him was not precisely that of Avicenna and Averroes. The numerous commentaries published soon after the version of Albertus Magnus—such as those of Robert of Lincoln, and Alexander of Hales, and above all that of Bonaventura on Peter Lombard—show very clearly that whether the textual knowledge of Aristotle was possessed by them or no, the understanding of him was that which had become traditional among the Alexandrians, and which had grown into a kind of dogmatic theology among the Arabians. Henceforth Scholasticism changes its character; it is no longer a mere quibbling dialecticism; it is in all its phases and in all its schools the mediæval resurrection of Aristotelianism. Before the close of that very century, the Stagirite had become without a rival *il maestro di color che sanno*; and not in philosophy alone, but in art and politics, this was the beginning of a new life. For the time the results of the movement were such as the world had never seen surpassed: Dante and Giotto are among its first fruits: the overthrow of feudalism was its ultimate consequence in politics, the overthrow of Catholicism in religion. But in nearly all points, and above all in philosophy, there was a long temporary reaction; the pro-

gress was not immediate; there intervened three centuries of labyrinthine wanderings in the dark vaults which should have been only a passage to daylight; three centuries of mental degradation which men can not and will not even now throw off, and which is the terrible exaggeration of the inherent narrow-sightedness of human nature.

Such is the great historical catena which connects the schools of Christendom with those of Greece. The torch was taken from the hands of the Alexandrians by a few surviving Greeks and a few scattered Nestorians; the fierce whirlwinds of political commotion made it flicker to and fro, until it could scarcely be distinguished. The consolidation of the power of the Khalifate enabled it again to burn up with a clear and steady light; it was carried gradually westward, until in the twelfth century, it shone more brightly than ever in the universities of Spain. Little by little Christian theologians kindled their lamps from it, and trimmed them well; until, in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Arabians tacitly gave up their charge, and committed the conservation of philosophy to the nations of Western Europe.

We now pass from the historical to the critical point of view. Hitherto we have referred only to that great school which is important as a link in the history of philosophy, and for its immediate influence on the schoolmen. The more numerous sections of Arabian philosophers remain yet to be considered; and an examination of the leading points of their systems will be equally valuable with the previous inquiry, not so much for the actual results at which they arrived, as for the analogies which they offer. That is to say, the use of such an examination is not historical, but psychological. It shows us that the theories which most commonly pass for individual aberrations of thought are necessary developments of the human mind. The inherent defects of our modes of thinking, the tendency to stop short of the end, the want of width of view, have in every country an outward existence in philosophical sects, as well as a subjective existence in thinkers. For instance, one of the most common faults of incipient thinkers is an indulgence in partial views and superficial conceptions, which deceive the mind by their apparent comprehensiveness. This narrowness of

thought, claiming for itself all the rights of the deepest philosophy, in some cases becomes stereotyped and fixed; it finds an outward expression, and attracts to itself other minds of similar tendencies. The unthinking portion of mankind, who can not judge between real and apparent depth of thought, are deceived by the show; the cohesion of kindred minds forms a sect, or dogmatic school, and a hard battle has to be fought in the presence of the world for the very groundwork of philosophy. In Plato's time, these superficial thinkers were called "Sophists;" and the name has since continued to designate the class. When philosophy arose in Arabia, the same tendency of human nature manifested itself there. In the Middle Ages there were Sophists again. In modern times they are in greater numbers than ever. Similarly, there is in human nature a tendency to skepticism. In its place in the mind, in its due relation to all our other faculties, this tendency to doubt is not unhealthy; for, by its continual aid, we are led to question and cast off every wrong or imperfect thought; but, in its exaggeration, skepticism is one of the worst of mental diseases, upturning subjective faith in all things, and leading men's souls into the dark void of utter unbelief, where there is nothing to cling to, and nothing to hope for. But this distortion of the skeptical element of human nature, when it takes a man wholly and makes all his thinkings run in this single channel, prompts those who feel it to cluster together and give their system an outward expression. Thus the Sceptics existed not only in Greece and Rome; not only under another name are they existing still; but they are to be found, necessarily, among the philosophers of Arabia. In fact there is not one of the many schools of Greece which has not reproduced itself continually since, and of which every thinker has not the elements and every country the evidence.

But we must pass now to the schools, deriving our account chiefly from the excellent work of M. Schmölders. The *Motakhallims* are, for many reasons, the most important of these schools; but chiefly for the exact analogy which they offer to the earlier schoolmen and the dogmatic theologians of the Romish Church. Their name itself stamps their creed.

The Motakhallims, dividing the real as they had divided the non-real, distinguished the *necessary*, that is, that which *must* be, from the *possible* or *dependent*, that is, that which *may* be. The former is, in modern phraseology, the *absolute*; and consists only of one Being, who is regarded, in the first class of the sciences, (metaphysic proper,) as the Unconditioned; in the second class, (natural theology,) as the God of nature; in the third class, (theology proper,) as the God of revelation. Possible beings, on the other hand, being relative, imply a cause; which notion of causality is an *à priori* intuition. They are divisible into *substances* and *attributes*, according as they are, or are not, the subjects of inherence. *Substances* consist either of bodies, or of simple substances, according as they are, or are not, divisible; and bodies are either simple or compounded. Simple bodies are those which are formed of similar particles; (as, in modern chemistry, those which are formed by the attraction of cohesion;) compounded bodies are those of which the several parts are dissimilar. With regard to the former, it is a disputed question whether the particles are infinite or infinite in divisibility, the greater part of the Motakhallims maintaining their finity. In most minor metaphysical questions they were at decided variance with the "philosophers," rejecting, for instance, the distinction between the matter and form of a body, and substituting that of essence and accidents; and, above all, contending for the non-eternity of matter. The arguments on this latter point show the Arabic use of the dilemma. If matter existed in eternity, before time, it existed either in motion or at rest. Suppose it to have been in motion; but motion implies relativity of either place or time, both of which are incompatible with eternity. Suppose it to have been at rest; then motion must either have been communicated to matter, or not. If it was not, the hypothesis falls at once, because it is evident that matter has received motion. If the other alternative is taken, then before motion could be communicated to matter, it must have existed; but the first part of the argument has shown that motion could not have existed. Q. E. D.

Simple bodies are either elementary bodies or spiritual bodies: the former being atoms, or globules, of fire, (the most

spiritual, because the most volatile of the elements,) air, water, and earth. The latter are subdivided into three classes, according as they influence, govern, or in no way affect bodies. The first class consists of the ten intelligences—the beings nearest God, successive emanations from him, governing the spheres in their order, and producing (like the First Intellect of the "philosophers") the vivifying "souls of the spheres." The second class consists of these "souls of the spheres," or celestial angels, and of the "spheres of the earth," or terrestrial angels. The third class consists of the cherubim, whose nature is essentially good; of the devils, whose nature is essentially evil; and of the genii, whose nature is capable of both good and evil. The souls of men belong to the second class, and are necessarily immaterial: the proof which they adduce for this is important, namely, that consciousness is indivisible, and therefore incorporeal. It is not anterior in existence to the body, but yet it is independent of the body: it is merely in union with it through the medium of the vital powers, to which it transmits its faculties for the purpose of exercising them by the body's aid. These faculties are either sensitive or active: the sensitive faculties are either internal or external: the latter consist of the five senses; the former consist of, 1. Common-sense or perception, (exactly corresponding to that of the modern Scottish school;) 2. The representative faculty; 3. Imagination; 4. Memory; 5. The reproductive faculty, which is called "reflection," when guided by reason; "fancy," when guided by imagination. The active faculties are either simply physical or partly dependent on our will; the latter being those of appetite, anger, and motion of the limbs. But beyond all these the soul has powers of its own which never come down into contact with the body, and by these it is that it has the power of contemplation and the knowledge of the infinite.

We now come to *attributes*, or accidents, which are of two kinds, one belonging exclusively to animate substances, the other also to those which are inanimate. The latter consist of such things as heat, cold, color, and especially *apparition*, that is, motion, rest, union, and disjunction: the former comprehend life and death, which are properties of the body; science and ignorance, which are

properties of the soul. Science has three grades; if it depends on external authority, it is called *immediate*; if it depends on the internal or external senses, it is called *evident*; if it depends on reasoning, it is called *speculative*. The two imperfect forms of science are doubt and opinion: the former arising when, after an examination of a question, neither the thesis nor the antithesis preponderates; the latter being the subjective preference of one or the other. The attribute of the soul, by which the materials of science are received, is intelligence, constituting the "understanding" of the Kantian philosophy, but having a more practical tendency. The active properties of the soul are power and weakness, desire and aversion: but desire is the Aristotelian *βούλησις*, not the modern faculty of will, and includes under it all the phases of love.

It may be useful to state the doctrines which this school maintained on the subject of the categories, since they show very clearly that the boasted discoveries of modern nominalists are only the revival of a long-neglected hypothesis. They divided the domain of sensible knowledge, as we have just seen, into substances and accidents: the latter being, 1. Relative; 2. Non-relative. Relative accidents are divisible into seven categories: 1. *Where*; 2. *When*; 3. *Relation*; 4. *Possession*; 5. *Action*; 6. *Passion*; 7. *Situation*. Non-relative accidents are divisible into the categories of *quantity* and *quality*; the category of quantity being subdivided into *continuous* quantity, (space and time,) and *discrete* quantity, (number;) and the category of quality being subdivided into, 1. Qualities of bodies; 2. Qualities of the soul; 3. Qualities of physical capacity; 4. Qualities of quantities, (for example, unity.) All these the Motakhallims maintained to be merely mental abstractions, a logical and not a real classification: and as the category of quantity includes both space and time, it is obvious that space and time are as unreal as the rest; time, for instance, being defined as "the connection of a fact of our imagination with a known fact, which is necessary to giving definiteness to that fact when we wish to represent it to ourselves or to others:" a definition vague enough, but having an important germ of truth.—This is the sum of the metaphysic of the Motakhallims.

The *Motazelites* constitute the school

which is next in importance to the dogmatic theologians, because they are, as their name itself signifies, the "*Dissenters*" of Islamism. They arose in the first century of the Hegira, as a strictly theological party, defending the doctrine of divine predestination. This doctrine was held with various modifications, some maintaining that both good and evil were predestinated; others, that not only was this the case, but that man has no kind of choice in his actions; others added, that therefore actions were useless, faith alone being necessary for salvation. But all these phases of fatalism were rejected by the real founder of the Motazelites, Wacil of Bassora, who insisted upon human responsibility, and, though holding justification by faith, held also the necessity of works. Nearly all his doctrines on this point are coincident with those of Luther, to whom he bears in all respects a most singular analogy; and his followers, alike in their history and their creeds, are, *mutatis mutandis*, the complete parallel of the Protestant Churches of Christianity. It is somewhat remarkable, too, that the principle of which Protestantism is often said to be the vindication—the assertion of the rights of conscience, and the consequent priority of reason to revelation—was as clearly enunciated in this Arabian school as by the stoutest of its modern defenders. In a strictly philosophical point of view, they deserve considerable attention for the way in which they started and conducted the great Arabian controversies on Idealism. We have sufficiently stated the controversy already, and we shall not recur to it; but it must be added, that the two great Motazelite universities—that of Bagdad and that of Bassora—were quite at variance with each other in the parts which they respectively took. The Motazelites of Bagdad were conceptualists, maintaining that the "possible non-real" is that which does not now exist actually, but only potentially, that is, that which God may cause to exist by investing with essentiality. Those of Bassora, on the other hand, were for the most part ultra-realists, maintaining that the "possible non-real" is in fact the world of sensible phenomena; that is, they assumed that the "real" is coincident with the physical, and therefore necessarily denied the attribute of reality to that which can not have a subjective as well as an objective existence.

These three schools, the philosophers, the Motakhallims, and the Motazelites, comprehend all that is really important in Arabian theology; but, to complete our plan, we must now pass to some of the minor schools, all of which, even more than the two preceding ones, were, properly speaking, rather theological than philosophical. First of all are the *Sophists*, of whom we need not say more than that their most prominent doctrines are the misconceptions of Heracleitus, which we find in the mouth of Protagoras in Plato's *Theætetus*—the non-certainty of knowledge and the consequent universality of "opinion." Next to these, we may rank the *Somanites* or *Skeptics*, with whom, as in Greece, the Sophists had much common ground. Their fundamental maxim asserted the absolute impossibility of any speculative science whatever, and the reasons which they alleged for this have often since been revived. Firstly, they said, if science were possible there would be no more controversy between metaphysicians than there is between mathematicians; secondly, the method of science being syllogistic, and the syllogism proceeding from known premises, we are thus limited at the outset of speculation to that which we know already; lastly, the mind can not fully embrace two propositions at once, and therefore the syllogism is really impossible as a method of inference. The theological results of Skepticism appear to have been the denial of the existence of a revelation and thence of a future state: another proof of the close relation between true philosophy and true theology, and of the natural termination of sensationalism in "positivism," the denial of mystery in the denial of God. Other schools, for instance, the *Ismailites*, were skeptical to a much more limited extent, and on much more reasonable grounds. They rested the impossibility of metaphysic on the limitation of human conceptions. We can never, they said, (like a school which has gathered some strength in modern times,) go beyond our conceptions: but all our conceptions are finite: therefore also our knowledge.

The systems into which philosophy shaped itself at its first arising in Greece, especially the Ionic schools, seem to have reproduced themselves exactly in the similar state of thought which existed in Arabia. The *Dahrites*, or Fatalists, built

chiefly on the notion of necessity, which is so prominent in Heracleitus and Empedocles; making the world and all its accidents the fruits of an universal and inexorable law. The *Naturalists* made philosophy to consist in the knowledge of the material world, either denying or ignoring supersensuous existence, and therefore supersensuous science; while a crowd of similar sects brought Materialism to bear upon theology, especially upon the nature of the existence of God, as to whether he exists in the world or out of the world, and whether his nature is not in some sense material.

But a school of more interest was that of the *Hernanites*, which revived the spirit and many of the distinguishing doctrines of Sabæism. They reappeared again in some of the mediæval alchemists, at least in the form under which the alchemists conveyed their doctrines to the uninitiated. They had a theory of strange and fanciful beauty, which made man physically the offspring of the pure elements and the heavenly bodies who rule the world; the latter being the fathers, or givers of form, impressing themselves upon matter, and so reproducing in man the image of God. They adopted the Eastern theory of cycles, the birth of the world from nothing, and its return to the same, after traversing the perimeter of thirty thousand years. They made evil to be simply the result of unpropitious stars and impure elements, the falling short of God's plan of creation, as good is the fulfillment and accomplishment of it. They carried the Gnostic arguments on eternity to their legitimate result by making *five* eternal things: God, the soul, matter, space, and time. The soul is eternal and primitive, they said, because all things born in time participate of matter; time and space, because the supposition of their non-existence is a contradiction in terms. The fundamental difficulty of cosmology was evaded by the supposition that creation was a mistake, a momentary act of forgetfulness on the part of the eternal soul, caused by its becoming suddenly conscious of matter and desirous of tasting material pleasures, so that it left its original abode, and being fused with matter in a kind of chemical union was unable to return. Knowledge, they said, is the only path by which it can be restored to its fatherland; and, above all, the knowledge which

aspires after the spiritual world, and tends to separate it from all communion with the flesh.

The two sects which remain for notice are, even more than the preceding, religious, not philosophical communities. The first of them is known by several names, especially by that of *Batinites* or *Allegorizers*, and probably derived the outward shape of most of its metaphysics from the Jewish schools of Alexandria. Their God was the highest *ὑπόστασις* of the Neo-Platonists; one of whom not even existence was to be predicted, that he might be conceived to be wholly free from human limitations. Their cosmology was mainly that which runs through the rest of the Arabian schools, and which finds its most complete expression in Plotinus; the distinguishing characteristic of that of the Batinites being the micro-cosmic nature of man. This latter led to their most prominent doctrine: "As the higher world (that of *intellectual* existence) has its universal intelligence and universal soul, so in the sensible world it is necessary that there should be an intelligence and a soul, each at once universal and individualized. This individualization of the world's universal intelligence is the Prophet; of the universal soul, the Imaum. Individual souls are directed in this lower world by the Prophet and the Imaum, as the spheres are directed in the higher world by the movement of the universal intelligence and universal soul themselves. The direction of the Prophet and the Imaum is as indispensable to the perfection of the individual soul, as the direction of the universal intelligence and soul to the heavenly spheres. The soul will be perfect when it is united to this intelligence, which will take place at the resurrection; and then also the things which are formed from the union of the spheres and the elements will be decomposed, the earth will vanish away, all these partial good things will be reunited to the universal soul, all partial bad things to Satan, and thenceforth there will be infinite and eternal perfection."*

But the correspondence between the two worlds was not confined to these great points alone; all the world was an allegory; there was no fact or thing in the world of sense which had not its correspondence in the world of spirits. But this world of

spirits was realized and expressed in the Koran; so that every sentence and idea of the Koran had its correspondence in outward facts, and every word and letter its correspondence in sensible bodies. Thence followed a synthesis of Jewish Cabbalism with traditional Pythagorism; the laws of the numbers of the letters of the Koran were the laws of the mysteries of the world. And from the other part of their creed flowed the implicit faith in a spiritual director, who was the sole depositary of the truth, even of the Koran, and in whose infallible words they were content to merge their individual intelligence as well as their individual freedom.

Last of all we come to *Sufism*, the phase of Oriental mysticism which has attracted most attention in the West. It is probably, as M. Schmölders remarks, rather a rule of life than a system of doctrine, a monastic order rather than a philosophy. It is the way towards "the blessed life," the attempt at the earthly realization of the *βίος θεωρητικός*. (Of course, like all other schools, its real origin is to be found in the exaggeration of the mystical tendencies which exist in most men's minds; but the particular outward form of the development of these tendencies in Arabia can be clearly traced to the influence of the Neo-Platonists and the Brahmins. The school of Plotinus, which probably occasioned Christian monachism, and certainly fashioned the thoughts of St. Dionysius Areopagita and St. Bernard, was aided in Persia by the inherent bent of Islamism and the preëxisting relics of Magism. And thus the dream alike of the Aristotelian and the Platonist was transmuted from a shadowy cloud-land into an organized actuality. The end of all things was its realization, and this realization consisted in the losing of self in God, which again was accomplished by ecstasy, or the utter abnegation of consciousness in the fullness of perfect knowledge. The cosmology of the Sufis differed only in minor detail from the orthodox Neo-Platonism which no Arabian philosopher seems to have entirely disavowed: but the metaphysic of their cosmology was peculiar to themselves. The world was to them the reflex of God's thoughts upon himself; the sight which he has of himself in the non-existent. But the very comprehension of most of their theories requires the very ecstasy of which they speak; and we can only point them out to

* Schmölders, p. 203.

those who can view them in the broad ground of universal mysticism.

Cui bono? it will perhaps be said, as this list of Arabian schools is closed: and we are ready with an answer. Apart from their merely scientific value, there are two chief sources of interest. In the first place, as we have pointed out before, the history of philosophy is cyclical: in every country it begins and ends with analogous laws of birth and growth: so that the philosophy of every country may be supposed to have an analogy with our own. But in the case of Arabian thought there is more than analogy of law: there is almost an exact parallel in subject-matter. Especially in philosophical theology: scarcely any system has arisen in Christendom which had not a similar existence long ago in the Eastern or Western Khalifate. "There is nothing new under the sun." Even schemes of metaphysic have, for the most part, only the freshness of flowers: they are born out of a decay to which they will return, and from which they will be born again. The knowledge of this will be of the greatest service in dealing with the shallow theological theories which at present prevail. They must be treated as mere reproductions—borrowed, although perhaps not with any conscious plagiarism, from forgotten thinkers. This does not go to prove their absolute falsity: it merely destroys their pretensions to universality and originality. They are all partial; they are all exaggerations of different truths: their basis is right in itself, but not right out of due relation. And the most successful way of meeting them is to strip them of their Christian phraseology, reducing them as far as possible to an algebraical form, and then to show their analogies in other cycles of thought—for instance, in that of Arabia. In this way a far clearer idea is gained of their causes and nature: we are not mis-

led by seeming orthodoxy of expression or ambiguity of language: and, moreover, their ancient opponents give the truest grounds for their argumentative refutation. This is the method of analogy; which to the philosophical student becomes ultimately the method of induction, and passes from the evolution of the phases of error in communities to those of the human mind.

In the next place, however far this analogy be carried, there can be no doubt of the historical influence which these schools of Arabia have had upon succeeding thought, even to our own times. They acted upon the schoolmen, and the schoolmen linger amongst us still. They made the schoolmen Aristotelians, and Aristotelianism is now almost part of our creed. It is mingled with our language and literature, until the denial of it seems like the denial of an axiom. Even theological controversies are often only the remnants of those quibbles of philosophy which the school of Thomas Aquinas borrowed from Averroes. The sacramental controversy, for example, has often been nothing more than a discussion of the question of "substance and accidents," which divided the Catholics and Protestants of Arabia: and one of the most difficult of theological tasks is to disentangle the true point at issue from the mass of Aristotelian phraseology which encrusts it. The history of theological terminology remains yet to be written; but few works could do more to further the progress of apostolical Christianity than one which would clear away the tangled thicket of words and phrases which besets us on every side; which would show the origin and real meaning of the terms about which we contend; and which would leave controversialists no room for doubting that many of the great points of their controversy spring not from the Scriptures, but from Aristotelian and Arabian forms of thought.

From the North British Review.

DECAY OF MODERN SATIRE.*

THE poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*, now more than half a century old, contains the latest specimens which have been produced in England of true satire—of satire which is likely to stand the test of time. The satires of Moore and Byron are already obsolete, and would rarely meet our eyes but for the place they necessarily occupy in the “complete works” of these poets. The conditions under which satire is likely to be well written, are even more rare than those which produce good poetry. The writer must be a man of very great vigor of intellect—even greater than that which would make a good poet upon grave subjects—for he must subdue and bring into the realm of poetry the most refractory kind of matter; and he must have a *good grievance*, one which has the rare recommendation of having at once a special and temporal, and an abiding, public interest. Personal satires, without the latter element, are in reality no more than vulgar libels—allowing the maxim, “the greater the truth, the greater the libel;” and satires, without the personal, or party, element, are not satires, but “didactic poems”—things which the world has very properly agreed to nauseate. That which is to blame in the social body, before it can be assim-

lated by the poetical digestion, must be cooked up with the salt of wit and the pepper of personality. Even then there is something very unsatisfactory, to the cultivated imagination, in most forms of satire. With the lapse of time, the salt always loses some of its sharpness, and the pepper becomes less pricking to the palate; and the harsh and essentially unpoetical and properly unversifiable *negative* character of censure, acquires a more or less repulsive predominance. We are strongly of opinion that parody—although sadly susceptible of foolish application—is the form of satire which best justifies the employment of verse. Verse, even of the lowest kind, is an assertion, at the outset, of thoughts and feelings which “move harmonious numbers.” Now, mere censure, or mere ridicule, does not do any such thing; witness the satires of Pope, which are, for the most part, the smoothest, and, at the same time, the least “harmonious” numbers in the world. Pope’s numbers never approach to being musical, properly speaking, except when he rises above the merely negative character of most of his satires, and becomes really indignant, or when he assumes a sympathy with what he satirizes, as in that delightful poem, *The Rape of the Lock*. In the first case, the negative character of blame or ridicule becomes subordinated to the positive and poetical love of good, implied in indignation; and, in the second, he adopts the truest form of satire—its most thoroughly poetical and genuine form—that of a humorous adoption of, and assumption of, sympathy with the absurd.

Most of the satires of the *Anti-Jacobin* were written in the happiest form, and under the happiest conditions. Their authors were men of great intellectual vigor and worldly knowledge—that essential constituent of the truly poetical no less than the political character; and they had a most excellent grievance.

* *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: Comprising the Celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeu d’Esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Carlisle, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, W. Gifford, Esq., the Right Hon. W. Pitt, G. Ellis, Esq., and Others. With Explanatory Notes.* By CHARLES EDMONDS. Second Edition. London: 1854. 8vo.

Millicent-Hipponax. The Biglow Papers. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index, by HOMER WILBUR, A.M. Fourth Edition. Boston: 1856. 8vo.

The Age: a Colloquial Satire. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. London: 1858. 8vo.

Humbug Attacked, in Church, Law, Physic, Army, and Navy. A Poem. By Mr. JOHN BULL, Jun. London. 1858. 8vo.

Two Millions. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, Author of *Nothing to Wear*. London: 1858.

The doctrines of the French Revolution had been more or less accepted in England, to an extent which must have seemed indescribably alarming to men who did not need to wait for the subsequent practical results, to be convinced of and horrified at their nature. Men of the purest lives and highest imaginations, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, among others, were deceived and seduced by the boast of the near approach of that "good time coming," which has at all times possessed such charms for the poetical fancy, but which has always been laughed at by men whose judgment has been cultivated by a knowledge of the world and a thorough training in moral and historical science. Here was an evil which united the personal and temporary with the abiding interest, in the highest degree. As long as human nature is human nature, there will always be a considerable class of persons at whom the finger of scorn, pointed by the authors of the *Anti-Jacobin*, towards persons now no more, will stand equally directed; but it was only under the temporary predominance of, and threatened danger from, the principles of that class in England, at the time of the French Revolution, that those persons and principles could produce the amount of interest required as a basis for satire. The recollection of the interest and importance which once attached to the verses of the *Anti-Jacobin*, gives them value to readers of the present time, who probably would not have paid much attention to the same satires, had they appeared in our own day. The same thing is true of *Hudibras*, *Tartuffe*, and every other satire of permanent worth.

We have said that parody is the most perfect form of satire; but, by parody we do not mean exclusively the ironical imitation or paraphrase of other writers. The parody may be that of a habit of thought or action. The essential of satirical, as distinguished from mere farcical, parody, is, that it shall represent, with a humorous assumption of sympathy, the satirized habits or principles, in a condition of development so advanced as to be their own refutation. The *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* contains several irresistibly humorous and forcible examples of this kind of satire. *The Friend of Humanity* and *the Knife-Grinder*, is as fresh in its fun as if it had been written yesterday. It is a parody of Southey's Sapphics—

The Widow, of which one stanza will suffice to enable our readers to enter fully into the parody :

" 'I had a home once; I had once a husband :
I am a widow, poor, and broken-hearted !'
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining :
On drove the chariot."

Thus runs the imitation of Southey's somewhat illogical "invective against the pride of property :"

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order ;
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in't,

So have your breeches !

"Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
Who, in their coaches, roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,
'Knives and

Scissors to grind, O !"

The *Knife-Grinder*, and the parody on an "Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned thirty years," probably did as good political service as was ever done by an equal amount of literature, since literature existed. The following is Southey's inscription :

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison : not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when, though yon high bars he poured
a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his
crime ?
He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but
such
As Plato loved ; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshiped. Blessed hopes !
awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be
fulfilled."

Whatever may be one's opinion of Henry Martin, it is impossible not to laugh heartily at the humor and force of the following development of the principle im-

plied in Southey's approval of bloodshed, for the sake of the realization of what he himself represents as the "wild dreams" of an individual :

"Inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prenticide, was confined previous to her execution.

"For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blythe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand ;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime ?
She whipped two female 'Prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her
mind

Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes !

Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws ! *But
time shall come*

*When France shall reign, and laws be all
repealed."*

The picture in the last five words of the revolutionary millennium is inimitable ; and is more fatally convincing in its fun than any amount of grave disquisition, even of a Burke.

In the long piece called "New Morality," we have an admirable example of the *direct* satire of indignation against a class of evil which had reached its climax at the period of the first French Revolution, but which has a perennial vitality, and is indeed at present almost as rampant in the ordinary morality of France—as expressed by its literature—as ever ; namely, the substitution of morbid feelings for moral truth, and the merging of individual duties in generalities too vague for action.

"Behold Philanthropy, whose boundless mind
Glow with the general love of all mankind ;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion smiles and dies away.
No narrow bigot *he* ; his reasoned view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine,
Peru !

France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes the impartial
sigh :

A steady patriot of the world alone ;
The friend of every country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler virtue. Ah ! beware
Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness
scare.

Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrined
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind !

Her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrung ;
For the crushed beetle *first*—the widowed
dove,

And all the warbling sorrows of the grove ;
Next, for poor suffering *guilt* ; and, *last* of
all,

For parents, friends, a king and country's
fall."

This delightful volume ranges over a great variety of subjects ; and upon all it is brilliant, fresh, and full of strong good sense. There is scarcely a page which does not deal a fatal blow to some moral, political, or literary abuse or absurdity. A whole class of "Didactic Poems," till then respectable, became forever ridiculous from the day of the appearance of "The Progress of Man, a didactic poem, with notes critical and explanatory, dedicated to R. P. Knight, Esq.," whose *Progress of Civil Society* was the immediate provocation. The mere "argument" of the first "canto" is a satire complete in itself: "The subject proposed. Doubts and waverings. Queries not to be answered. Formation of the stupendous whole. Cosmogony ; or the creation of the world. The Devil. Man. Various classes of being. The influence of the sexual appetite—on tigers—on whales—on crimp cod—on perch—on shrimps—on oysters. Various stations assigned to different animals. Bears remarkable for their fur. Birds do not graze—nor fishes fly—nor beasts live in the water. Plants equally contented with their lot :—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers. Man only discontented—Born a savage—Resigns his liberty. Priestcraft. Kingcraft. Tyranny of Laws and Institutions. The savage free—Feeds on hips and haws—Animal food—He wonders if it is good—Resolves to try—Makes a bow and arrow—Kills a pig—lights a fire. Apostrophe to fire," etc. The satire called *The Rovers* ; or the *Double Arrangement*, was the death of the English *fiurore* for the German drama of the day ; the tendency of which was "to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude

and extravagance—an aspiration after shapeless somethings that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust at all that *is*." The purpose of this parody, according to the preface of its supposed author, Mr. Higgins, is to represent "the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives, and to the children who may happen to arise out of this complicated and endearing connection." The song of Rogero, described in the list of "Dramatis Personæ," as "in love with Matilda Pottinger," who is herself described as "in love with Rogero, and mother to Casimere's children," is as universally and as deservedly known as any thing of its length in modern verse. Indeed, it is to us inexplicable how so many of the separate poems of the *Anti-Jacobin* should have attained so vast a reputation as that which attaches to this song, the *Knife-grinder*, the *Loves of the Triangles*, the *Elegy* beginning "All in the Town of Tunis," and others, and yet the complete collection—one of the most charming little volumes ever published—should only have been made three years ago; and, after three years, should only have reached a second edition. There is no book of modern verse which is more certain of a place among the English classics, or which more refreshingly contrasts, in its genial power, with much of the witless word-painting that passes for poetry in the present day. Apart from the satirical ability of these verses, many of them display a combined force and delicacy of expression, which have rarely been surpassed. Several passages in the *Loves of the Triangles* may be taken as models of descriptive power.

Whatever satiric power has arisen in England during the sixty years which have elapsed since the appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin*, has been devoted to subjects of too transient an interest to be the foundation of abiding verse. This has been rather the misfortune than the fault of the satirists; for, during that time, we can not call to mind that any abuse has been developed to a sufficiently conspicuous and dangerous extent, to become deserving of the lash of a first-rate poet. For many years past, satire seems to have died out altogether; and it is only within the last season or two that it has shown any tendency to revive. All at once we have a batch of small satirists—Mr. Bailey at their head—in England, and one really

powerful satirist in America, namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell, whose *Bigelow Papers* we most gladly welcome, as being not only the best volume of satires since the *Anti-Jacobin*, but as also the first work of real and efficient poetical genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature, from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been, for the present, utterly and apparently hopelessly, beaten, by a Yankee, in one important department of poetry. In the United States social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized country. The "peculiar domestic institution," the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the tyranny of a vulgar "public opinion," and the charlatanism, which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist, which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell. We do not pretend to affirm, that the evils of European society may not be as great, in their own way, as those which afflict the credit of the United States—with the exception of course, of slavery, which makes "American freedom" deservedly the laughing-stock of the world—but what we do say is, that the evils in point, have a boldness and simplicity about them, which our more sophisticated follies have not; and, that a hundred years hence, Mr. Lowell's Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one, whereas, most of the subjects offered by European politics, are such as would require an explanatory commentary twenty years hence, just as is the case at present with the satires of Byron and Moore. The only subject in the social state of England at all rivaling in satiric capabilities any one of half-a-dozen subjects seized by the author of the *Bigelow Papers*, is the strange and portentous despotism which threatens, as usual, to arise from the very heart of freedom—a despotism, against which songs and assassins would be equally powerless, namely, that of the newspaper-press, which combines the two most fatal elements of tyranny, popularity and an enmity to all individual excellence. A newspaper is a trading speculation, which must rely for its success, in a very large measure, upon the skill with which it follows the preju-

dices of the many, while it appears to teach them. The danger which would arise to the life of freedom—though not perhaps to its external forms—should any one paper ever acquire such a preponderance, as to leave any person or party whom it might choose to injure, without appeal—for the most fatal injuries are not “actionable”—is one which has made the hearts of the best and bravest tremble; and we regret that a subject, in every way so worthy of the indignant eloquence of the greatest poets, should as yet have found no better treatment than that of Mr. Bailey’s, whose verses on this subject we append as a fair specimen of his last poem :

“But even now in England may be found
A tyranny that’s greatly gaining ground;
Though less upon the ladder’s lowest round
Than on the upper; the mid-classes most.
From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you are
winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailies, weeklies, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing
means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favorite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt;
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends,
Not on its speaking truths, but making
friends,
Sway o’er weak minds, and gain its only ends.
Has ever one, when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people—‘Hold, friends! it were
good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which, in cooler hours,
We have maintained as Christians, must be
ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?’
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth-hounds of the Press at once are
there.
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could with-
stand
A Sunday-scholar’s logic in the land,
Yet types—the Press—the body of the na-
tion.”

We can not give a better example of the difference between true and false

satire, than by appending to the diffuse and flabby verse of *The Age*, the following four lines, which are the conclusion of Mr. Lowell’s *Pious Editor’s Creed*.

“In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally;
For it’s a thing that I perceive
To have a solid vally.”

Satire at once so genial and good-humored, and yet so fatal as that of “Ezekiel Biglow,” is, indeed, a relief after the weary platitudes which have recently appeared, under the name of satire in England. Out of a volume, as full as it can hold, of good stuff, we shall take, almost at random, a few specimens, for the edification of that large proportion of our readers to whom this very remarkable work is probably unknown.

There is no portion of *Hudibras* itself which is, space for space, so abundant in fun and hard hits as the “Remarks of Increase D. O’Phace, Esquire, at an extrumperry caucus in State Street,” from which these are stray sentences :

“I’m willin’ a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o’
wrong
Is ollers unpop’lar an’ never gits pitied,
Because it’s a crime no one ever committed;
But he musn’t be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he’ll be kickin’ the people’s own
shins.”

“Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don’t weigh the heft of a pin.
Wy, the people can’t all live on Uncle Sam’s
pus,
So they’ve nothin’ to du with’t for better or
wus;
It’s the folks that air kind o’ brought up to
depend on’t,
Thet hev any consarn in’t, an’ thet is the
end on’t.”

The reckless fun of the following lines is more like Rabelais than any other satirist :

“We’d assumed with gret skill a commandin’
position,
*On this side or thet, no one couldn’t tell wick
one,*
So, wutsoever side whipped, we’d a chance at
the plunder,
And could sue fer infringin’ our paytented
thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever wuz
eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo he’d stay unintelligi-
ble.

Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our per-
fessions,
We were ready to come out next mornin'
with fresh ones;
Besides, ef we did, t'was our business alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with our
own?
An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is so."

We wish that we had space to quote
the whole description of the incident
which led to Mr. Sawin's conversion to
slavery doctrines, but we can only give a
few lines here and there:

"Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an' thet
hez changed my mind;
A lazier, more ungrateful set you couldn't
nowers find.

I shou'dered queen's-arm and stumped out,
ah! when I come t' th' swamp,
Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the nest
o' Pomp.

Wal, I jest gut 'em into a line, an' druv 'em
on afore me,
The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o' the ill-will
they bore me.
We walked till som'ers about noon, an' then
it grew so hot
I thought it best to camp awhile, so I chose
out a spot,
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz it
begun to chafe,
An' laid it down jest by my side, supposin'
all wuz safe."

Pomp, however, "snaked up behind,"
and stole the leg, robbed him of his pis-
tols, and took him prisoner to the swamp.

"An kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an'
worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn and his Carlino taters
in;
He made me larn him readin', tu, (although
the critter saw
How much it hurt my morril sense to act
agin the law.)
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed
if I could pint
The North Star out; but there I put his nose
some out o' jint,
For I weeled roun' about sou'-west, an' look-
in' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him
that was it.
Fin'ly, he took me to the door, an', givin'
me a kick,
Sez—'Ef you know wut's best for ye, be off
now, double-quick.'"

The best American writers are very
fond of preaching against, and laughing

at, war, chiefly because they have as yet
had no experience whatever of its real
necessity; and, not being very profound
in European history and politics, they are
apt to judge our wars by the standard of
their own fillibustering enterprises. This
explains, if not excuses, the somewhat
shallow arguments they use when speak-
ing of war generally, and accounts for
certain stanzas of Mr. Lowell's, which,
though admirably witty, are of doubtful
wisdom, if meant to apply beyond his
own country. But Mr. Bailey has no
such excuse; and, in what he says on this
and many other questions, he displays
that strange ignorance of ordinary social
and moral truth which so disastrously
distinguishes the whole of the spasmodic
school of poets. We trust that when
we assure our readers that the following
lines are above the average merit of Mr.
Bailey's poem, they will hold us excused
from entering into any detailed criticism
of it:

"Of all conceits mis-grafted on God's Word,
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all
things,
As not to hurt another e'en in small things;
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;
To pray for, and to care for, others' life.
A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way,
Those men whose souls he prays for night
and day;
With what consistency let Prelates say.
He's told to love his enemies; don't scoff;
He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
He's told to do to all as he'd be done
By, and he therefore blows them from a gun;
To bless his foes 'he hangs them up like fun,
Such inconsistencies will men pretend;
Such blasphemous apostasies defend,
To slake a passion or to serve an end."

The point which, in the matter of war,
is vulnerable to satire, is quite missed in
the above verses, and, indeed, in all that
we have ever read upon the subject. War
itself, under certain circumstances,
especially the war for the sake of peace—
which St. Augustine says, is the only justi-
fiable kind of war—has, to say the least
of it, such strong reasons in its favor, as
entirely to exempt it from that obvious-
ness of evil and moral absurdity, which is
proper to the themes of the satirist. It is
the exaggerated and false idea of glory
and heroism in war—the error rather of
civilians than of true soldiers—which
offers the appropriate object to the wit

and indignation of the poet. War, at best, is a grievous necessity; and, in its least fearful shapes, involves so much misery, that no thoughtful man, in waging it, could be thinking much of the glory of successes at such cost; but, were it otherwise, could he allow the thought of glory to occupy his mind in such connection, it would only be to discern, that there are few kinds of action into which real heroism enters so little as into that of fighting. To lead a forlorn hope, to fire the engine which is to blow open a town-gate, is a kind of enterprise which, from the nature of the case, can rarely be undertaken in a state of mind that admits of the exercise of true courage, which is a deliberate virtue, and one which is not to be tested by an act resolved on in a moment probably of frantic exaltation, and very possibly executed with nerves braced by the consideration, that the alternative of retiring from such resolve, is the more formidable danger of the two.

"The courage corporate that drags
The coward to heroic death,"

and makes him equal, in his external action, to the truly brave, who are his companions, is surely not a virtue which we ought to honor, as it has hitherto been honored. It has been the subject of much lamentation, that our recent wars have given rise to no good war-poetry. We are rejoiced to hail, in this circumstance, a proof that good poets—who are always ahead of their generation in their moral philosophy—begin to perceive the shallow and unpoetical character of the glory which their predecessors sang so loudly and effectually, because believingly.

Mr. Lowell, in satirizing war, pursues the same erroneous track as Mr. Bailey; but with what inimitable humor!

"We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,
With good old idees o' wot's right an' wot
ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of
a saint;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee."

We conclude our extracts from the *Biglow Papers*, with a passage, the writing and publishing of which shows more

moral courage in Mr. Lowell than would go to the winning of a Victoria Cross in an ordinary battle-field. A century hence, Old America will feel grateful and proud of a poet who dared to tell Young America such truths, *à propos* of the Mexican War, as these:

"An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis,
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, for Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglosaxon.

"*Thet our nation's bigger 'n theirs, an' so its rights air bigger,*
An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' thet idee's thet every man does jest the thing he pleases.
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respec I can,
I know thet 'every man' don't mean a nigger or a Mexican."

We will not wash the racy flavor of these lines out of the reader's mind with any more of the watery "satire" of Mr. Bailey. It is certain that Mr. Bailey is a poet, though by no means one of a high order of power; but his pretensions to be a *satirist*, are scarcely to be considered with patience. The *Age* is void alike of malice and geniality—those two apparent contraries which good satire always reconciles. Mr. Bailey flogs the vices and follies of the time, with a rod of rushes pickled in milk-and-water.

Mr. Bailey's volume, however, contains many passages of *poetry*, which at once remind us of the author of *Festus*, and redeem it from the utter insignificance of such pieces as that called *Humbag Attacked*—the *satire* of which is quite as good as Mr. Bailey's and remarkably like it in style. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Bailey can do, when he does not mistake his vocation.

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian sea,
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,
The pearl (which after shall enrich the breast
Of some fair princess regal, in the West)

Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful main,
The worth proportioned to its parent pain,
Until, in roscate lustre perfect grown,
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;
So must the poet, martyr of his art,
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a smart."

Occasionally, and among a wilderness of common-places, we find a truth put in a pointed and impressive way, as thus:

"If to Judæa we our worship trace,
If our best learning to Achaia's race,
If Europe owes to Rome her noblest laws,
The freedom of mankind is England's cause.
*To law, to learning, to religion, she
Adds Heaven's own element of liberty.*"

This poem of Mr. Bailey's is curiously unlike his other works in its general character. *Festus* is a very labored production; this is a very slovenly one. *Festus* is the most ambitious poem ever undertaken; this is comparatively very humble in its pretensions. We have a real admiration for the abilities which Mr. Bailey has indicated—rather than displayed in each case. If he could but be persuaded to know the nature and limits of his powers, he would almost certainly be able to extend his reputation as a poet, far beyond the circle of that unhappy coterie in which at present he is exclusively approved, and would win the applause of persons whose applause is fame. There are *hundreds* of passages in *Festus*, and many in *The Age*, each of which contains matter for a short, separate poem. Indeed, these passages are essentially independent pieces; but their effect is lost by their position, in a long work. Mr. Bailey has not the power of writing a long work which shall have a vital totality and

completeness; and, in this, he is only like many a poet, who has won enduring fame by small pieces of perfect truth, tenderness, and finish. Why can not Mr. Bailey and the other poets of his school, adopt this plan. They are most of them men of too much perception not to have been considerably annoyed at the way in which their works have been received by those whose approval they must know to be alone worth having.

There are two little pieces lately published by an American, Mr. W. A. Butler, which deserve a few words from us. They are called *Nothing to Wear*, and *Two Millions*; and are very hastily executed satires upon the abuses of wealth by the ignorant and vulgar. They have had a considerable circulation among a certain not very select class of readers; and display a freedom in the management of verse, and an occasional sense of humor, which, if properly cultivated and applied, might make Mr. Butler's writings sought out by others than idlers at rail-way stations. Mr. Firkin, with

"His visible coach outside the visible Church,"

is the representative of an increasing class who are as fair marks for satire as ever existed; but we can only regret that in *Two Millions*, as in *The Age*, some good subjects are blown upon and spoiled. We would strongly recommend Mr. Butler and all persons who have faculties, and waste them, to reflect that they are only a worse development of the Firkin type. Firkin abuses the stewardship of a material estate; they waste the far more potent wealth of mind.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.*

THE marriage of the Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain (January, 1745) was

celebrated with unusual magnificence, not only to do justice to the happy occasion itself, but also in order to amuse the King, Louis XV., at that time suffering from the loss of his last favorite, Madame de

* *Madame la Marquise de Pompadour.* Par M. CAPEFIGUE.

Châteauroux. At Versailles, there were feasts in the château, festivals in the gardens, and boating on the waters; at Compeigne, there was hunting; and at Fontainebleau, illuminations and fishing by torch-light.

The city of Paris, at that time participating in all the joys and all the griefs of the royal family, wished also to celebrate the wedding in a worthy manner. The provost of the merchants gave a grand entertainment in a kind of temporary conservatory, but the most splendid of all the fêtes was that given at the Hôtel de Ville, the palace of the bourgeoisie.

It was on that occasion that the King, ever susceptible to new impressions, and possibly not disinclined to fill the vacuum that tormented him, distinguished from amidst the crowd there assembled, a young woman scarcely twenty-one years of age, fair, with loose hair, and disguised as Diana hunting. The costume which she wore was that of a nymph, quiver on her back, bow in her hand, and she pretended to be aiming an arrow at the king. The prince, with his usual gallantry, stepped up to the beautiful Diana, and said to her, in his most gracious manner: "Fair mistress, the wounds that you inflict are mortal." After having made a suitable and tender reply, the nymph disappeared in the crowd, leaving the King in ecstatic rapture. He was not long before he found out his Diana again, when, entering into conversation with her, he detected in his new acquaintance a young person, who whenever his hunts took him to the forest of Sénart, followed him on horseback, or in an elegant shell of rock crystal (!) drawn by two sorrel horses.

Louis XV. had so far recognized this amiable perseverance as to send the lady occasionally a reminiscence of the hunt in the shape of stags' horns, a boar's ham, or a fox's tail; the Château d'Etiolles, where she dwelt, was also well known to him; but at that time, wholly devoted to Madame de Châteauroux, he paid little attention to the fair huntress of the forest of Sénart, who, on her side, was at once exceedingly discreet and very cautious in the approaches which she made to royal favor, having always in view the entire affections of the King, and not the mere gratification of a vulgar and passing caprice.

The Château d'Etiolles, a fairy creation, adorned with all that luxury and taste

which distinguished the eighteenth century, was charmingly situated at the extremity of the forest of Sénart, at the point where the Seine approaches Corbeil. Etiolles, since created a marquisate, was the property of Jean Baptiste Lenormand, nephew of the wealthy Lenormand de Turneheim, one of the leading farmers-general of the epoch. This M. Lenormand Etiolles wedded, the seventeenth of January, 1739, Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, daughter of Antoine Poisson, of the house of the brothers Paris, also wealthy farmers, contractors, and financiers of the day. This Jeanne-Antoinette was destined to be Madame Pompadour. Voltaire insinuates that Madame Poisson was the mistress of Turneheim, and that she speculated upon the charms of her daughter. Needless to say that the amiable legitimist—the zealous admirer of by-gone times, things, and persons—M. Capefigue—repudiates all the sarcasms of the petulant old philosopher of Verney as ungrateful falsehoods, the bitter misrepresentations of an old, jealous, disappointed man. Voltaire, who had enjoyed the personal friendship of Jeanne-Antoinette when Madame d'Etiolles, as also when she was Marquise de Pompadour, had once racked his brain to sing the praises of the favorite.

There does not exist any original portrait of Jeanne-Antoinette when, at fifteen, she became the wife of Lenormand d'Etiolles. But all her cotemporaries agree that she was beaming with beauty, and brilliant alike in the gifts of her person and mind. She gathered quite a little court around her—a graceful court of artists and men of letters—whom she astonished and delighted by the charms of her voice, conversation, and talents. She was a capital horsewoman, and she drove, as we have before seen, her own phaeton in the most tortuous alleys of the forest of Sénart wherever the King led the way, and, dressed in a coquettish and often a strange fashion, she attracted the eyes of all. Nothing was spoken of at Choisy but the nymph of the forest of Sénart, who sometimes appeared with a falcon on her wrist, like a châtelaine of the middle ages.

Madame Lenormand had by her husband a daughter, who was baptized by the name of Alexandrina, and at Etiolles her life was passed in the attentions paid to this beautiful and promising child, in

the pursuit of the fine arts, in literary conversations, and in fairy exploits in the forest. In winter the family resided in the hotel of M. de Turneheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs. Besides the usual literary guests, Voltaire, Helvétius, Montesquieu, Bernis, and Fontenelle, the Duke of Richelieu, Prince de Soubise, and Count de Chauvelin, personal friends of the King's, used to frequent the Château d'Etioles. The triumph of Madame d'Etioles was a much more serious negotiation than is generally imagined. The King remained at Choisy during the autumn of 1744, at that time first interested with his pretty Diana of the Hôtel de Ville. Madame d'Etioles, on her part, always so close in her attendance on the King's hunts in the forest of Sénart, had felt that the effect produced at the Hôtel de Ville had been a decisive move in her ambitious designs. Madame de Châteauroux was no more—her post was vacant at Versailles.

Still it is said that the lady followed in all things the advice of the Duke of Richelieu, who had been faithful to the cause of Madame de Châteauroux up to her death. Richelieu, Soubise, Chauvelin, d'Aven, and others, ruled the King in opposition to the party of the Queen and of the Dauphin, through the medium of his mistresses. The Duchess of Châteauroux being no more, it was important to find a substitute, and the eyes of the King's advisers fell on Madame d'Etioles. She belonged, by her literary as well as by her family connections, to the philosophical party. She might also prove of use to the ministers from her relationship with the great financiers of the day. She could enliven the King's latter days by distractions hitherto unsought by him—those of literature and of the fine arts. Madame d'Etioles, herself an accomplished musician, artist, and engraver, could bring all the life and taste of a "salon" home to the King; endowed with all the infinite resources of brilliant conversational powers, as well as charms of person and manners, she would sway Louis XV. by a word, for she was "à la fois femme d'esprit et d'affaires."

"According to the chronicles of the day, the first interview was arranged (January, 1745) at the hotel of M. Lenormand de Turneheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs, which extended with its gardens by the Rue du Bouloi to the hotel of the farmers-general, of whom M. de

Turneheim was Syndic. These little details of the boudoir are of little importance; the King went there several times in the greatest incognito, and found a particular charm in the conversation of Madame d'Etioles. There does not exist, I repeat it, any portrait that belongs to this first epoch of the youthful graces of Madame d'Etioles. The pastel of Latour, the portrait, the finished work of Boucher, (Madame de Pompadour also sat to Boucher for his picture of Venus chained by Cupid,) belong to a more advanced epoch of her life; but in all the portraits of her, the Marchioness is made to have fine eyes, open forehead, a rather prominent nose, a large mouth; but that which neither pastel nor painting could represent was the extreme vivacity of her look, the delightful play of her expression, the infinite charms of her conversation, and a power of penetration which saw at once the solution of any question of business. Add to all this the thousand combined talents of an artist, who drew, painted, and engraved ravishingly; and, above all, a deep sensibility, which associated itself with all the glories, and with all the joys, as well as with all the anxieties of the King, which she never ceased doing her utmost to allay and to relieve."

At first every thing was accomplished secretly. Madame d'Etioles accompanied the King in the campaign of 1745, without either publicity or scandal in the army. Marshal Saxe had in his train the theater of Madame Favart; the ladies of the court also attached themselves to certain gentlemen. As to Madame d'Etioles, the Duke of Richelieu took her under his wing in what he designated as his "bagage élégant." She traveled thus in the disguise of a young mousquetaire.

"The success of the young and beautiful Madame d'Etioles, which was to insure the triumph of the coterie of the men of letters and the philosophers, was a task so much more difficult to accomplish, as Louis XV. did not like them; but the want of tact and offensive attitude taken by the friends of the Dauphin during the King's last illness, the persevering advice of the Duke of Richelieu, and the charms of Madame d'Etioles, finally led the King to a publicity which he had avoided for six long months with the greatest care.

"The first condition of a common life at Versailles or at Choisy was the separation *à mens et thoro* of Madame d'Etioles from her husband—a separation which was judicially pronounced by Le Châtelet. M. Lenormand left Paris with great dignity as an inspector-general of farms, with the reversion of his uncle's appointment; he asked nothing from the King; the little Alexandrina, his daughter, remained under charge of Madame d'Etioles, who placed her in a convent.

"It was next arranged that Madame d'Etioles

should change her name, as also her title, in order to efface all traces of the past; and the title and marquisate of Pompadour was in the King's gift, he having purchased it from the Prince of Conti. It was an illustrious name in the province of Limousin, the richest in powerful country gentry; and that is why Louis XIV., who did not like an independant and provincial nobility, had had it ridiculed in the person of M. de Pourceaugnac, of the province of Limousin, by his pamphleteer and witty 'tapestry' Pocquelin de Molière. The King accordingly conferred the title of Marchioness de Pompadour on Madame d'Etioles, with a sufficient revenue to keep up a salon. By this arrangement, Madame d'Etioles no longer compromised the name of her husband, from whom she was legally separated: the name of Etioles was entirely forgotten, and that of the Marchioness de Pompadour alone known. As it was also necessary to insure at the same time a revenue to the Marchioness, the property of Pompadour being a mere title, with less than four thousand francs income, the King further purchased the marquisate of Crécy in Brie, worth twenty-five thousand francs a year, for Madame.

"As a titled lady, the new marchioness had to be presented to the King, to the Queen, and to the princes and princesses of the royal family. She got through this ceremony with perfect dignity, being introduced by the Princess of Conti, to whom the King delegated this duty. The reception was most gracious, and the Queen even addressed a few kind words to the Marchioness, making inquiries after certain ladies with whom they were mutually acquainted. The Marchioness, bowing profoundly to the Queen, replied to her, adding: 'Madame, I'm passionately desirous of doing whatever your majesty may wish me to do in your service.'"

But all this was merely on the surface. The new alliance was not favorably viewed by the court, or by many of the nobility.

Hitherto King Louis XV. had followed the traditions of Louis XIV., who had been accustomed to select his mistresses from among families of the high nobility, and, so long as he continued to do so, no one found any thing to demur at. The extraordinary passion of the King for the four daughters of the illustrious house of Nesle even excited no murmurs of discontent. The piety and mildness of Madame de Mailly were on the contrary extolled, and the elegance and beauty of Madame de Flavencourt were as much praised as were the courage and "orgueil tout français" of Madame de Châteauroux. But a great change took place when Louis XV. no longer sought the society of titled

ladies: he was then accused of dissolute manners and vulgar passions:

"C'est une petite bourgeoise,
Elevée à la grivoise,"

that now filled the first place in the King's affections, and he was condemned accordingly.

The triumph of Madame de Pompadour, however, brought about with it many other changes. The Marchioness reconciled all the farmers-general, who had felt aggrieved by the controller Orry, with the King, and had the former replaced by M. de Machault. The philosophers also hoped to come into power with the ascendancy of the Marchioness. Voltaire actually received an appointment at the ministry of foreign affairs. At this time his muse was devoted to singing the praises of the King, and the beauty and accomplishments of his favorite, whom he afterwards, when in the pay of the King of Prussia, reviled in such scandalous terms. Gentil Bernard, Secretary to the Colonel of Dragoons, composed his *Art d'Aimer* at Choisy, where sentiments were acted, and passion was often, no doubt, an art. The Abbé Bernis, one of those short, fat, rubicund abbés so characteristic of the time, was at once the Tibullus and the Catullus of the place. Marmontel wrote his tales as secretary to the intendant Marquis de Marigny, at Choisy. The aged Crébillon was librarian. A number of places of little import were found, or made, in order to assure some twenty thousand francs or thirty thousand francs a year to the philosophers, poets, and artists assembled at Choisy. They were, it is said, so many abuses; but M. Capefigue claims abuses as the privileges of talent, and he retorts: "Est-ce que les gens d'élite et d'esprit vivent d'autre chose que d'abus, de privilèges et d'exceptions!"

The Marchioness herself was the soul of this charming society; she danced with the freedom of a child, and penned verses far more redolent of life, Capefigue asserts, than the pedantic conceptions of the philosophers.

One would fancy, says the gallant old legitimist, a crown of jonquils, hyacinths, and lilac on the forehead of a child! The King was especially fond of *la ronde*—a dance which, we are told, is "éminemment française," and in which the song mingled with the dance. It was for this

charming amusement, in which the Marchioness dragged the monarch along like a spoilt child, that she composed the popular song, *Nous n'irons plus au bois*.

But it was especially in this cultivation of the fine arts that Madame de Pompadour distinguished herself. She has left her name to an era and to a style. Among the artists who frequented Choisy were Bouchardon, De Boucher, Da Parrocet, De Latour, the first Vernet, Vien, and the architect Gabriel. Above all, she favored an engraver on stones, Lequay by name, who reproduced on the cornelians and jaspers of the day all the beautiful forms of antiquity.

Louis XIV. had created Versailles; Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour embellished it. Bouchardon, inspired by the Marchioness, filled the fountains with Dragons, Chimeras, Neptunes, and Tritons, and the alleys with Apollos, Muses, Hercules, and Cupids. Boucher was essentially the artist of the day. "His color, fed on jasmines and roses, corresponded to that society of gentlemen covered with spangles, and of beautiful marchionesses embellished with rouge and mouches, and with powder on their hair." It is possible to advocate almost any view of a subject—even that of art when opposed to nature:

"Boucher found his inspirations at the court which received him at Choisy, living and graceful struggle of art against nature: ribboned shepherds, spruce sheep, Annettes and Lubins in satin petticoats. When nature is left to her pantheistic powers alone, she has nothing inviting but her grandeur: forests interweave with one another, man is harsh and savage, the green sward is stifled by parasitic herbs, fruit is undeveloped and tasteless, flowers run away to stalk; it is the genius of man, the portion that emanates from God, that embellishes nature by a second creation that is art. A fantastic nature is the only one that is worthy of giving pleasure; it requires twenty models to arrive at the beautiful, and even then it would be beneath the perfection of art if it did not borrow a particular color from idealism.

"Thus, so far from reproaching Boucher with having rejected all material realities, he must be praised for having so done. The carmine of an elegant woman (of Madame de Pompadour) was much more beautiful than the coarse ruddiness, tinged with blood, (*sanguinolente*), of a country girl; and we can fully understand why the artist should have preferred the Annette, for which Madame Favart sat, to the milkmaids of Juvisy and the washing-girls of Sévres. It is that which constituted the superiority of the Pompadour style, spruce and

ribboned, (*pimpant et rubant*), a style which pleased all the more, precisely because it was false and fantastical. Every thing is elegant in the compositions of Boucher: the tree in the forest, the cow with flowers on its horns, the sheep decorated with roseate bows, the shepherdess with her ribboned crook, groves full of garlands, porphyry vases, imaginary palaces, Arabian stories translated into French, idealized furniture, screens, sedan-chairs, tapestries, mirrors, and pier-glasses. (Boucher did not even disdain to paint fans.) The veriest trifles became serious objects of art with this brush dipped in essence of roses."

To such arguments it is almost impossible to pen a serious answer. If a cow must have flowers on its horns, and a sheep be clad in ribbons to be admired, why nature made a mistake in clothing them with hair and wool. If groves must be decorated with garlands and little lamps, why artists may confine their studies to the Mabilles and Cremorne; and if the rouge and mouches and powdered hair of a marchioness in the Pompadour style is considered to be more admirable than the native bloom of a rustic maiden, tempered by youth, delicacy, and modesty, why, all we can say is, *Vive la Pompadour*.

A thin folio volume is still preserved in the Cabinet d'Estampes, at the Imperial Library, which is entitled *L'Œuvre de la Marquise de Pompadour*. It is full of works of great merit, engraved by the Marchioness's own hand, marked *Pompadour fecit* when her own designs, and *Pompadour sculpsit* when from the designs of Boucher, Vien, Lequay, or others. But the Marchioness was still more assiduous in engraving on stone. Under the tuition of Lequay, she has left a whole series of beautiful works on onyx, emerald, carnations, jasper, and other gems, as also on ivory.

Such was life at Choisy in the palmy days of Madame de Pompadour. There philosophy, literature, and the fine arts were to be met with, cultivated to a degree that is rare in the history of the courts of any country, and in a manner which will always reflect credit on the fair lady herself; and there they were, wedded in the most graceful and harmonious manner that it is possible to conceive, to the lighter recreations of poetry, music, and dance.

"An habitual residence in such delicious country scenes, the soft murmuring of waters,

the freshness of the shades, the perfume of flowers, the celestial harmony, the warbling of birds, the crowd of nymphs sculptured by great artists—all these various visions readily lent themselves to these idols of the woods, to these dialogues of fine gentlemen, handsome marchionesses, little abbés, 'galants et poudrards,' of knights of Malta, with their black ribbons, grouped on the border of fountains, and to the rendezvous of the hunt, where the wines of Champagne sparkled in finely-cut gilt cups."

This was courtly society constituted in the eighteenth century; it fascinated, it intoxicated even the most serious minds, till the terrible spirit of revolution awoke abroad—"juste châtement," the legitimist Capefigue himself admits, "de tant d'oublis de devoir."

Madame de Pompadour had, however, a further object in view in attaching the King to herself by her charms, and her various brilliant talents, and amusing him by all the resources of literature and the fine arts; she sought to accustom him to work with his ministers in her *salon*, to bring him to listen to her advice, as Louis XIV. had formerly done to that of Madame de Maintenon; and thus, in fact, to take a leading part in public and political affairs. The marchioness is admitted to have carried an enlightened and preëminently clear mind into such transactions, only that her feelings were warped by the then dominant spirit of philosophy and skepticism. It still remains to the present day a mystery how King Louis XV., brought up so religiously, and so particular in his external duties, could live in such intimate harmony with a person whose indifference for religious ideas and beliefs was of so marked a character. Madame de Pompadour has been accused of having availed herself of her influence with the King, and with the lieutenant of police, Berryer, who had wedded a distant relative of Madame de Pompadour's, to procure *lettres de cachet*, more particularly in the instance of De Latude, accused of sending a packet of poison to the Marchioness on the fifteenth of May, 1750. M. Capefigue devotes many pages to the exculpation of the Marchioness, who, he avers, had nothing to do with the persecutions of De Latude—a notoriously bad character; and our worthy legitimist goes much further, when he says: "We must leave to romances and theaters their disregard of truth when they speak of the Bastille and of *lettres de cachet*. Such a

sealed letter was always the result of an affair that had been seriously examined."

The charming character of the "esprit gentilhomme" in the eighteenth century, we are told, inevitably led to the mingling of pleasure with duty, and hence in winter, as in summer, in time of war as well as during the leisures of peace, amusements were alike sought, laughter indulged in, verses made, and plays enacted. The Château de Choisy became more particularly the ravishing abode of pleasure. "The Marchioness of Pompadour was well aware that it was essential to amuse the King, and she knew, also, that the most appropriate relaxations for a prince were the pleasures of intellect, the pursuit of the fine arts, and the joyous bursts of a brilliant society in the midst of a *salon* sparkling with wax-lights, and the clashing of glasses softly joined to glory and love." This reads more like a page out of De Balzac than of a would-be legitimist historian like Capefigue. De Balzac always associated the *ne plus ultra* idea of wealth, pomp, and magnificence with an extraordinary display of wax-lights, just as some people in seedy habits are known to covet gold-headed canes, and others sport gaudy horse-whips in soleless shoes.

Ever since she had been a mere child, Madame de Pompadour had enacted parts in slight comedy and little operas with a talent which had obtained for her a renown far and wide. When she had become the little queen of Choisy, she had a stage arranged and decorated, on which she performed to the King. The form and disposition of the stage were from her own designs, carried out by the architect Gabriel, while Boucher painted the scenes with that richness of decoration in which he took so much pride.

It was more with the view of being of service to Voltaire than to any predilections for his dramas, that Madame de Pompadour selected *L'Enfant Prodigue* to be played before the King, who disliked the poet-philosopher on account of his impieties. The piece met with but a mediocre success; Madame de Pompadour favored more the part of *Collette* in Jean Jaques Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, and in which she sang:

"Si des galants de la ville
J'eusse écouté les discours,
Oh! qu'il m'eût été facile
De former d'autres amours."

Voltaire unfortunately allowed himself to be exasperated by the preference given to his rival. Another circumstance which increased his irritation was that Madame de Pompadour had a parody performed at Fontainebleau of the *Sémiramis*. This, which would only have amused a less susceptible person, so annoyed the author, that he wrote to the Queen about it, and vented his spite in epigrams against the favorite.

After the comedy came the suppers, which have been written of as not unfrequently concluding in orgies; but, if we are to believe Capefigue, they were always characterized by the most unimpeachable good taste and elegance of manners. It is not indeed likely that they would be otherwise.

"The King invited from twelve to sixteen persons to his table; they were received in a delicious *salon*, furnished with a rare elegance, surrounded by charming pictures of Latour, Watteau, and Boucher, representing hunting scenes, and the hungry repasts that followed upon such, when refreshments were taken to the sound of the hunting-horn. Nothing betokened the presence of supper in the apartment unless it were an ornament like a rose, constructed of mahogany, embellished with arabesques of ivory, and which occupied the middle of the floor.

"When the King had shown his guests the way into this salon, two pages advanced, and making a deep and respectful obeisance, they asked his Majesty's orders for supper. Scarcely had the King answered that supper might be served, than the rose-like ornament was raised up by means of a tower in ivory, and a table covered with silver plate, china vases, and crystal glasses and decanters, with hundreds of wax-lights, was seen to appear as in the palace of Armida. The pages, so called, of '*la petite écurie*,' served up supper with great celerity; much beloved by the King, and almost all the children of good families, these pages obtained commissions in the army when they attained their fifteenth year, and served with distinction in the King's troops. These suppers were not foul orgies as has been written. Toasts were drunk in wine of *Aï* and *Tokay*, without drunkenness; all these gentlemen brought a brilliant wit and an unimpeachable conduct into the affairs of life. Charming sayings came from their mouths like flowers out of their calyxes; they spoke rarely on business matters; they were amiable and gay without taking liberties; sometimes slightly indecorous, but never rudely so; and much that has been said of the suppers of Louis XV. is founded on error. The sons of valets who have written concerning these times did not understand that there might be clashing of glasses and sparkling

sayings without orgies; and that young and brilliant gentlemen could enjoy their supper in the presence of the King without filling themselves with strong wines *comme des forts de la halle aux Porcherons*."

These evening recreations at the château of Choisy were, however, never allowed for a moment to interfere with the transaction of serious business. Madame de Pompadour took up with all a woman's zeal the cause of the Pretender in opposition to the views of the minister d'Argenson, and to what M. Capefigue designates repeatedly as the "English wighs." France was then to England what England now is to Imperial France, and Madame de Pompadour took an honorable and dignified attitude when she declared that "her master should not oblige Prince Edward to quit the country that had granted him hospitality; he would prefer war to such a humiliation, and France would have with her all whose hearts were in the right place." Prince Edward was expelled the country nevertheless.

It was also sought at the same time to amuse the King by the erection of public buildings: the manufactory at Sèvres, now going to ruin, the Military School, the planting of the Champs Elysées, and the place that has so often changed its name, but which, from its origin, was called that of Louis XV., date from the period of peace and leisure that followed upon the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1751-52—a treaty to which Madame de Pompadour was ever opposed, as was also the King himself, who disliked Frederick of Prussia, "a stupid, Atheistic personage," M. Capefigue calls him, who surrounded himself "with philosophers, poets, and pamphleteers, the pest of states." The same persons were charming, brilliant beings when surrounding the person of Madame de Pompadour! The difficulties suggested by the Pope's bull "*Unigenitus*" disturbed the whole country at this epoch. The Parliament was in open hostility with the Church, and these persecutions were retorted by "*lettres de cachet*" against the Jansenists. All this upon the question as to the right of taking the holy communion—a question which in the present day, M. Capefigue assures us, would in France be treated as one purely of ecclesiastical interest, and of none whatsoever to the laity.

The year 1756 saw war declared with England. Marshal de Belle-Isle advocated

the creation of an army of Normandy composed of seventy battalions and forty squadrons, with a formidable artillery, of which he should have the command, with a view to carrying out the traditional descent upon the coasts of Albion. The French army reckoned at that time, as it had done at Fontenoy, one third its number as foreigners—Swiss, Irish, Scotch, Germans, etc.—a good custom, says Capefigue, which spared the tax of blood to the families devoted to the cultivation of the soil! The direction of the invasion was, however, changed to Minorca. Madame de Pompadour herself, however, persisted in fostering a descent in Scotland in favor of the Pretender. She always kept up an active correspondence with the chiefs of the army, De Richelieu, Soubise, Broglie, and D'Estrées.

On the fifth of January, 1757, Damiens made his notorious attempt on the King's life, and for a few anxious days the influence of Madame de Pompadour was eclipsed and superseded by that of the Dauphin. The latter detested Madame de Pompadour's person as well as her ideas, and the favorite for a while expected the solution to most political problems of a domestic character in practice at that time—a "lettre de cachet." She was, however, spared this humiliation—even if it was ever contemplated—by the recovery of the King from the wounds of his assailant. It is to be remarked that Madame de Pompadour's position at court was, however, already at this epoch no longer what it had been before. All kinds of illegitimate intimacy had ceased between the King and her the previous year. The King had placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the Jesuit De Sacy, whilst Madame de Pompadour had, on her side, made public penitence in the Church of St. Louis de Versailles. The Queen had, in consequence of this change of relations, consecrated by the Church, admitted Madame de Pompadour among her ladies in attendance.

But Madame de Pompadour still remained to the King what she had ever sought to be—a sincere friend, a clever, charming companion, well versed in the art of holding salons, and carrying out negotiations without fatiguing royalty. Her return to power was, therefore, all the more certain, as she was also at that time the expression of a system which was most in favor with the King and the

public, albeit disliked by the Dauphin. When the King's recovery had, therefore, brought about the state of things as they existed before his illness, Madame de Pompadour threw more energy into public affairs than ever. She dismissed those whose allegiance had wavered during the crisis, she made new appointments, and, above all, gave further development to the warlike attitude of France. England, Holland, and Prussia were in consequence inundated at this epoch by pamphlets written against the Marchioness. Crébillon, however, revenged his protectress in noble rhymes, at the expense of Frederick the Great.

Of all persons at such a crisis, who should the clever Madame de Pompadour think of for a Secretary of Foreign Affairs but the jovial Abbé de Bernis? Capefigue insists that "the pedantry of forms is in reality never necessary to a clear and serious comprehension of the great questions of policy. *Le charme ne nuit jamais!*" But the experiment did not, as might have been expected, succeed; the jovial abbé was not precisely the man to "arracher le continent à la suprématie anglaise;" so he received the red cloak of a cardinal and two rich abbeys in exchange for the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The Duc de Choiseul succeeded to the abbé, and he went heart and hand with Madame de Pompadour in her warlike ideas. Seventeen hundred gun-boats were to convey sixty thousand men to England, and guns of a new invention were experimented with at Choisy, which were to fire seven times in a minute, "afin d'étonner la flotte anglaise et de foudroyer ses côtes." The idea of terrifying the English fleet, and of destroying the coasts of England as if with thunder, reads like a pleasant extract from a proclamation by Mandarin Yeh. Madame de Pompadour sent all her plate to the Mint to assist in defraying the expenses. This projected invasion of England really gave origin to what has ever since been designated as the Pompadour style. The Marchioness argued, in order to induce others to give up their plate to the exigencies of the enterprise, that nothing was more vulgar or tasteless than the possession of objects of gold and silver which had no useful purport. True elegance consisted, she argued, in art, and not in matter, and such works of art as pictures, tapestry, china, etc., were in

reality more valuable than gold and silver. Louis XV. seconded the idea, and a work of Watteau's, of Boucher's, or Mieris's was made to fetch more than the precious metals. It was an artistic revolution that gave birth to the marvels of taste of the eighteenth century.

Unfortunately, at the same time the responsibilities of a long and sanguinary war involved Madame de Pompadour and her minister, M. de Choiseul, in efforts to uphold their popularity, which threw them into the hands of the party of the philosophers, at that epoch rising into ascendancy through Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Madame de Pompadour is said to have contributed more than any other person towards obtaining the King's consent to the publication of the *Encyclopédie*. In the beautiful pastel of the Marchioness by Latour, now in the Louvre, the *Encyclopædia* lies in a stand close by, with a copy of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*.

With the French, glory and success are essential to the carrying on of war. The defeat of Soubise at Rosbach sufficed to arouse both Parliament, always more or less hostile, and the public against Madame de Pompadour and her minister. The former was now written of under her maiden name of Poisson. It was a trying time for the favorite; she had to carry on an unpopular war, assuage a discontent that grew more loud in its murmurs every day, and at the same time find amusement and occupation for the King, which she did mainly by engaging him in the embellishment of the capital. The abolition of the order of Jesuits was conceded by Madame de Pompadour at this crisis to the Jansenists and Encyclopædists. The idea of confiscating the property of monasteries followed as a matter of course. Thus were the first steps in the ladder of revolution taken in the days of Madame de Pompadour. They had been laid, however, long before. Still Madame de Pompadour remained at the apogee of her glory, and according to the legitimist and Romanist Capefigue, "le Duc de Choiseul partageait cette indigne popularité."

But it was at this very epoch that the health of this remarkable lady began to fail her. Although still young in years, she had used up all vitality in her various

self-imposed tasks. To the inveterate enmity of Frederick of Prussia and of Pitt in England, she now could add that of M. de Maurepas at home. Her trials were increased a thousand-fold by the loss of her daughter Alexandrina, who died in her eleventh year at the convent of L'Assomption. In this state of physical and mental despondency, Madame de Pompadour made her will, in which she bequeathed most of her property to the King and to the Comte de Provence. She was not at that time thirty-five years of age. Suffering as she was, she carefully concealed her malady from the King. She is said even to have handed over her will to M. de Soubise, her executor, after one of the King's suppers, at which she had been unusually lively. In the month of March, 1764, her condition became alarming, and on the thirteenth of April barely strength enough remained to her to add a codicil to her will, by which she left sundry gifts and jewels to her intimate friends.

"Here, then, on the death-bed, lies that woman so short a time ago so ravishing—the beautiful huntress of the forest of Sénart, the sovereign of artists—here she is, where we shall all go: at the tomb. Calm and serene in her sufferings, she allows only one feeling to predominate over others, and that is friendship. Yes, that is the sentiment which she entertained for Louis XV., and which she wished to inspire him with. She preserved it in her purified nature, even at her last moments. The evening before her decease, she sent for the priest of the parish in which her hotel was situated, (that parish was already known as La Madeleine,) and Madame de Pompadour had herself sketched that beautiful façade, as she had instructed Soufflot in the plan for the church of Sainte Geneviève. The priest of the Madeleine was about to take leave of her, when she said these words to him: 'Stop a moment, Monsieur le curé, and we will go away together.' And shortly after having uttered these calm words she expired, (April 15th, 1764,) at forty-two years of age, twenty of which she had passed in the company of the King, at Versailles or elsewhere."

There were points and perfections in such a character—talents, undoubted affection to the King, enlightened devotion to France, inflexible courage against its enemies, and encouragement of literature and art—that more than militated against the grand errors of a life.

S I T T I N G I D L E .

'Mid these breadths of English meadows,
Sitting idle, you and I,
What beside the lights and shadows
Is there round to fill the eye?
Dells, where the wood-pigeon's calling,
Like a dreamy old romance;
Streamlets playing, streamlets falling,
In their indolent advance;

Butterflies as fair as fickle,
Hovering round a flowering steep;
Corn-fields ripening for the sickle;
And the broad sea smooth with sleep;
Purple heath-bells, covering over
Every solitary place;
Grass, and rosy-tinted clover,
Through which sun-burnt children race;

Gardens filled with languid flowers,
Waiting, longing for the breeze;
Cottage-homes, and rustic bowers,
Church-yard ground, and church-yard trees.
Hark! a lisping voice is coming:
"Do they know who slumber there?
That the honey-bee is humming,
And the earth and sky are fair?"

Circled with its living splendor,
Fades the landscape from my sight;
Memory brings me scenes more tender,
Though their hues are not so bright;
And my dreaming heart goes sighing,
Through departed smiles and tears,
O'er the budding and the dying
Of those withered leaves—past years!

From the Westminster Review.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MOZART.*

HERR RAU is an enthusiast in his admiration of the genius of Mozart, the King of Melody; and to this feeling the long romance before us is due; what Goethe did for Tasso, he seeks to do for the true appreciation of Mozart.

The two most recent lives of the great composer, by Alexander Oulibicheff and by Professor Jahn, are excellent, especially the latter, alike in accuracy of detail, and for the critical appreciation of Mozart's transcendent powers, displayed in them; but they are severely biographical and critical works, and are properly intended

only for such readers as are more or less interested and proficient in the art in which Mozart was preëminent. It is, therefore, the object of the present fiction to bring before a German public, in all the reality of life, one whom the author regards with affectionate veneration—a feeling he seeks to diffuse through the hearts of his countrymen, the majority as yet only acknowledging him supreme in his own harmonious sphere, without any warmer or more personal recognition. Extracts are difficult, and perhaps the author has displayed more enthusiasm than judgment or literary ability in the execution of this labor of love.

The first chapter introduces us to the

* *Mozart: ein Künstlerleben.* Von HERIBERT RAU. Six Parts.

family interior of Vice Chapel-Master Mozart, the father of one who was a prodigy at five; and we have a sketch of the boy's mother, with all her anxiety for his personal appearance, and maternal pride in his precocious talents; but the most characteristic passage in the work is perhaps the concluding chapter, where Mozart's apotheosis is accomplished, and the solitary mourner over his humble grave is consoled and astonished by a transfiguration, hardly befitting one who was but a weak and ordinary man out of his own province of Art.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"In the burial-ground opposite St. Mark's Linie, at Vienna, a fresh grave-mound had been raised; not there where the rich or the illustrious were interred, but at the side of the ground among persons of ordinary consideration; for the widow of the man who here rested from the toils and cares of life was not sufficiently rich to purchase a separate vault, or even to cause the erection of a memorial above his grave.

"Yet he below rested among unregarded graves as still, as softly, as peacefully as the rich man beneath monument and epitaph.

"And the first night that witnessed this new grave, rose earnest and solemn to heaven. The moon shed her beams softly on the humble resting-place, and kissed the freshly-turned earth with an appearance of sacred respect, spreading her beams over it like a silver pall, as willing to protect the mound beneath which so noble a germ of immortality lay concealed.

"Tree and bush, deprived of their foliage, stood rigid, and mournful, and ghost-like, as the keen December blast swept over the graves, shaking the decayed wooden crosses, and whistled mournfully and shrilly through the gilded monuments. But the calm sleeper heard it not; after long, fierce struggles, he rested softly and peacefully in the bosom of his mother earth.

"Suddenly a woman's form approached the newly-made grave. She was clothed in a long dark mantle, and a hood of the same color concealed her head; but one memory, but one grief, wild, passionate, and overwhelming, seemed to occupy her. She sought but one grave among all those thousands there; and she knew where to find it, for already on that day she had seen a coffin deposited within it—and that coffin contained her all, her love.

"And now she reached the grave; and with a heart-rending cry of 'Amadeus! my Amadeus!' she sank down upon it. The sorrow heaved in her bosom like a troubled sea; her eyes were fixed and tearless, seeming eager to pierce into the earth; her arms embraced the grave; her voice calls on her beloved—but the cold bed of death yielded no reply. At last she dried the torrent of her tears; she folded her hands, and prayed.

"Then it seemed to her as if the sense of earthly things had passed away, and a higher existence possessed her; that a veil had fallen before her eyes, and yet she saw; that her ears were closed to all earthly sound, but that a stream of heavenly melody possessed her soul, while louder and louder waxed that harmony, till it seemed to fill all space, and extend to infinity.

"And as the waves of sound grew stronger, the covering of earth above the grave on which she knelt seemed to dissolve, and a form of light rose slowly upwards. It was Mozart's figure; but brighter, nobler than she had ever before seen it. A laurel-crown adorned the forehead of the master; an ample robe clothed him; a golden lyre rested in his arms; his eyes beamed with unspeakable joy; an enchanting smile animated his mild and noble features, and his head was surrounded by eight large bright stars.

"And joy filled the kneeler. She stretched out her arms to him, and with a voice full of sorrow, and longing, and love, exclaimed—'Amadeus!' But wonderful to tell, her cry sounded as if it came from the heart of all mankind, which, full of the same sorrow, the same desire, and the same love, extended its arms to the departing one. For the great master was departing, as by degrees the light, luminous clouds seemed to draw him upwards. He smiled gently on the earth, and on his beloved, and from his lips flowed the words—'I remain with you in my works.' And as he thus spake, a high and noble form stood by his side—even the great, the god-like spirit of song, which, laying one hand on his shoulder, thus spoke, with dazzling glances: 'Welcome, master, into the realm of spirits! the difficulties of thy path have been great; countless, and well-nigh beyond the power of man have been the creations which have testified to thy industry, thy perseverance, and thy greatness. Renown and honor to thee, the fearless minister of conversion. Peace, tired wanderer! Enter into the temple of everlasting fame, thou worthy son of Immortality!'

"And as the form uttered these words, the stars on the master's head flamed higher and higher, while their beams formed themselves into the names of his seven grand operas, and of his requiem," etc., etc.

From the National Review.

THE CITY OF HALICARNASSUS.*

[As some of the readers of the following article may not be familiar with the localities referred to, it may not be amiss to subjoin a few words of explanation. Halicarnassus was the ancient capital of Caria in Asia Minor, and the residence of the Carian kings. It was anciently an important commercial city. It was situated on the northern shore of Sinus Ceramicus, a bay of Caria, and north of the peninsula of Doris. Sinus, curved, winding as the shore was, and hence the origin of the word *sinuosity*. Halicarnassus was the birthplace of Herodotus, of Dionysius the historian, and Dionysius the musician, who wrote music in the time of Adrian. It anciently belonged to the Dorian Confederacy of six (united) states. But Agasicles, a citizen of Halicarnassus, having, contrary to prescribed custom, carried off the tripod assigned to him in the games celebrated in honor of the Triopian Apollo, instead of dedicating it to the god, the other five cities in consequence of this offense determined to exclude Halicarnassus from any participation in these festivities, which was a virtual exclusion from the Confederacy. Not long after this event, Halicarnassus lost its independence, Lygdamis, one of the principal citizens, having usurped the authority. He was succeeded by his daughter Artemisia, of whom Herodotus makes honorable mention in his history. This princess transmitted the sovereign power to her son, named Lygdamis, like his grandfather; and it was during his reign that Herodotus, unwilling to see his native city under the dominion of a despot, abandoned it for Samos, where he completed his studies. Afterwards Caria and Doris were tributary to Athens, and Halicarnassus was occupied by her troops. In later years it was governed by Carian princes. The first of these was Hecatomnus, who had three sons, Mausolus, whose magnificent tomb, erected in honor of him, gave origin to our common word, *mausoleum*. The other two sons were Hidricus and Pixadamus, and two daughters, Artemisia and Ada, who married their elder brothers. Mausolus succeeded his father on the throne of Caria, and dying without offspring, left the crown to his sister and consort, Artemisia—a strange and horrible relationship in view of modern notions. These gathered facts may aid the readers of the *ECLECTIC* to look out through the back-windows of time across the broad vales of intervening centuries into the streets and fallen temples among the ruins of old ancient Halicarnassus, which has been so lately exhumed from its native Mausoleum, and made to take passage in English ships to London, to be exhibited to the gaze of modern eyes, in the British Museum, and to the eyes, we beg to hope, of many of our readers when they go to sojourn for a few days in the metropolis of modern Christendom.—EDITOR OF *ECLECTIC*.]

ABOUT the time when the Persians conquered the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia minor, they tried to establish their dominion over them on a monarchical foundation. These great mercantile republics, with the free ocean close at hand, would surely never have borne the yoke of the foreigner, had not a power sprung up in the midst of them whose interests were closely linked with the maintenance of the Persian authority. Under the name of "dynastæ" their rulers disguised what in European Greece was more boldly asserted to be a "tyrannis." Greeks by birth, wealthy families rising out of the mass of the citizens, like the Medici of Florence, they at last obtained an hereditary sway; though, like the Medici, they always remained vassals to a foreign power. They never assumed the regal title, which, according to Asia-

tic etiquette, only belonged to the Great King at Susa. Nor did they in all cases destroy the democratic elements of the constitution; but as long as they existed, this Asiatic coast, though richer and more flourishing than even the European mother-country, was never capable of throwing its full weight into the scale of Greek liberty.

In the southern part of this coast, in Caria, where in the dawn of Grecian history a Dorian colony had mixed with the native barbarians, the dominion had fallen into the hands of Lygdamis. His daughter, the elder Artemisia, inherited his dignity, and, though herself a Grecian, fought at Salamis with distinction against her own people. Xerxes having trusted to her his own children, she succeeded in taking them back to Asia, though her galley was hunted by the Athenians with special eagerness. After having well provided for her own offspring, she at an advanced age (so a late

* Papers respecting the Excavations at Budrum. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1858.

story has it) fell in love with a youth, and drowned her disappointment in the breakers of Leucas. From this family came Mausolus, the first-born of Hecatomnus. During his reign Greece was exhausted by the Peloponnesian and Theban wars; Persia rendered weak by insurrection, dismemberment, and the rebellion in Egypt; whilst Asia Minor, almost exempt from war, began to monopolize the trade between Europe, Asia, and the mouths of the Nile. Cos and Cnidus were rich enough to buy the statues for their temples from Praxiteles; Rhodes, with firm steps, rose to the station of a great naval republic; and at Priene, Miletus, and Ephesus, splendid new temples were in progress of construction. If one man could but succeed in concentrating all this power, all this wealth, in a single hand, he might well dream of a grand intermediate empire.

With a cold and covetous mind, but skillful in diplomacy and gallant in battle, Mausolus lighted upon this purpose: the foundation of an independent naval and commercial power was the aim of his concentrated energies. Reckless as he was, he never cared for the rights of his subjects; the author of the *Economy*, among the writings of Aristotle, relates the tricks by which he and his viceroy Condalus procured money. Thus he induced the citizens of his own native place, Mylasa, to find him a large sum for the fortification of their own city; when he had it safe, he declared the Deity had prohibited him from erecting the walls, but never returned the money. High taxes, laid on all Caria, filled his treasury; even Lycia paid him tribute. When the allies of Athens fell back from her—Byzantium, Chios, Cos, Rhodes—and commenced the so-called Social War, (357–355 B.C.) Mausolus assisted them; and his reward for his help was, no doubt, Rhodes, which after that time acknowledged his supremacy. He even ventured to take part in the great conspiracy of satraps and vassal kings against Artaxerxes II.; and it would seem that the Great King was too weak to chastise him. Lucian, in his *Conversations of the Departed* (dial. xxiv.) introduces him in an argument with Diogenes of Sinope. "Why," says the Philosopher of Poverty, "dost thou think so much of thyself, and despise the other shadows?" "On account of my royalty," (the other answers;) "for I have ruled over all

Caria, yea, and over some of the Lydians too, and have conquered many isles; and as far as Miletus have I reached, after having taken a goodly piece of Ionia. And I was a handsome man, and tall, and valiant in battle."

The completion of his enterprise, however, was the transfer of the seat of government from Mylasa, an inland town, to the splendid haven of Halicarnassus, on that rocky peninsula which constitutes the extreme pharos of the Asiatic continent in these parts, stretching far out amidst the island world of the archipelago. It was by this step only that the empire of Caria could grow into the proportions of a naval power. The city of Herodotus, though famous of old as a most ancient Dorian community, (the people of Halicarnassus reckoned even then a history of no less than a thousand years,) was now in decay. Mausolus girded her with fortifications, built several citadels on the surrounding heights, secured the harbor, which opens to the south-west, by extensive breakwaters, and added to it a small dock or arsenal capable of holding a number of galleys. Between both inlets of the sea, on a rocky eminence, he then erected his own splendid palace, with beautiful views over the whole precincts of the wall, the market-place, and the port. This edifice, even after the lapse of several centuries, attracted the attention both of Vitruvius and Pliny. The latter observes that here, probably for the first time, marble veneers over brick walls had been introduced in architecture; whilst the other takes the fact that so rich a king had used brick as a building-material for a proof that brick may be quite a fair subject for the experiments of a clever architect.

In this palace Mausolus died, probably in the year 353, after a reign of twenty-four years; just twenty years before Alexander's sword cut through the meshes of his astute policy and grasping ambition.

Mausolus was followed by Artemisia the younger, his sister and consort; for such marriages, and the right of females to the throne, were not contested in their country. An antique silver coin, with her head, (and her name on the reverse,) exhibits a firm and energetic countenance; a veil conceals her back hair, but the forehead is encircled by the queenly coronet. The gossip of antiquity collected

anecdotes about her grief at the loss of her husband-brother; we leave it to them whether she really drank the burnt ashes of her consort mixed with water. At all events, she resolved on erecting for him a monument on such a scale, and so beautiful in execution, (so Lucian says,) as no other mortal should ever obtain. She also carried out his policy. The Rhodians, vexed that a woman should rule over all the cities of Caria, equipped a fleet, and appeared before Halicarnassus. Artemisia concealed her own galleys in the small arsenal near the palace, and ordered the citizens to receive the invaders with signs of joy and friendship. Thus they disembarked; whereupon her fleet fell upon their defenseless ships; on the broad market-place of Halicarnassus, close to the harbor, they were cut up between two enemies. Then she crowned her own marines and sailors with laurels, mounted the Rhodian fleet, and at once set sail for Rhodes. There the people rejoiced to see their own expedition, as they thought, returning so quickly; and without difficulty, by this surprise, the mighty republic was brought back under the trident of the Carian queen.

Artemisia died after a reign of but two years; a second brother, Idrieus, married to a second sister, Ada, mounted the throne, which he had already contested with Mausolus. When Idrieus died, Ada was expelled by the youngest of her brothers, Pixodarus, whose daughter married a Persian nobleman. Then Alexander came to Asia; his success awakened many forlorn hopes; and as the one branch of the family had embraced a thoroughly Persian policy, Ada threw herself on the mercy of the invader. The Persian satrap, who now inherited the right to the throne, garrisoned Halicarnassus for the Great King; and after the defeat in the northern provinces of Asia Minor and the fall of Miletus, the brave Memnon, (whom Alexander's good star carried off before his plans for the defense of Persia were completed,) at the head of all the most gallant Persians, retreated to this strong fortress. It was only by a terrible and protracted siege that Alexander gained the city; he then delivered it up to Ada, who, as a proof of her gratitude, is said to have adopted him for a son. But Ada was Caria's last queen: after her, the race of Lygdamis vanishes in the contest that raged between the successors of Alexan-

der. Rhodes made itself free, Halicarnassus submitted to the Ptolemies. In the neighborhood of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt, no room remained on the map of the world for the antiquated Hellenic system of wee dynasties and petty municipal republics.

Halicarnassus was the creation of one mind and one period, and consequently the plan of the city was grand and harmonious. The port still runs into the land in the shape of a horse-shoe. From the very edge of the water the edifices once rose in the form of an amphitheater. The eye of the visitor still traces artificial terraces cut out of the rock, and supported by strong walls where the rock was deficient. Such terraces, one rising above the other, illustrate the fundamental principle of Asiatic town-architecture. They rendered all maritime places highly picturesque, as is still seen at Cnidus; moreover they prevented the washing down of the soil, and supported the growth of trees. At Halicarnassus, the first terrace, rising over the market-place to the north of the harbor, was crowned by the Mausoleum; the second by a temple of Mars, flanked on either side by citadels on the summit of volcanic hills, of which the westernmost had an elevation of five hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The two citadels were connected by the town-wall, which, then descending from the hills, reached the sea on either side of the port. This wall, with its two ancient gates, one leading westwards to the extremity of the peninsula, the other eastwards to Mylasa, is still in good preservation. Close to the shore, the two points of the harbor, which were at the same time the extremities of the city, were again adorned with two splendid structures—the palace of Mausolus, probably, on the precipitous cliff to the left as you entered the port; and on the other side, near the once famous fountain of Salmacis, the temple of Venus and Mercury. The exact position of these two edifices, however, remains doubtful. The entire view, as seen from the sea, was so striking, that Vitruvius, in the celebrated chapter where he speaks on the proper sites for buildings (i. 8) thinks it worth while to give an accurate description of it, as he evidently considers the structure of Halicarnassus a model arrangement for laying out a maritime city.

At the time when the Mausoleum was planned, Greek art and civilization stood very high. In Asia the Ionic school of architects was at its culminating point: the learned architect Pythius built about this time the temple of Minerva at Priene, the ruins of which still exist; and gave a description of it in a scientific work, in which he maintained that an architect ought to understand all arts and sciences even better than the most celebrated authorities who had made them their special study. There was also about the same time a native school of sculptors in Asia Minor distinguished by spirit and animation, though different both in conception and execution from the schools of European Greece, as will be seen from the dancing or flying Naiads now in the British Museum, which were taken from the monument of Harpagus at Xanthus. From one work of this school that has been discovered at Halicarnassus, we can prove that the influence of these native artists extended beyond the limits of Lycia. Yet, at the time we are now speaking of, Athenian artists were in fashion throughout Asia Minor. Cnidus, Cos, Alexandria on Mount Latmos, and Patara in Lycia ordered their temple statues from Praxiteles; and for the sculpture-work of the Mausoleum Athenian masters were likewise preferred. The funeral of Mausolus was celebrated with all honor and ceremonies, in which poetry and oratory were not forgotten; a tragedy, called *Mausolus*, written by Theocetes, obtained the crown; and in the rhetorical competition the great Isocrates was beaten by his pupil Theopompus. It is very likely that the distribution of the sculptural work for the monument was likewise subject to a competition similar to that which we remember to have taken place with respect to the monument of Wellington. As great artists have at all times been frequently venal, it came to pass that an oriental *regulus*, by sheer power of money, without a title for character or national merit, had his tomb built and adorned by the noblest hands. Destiny, however, has here for once shown justice. As monuments of the greatest triumphs of freedom, the temples of Egina, of Theseus, and of Pallas at Athens, still speak to the hearts of the brave; but the Mausoleum has vanished even to the lowest layer of its foundations; and old Diogenes, in that imaginary conversation of the shadows, has been

justified by time in his boast that his own monument in the hearts of men will be finer and more lasting than the marble tomb of the Carian nawaub.

Some doubt attaches to the names of the artists employed at the Mausoleum. We will quote two witnesses of antiquity, whose descriptions are absolutely needful to us if we mean to reconstruct in our imagination this whole marvel of architecture.

One of them is Pliny, (xxxvi. 5;) "Scopas had coeval competitors in Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, who ought to be named together, as they jointly sculptured for Mausolus, the dynast of Caria, who died in the second year of the one hundred and sixth Olympiad. To these artists it is mainly due that this work was counted among the seven wonders. It stretches on the north and south side sixty-three feet, being shorter on the front side, and its whole circuit being four hundred and eleven feet. It rises to the height of twenty-five cubits, and is surrounded by thirty-six columns. This is called the pteron, (which means the colonnade.) To the east Scopas sculptured, to the north Bryaxis, to the south Timotheus, to the west Leochares. Before they had finished, Queen Artemisia died, who had this work built in memory of her husband. They, however, would not leave off before having finished, as they considered it a monument of their own renown and art; and to this very day their hands vie with each other. They were, moreover, joined by a fifth artist. For above the pteron a pyramid rose to the same height as the lower part, tapering to the point of a *meta* by twenty-four steps. On its top stands a quadriga of marble made by *Pythis*, which, when added, will make the entire height of the work one hundred and forty feet."

Our second witness is Vitruvius. In the introduction to the seventh book of his architecture, where he speaks of the literature of this science, he says: "A book on the Mausoleum was published by Satyrus and Pythius, whom Fortune herself presented with the highest and greatest gift; for their plan has been supported by the excellent work of men whose skill will for all time to come earn the noblest and undying praise. On the single fronts, single artists, rivaling each other, have undertaken single parts to adorn and embellish them—Leochares, Bryaxis, Scopas,

Praxiteles; some also say *Timotheus*; and their excellent artistic perfection has raised the fame of this work to that of one of the seven marvels."

We know nothing of *Satyrus*, the first of the two architects; though perhaps another *Satyrus*, who, under *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, built a new town, may have been a relation of his. The name of the second differs in the manuscripts, so we can not speak of him with absolute certainty. It is, however, more than probable that he is identical with the famous architect of the temple of *Priene*, whom we have already mentioned. That temple, as will be seen from the drawings in the first volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the *Dilettanti Society*, has points of most striking similarity to the architectural portions of the *Mausoleum*. The time also corresponds, since it is known from an inscription that *Alexander* dedicated the just-finished temple, an event which took place hardly more than ten years after the *Mausoleum* was finished. Then *Vitruvius* states that the architect of *Priene* published a volume on his work, and so did the builder of the *Mausoleum*. Finally, we may suppose that the care of so complicated and difficult a construction would be trusted to the most scientific architect at hand; and this, *Pythius* undoubtedly was. With these considerations in view, the difference in the two names (which we find written as *Phiteus*, *Pithios*, *Pythios*, *Pythius*) is scarcely sufficient to controvert the identity of both men.

Four of the six sculptors mentioned by the above writers came from *Athens*; of two of them (namely, *Pythis* and *Timotheus*) the native country is unknown. *Leochares*, more than ten years before the commencement of the *Mausoleum*, enjoyed celebrity; since *Plato*, in a letter to the younger *Dionysius*, mentions that he himself bought from him, as from a young and good artist, an image of *Apollo*. His principal work was much admired even during the imperial era: it was "*Ganymede* carried to the heavens by *Jupiter* in the form of an eagle." Besides his reliefs on the *Mausoleum*, he also wrought the colossal statue of *Mars*, in the temple of that divinity on the acropolis of *Halicarnassus*; and even after the time of *Alexander* we find him in full activity. *Bryaxis*, like him, was a young man, as he too was afterwards employed in works

illustrative of the *Macedonian* period. *Scopas*, on the contrary, when working at the *Mausoleum*, was very old, as *Pliny* fixes the date of his principal successes considerably earlier. To us he is the most interesting of all, as hitherto no work of his has been fully ascertained as an original, although antiquity placed his amongst the very first names. His "*Mænad* holding the hind-quarter of a slaughtered buck or goat in one hand and brandishing the knife in the other," has been repeated in several reliefs, two of which are in the *British Museum*; of his "*Niobe*," it is more than doubtful whether the group still existing is really the original; "*Venus of Milo*," the most beautiful of all the well-preserved female statues of antiquity, is an original unquestionably; but we can only guess, not prove her to be a work of *Scopas*. If, therefore, we could confidently assert that originals from his hand have been preserved amid the rubbish of the *Mausoleum*, this would be an invaluable addition to the history of art.

Pythis, the sculptor of the colossal quadriga surmounting the pyramid, was hitherto a mere name in the catalogue of *Grecian* artists: now, judging by unexceptionable works from his hand, he is placed at once amongst the stars of the first magnitude.

Finally, as to *Praxiteles*. Did he, or did he not, work for the *Mausoleum*? It is not in his favor that *Pliny* does not even mention him; and it is no less suspicious that *Vitruvius* after him names a fifth artist — namely, *Timotheus* — whom *Pliny*, with great decision, puts in the place of *Praxiteles*. Yet both authors assert, that of the four sides of the building each was undertaken by one artist; which leaves no room for a fifth. *Praxiteles* was a name of such note, that people, knowing the *Mausoleum* had been built in his time, could not fancy his hand to have been unemployed in it, as many connoisseurs in *Rome* ascribed to him the group of *Niobe*, and other works, which different (and better) authorities attributed to *Scopas*. Now the sculptures of the *Mausoleum* do not fall within the limits of the tasks that *Praxiteles* selected; and being an artist at the time of immense and early-acquired fame, he had plenty of orders, and no reason for undertaking works not congenial to his mind. His single figures of *Apollo* and *Venus*, his *Cupids* and *Satyrs*, represent the highest

and most graceful finish of individual human types; any thing colossal he avoided, and kept his creations within the small compass of the human form, or even below it. Neither were battles, wild movement, dramatic agitation, within the sphere of his talent; he never represented an athlete, and but once a Hercules. His task it was to embody the sweet repose of youth and beauty, either smiling in the sense of happiness, or anticipating happiness in waking dreams. Such a mind found no field for its activity in the subjects of the Mausoleum, neither in the portrait-statues ten feet high, nor in the frieze, with its wild and rude Amazonian battles, in angry action and overwhelming motion. The very height at which they were seen by the spectator must have deterred an artist who strove after the most delicate finish, and whose works required a close inspection; and accordingly we find that his "Venus of Cnidus" stood in a small sanctuary, where the visitor first saw her in front, and was then led by the priestess to the back entrance, in order to enjoy the other view. We may add another point, though it is a strictly technical one. The frieze of the Mausoleum inclines strongly to that measurement of the human proportions which became the fashion in Alexander's time: a fashion which makes the heads very thin, the bodies very slender, and the extremities tapering. This is not bad for the purpose of a grander effect; but it is in sharp contrast to the spirit of Praxiteles, who by the study of the most surpassing models had accustomed himself to the strictest observation of the real proportions, and would never have sacrificed his leading principle for the sake of producing any striking effect.

Thus we feel justified in clinging to Pliny: the pteron was adorned by Leochares, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Scopas; and to the latter fell the eastern side.

The most difficult question connected with the Mausoleum is *the construction of the building*. An eye accustomed to the proportions of the Grecian temple is bewildered by the strange form of a pyramid, rising in steps, and surmounting a rectangular building with columns. Nor can it be denied that in all attempts to draw the Mausoleum, either from the descriptions of the ancients or from its real remains, this pyramid will be found repugnant to occidental taste. Yet it is

quite conformed to the spirit of the East. Asia Minor, along its coasts, was a Greek country; the interior remained Semitic, Phrygian, Carian, or Lycian; and in the whole East, beyond the pale of Greek influence, the pyramid is a primeval and a sacred feature. From Egypt to Babylon, from the pagodas of Hindostan to the tombs of the Lydian kings, this form rules the architecture of Asia. All Phrygia is full of such tombs; the high barrow erected by King Gyges over the ashes of his mistress, a monument of such elevation that its point could be seen from any part of Lydia, is of the same shape. Quite in the neighborhood of Halicarnassus, at Mylasa, (the first residence of Mausolus,) we meet with a building where twelve Greek columns boldly support a lofty pyramid rising in steps. Even two hundred years afterwards, when Simon Maccabæus erected a monument at Modein in honor of his parents and brothers, he adopted the same plan: a tomb surrounded by monolithic columns and cased in white marble, from which seven pyramids rose adorned with trophies and ships. Nay, the taste of Italy itself at last yielded to this outlandish form. When the Emperor Hadrian, whose buildings, indeed, imitated every foreign model, planned his own monument, he fell back on the most celebrated model, and Castle S. Angelo in Rome still preserves in its outline the basement of this imperial pyramid. Even the name of this building proves its being an imitation; as Pausanias, who wrote soon after the completion of this monument, relates that all splendid tombs were called Mausolea, after their common type at Halicarnassus.

A difficulty felt by all editors of Pliny is his *measurements of the single parts in the building*. He gives to the pteron twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven and a half feet, which was also the height of the pyramid, including the marble quadriga. Now these two together would be seventy-five feet; yet the same writer fixes the whole height of the Mausoleum at one hundred and forty feet. Thus it is evident that he omits a third dimension, or a third part of the building; a mistake which can only be corrected by the evidence now obtained from the real remains.

The proportions of length and width are even more startling. Pliny states the pteron to have been sixty-three feet in length; the two sides in front and behind,

however, to the west and east, were somewhat shorter. Thus the whole circuit would, at all events, remain under two hundred and fifty feet; but Pliny winds up by stating that it was four hundred and eleven feet. This difficulty may, indeed, be got rid of if we refer the smaller measures to the interior kernel of solid masonry, (which in a temple would be called the cella;) this being surrounded by thirty-six columns, the large circuit of four hundred and eleven feet seems to belong to the circumference of the colonnade. The distance between columns and cella would in this way come to about twenty-five feet, which is not out of keeping with the usual construction of a Greek temple.

At all events, the construction of this building has proved marvelously solid, as there is satisfactory evidence of its having been in existence for at least fifteen hundred years. In the fourth century after its erection, Vitruvius and Pliny described it. One hundred and fifty years after Christ, Lucian praises the groups of horses and men, as closely imitated from nature, and carved in the finest stone, such as one would hardly find even in a temple. In the fourth century A.D., Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus, in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogenetus, in the eleventh, Eudocia — mention it; the latter authoress, however, states that it was built in a pond. The last witness among the Byzantines is Eustathius, who in the twelfth century can still use the significant words: "The Mausoleum has been, *and still remains, a marvel.*"

On this coast of Asia Minor the duration of a monument so artificially constructed, and piled up to such a height, is almost in itself a miracle, as there is no spot in the old world more exposed to the most violent earthquakes. In the immediate vicinity of Halicarnassus, the Rhodian Colossus, which was erected one generation after the Mausoleum, was hurled down after fifty-three years' standing. Another most horrible convulsion of the earth shook the same island from March to December, 1481; and at this moment Rhodes, after the last catastrophe of 1856, is a complete ruin. What is more strange, to the north of Halicarnassus another circle of concussion comprises the whole of Bithynia. At Broussa, the mosques erected by the first Ottoman sultans, though only six hundred years of

age, were completely scattered by the earthquake of 1855. On this point, however, we obtain from another ancient writer a piece of information which is interesting in more than one way. Like those spots in Peru which the natives call *bridges*, because they always remain unshaken although situated between two circles of concussion, the peninsula of Halicarnassus, for at least two thousand years, seems to have been completely exempt from this scourge. At the time of Tiberius, (so Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 55, writes,) eleven cities of Asia Minor competed for the honor of a new temple, one of which, Halicarnassus, boasted of a temple that had stood on the native rock of their place for twelve hundred years without ever having been shaken by an earthquake. The very position of the Mausoleum, which likewise stood on a platform cut out of the natural rock, gave it a greater safety; for it has been noted that houses on a rocky ground are safer from shocks than any edifice constructed on a soft soil. At last, however, a catastrophe came for this, as for all other works of the hand of man. If we may believe, from the words of Eustathius, that at his time (1175) the Mausoleum was still erect, then within the next two centuries some natural accident must have hurled down the quadriga and the statue of Mausolus, in order to preserve them from destruction for our generation. For it was shortly afterwards, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, that the contests of the Knights of St. John with the Turks commenced in these parts, which turned Halicarnassus into a fortress of that order, and the Mausoleum into building-stones.

"At the downfall of the Roman empire," says Claude Guichard in the year 1581, "after so many powerful, rich, and populous towns had been sacked and destroyed by the inroads of the Mohammedans and Persians, the splendid old city of Halicarnassus was also laid in ruins, and changed into a small village or hamlet; depending on the merey of the corsairs and pirates; which exists up to this time under the name of *Mesy*. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes, they found this spot (which you see first on sailing from the island to the main) to be excellent for defense and most commodious for commanding Asia, drawing supplies from all those

countries and preventing the inroads of pirates from Turkey and Egypt. So they built on the right (that is, eastern) side of the harbor, where formerly the Temple of Venus and Mercury had stood, a castle still existing, which they fortified and called *the Tower of St. Peter*. Although the opposite point offered a stronger position, they were, I hold, enticed to construct the fortress on the other side by the convenience of the fine crystal fountain Salmacis, that streamed forth in this place."

From another writer, who saw those parts as an eye-witness, we learn a great deal more about the foundation of this castle. The Knights of St. John occupied Rhodes in 1309; and just at that time their power was greatly increased by their inheriting many of the large estates of the Knight-Templars, which extended over all realms of Christendom. Among the so-called *tongues* or nations in the Order, the German tongue always held a distinguished position. As the so-called Turk-thrasher, (Turcomastix,) which means general of the cavalry, was invariably an Englishman, so the Great Bailli was always a German knight. The bailli had the superintendence of all the fortifications of the Order; and thus the construction of the new castle at Halicarnassus was intrusted to a German.

The celebrated Jacobus Fontanus, in his book on the Rhodian war, written immediately after the last siege of the island by the Turks and its evacuation by the Knights, (this event took place January 1st, 1523, and the book was published at Rome, 1524,) narrates as follows: "During the siege, when soldiers and provisions began to fail in the town, reinforcements and provender were brought by sailors from the surrounding islands, and from the fortresses of Lindus, Mauolitus, Feracium, and *Petrea*, the last of which a German knight, Henry *Schlegel-holt*, commenced to build from the ruins of Halicarnassus and the pyramids of the tomb of Mausolus, (which was very celebrated among the seven wonders of the world,) about the time when Tamerlane attacked Asia, and laid in irons the Turkish sultan Bajazeth, who beforehand, in the famous battle of Nicopolis, had beaten the Hungarians and Duke John of Burgundy." The battle of Ancyra, in which Tamerlane conquered Bajazeth, was fought in 1402; so the fortress of St. Peter must

have been built in the first years of the fifteenth century. The family of Schlegel-holt seems to have been in close connection with the order; as, during the same century, from 1459-1486, the office of great prior for Germany was held by another knight, *Johann von Schlegelholz*. The name of Petrea (or, as the original edition of Fontanus has it, *Arx petrea*) is the Latin form for the Italian *Torre di San Pietro*; and it is very likely that the present name of *Budrum*, by which the town as well as the fortress is now called, originated in a spoilt pronunciation of the same name. The mediæval denomination of *Mesy* seems totally to have disappeared.

The site of Halicarnassus was, in the year 1472, visited by an expedition from Venice, under the admiral Pietro Mocenigo; and under the walls of the town they had a skirmish with the surrounding Turkish villages. The Castle of St. Peter was at that time a strong fortress; and as the Christians maintained no other fortress on the continent of Asia, it was to this place that all runaway Christian slaves tried to escape. If we believe the Dalmatian Coriolan Cepio, who accompanied and described the expedition, the inhabitants of Halicarnassus would turn out of the town-gates more than fifty hounds every night, to protect themselves from the encircling enemies; and these animals were stated to be so sagacious that they would tear to pieces any approaching Turk, whilst they received the Christians very blandly, and conducted them to the city gates. Cepio, who in many other instances shows himself a keen observer, visited also the Mausoleum, the remnants of which he found still discernible amidst the ruins of the ancient town.

Now, however, we approach the time when the threatening of the last siege of Rhodes by Sultan Soliman obliged the Knights to strain every nerve. The year 1522 saw the final destruction of the Mausoleum and the downfall of the order.

Claude Guichard, LL.D., from Lyons, published in that place, in 1581, a book of much learning, under the title *Funérailles et diverses manières d'ensevelir des Romains, Grecs et autres Nations, tant anciennes que modernes*, Lyon, 1581; in which he gives the following graphic description of the discovery of the grave of Mausolus, which forms a proper sequel to our above quotation from the same

book: "In 1522, when Sultan Soliman made ready for the attack on Rhodes, the master of the order, knowing the importance of this place, (Halicarnassus,) and that the Turks would not fail, if possible, to occupy it at once, sent some knights thither to repair it and to arrange all things necessary to beat off the enemy; amongst whom was the commander Da la Tourrette, of Lyons, who subsequently was present at the conquest of Rhodes, and came to France, where he related the following story to Monsieur d'Alechamps, a person sufficiently known by his learned writings, whose name I merely give that people may know whence I have got so memorable an event. [D'Alechamps is a well-known editor of Pliny.] On their arrival at Mesy, the knights immediately set about the fortification of the castle; and finding neither in the neighborhood nor in any commodious place any better stones for burning lime than certain steps of white marble, rising in the shape of a flight of stairs from amidst a field close to the harbor, where once the great square of Halicarnassus had been, they had them broken down and used for that purpose. Finding the stone suitable, the small wall above ground having been finished, they went on digging, with a view of finding more. In this they were very successful; for they soon found that the building extended deeper and wider, and it afterwards furnished them with stones not only for the kiln, but even for building. Four or five days after this, having uncovered a large portion, they one afternoon found an opening, as if you were to descend by it into a cave; so they took candles and scrambled down, where they found a beautiful four-cornered hall, decorated all round with marble columns, whose bases, caps, architraves, friezes, and cornices were all carved and moulded in half-relief. The interstices betwixt the columns were cased with stripes, bands, or veneers of many-colored marble, moulded with ornament and sculpture in harmony with the remainder of the work, and beautifully relieved on the white ground of the wall; where you saw nothing but carved histories, and all sorts of battles in half-relief. After having first admired this, and estimated in their imagination the remarkable features of the work, *they broke and destroyed it for the same purpose as they had used the remainder.* Besides this apartment, they afterwards

found a very low entrance, leading to another in the way of an ante-chamber; here was a sarcophagus *with its vase and stamp* (*tymbre*, which in heraldry means a certain portion of a coat-of-arms) of white marble, very beautiful, and shining marvelously, which, as they had no time, and the sign for the retreat had already been sounded, they did not uncover. On their return the following morning, they found the tomb rifled and the ground all around strewn with a large quantity of small bits of gold cloth and scales of gold, (*paillettes*, small circular plates perforated by one hole, through which the thread goes for using them in embroidery.) Thus they guessed that the corsairs, who were then skimming all that coast, having got a clue to this discovery, got up to it during the night, and lifted the cover; and people believe that they found in this place a vast amount of riches and treasure. Thus this splendid monument, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, after having escaped the fury of the barbarians and stood erect, or at least hidden in the ruins of Halicarnassus, for a period of 2247 years [this calculation is wrong, and ought to be 1875,] was discovered and used for the repair of the Castle of St. Peter by the Knights of Rhodes, who were, however, soon afterwards expelled from this place by the Turks, and subsequently from all Asia."

This is the story. Once more, after nineteen centuries, human eyes saw this splendor; they gazed at it during half an hour's leisure, and then sent it to the kiln. Certainly, manifold as is the energy of man, individuals are limited by one-sided purposes. These Knights knew but one object in life—that of chasing the Turk. This object was no doubt worthy of gallant men; and they adhered to it like true heroes. What was Mausolus to them? what to them was all this old heathenish magnificence?

Barbarous as this destruction was, there must have remained in the hearts at least of some of these warriors a feeling of beauty. It was either then, or perhaps at the first construction of the castle, that some slabs of the frieze were saved by immuring them, by way of ornament, in the walls of the fortress. But we must not suppose them to have been identical with the reliefs from the interior of the tomb, which Guichard mentions as having

been destroyed; a single look at the friezes now in our Museum proves them to have been intended *for outside sculptures*. Most of them from that time adorned the inner ward of St. Peter's castle; two were placed on the outside of the principal tower, which rises boldly from the sea. Besides the tablets, several busts of lions were used for the same purpose; and in this state the sculptures passed into the hands of the Turks, when Rhodes and all the territory of the Order was evacuated. Their jealous fears seldom allowed modern travelers to see the slabs in the ward; those on the outside, however, were still seen *in situ* by Professor Ludwig Ross, from Athens, in 1844, when he visited the Greek islands along this coast. To obtain a view of them, he had himself rowed below the great tower; at a considerable height four slabs were fixed, surmounted by two fine lions' heads; and from another side of the tower two other lions looked over the sea. Ross then solicited the Prussian government to take steps for securing these antiquities; but they had already changed hands. Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, obtained them from the Sultan, and presented them to the English nation. In 1846 eleven slabs from the frieze were detached from the walls of Budrum castle, and placed in the British Museum. As one may conceive, they had suffered most fearfully, and the heads of the figures were almost all wanting.

There being at the time of the Order a very spirited intercourse between Italy and those much-contested shores, we must not wonder that at least one single slab of the same frieze should have strayed to Genoa, where it is now in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni. The practiced eye of a German antiquarian lady, Mme. Mertens Schaffhausen, of Bonn, discovered the identity of this tablet with those in our Museum; and a cast of it, now deposited here by the side of the other originals, puts that identity out of doubt. The Genoese fleets, for war and commerce, perpetually visited the Eastern seas; and in Italy, about the year 1500, people valued antiquities very highly.

After the tomb had been rifled in 1522, the site of the Mausoleum remained unexplored; and there were even doubts as to the exact place where the ruins should be sought for. Budrum is a Turkish town;

all the space between the port and the volcanic hills to the north is occupied by modern houses, surrounded by extensive gardens or fields. The walls, both of the houses and gardens, are full of large blocks of marble; the fields are mostly planted with figs. The surface of the soil, moreover, has been signally changed by natural agencies; the rain brought down large masses of detritus from the northern hills, filling up the lower parts of the city. It is only by a few feet that the large terraces, on which the principal structures rested, raise their natural walls of rock or their artificial ashlar constructions above the leveling alluvium. In one place, the excavations reached the antique pavement only after removing a depth of twenty feet of mould. Thus the speculations on the site of the Mausoleum might easily run wild. Captain Spratt, who many years ago devoted himself to the investigation of the place, supposed the Mausoleum to have stood on a platform due north from the castle, a little east of the harbor. Ross, on the contrary, decided for a higher situation on a platform just north of the harbor, between the two volcanic hills on which the ancient citadels had stood; the more so, as on the surface Ionic columns in fragments were still lying. Both scholars were mistaken; Spratt's platform once bore another palatial building, and Ross's platform the temple of Mars. The Mausoleum had a lower position, quite below the southern declivity of the last-mentioned platform. This place hardly any body could have guessed, as no other part had been to the same degree obliterated by alluvial deposits; the whole circumference was so completely filled up that no eye could discern a platform or terrace within it. Yet the ancient topographers indicated no other place; the Mausoleum, so we hear, stood between the harbor and the Temple of Mars. Mr. Charles Newton, therefore, faithfully clinging to the veracity of the "old ones," just because he had not been led astray by ocular inspection, fixed the spot with perfect exactitude *as many as ten years ago*; and as he himself, in his last dispatches to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the ministers, not once mentions this merit of his own scholarship, we must be allowed to state it here, and to add that his paper on the Mausoleum, published in the *Classical Museum* of 1848, is a *true master-piece of complete, careful, and*

cautious investigation, to which all subsequent writers on this subject will owe the better half of their argument. Certainly there was no man better qualified than Charles Newton for conducting these excavations, which he at last commenced eighteen months ago, being at present Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Mitylene. The glorious results of his labors are now before us in the sculptures partly exhibiting in the Museum, and described in two parliamentary papers, communicated to both Houses in the spring of 1858, and containing Mr. Newton's dispatches and accounts of the progress of his discoveries.

The government supported their Vice-Consul in a noble and liberal spirit. Three of Her Majesty's ships, the *Gorgon*, *Desperate*, and *Supply*, were employed for carrying over provisions and bringing the fragments to England; their crews did the main work of the excavation. The expenses were considerable; a number of Turkish houses were to be bought and pulled down, and in some places, where this could not be done, mines were driven below the fields of the proprietors. Not only the covetousness, but also the prejudices of a Moslemic population were to be conquered; but at last the sailors employed in digging, and the Turks at Budrum lived together on very friendly terms.

We shall but briefly touch upon all such discoveries on the site of the ancient city as have nothing to do with the Mausoleum, though they are of high interest, as proofs of the richness of Asia Minor in antiquities. They were obtained on occasion of the many experiments to find the site of the Mausoleum. Amongst them we notice an incredible number of small terra-cotta figures, from five to eight inches in height. Numbers of them were quite uniform; so that they appear formed in a mould. Close to them a heap of unglazed Roman lamps were found lying. The little figures were found in lots, the equal ones together, as would be the case in a factory or a shop. More than two hundred of them are now in the cellars of the British Museum. Although they belong to the Roman period, and are not remarkable for beauty, at all events their large numbers are startling. To the same period, namely, the time after Hadrian, belongs a building of a late and inferior Doric style, which Professor Ross had already attributed to an era posterior to the Mausoleum. It has been completely

excavated by Mr. Newton; and its rich mosaic pavements, extending over an area of more than one hundred and eighteen feet in length and eighty-nine feet in width, prove it to have been a Roman villa or mansion. Many rooms had suffered, so their mosaics were only preserved in colored photographs: but such pavements as were still complete were removed and sent to England. Amongst them is a whole room, forty feet in length and twelve in width. They likewise are deposited in single boxes, as they arrived, in the cellars of the Museum, awaiting a grant of Parliament for the construction of a new building to exhibit them. Most of these mosaics imitate the well-known Roman patterns; but there are a vast number of images inserted between the borders. As far as we could see them in their present state, they are by no means superior in design or workmanship. A few rooms, however, are stated to have been paved with older Greek patterns; so it seems that the Roman villa was partially engrafted on the foundations of an older structure, and that all rooms still in good preservation then remained untouched.

Below this Roman pavement, in a place where it was broken through, a *dancing female figure* was found, broken in two pieces, which, along with a quantity of rubbish, had only been employed by the Roman architect for filling the substratum of the pavement. It is, however, a pretty work, although quite different in its style from the sculptures of the Mausoleum. The statue is only life-size, and represents a young girl dancing. The bosom is left free by the upper garment, which round the neck has a strange and outlandish cut. Both arms were stretched away from the body; the right foot steps forward, the left follows, hovering in the air. The dress flutters round the ankles in a large and heavy mass of folds, badly conceived and badly designed. Yet there is merit in it: the violent movement, the flying dress, the slender and juvenile form, at once recall to our mind the celebrated Naiads, or *danseuses*, from the monument of Harpagus, now in our Lycian room; though the latter are a great deal nobler and finer. At the moment we write this, the figure stands by the side of the colossal female figure from the Mausoleum, with its noble drapery and dignified repose; and compar-

ing the two works, we shall easily understand how this native school of Lycia, to which the dancing-girl belongs, must have sunk into contempt before the accomplished works of the Athenian foreigners.

On the first of December, 1856, Mr. Newton began digging on Spratt's platform. Here fine mosaic pavements of pure Hellenic taste were found, along with thin marble veneers, which had been used for casing the wall. This would agree with the description of the palace of Mausolus; but the latter edifice was situated close to the sea, most likely on the western point of the harbor, whilst this platform lies inland, and to the north-east of the port. We know besides, from inscriptions, that the Ptolemies of Egypt, who ruled Halicarnassus for a long time after the dismemberment of Alexander's empire, erected there several splendid buildings for the use and comfort of the public.

After Spratt's platform, the highest terrace of all, supposed by Ross to have been that of the Mausoleum, would have had its turn, had not its Turkish proprietors been so extravagant in their demands. Thus Newton, in January, 1857, commenced digging on the southern foot of this terrace, in a place where Professor Donaldson many years ago had seen the remnants of a splendid Ionic structure. A little labor with the pick-axe and spade on this spot at last solved the question. This, as Newton had rightly guessed so many years before, was the right place. Fragments of the frieze, a colossal arm, and a lion just like those in the castle, left no doubt of it. Fragments of columns, having at the base a diameter of three feet nine inches, and round the neck three feet one inch, showed in their ornament a striking approach to those of the temple at Priene, built by the same architect. Soon followed the first truly important discovery, a *colossal equestrian statue of marble*, the horse rearing. The trunk of the latter is well preserved. The huge mass of marble, of course incapable of standing on the hind legs only, rested upon a marble pillar, whose traces are still visible under the belly of the animal; just as we see such pillars supporting the two colossal horses of Monte Cavallo in Rome. The head of the horse and the whole upper body of the rider have gone; the legs of the latter are covered with Persian trowsers; yet it is not an Amazon,

but a man, as may be seen by the bony and sinewy left hand, which, pulling back the horse, makes him rear. Notwithstanding its awful mutilation, this group, as the horse has now again been placed in rearing attitude, breathes the warmest life. The epidermis of the sculpture is preserved almost without a parallel, and under the chest and belly of the horse every stroke of the chisel remains traceable.

The removal of the rubbish soon brought the diggers to the very *foundations of the building*. The natural rock had been quarried away by the ancient mason, so as to form a regular area and serve as a bed for laying the walls. An enormous regular square is carved into the rock, so as to be at present from two to sixteen feet below the level of the surrounding fields. In a few places, where the rock must have been deficient, it is replaced by colossal longitudinal blocks, completing the square. Nor did this terrace afford the means of shaping it completely to the same level. Some places, therefore, have a deeper level; but each level is kept strictly horizontal, and the lower levels are filled up with one or even more courses of flat paving-stones, one foot in thickness. A large number of these flags were removed for the building of the castle; but wherever they still remain, they are kept together by iron clamps. Below these gigantic foundations the rock is perforated by a large number of narrow passages, cut irregularly all around the building, and interrupted here and there by deep wells, being probably nothing but drains. Over the pavement masses of rubbish are lying, in which the fragments of sculpture were for the most part imbedded. Already on the third of April, 1857, after having cleared this platform, Mr. Newton was able to measure it. The western side was one hundred and ten, the southern one hundred and twenty-six feet in length; so that the whole circumference of the foundation-bed of the Mausoleum is four hundred and seventy-two feet.

On the western side of this bed they found a *flight of twelve steps*, likewise carved out of the live rock, and leading down from the declivity of the theater-hill to the Mausoleum. All the steps were concealed by a layer of earth, washed down in the course of centuries from the hills lying to the north-west. Between

the foot of these stairs and the western edge of the Mausoleum several alabaster jars were found, such as the ancients used for nard and costly ointments, together with votive figurines of terra-cotta and bones of oxen, subjects connected with sacrifices offered up or deposited in honor of the deceased. The steps down the rock served, it would seem, to carry the royal corpse in funeral procession from the theater-hill to his resting-place; for here, *on the western side of the Mausoleum, lay the main entrance to what we must properly call the tomb.* Here a stone of *gigantic proportions* is still kept in its place by unusual precautions. Mr. Newton attributes to it the tremendous weight of ten tons. It is furnished with grooves on its sides, which fit in projections of the neighboring stones; and it seems to have been lowered by machinery to its place, and wedged in like a portcullis. Once in its place, they fixed it with bronze bolts, fitting in bronze sockets set in blocks of marble. Similar contrivances for securing from the robber the last resting-place of the dead are also met with in Egyptian tombs. Behind this stone, immediately over the foundations of the whole structure, was then the burial-chamber of the king; and the great stone, once lowered before it, forever secluded his sarcophagus from the outer world. This would not exclude the possibility of a second access to it from the interior of the building, which perhaps was known only to a few relations of the departed; and some such mysterious passage may have been the way by which the Knights of Rhodes penetrated to the very coffin in the year 1522.

There are some other points of evidence for the situation of the chamber in this lowest part of the building. When in this place, it was to be guarded against destruction from the percolating rain; and just under the big stone a drain was discovered, which through a grate found *in situ* discharged into the main outlet of the water. This grate is now in the Museum; a bronze plate deepening in a sort of bowl, which, like a sieve, is pierced by small holes. Still more convincing is the circumstance, that just behind the stone was found the finest and most remarkable of all alabaster vases, broken in a few pieces only, with a double inscription, one in hieroglyphics, inclosed in the well-known oval ring that always encom-

passes the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, the other in cuneiform characters. (This important relic is now exhibited in a glass-case of the bronze-room, in the Museum.) The last of the two inscriptions contains three lines, engraved in very small characters, which, as Sir Henry Rawlinson reads it, are, *Khshayarsha - naga - vazarka*, "Xerxes the Great King." Now what has a vase of the time of Xerxes, which was then a hundred and fifty years old, to do with the tomb of the Carian dynast, unless we presume it to have been in that royal family a time-honored "Luck of Edenhall;" perhaps a gift of that Xerxes to the elder Artemisa, who had saved his children after the frightful catastrophe of his fleet? And how could the widow of Mausolus have parted with such a treasure, unless it were for the purpose of comforting the departed soul of the beloved consort and brother by the most valuable of all gifts? It is strange, at all events, that the Knights of Rhodes are stated to *have seen a vase* standing by the marble sarcophagus; and is it not very likely that the robbers who followed their track, when rifling the tomb in a wild night of hurry and fear, should have overlooked or simply smashed this vessel, leaving it in its place as they saw that it contained no coins?*

The rocky bed of the Mausoleum, as we stated before, had been cleared of rubbish. Within the same, but mostly along the margin, *parts of friezes and colossal statues* were found. Thus it stands to reason that the Mausoleum itself, to the outside of which these sculptures were attached, must have been somewhat narrower on all sides than its bed, or else the images would have fallen outside of the latter. This circumstance might perhaps be made available for explaining the odd phrase of Eudocia, that the Mausoleum

* This vase is, however, not unique; there are two other vases with double inscriptions: one, the vase of the Comte de Caylus, of the same Xerxes, a trilingual cuneiform writing, (Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian,) accompanied by a translation in hieroglyphics, in which the Persian legend is exactly the same, "Xerxes the Great King;" the other in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice, an Egyptian vase of gray porphyry, containing again a legend in the three species of cuneiform writing, with the simple inscription: "Artaxerxes the Great King." "It is an interesting fact, that Sir Gardener Wilkinson, without any aid from the cuneiform translations, has already read the name Artaxerxes from the hieroglyphic inscription." Vaux, *Nineveh and Persepolis*, 3d edition, pp. 417, 418.

leum was built in a pond, which, in the way she expresses it, is indeed nonsense, for no water was ever intended to surround the structure; but her notice might be a conclusion from the state in which the Mausoleum really was at the time when she penned this sentence. All the drains below and around the building Mr. Newton found filled up with accumulated earth. As soon as this state of things commenced, the rain-water may have gathered in pools on the platform between the foot of the building and the margin of its foundation-bed, till at last the alluvium completely leveled these spots. So much is certain, that several statues from the east and south side must have lain in water for a long time, as their surface is scaling off very fast.

Most of the friezes newly obtained are

in a much better state than the corresponding pieces from the castle of Budrum. Amongst them are four slabs, found lying in one line, *along the east front of the building*, and representing a continuous subject, so that two or three of them originally fitted together. So well are they preserved, that no doubt they were never moved again from their place after having tumbled down from the pteron. Now, as Pliny asserts with such distinctness *that on the east front Scopas* was the adorning artist, we have here an unexceptionable (and the first unexceptionable) work of that great master. The subject is, as on all the friezes, an Amazonomachia: but the figures far surpass all the others wrought by his competitors. We shall describe these slabs at the close of this essay.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

GRAND RECIPE FOR HUMAN ILLS; OR, CONCERNING TIDINESS.

BEING THOUGHTS UPON AN OVERLOOKED SOURCE OF HUMAN CONTENT.

SAID Sydney Smith to a lady who asked him to recommend a remedy for low spirits: Always have a cheerful, bright fire, a kettle simmering on the hob, and a paper of sugar-plums on the mantel-piece.

Modern grates, it is known, have no hobs; nor does it clearly appear for what purpose the kettle was recommended. If for the production of frequent cups of tea, I am not sure that the abundant use of that somewhat nervous and vaporous liquid is likely to conduce to an equal cheerfulness. And Sydney Smith, although he must have become well acquainted with whisky-toddy during his years in Edinburgh, would hardly have advised a lady to have recourse to alcoholic exhilaration, with its perilous tendencies and its subsequent depression. Sugar-plums, again, damage the teeth, and

produce an effect the reverse of salutary upon a most important organ, whose condition directly affects the spirits. As for the bright fire, *there* the genial theologian was certainly right: for when we talk as we naturally do, of a *cheerful* fire, we testify that long experience has proved that this peculiarly British institution tends to make people cheerful. But, without committing myself to any approval of the particular things recommended by Sydney Smith, I heartily assent to the principle which is implied in his advice to the nervous lady: to wit, that cheerfulness and content are to a great degree the result of outward and physical conditions; let me add, the result of very little things.

Time was, in which happiness was regarded as being perhaps too much a matter of one's outward lot. Such is the

belief of a primitive age and an untutored race. Every one was to be happy, whatever his mental condition, who could but find admittance to Rasselas' *Happy Valley*. The popular belief that there might be a scene so fair that it would make blest any human being who should be allowed to dwell in it, is strongly shown in the name universally given to the spot which was inhabited by the parents of the race before evil was known. It was the *Garden of Delight*: and the name describes not the beauty of the scene itself, but the effect it would produce upon the mind of its tenants. The paradises of all rude nations are places which profess to make every one happy who enters them, quite apart from any consideration of the world which he might bear within his own breast. And the pleasures of these paradises are mainly addressed to sense. The gross Esquimaux went direct to eating and drinking: and so his heaven (if we may believe Dr. Johnson) is a place where "oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm." He could conceive nothing loftier than the absence of cold meat, and the presence of unlimited blubber. Quite as gross was the paradise of the Moslem, with its black-eyed houris, and its musk-sealed wine: and the same principle, that the outward scene and circumstances in which a man is placed are able to make him perfectly and unfailingly happy, whatever he himself may be, is taken for granted in all we are told of the Scandinavian Valhalla, the Amenti of the old Egyptian, the Peruvian's Spirit-World, and the Red Man's Land of Souls. But the Christian Heaven, with deeper truth, is less a locality than a character; its happiness being a relation between the employments provided, and the mental condition of those who engage in them. It was a grand and a noble thing, too, when a Creed came forth, which utterly repudiated the notion of a Fortunate Island, into which, after any life you liked, you had only to smuggle yourself, and all was well. It would be a grand thing, and an intensely practical thing, to point to an unseen world, which will make happy the man who is prepared for it, and who is fit for it; and no one else.

And, to come down to the enjoyments of daily life, the time was, when happiness was too much made a thing of a quiet home, of a comfortable competence, of climbing roses and honeysuckles, of dai-

sies and butter-cups, of new milk and fresh eggs, of evening bells and mist stealing up from the river in the twilight, of warm firesides, and close-drawn curtains, and mellow lamps, and hissing urns, and cups of tea, and easy-chairs, and old songs, and plenty of books, and laughing girls, and perhaps a gentle wife and a limited number of peculiarly well-behaved children. And indeed it can not be denied that if these things, with health and a good conscience, do not necessarily make a man contented, they are very likely to do so. One can not but sympathize with the spirit of snugness and comfort which breathes from Cowper's often-quoted lines, though there is something of a fallacy in them. Here they are again: they are pleasant to look at:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

I have said there is a fallacy in these lines. It is not that they state any thing which is not quite correct, but that they contain a *suggestio falsi*. Although Cowper does not directly say so, you see he leaves on your mind the impression that if all these arrangements are made—the fire stirred, the curtains drawn, the sofa wheeled round, and so forth—you are quite sure to be extremely jolly, and to spend a remarkably pleasant evening. Now the fact is quite otherwise. You may have so much anxiety and care at your heart, as shall entirely neutralize the natural tendency of all these little bits of outward comfort; and no one knew that better than the poor poet himself. But that which Cowper does but insinuate, an unknown verse-writer boldly asserts: to wit, that outward conditions are able to make a man as happy as it is possible for man to be. He writes in the style which was common a couple of generations back: but he really makes a pleasant homely picture:

"The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon in his elbow-chair,
As blest as man could be.

"Clarinda, who his heart possessed,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclined upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

"Stretched at his feet, in happy state,
A favorite dog was laid,
By whom a little sportive cat,
In wanton humor played.

"Clarinda's hand he gently pressed;
She stole a silent kiss;
And, blushing, modestly confessed
The fullness of her bliss.

"Palemon, with a heart elate,
Prayed to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

"Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my loved fireside—
I ask no other heaven!"

Poor fellow! It is very evident that he had not been married long. And it is charitable to attribute the wonderful extravagance of his sentiments to temporary excitement and obfuscation. But without saying anything of his concluding wish, which appears to border on the profane, we see in his verses the expression of the rude belief that, given certain outward circumstances, a man is sure to be happy.

Perhaps the pendulum has of late years swung rather too far in the opposite direction, and we have learned to make too little of external things. No doubt the true causes of happiness are *inter præcordia*. No doubt it touches us most closely, whether the world within the breast is bright or dark. No doubt content, happiness, our being's end and aim, call it what you will, is an inward thing, as was said long ago by the Latin poet, in words which old Lord Auchinleck (the father of Johnson's Boswell) inscribed high on the front of the mansion which he built amid the Scottish woods and rocks "where Lugar flows:"

"Quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus."

But then the question is, how to get the *animus æquus*: and I think that nowadays there is with some a disposition to push the principle of

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

too far. Happiness is indeed a mental condition, but we are not to forget that mental states are very strongly, very directly, and very regularly affected and

produced by outward causes. In the vast majority of men outward circumstances are the great causes of inward feelings, and you can count almost as certainly upon making a man jolly by placing him in happy circumstances, as upon making a man wet by dipping him in water. And I believe a life which is too subjective is a morbid thing. It is not healthy nor desirable that the mind's shadow and sunshine should come too much from the mind itself. I believe that when this is so, it is generally the result of a weak physical constitution; and it goes along with a poor appetite and shaky nerves: and so I hail Sydney Smith's recommendation of sugar-plums, bright fires and simmering kettles, as the recognition of the grand principle that mental moods are to a vast extent the result of outward conditions and of physical state. If Macbeth had asked Dr. Forbes Winslow the question,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

that eminent physician would instantly have replied: "Of course I can, by ministering to a body diseased." No doubt such mental disease as Macbeth's is beyond the reach of opiate or purgative, and neither sin nor remorse can be cured by sugar-plums. But as for the little depressions and troubles of daily life, I believe that Sydney Smith proposed to treat them soundly. Treat them physically. Treat them *ab extra*. Don't expect the mind to originate much good for itself. With commonplace people it is mainly dependent upon external influences. It is not a perennial fountain, but a tank which must be replenished from external springs. For myself, I never found my mind to be to me a kingdom. If a kingdom at all, it was a very sterile one, and a very unruly one. I have generally found myself, as my readers have no doubt sometimes done, a most wearisome and stupid companion. If any man wishes to know the consequence of being left to his own mental resources, let him shut himself up for a week, without books or writing materials or companions, in a chamber lighted from the roof. He will be very sick of himself before the week is over: he will (I speak of commonplace men) be in tolerably low spirits. The effect of solitary confinement, we know, upon uneducated prisoners, is to drive them mad. And not only do outward circumstances mainly

make and unmake our cheerfulness, but they affect our intellectual powers just as powerfully. They spur or they dull us. Till you enjoy, after long deprivation, the blessing of converse with a man of high intellect and cultivation, you do not know how much there is in you. Your powers are stimulated to produce thought of which you would not have believed yourself capable. And have not you felt, dear reader, when in the society of a blockhead, that you became a blockhead too? Did you not feel your mind sensibly contracting, like a ball of india-rubber, when compressed by the dead weight of the surrounding atmosphere of stupidity? But when you had a quiet evening with your friend Dr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, a brilliant talker, did not he make you talk too with (comparative) brilliancy? You found yourself saying much cleverer things than you had been able to say for months past. The machinery of your mind played fervidly; words came fittingly, and thoughts came crowding. The friction of two minds of a superior class, will educe from each much finer thought than either could have produced when alone.

And now my friendly reader, the upshot of all this which I have been saying is, that I desire to recommend to you a certain overlooked and undervalued thing, which I believe to be a great source of content and a great keeper-off of depression. I desire to recommend something which I think ought to supplant Sydney Smith's kettle and sugar-plums, and which may coëxist nicely with his cheerful fire. And I beg the reader to remark what the end is towards which I am to prescribe a means. It is not *suprema felicitas*: it is quiet content. The happiness which we expect at middle age is a calm, homely thing. We don't want raptures: they weary us, they wear us out, they shatter us. We want quiet content; and above all, we want to be kept clear of over-anxiety and of causeless depression. As for such buoyancy as that of Sydney Smith himself, who tells us that when a man of forty he often longed to jump over the tables and chairs in pure glee and light-heartedness—why, if nature has not given you *that*, you must just do without it. Art can not give it you: it must come spontaneous if it come at all. But what a precious thing it is! Very truly did David Hume say, that for a man to be born with a fixed disposition always to look at the bright side of things,

was a far happier thing than to be born to a fortune of ten thousand a year. But Hume was right, too, when he talked of *being born with such a disposition*. The hopeful, unanxious man, quite as truly as the poet, *nascitur, non fit*. No training could ever have made the nervous, shrinking, evil-foreboding Charlotte Brontë like the gleeful, boisterous, life-enjoying Christopher North. There were not pounds enough in that little body to keep up a spirit like that which dwelt in the Scotch Professor's stalwart frame. And to indicate a royal road to constant light-heartedness is what no man in his senses will pretend to do. But we may attain to something humbler. Sober content is, I believe, within the reach of all who have nothing graver to vex them than what James Montgomery the poet called the "insect cares" of daily life. There may be, of course, lots which are darkened over by misfortunes so deep that to brighten *them* all human skill would be unavailing. But ye who are commonplace people—commonplace in understanding, in feeling, in circumstances; ye who are not very clever, not extraordinarily excitable, not extremely unlucky; ye who desire to be, day by day, equably content and even passably cheerful; listen to me while I recommend, in subordination of course to something too serious to discuss upon this half-earnest page, the maintenance of a constant, pervading, active, all-reaching, energetic TIDINESS!

No fire that ever blazed, no kettle that ever simmered, no sugar-plums that ever corroded the teeth and soothed to tranquil stupidity, could do half as much to maintain a human being in a condition of moderate jollity and satisfaction, as a daily resolute carrying out of the resolution, that every thing about us—our house, our wardrobe, our books, our papers, our study-table, our garden-walks, our carriage, our harness, our park-fences, our children, our lamps, our gloves, yea, our walking-stick and our umbrella, shall be in perfectly accurate order; that is, shall be, to a hair's breadth, RIGHT!

If you, my reader, get up in the morning, as you are very likely to do in this age of late dinners, somewhat out of spirits, and feeling (as boys expressively phrase it) rather *down in the mouth*, you can not tell why; if you take your bath and dress, having still the feeling as if the day had come too soon, before you had

gathered up heart to face it and its duties and troubles; and if, on coming down stairs, you find your breakfast-parlor all in the highest degree snug and tidy—the fire blazing brightly and warmly, the fire-irons accurately arranged, the hearth clean, the carpet swept, the chairs dusted, the breakfast equipage neatly arranged upon the snow-white cloth—it is perfectly wonderful how all this will brighten you up. You will feel that you would be a growling humbug if you did not become thankful and content. “Order is Heaven’s first law;” and there is a sensible pleasure attending the carrying of it faithfully out to the very smallest things. Tidiness is nothing else than the carrying into the hundreds of little matters which meet us and touch us hour by hour, the same grand principle which directs the sublimest magnitudes and affairs of the universe. Tidiness is, in short, the being right in thousands of small concerns in which most men are slovenly satisfied to be wrong. And though a hair’s breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, the difference between right and wrong is not a little difference. An untidy person is a person who is wrong, and is doing wrong, for several hours every day; and though the wrong may not be grave enough to be indicated by a power so solemn as conscience, (as the current through the Atlantic cable, though a magnetic current, is too faint to be indicated by the machines now in use,) still, constant wrong-doing, in however slight a degree, can not be without a jar of the entire moral nature. It can not be without putting us out of harmony with the entire economy under which we live. And thus it is that the most particular old bachelor, or the most precise old maid, who insists upon every thing about the house being in perfect order, is, in so far, coöperating with the great plan of Providence; and, like every one who does so, finds an innocent pleasure result from that unintended harmony. Tidiness is a great source of cheerfulness. It is cheering, I have said, even to come into one’s breakfast-room and find it spotlessly tidy; but still more certainly will this cheerfulness come if the tidiness is the result of our own exertion.

And so I counsel you, my friend, if you are ever disheartened about some example which has been pressed upon you of the evil which there is in this world; if

you get vexed and worried and depressed about some evil in the government of your country, or of your county, or of your parish; if you have done all you can to think how the evil may be remedied; and if you know that further brooding over the subject would only vex and sting and do no good; if all this should ever be so, then I counsel you to have resort to the great refuge of Tidiness. Don’t sit over your library fire, brooding and bothering; don’t fly to sugar-plums, they will not avail. There is a corner of one of your fields that is grown up with nettles; there is a bit of wall or of palisade that is out of repair; there is a yard of the edging of a shrubbery walk where an overhanging laurel has killed the turf; there is a bed in the garden which is not so scrupulously tidy as it ought to be; there is a branch of a peach-tree that has pulled out its fastenings to the wall, and that is flapping about in the wind. Or there is a drawer of papers which has for weeks been in great confusion; or a division of your bookcase where the books might be better arranged. See to these things forthwith: the out-of-doors matters are the best. Get your man-servant—all your people, if you have half-a-dozen—and go forth and see things made tidy; and see that they are done thoroughly; work half-done will not serve for our present purpose. Let every nettle be cut down and carried off from the neglected corner; then let the ground be dug up and leveled, and sown with grass-seed. If it rains, so much the better: it will make the seed take root at once. Let the wall or fence be made better than when it was new; let a wheel-barrow-full of fresh green turf be brought; let it be laid down in place of the decayed edging; let it be cut accurately as a watch’s machinery; let the gravel beside it be raked and rolled: then put your hands in your pockets, and survey the effect with delight. All this will occupy you, interest you, dirty you, for a couple of hours, and you will come in again to your library fireside quite hopeful and cheerful. The worry and depression will be entirely gone; you will see your course beautifully: you have sacrificed to the good genius of Tidiness, and you are rewarded accordingly. I am simply stating phenomena, my reader. I don’t pretend to explain causes; but I hesitate not to assert, that to put things *right*, and to know that

things are put right, has a wonderful effect in enlivening and cheering. You can not tell why it is so; but you come in a very different man from what you were when you went out. You see things in quite another way. You wonder how you could have plagued yourself so much before. We all know that powerful effects are often produced upon our minds by causes which have no logical connection with these effects. Change of scene helps people to get over losses and disappointments, though not by any process of logic. If the fact that Anna Maria cruelly jilted me, thus consigning me to my present state of single misery, was good reason why I should be snappish and sulky in Portland-place, is it not just as good reason now, when, in the midst of a tag-rag procession, I am walking into Chamouni after having climbed Mont Blanc? The state of the facts remains precisely as before. Anna Maria is married to Mr. Dunderhead, the retired ironmonger with ten thousand a year. Nor have any new arguments been suggested to me beyond those which Smith good-naturedly addressed to me in Lincoln's Inn-square, when I threatened to punch his head. But I have been up Mont Blanc; I have nearly fallen into a crevasse; my eyes are almost burnt out of my head. I have looked over that sea of mountains which no one that has seen will ever forget: here is my alpen-stock, and I shall carry it home with me as an ancient palmer his faded branch from the Holy Land. And though all this has nothing earthly to do with my disappointment, I feel that somehow all this has tided me over it. I am quite content. I don't grudge Anna Maria her ferruginous happiness. I am extremely satisfied that things have turned out as they did. The sale of nails, pots, and gridirons is a legitimate and honorable branch of commercial enterprise. And Mr. Dunderhead, with all that money, must be a worthy and able man.

I am writing, I need hardly say, for ordinary people when I suggest Tidiness as a constant source of temperate satisfaction. Of course, great and heroic men are above so prosaic a means of content. Such amiable characters as Roderick Dhu, in the *Lady of the Lake*, as Byron's Giaour and Lara, not to name Childe Harold, as the heroes of Locksley Hall

and Mand, and as Mr. Bailey's Festus, would no doubt receive my humble suggestions very much as Mynheer Van Dunk, who disposed of his two quarts of brandy daily, might be supposed to receive the advice to substitute for his favorite liquor an equal quantity of skimmed milk. And possibly Mr. Disraeli would not be content out of office, however orderly and tidy every thing about his estate and his mansion might be. Yet it is upon record that a certain ancient emperor, who had ruled the greatest empire this world ever saw, found it a pleasant change to lay the scepter and the crown aside, and, descending from the throne, to take to cultivating cabbages. And as he looked at the tidy rows and the bunchy heads, he declared that he had changed his condition for the better; that tidiness in a cabbage-garden could make a man happier than the imperial throne of the Roman Empire. It is well that it should be so, as in this world there are many more cabbage-gardens than imperial thrones; and tidiness is attainable by many by whom empire is not attainable.

A disposition towards energetic tidiness is a perennial source of quiet satisfaction. It always provides us with something to think of and to do: it affords scope for a little ingenuity and contrivance: it carries us out of ourselves: and prevents our leading an unhealthily subjective life. It gratifies the instinctive love of seeing things *right* which is in the healthy human being. And it is founded upon the philosophical fact, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in having a thing, great or small, which was wrong, put right. You have greater pleasure in such a thing, when it has been fairly set to rights, than if it never had been wrong. Had Brummell been a philosopher, instead of a conceited and empty-pated coxcomb, I should at once have understood, when he talked of "his favorite leg," that he meant a leg which had been fractured, and then restored as good as ever. Is it a suggestion too grave for this place, that this principle of the peculiar interest and pleasure which are felt in an evil remedied, a spoiled thing mended, a wrong righted, may cast some light upon the Divine dealing with this world? It is fallen indeed, and evil: but it will be set right. And *then*, perhaps, it may seem better to its Almighty Maker than even on the

First Day of Rest. And the human being who systematically keeps right, and sets right, all things, even the smallest, within his own little dominion, enjoys a pleasure which has a dignified foundation; which is real, simple, innocent, and lasting. Never say that it is merely the fidgety particularity of an old bachelor which makes him impatient of suffering a weed or a withered leaf on his garden walk, a speck of dust on his library table, or a volume turned upside down on his shelves. He is testifying, perhaps unconsciously, to the grand, sublime, impassable difference between Right and Wrong. He is a humble combatant on the side of Right. He is maintaining a little outpost of the lines of that great army which is advancing with steady pace, conquering and to conquer. And if the quiet satisfaction he feels comes from an unexciting and simple source—why, it is just from such sources that the quiet content of daily life must come. We can not, from the make of our being, be always or be long in an excitement. Such things wear us and themselves out: and they can not last. The really and substantially happy people of this world are always calm and quiet. In feverish youth, of course, young people get violently spoony, and are violently ambitious. *Then*, life is to be all romance. They are to live in a world over which there spreads a light such as never was on land or sea. They think that Thekla was right when she said, as one meaning that life, for her was done: "I have lived and loved!" Mistaken she! The solid work of life was then just beginning. She had just passed through the moral scarlet-fever; and the noblest, greatest, and happiest part of life was to come. And as for the dream of ambition, *that* soon passes away. A man learns to work, not to make himself a famous name, but to provide the wherewithal to pay his butcher's and his grocer's bills. Still, who does not look back on that time with interest! Was it indeed ourselves, now so sobered, grave, and matter-of-fact, whom we see as we look back?

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life;
Yearning for the large excitement which the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn."

But just what London proves to the eager-hearted boy, life proves to the man. He intended to be Lord Chancellor: he is glad by and by to get made an Insolvent Commissioner. He intended to be a millionaire: he is glad, after some toiling years, to be able to pay his house-rent and make the ends meet. He intended to startle the quiet district of his birth, and make his mother's heart proud with the story of his fame: he learns to be glad if he does his home no discredit, and can now and then send his sisters a ten-pound note:

"So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er:
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!"

But though these excitements be gone, there still remains to the middle-aged man the calm pleasure of looking at the backs of the well-arranged volumes on his book-shelves; of seeing that his gravel walks are nicely raked, and his grass-plots smoothly mown; of having his carriage, his horses, and his harness in scrupulous order: the harness with the silver so very bright and the leather so extremely black, and the horses with their coats so shiny, their ribs so invisible, and all their corners so round. Now, my reader, all these little things will appear little only to very unthinking people. From such little things comes the quiet content of commonplace middle life, of matter-of-fact old age. I never admired or liked any thing about Lord Melbourne so much as that which I shall now tell you in much better words than my own:

"He went one night to a minor theater, in company with two ladies and a fashionable young fellow about town—a sort of man not easy to be pleased.

"The performance was dull and trashy enough, I daresay. The next day Lord Melbourne called upon the ladies. The fashionable young gentleman had been there before his lordship, and had been complaining of the dreadfully dull evening they had all passed. The ladies mentioned this to Lord Melbourne. 'Not pleased! Not pleased! Confound the man! Didn't he see the fishmongers' shops, and the gas-lights flashing from the lobsters' backs, as we drove along? Wasn't that happiness enough for him?'

"Lord Melbourne had then ceased to be Prime Minister, but you see he had not ceased to take pleasure in any little thing that could give it."⁴

Now, is not all this an admirable illustration of my great principle, that the tranquil enjoyment of life comes to be drawn a good deal from external sources, and a great deal more from very little things? An ex-Prime Minister thought that the sight of lobsters' backs shining in the gas-light, was quite enough to make a reasonable man content for one evening. But give me, say I, not the fleeting joy of the lobsters' backs, any more than Sydney Smith's sugar-plums, lazy satisfactions partaken in passiveness. Give me the perennial, calm, active, stimulating moral and intellectual content which comes of living amid hundreds of objects and events which are all scrupulously RIGHT; and thus, let us all, (as Wordsworth would no doubt have written had I pressed the matter upon him,)

"Feed this mind of ours,
In a wise TIDINESS!"

I have long wished to write an essay on Tidiness; for it appears to me that the absence of this simple and humble quality is the cause of a considerable part of all the evil and suffering, physical and moral, which exist among ordinary folk in this world. Most of us, my readers, are little people; and so it is not surprising that our earthly comfort should be at the mercy of little things. But even if we were, as some of us probably think ourselves, very great and eminent people, not the less would our content be liable to be disturbed by very small matters. A few gritty grains of sand finding their way amid the polished shafts and axles of some great piece of machinery, will suffice to send a jar through it all; and a single drop of a corroding acid falling ceaselessly upon a bright surface will speedily ruin its brightness. And in the life of many men and women, the presence of that physical and mental confusion and discomfort which result from the absence of tidiness, is just that dropping acid, those gritty particles. I do not know why it is that by the constitution of this universe, evil has so much more power than good to produce its effect

and to propagate its nature. One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciably improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain, present in a tooth or a toe, will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, an easy toe or tooth will cause no perceptible alleviation. And so a man with an easy income, with a pretty house in a pleasant neighborhood, with a good-tempered wife and healthy children, may quite well have some little drop of bitterness day by day infused into his cup, which will take away the relish of it all. And this bitter drop, I believe, in the lot of many men, is the constant existence of a domestic muddle.

And yet, practically important as I believe the subject to be, still one rather shrinks from the formal discussion of it. It is not a dignified matter to write about. The name is naturally suggestive of a sour old maid, a precise old bachelor, a vinegar-faced school-mistress, or at best a plump and bustling house-maid. To some minds the name is redolent of worry, fault-finding, and bother. Every one can see that it is a fine thing to discuss the laws and order of great things—such as comets, planets, empires, and great cities; things, in short, with which we have very little to do. And why should law and order appear contemptible just where they touch ourselves? Is it as the ocean, clear and clean in its distant depths, grows foul and turbid just where it touches the shore? That which we call law and order when affecting things far away, becomes tidiness where it reaches us. Yet it is not a dignified topic for an essay.

This is a beautiful morning. It is the morning of one of the last days of September, but the trees, with the exception of some of the sycamores and limes, are as green and thick-leaved as ever. The dew lies thick upon the grass, and the bright morning sun turns it to glancing gems. The threads of gossamer among the evergreen leaves look like necklaces for Titania. The crisp air, just touched with frostiness, is exhilarating. The dahlias and hollyhocks are bright, but the frost will soon make an end of the former. The swept harvest-fields look trim, and the outline of the distant hills shows sharp against the blue sky. Taking advantage of the moisture on the grass, the gar-

* *Friends in Council Abroad. Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lili. p. 2. January, 1856.

dener is busy mowing it. Curious, that though it sets people's teeth on edge to listen to the sharpening of edge-tools in general, yet there is something that is extremely pleasing in the whetting of a scythe. It had better be a little way off. But it is suggestive of fresh, pleasant things; of dewy grass and bracing morning air; of clumps of trees standing still in the early mistiness; of "milk-maids singing blithe." Let us thank Milton for that last association: we did not get it from daily life. I never heard a milk-maid singing; in this part of the country I don't think they do sing; and I believe cows are invariably milked within doors. But now, how pleasant the trim look of that newly-mown lawn, so carefully swept and rolled; there is not a dandelion in it all—no weed whatsoever. There are indeed abundant daisies, for though I am assured that daisies in a lawn are weeds, I never shall recognize them as such. To me they shall always be flowers, and welcome every where. Look, too, at the well-defined outline of the grass against the gravel. I feel the joy of tidiness, and I gladly write in its praise.

Looking at this grass and gravel, I think of Mr. Tennyson. I remember a little poem of his which contains some description of his home. There, he tells us, the sunset falls

"All round a careless-ordered garden,
Close by the ridge of a noble down."

I lament a defect in that illustrious man. Great is my reverence for the author of *Maud*; great for the author of *Locksley Hall* and the *May Queen*; greatest of all for the author of *In Memoriam*: but is it possible that the Laureate should be able to elaborate his verses to that last and most exquisite perfection, while thinking of weedy walks outside his windows, of unpruned shrubs, and fruit-trees fallen from the walls? Must the thought be admitted to the mind, that Mr. Tennyson is not tidy? I know not. I never saw his garden. Rather let me believe that these lines only show how tidy he is. Perhaps his garden would appear in perfect order to the visitor; perhaps it seems "careless-ordered" only to his own sharp eye. Perhaps he discerns a weed here and there; a blank of an inch length in a box-wood edging. Perhaps, like lesser men, he can not get his servants to be as

tidy as himself. No doubt such is the state of matters.

There are, indeed, many degrees in the scale of tidiness. It is a disposition that grows upon one, and sometimes becomes almost a bondage. Some great musical composer said, shortly before he died, that he was only then beginning to get an insight into the capabilities of his art; and I dare say a similar idea has occasionally occurred to most persons endowed with a very keen sense of order. In matters external, tidiness may go to the length of what we read of Broek, that Dutch paradise of scrubbing-brushes and new paint; in matters metaphysical, it may go the length of what John Foster tells us of himself, when his fastidious sense of the exact sequence of every shade of thought compelled him to make some thousands of corrections and improvements in revising a dozen printed pages of his own composition. Tidiness is in some measure a matter of natural temperament; there are human beings who never could by possibility sit down contentedly, as some can, in a chamber where every thing is topsy-turvy, and who never could by possibility have their affairs, their accounts, their books and papers, in that inextricable confusion in which some people are quite satisfied to have theirs. There may, indeed, be such a thing as that a man shall be keenly alive to the presence or absence of order in his belongings, but at the same time so nerveless and washy that he can not bestir himself and set things to rights; but as a general rule, the man who enjoys order and exactness will take care to have them about him. There are people who never go into a room but they see at a glance if any of its appointments are awry; and the impression is precisely that which a discordant note leaves on a musical ear. A friend of mine, not an ecclesiastical architect, never enters any church without devising various alterations in it. The same person, when he enters his library in the morning, can not be easy until he has surveyed it minutely, and seen that every thing is right to a hair's breadth. Taught by long experience, the servants have done their part, and all appears perfect already to the casual observer. Not so to his eye. The hearth-rug needs a touch of the foot: the library-table becomes a marvel of collocation. Inkstands, pen-trays, letter-weighers, pamphleta,

books, are marshaled more accurately than Frederick the Great's grenadiers. A chair out of its place, a corner of a crumb-cloth turned up, and my friend could no more get on with his task of composition than he could fly. I can hardly understand how Dr. Johnson was able to write the *Rambler* and to balance the periods of his sonorous prose while his books were lying up-stairs dog's-eared, battered, covered with dust, strewed in heaps on the floor. But I do not wonder that Sydney Smith could go through so much and so varied work, and do it all cheerfully, when I read how he thought it no unworthy employment of the intellect which slashed respectable humbug in the *Edinburgh Review*, to arrange that wonderful store-room in his rectory at Foston, where every article of domestic consumption was allotted its place by the genial, clear-headed, active-minded man: where was the lemon-bag, where was the soap of different prices, (the cheapest placed in the wrappings marked with the dearest price:) where were salt, pickles, hams, butter, cheese, onions, and medicines of every degree, from the "gentle jog" of ordinary life to the fearfully-named preparations reserved for extremity. Of course it was only because the kind reviewer's wife was a confirmed invalid that it became a man's duty to intermeddle with such womanly household cares: let masculine tidiness find its sphere out of doors, and feminine within. It is curious how some men, of whom we should not have expected it, had a strong tendency to a certain orderliness. Byron, for example, led a very irregular life, morally speaking; yet there was a curious tidiness about it too. He liked to spend certain hours of the forenoon daily in writing; then, always at the same hour, his horses came to the door; he rode along the same road to the same spot; there he daily fired his pistols, turned, and rode home again. He liked to fall into a kind of mill-horse round: there was an imperfectly developed tidiness about the man. And even Johnson himself, though he used to kick his books savagely about, and had his study-floor littered with fragments of manuscript, showed hopeful symptom of what he might have been made, when he daily walked up Bolt-court, carefully placing his feet upon the self-same stones, in the self-same order.

Great men, to be sure, may do what they please, and if they choose to dress like beggars and to have their houses as frowzy as themselves, why, we must excuse it for the sake of all that we owe them. But Wesley was philosophically right when he insisted on the necessity, for ordinary men, of neatness and tidiness in dress; and we can not help making a moral estimate of people from what we see of their conformity to the great law of rightness in little things. I can not tolerate a harum-scarum fellow who never knows where to find any thing he wants, whose boots and handkerchiefs and gloves are every where but where they are needed. And who would marry a slatternly girl, whose dress is frayed at the edges, and whose fingers are through her gloves? The Latin poet wrote, *Nulla fronti fides*; but I have considerable faith in a front-door. If when I go to the house of a man of moderate means I find the steps scrupulously clean, and the brass about the door shining like gold; and if, when the door is opened by a perfectly neat servant, (I don't suppose a footman,) I find the hall trim as it should be, the oil-cloth shiny without being slippery, the stair-carpet laid straight as an arrow, the brass rods which hold it gleaming, I can not but think that things are going well in that house; that it is the home of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and reasonable prosperity; that the people in it speak truth and hate wiggery. Especially I respect the mistress of that house; and conclude that she is doing her duty in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call her.

But if tidiness be thus important every where, what must it be in the dwellings of the poor? In these, so far as my experience has gone, tidiness and morality are always in direct proportion. You can see at once, when you enter a poor man's cottage, (always with your hat off, my friend,) how his circumstances are, and generally how his character is. If the world is going against him; if hard work and constant pinching will hardly get food and clothing for the children, you see the fact in the untidy house: the poor mistress of it has no heart for that constant effort which is needful in the cottage to keep things right; she has no heart for the constant stitching which is needful to keep the poor little children's clothes on their backs. Many a time it

has made my heart sore to see, in the relaxation of wonted tidiness, the first indication that things are going amiss, that hope is dying, that the poor struggling pair are feeling that their heads are getting under water at last. Ah! there is often a sad significance in the hearth no longer so cleanly swept, in the handle wanting from the chest of drawers, in little Jamie's torn jacket, which a few stitches would mend, but which I remember torn for these ten days past! And remember, my reader, that to keep a poor man's cottage tidy his wife must always have spirit and heart to work. If you choose, when you feel unstrung by some depression, to sit all day by the fire, the house will be kept tidy by the servants without your interference. And indeed the inmates of a house of the better sort are putting things out of order from morning till night, and would leave the house in a sad mess if the servants were not constantly following in their wake and setting things to rights again. But if the laborer's wife, anxious and weak and sick at heart as she may rise from her poor bed, do not yet wash and dress the little children, they will not be either washed or dressed at all; if she do not kindle her fire, there will be no fire at all; if she do not prepare her husband's breakfast, he must go out to his hard work without any; if she do not make the beds and dust the chairs and tables and wash the linen, and do a host of other things, they will not be done at all. And then in the forenoon Mrs. Bouncer, the retired manufacturer's wife, (Mr. Bouncer has just bought the estate,) enters the cottage with an air of extreme condescension and patronage, and if every thing about the cottage be not in tidy order, Mrs. Bouncer rebukes the poor down-hearted creature for laziness and neglect. I should like to choke Mrs. Bouncer for her heartless insolence. I think some of the hatefulest phases of human nature are exhibited in the visits paid by newly rich folk to the dwellings of the poor. You, Mrs. Bouncer, and people like you, have no more right to enter a poor man's house and insult his wife than that poor man has to enter your drawing-room and give you a piece of his mind upon matters in general and yourself in particular. We hear much nowadays about the distinctive characteristics of ladies and gentlemen, as contrasted with those of people who are well-dressed

and live in fine houses, but whom no house and no dress will ever make gentlemen and ladies. It seems to me that the very first and finest characteristic of all who are justly entitled to these names of honor, is a most delicate, scrupulous, chivalrous consideration for the feelings of the poor. Without *that*, the cottage-visitor will do no good to the cottager. If you, my lady friend, who are accustomed to visit the dwellings of the poor in your neighborhood, convey by your entire demeanor the impression that you are, socially and intellectually, coming a great way downstairs in order to make yourself agreeable and intelligible to the people you find there, you had better have staid at home. You will irritate, you will rasp, you will embitter, you will excite a disposition to let fly at your head. You may sometimes gratify your vanity and folly by meeting with a servile and crawling adulation, but it is a hypocritical adulation that grovels in your presence and shakes the fist at you after the door has closed on your retreating steps. Don't fancy I am exaggerating: I describe nothing which I have not myself seen and known.

I like to think of the effect which tidiness has in equalizing the real content of the rich and poor. If even you, my reader, find it pleasant to go into the humblest little dwelling where perfect neatness reigns, think what pleasure the inmates (perhaps the solitary inmate) of that dwelling must have in daily maintaining that speckless tidiness, and living in the midst of it. There is to me a perfect charm about a sanded floor, and about deal furniture scrubbed into the perfection of cleanliness. How nice the table and the chairs look; how inviting that solitary big arm-chair by the little fire! The fireplace indeed consists of two blocks of stone washed over with pipe-clay, and connected by half a dozen bars of iron; but no register grate of polished steel ever pleased me better. God has made us so that there is a racy enjoyment, a delightful smack, about extreme simplicity coexisting with extreme tidiness. I don't mean to say that I should prefer that sanded floor and those chairs of deal to a Turkey carpet and carved oak or walnut; but I assert that there is a certain indefinable relish about the simpler furniture which the grander wants. In a handsome apartment you don't think of looking at the upholstery in detail; you

remark whether the general effect be good or bad ; but in the little cottage you look with separate enjoyment on each separate simple contrivance. Do you think that a rich man, sitting in his sumptuous library, all oak and morocco, glittering backs of splendid volumes, lounges and sofas of every degree, which he merely paid for, has half the enjoyment that Robinson Crusoe had when he looked round his cave with its rude shelves and bulkheads, its clumsy arm-chair and its rough pottery, all contrived and made by his own hands ? Now the poor cottager has a good deal of the Robinson Crusoe enjoyment ; something of the pleasure which Sandford and Merton felt when they had built and thatched their house and then sat within it, gravely proud and happy, whilst the pelting shower came down but could not reach them. When a man gets the length of considering the architectural character of his house, the imposing effect which the great entrance-hall will have upon visitors, the vista of drawing-room retiring within drawing-room, he loses the relish which accompanies the original idea of a house as a something which is to keep us snug and warm from wind, and rain, and cold. So if you gain something by having a grand house, you lose something too, and something which is the more constantly and sensibly felt — you lose the joy of simple tidiness ; and your life grows so artificial, that many days you never think of your dwelling at all, nor remember what it looks like.

I have not space to say any thing of the importance of tidiness in the poor man's dwelling in a sanitary point of view. Untidiness *there* is the direct cause of disease and death. And it is the thing, too, which drives the husband and father to the ale-house. All this has been so often said, that it is needless to repeat it ; but there is another thing which is not so generally understood, and which deserves to be mentioned. Let me then say to all landed proprietors, it depends very much upon you whether the poor man's home shall be tidy or not. Give a poor man a decent cottage, and he has some heart to keep tidiness about the door, and his wife has some heart to maintain tidiness within. Many of the dwellings which the rich provide for the poor are such that the poor inmates must just sit down in despair, feeling that it is in vain to try

to be tidy, either without doors or within. If the cottage floor is of clay, which becomes a damp puddle in rainy weather ; if the roof be of very old thatch, full of insects, and open to the apartment below ; if you go *down* one or two steps below the level of the surrounding earth when you enter the house ; if there be no proper chimney, but merely a hole in the roof, to which the smoke seems not to find its way till it has visited every other nook ; if swarms of parasitic vermin have established themselves beyond expulsion through fifty years of neglect and filth ; if a dung-heap be by ancient usage established under the window ;* then how can a poor overwrought man or woman (and energy and activity die out in the atmosphere of constant anxiety and care) find spirit to try to tidy a place like that ? They do not know where to begin the hopeless task. A little encouragement will do wonders to develop a spirit of tidiness. The love of order and neatness, and the capacity of enjoying order and neatness, are latent in all human hearts. A man who has lived for a dozen years in a filthy hovel, without once making a resolute endeavor to amend it, will, when you put him down in a neat pretty cottage, astonish you by the spirit of tidiness he will exhibit, and his wife will astonish you as much. They feel that now there is some use in trying. There was none before. The good that is in most of us needs to be encouraged and fostered. In few human beings is tidiness, or any other virtue, so energetic that it will force its way in spite of extreme opposition. Any thing good usually sets out with timid, weakly beginnings ; and it may easily be crushed then. And the love of tidiness is crushed in many a poor man and woman by the kind of dwelling in which they are placed by their landlords. Let us thank God that better times are beginning ; but times are still bad enough. I don't envy the man, commoner or peer, whom I see in his carriage-and-four, when I think how a score or two families of his fellow-creatures upon his property are living in places

* The writer describes nothing which he has not seen a hundred times. He has seen a cottage, the approach to which was a narrow passage, about two feet in breadth, cut through a large dung-heap, which rose more than a yard on either side of the narrow passage, and which was piled up to a fathom's height against the cottage wall. This was not in Ireland.

where he would not put his horses or his dogs. I am conservatively enough inclined; but I sometimes think I could join in a Chartist rising.

Experience has shown that healthy, cheerful, airy cottages for the poor, in which something like decency is possible, entail no pecuniary loss upon the philanthropic proprietor who builds them. But even if they did, it is his bounden duty to provide such dwellings. If he do not, he is disloyal to his country, an enemy to his race, a traitor to the God who intrusted him with so much. And surely, in the judgment of all whose opinion is worth a rush, it is a finer thing to have the cottages on a man's estate places fit for human habitation—with the climbing-roses covering them, the little gravel-walk to the door, the little potato-plot cultivated at after-hours, with windows that can open and doors that can shut; with little children not pallid and lean, but plump and rosy, (and fresh air has as much to do with that as abundant food has,) surely, I say, it is better a thousand times to have one's estate dotted with scenes such as *that*, than to have a dozen more paintings on one's walls, or a score of additional horses in one's stables.

And now, having said so much in praise of tidiness, let me conclude by remarking that it is possible to carry even this virtue to excess. It is foolish to keep houses merely to be cleaned, as some Dutch housewives are said to do. Nor is it fit to clip the graceful forms of Nature into unnatural trimness and formality, as Dutch gardeners do. Among ourselves, however, I am not aware that there exists any tendency to either error: so it is needless to argue against either. The perfection of Dutch tidiness is to be found, I have said, at Broek, a few miles from Amsterdam. Here is some account of it from Washington Irving's ever-pleasing pen:

"What renders Broek so perfect an Elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of

their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing; each housewife vies with her neighbor in devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotions to the Cross.

"I alighted outside the village, for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, then, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edge-wise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

"The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the streets by curiously wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front-doors are never opened, except on christenings, marriages, and funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back-doors. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on."

We are assured by the same authority, that such is the love of tidiness which prevails at Broek, that the good people there can imagine no greater felicity than to be ever surrounded by the very perfection of it. And it seems that the *prediger*, or preacher of the place, accommodates his doctrine to the views of his hearers; and in his weekly discourses, when he would describe that Happy Place where, as I trust, my readers and I will one day meet the quiet burghers of Broek, he strongly insists that it is the very tidiest place in the universe: a place where all things, (I trust he says *within* as well as *around*;) are spotlessly pure and clean; and where all disorder, confusion, and dirt are done with forever!

From Titan.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.*

"I would build a cloudy house,
For my thoughts to live in,
When for earth too fancy loose,
And too low for heaven !

"Hush ! I talk my dream alone ;
I build it bright to see ;
I build it on the moon-lit cloud,
To which I look with thee !" — Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

You shake your curls, and ask me why
I don't build castles in the sky ;
You smile, and you are thinking too,
He's nothing else on earth to do.

It needs, my dear, romantic ware
To raise such fabrics in the air—
Ethereal bricks, and rainbow beams,
The gossamer of Fancy's dreams :
And much the architect may lack
Who labors in the zodiac
To rear what I, from chime to chime,
Attempted once upon a time.

My Castle was a glad retreat,
Adorned with bloom and scented briers—
A Cupid's model country-seat,
With all that such a seat requires.
A rustic thatch, a purple mountain,
A sweet, mysterious, haunted fountain,
A terraced lawn, a summer lake,
By sun or moonbeam ever burnished ;
And then my cot, by some mistake,
Unlike most cots was neatly furnished.

A trellised porch, a mirrored hall,
A Hebe laughing from the wall,
Frail vases from remote Cathay—
While, under arms and armor wreathed
In trophied guise, the marble breathed—
A peering faun, a startled fay.

And cabinets with gems inlaid,
The legacy of parted years,
Full curtains of festooned brocade,
And Venice lent her chandeliers.
Quaint carvings dark, and, pillowed light,
Meet couches for the Sybarite ;
Embroidered carpets, soft as down,
The last new novel fresh from town.
On silken cushion, rich with braid,
A shaggy pet from Skye was laid,
And, drowsy-eyed, would dozing swing
A parrot in his golden ring.

All these I saw one happy day,
And more than now I care to name ;
Here, lately shut, that work-box lay,
There stood your own embroidery frame.
And over this piano bent
A Form, from some pure region sent.

Her dusky tresses lustrous shone,
In massy clusters, like your own ;
And as her fingers pressed the keys,
How strangely they resembled these.

Yes, you, you only, Lady Fair,
Adorned my Castle in the Air ;
And Life, without the least foundation,
Became a charming occupation.
We viewed, with much serene disdain,
The smoke and scandal of Cockaigne,
Its dupes and dancers, knaves and nuns,
Possessed by blues, or bored by duns.
With souls released from earthly tether,
We gazed upon the moon together.
Our sympathy, from night to noon,
Rose crescent with that crescent moon,
We lived and loved in cloudless climes,
And dyed (in rhymes) a thousand times.

Yes, you, you only, Lady Fair,
Adorned my Castle in the Air.
Now, tell me, could you dwell content
In such a baseless tenement ?
Or could so delicate a flower
Exist in such a breezy bower ?
Because, if you would settle in it,
'Twere built, for love, in half a minute.

What's love ? you ask. Why, love at best
Is only a delightful jest ;
As sad for one, as bad for three,
So I suggest you jest with me.

You shake your head, and wonder why
A denizen of dear May-Fair
Should ever condescend to try
And build her Castle in the Air.
I've music, books, and all, you say,
To make the gravest lady gay ;

* *London Lyrics*. By FREDERICK LOCKER. London : Chapman & Hall.

I'm told my essays show research,
My sketches have endowed a church.
I've partners, who have witty parts ;
I've lovers, who have broken hearts ;
Quite undisturbed by nerves or blues,
My doctor gives me—all the news.
Poor Polly would not care to fly ;
And Wasp, you know, was born in Skye.

To realize your tête-à-tête
Might jeopardize a giddy pate ;
And, *quel ennui !* if, pride apart,
I lost my head, or you your heart,
I'm more than sorry, I'm afraid
My Castle is already made.

And is this all we gain by fancies
For noon-day dreams and waking trances—
Such dreams as brought poor souls mishap

When Baby-Time was fond of pap :
And still will cheat with feigning joys,
While women smile, and men are boys ?

The blooming rose conceals an asp,
And bliss coquetting flies the grasp ;
And, waking up, snap goes the slight
Poor cord that held my foolish kite—

Your slave, you may not care to know it,
Your humble slave will be your poet.

Farewell !—can aught for her be willed,
Whose every wish is all fulfilled ?
Farewell !—could wishing weave a spell,
There's promise in those words, "Fare well !"

I wish your wish may not be marred ;
Now wish yourself a better Bard !

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HYMNS FROM THE LAND OF LUTHER ; OR, LYRA GERMANICA.*

THE traveler, desirous of turning aside
from the great continental highways
crowded with summer tourists, would do

* *Bunsen's Allgemeines Evangelisches Gesang und Gebet-Buch.* Hamburg. 1846.

German Psalmody. A collection of two hundred and twenty-three of the best German Chorales, arranged for four voices, adapted to the Hymns of Chevalier Bunsen's selection, and published under his direction. Berlin, 1848.

Lyra Germanica. First Series. Hymns for the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. Fifth edition. London : Longman. 1858.

Lyra Germanica. Second Series. The Christian Life. Translated from the German, by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. London : Longman. 1858.

Hymns from the Land of Luther. Translated from the German. Second thousand. Edinburgh : Kennedy. 1856.

The Church Psalter and Hymn-Book. By the Rev. WILLIAM MERCER, M.A. Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield, assisted by JOHN GOSS, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and Organist at St. Paul's Cathedral. London : Cramer, Beale & Chappell. 1857.

well to tarry for a while in the old imperial city of Nürnberg. Standing on one of the ancient bridges that span the clear-flowing Pegnitz, encircled by the triple wall, whose towers were once as the days of the year in number, he will seem to see again the grand heroic age, when the weak ones of the earth strove with the mighty, and counted not their lives dear if by losing them they might hold fast for their country the liberty which was their born heritage. Many a rude storm has spent its fury against those time-honored battlements. Again and again have men, fiercer than the heathen, furiously raged together to destroy once and forever that stronghold of freedom. Once at least the fate of Europe lay in the hands of the Nürnbergers ; they did not fail in time of trial ; the champion of Christendom found them faithful friends in his hour of need. The three-fold plague of famine, war, and pestilence

could not shake their allegiance to the bravest, noblest, most true-hearted captain that ever unsheathed the sword.

Just about a century before Gustavus Adolphus saw the light, in the year 1494, on the fifth of November, the wife of a tailor living in the old Franconian city gave birth to a son, who was named after his father, Hans Sachs. Young Hans early applied himself to study, but severe illness forced him to relinquish his favorite pursuits, and adopt others, which make fewer demands upon the brain. He became a shoemaker, wisely choosing an employment which required little mental exertion. The disciples of St. Crispin have not seldom been philosophers or poets. Most mystical of theosophists was Jacob Boehme, cordwainer, of Görlitz; most prolific of rhymesters (saving always Lope de Vega) was Hans Sachs, the "cobbler bard," of Nürnberg.

Hans appears to have joined one of those singing-clubs which had then recently been established in Mayence, Colmar, Ulm, and his native town. The simple-hearted artisans of those places, though possessing more piety than poetic talent, had a larger share in the events of the sixteenth century than is generally attributed to them. It was not merely that they cherished the social spirit in a degree which might well put the inhabitants of our modern million-peopled solitudes to shame, spite of mechanics' institutes and popular lectures, but they were the upholders of purity of manners in a time of great and general depravity. When priests and nobles vied with each other in wickedness, the "canaille" could oppose to the manifold forms of vice only decent lives and a virtuous education. They protested, as wise men will always protest, against evil, by exhibiting good. In verses so uncouth and rugged, that "schusterzeim" (cobbler's rhyme) has become a synonym for doggerel, they sang—

"By making pious hymns we strive
Coarse ballads from our streets to drive,
For every night we hear with shame,
Such songs as we refuse to name;
To silence all these idle lays,
We meet and sing our Maker's praise."

Such life and vigor was there in these societies, that it was not until within the last twenty years, the one at Ulm, which

had survived so many political and religious disturbances was solemnly closed.

Hans Sachs was the most noted and the most voluminous of the *schusterzeimers*. He was, indeed, superior to the majority of these. At the age of twenty, and in the Bavarian capital of Munich, he "sang his first hymn to the honor and glory of God, to a remarkable tune, and was loaded with applause." Just two years before this, Luther, on being made licentiate of theology, had taken the solemn vow, "I will defend evangelical truth with all my power;" and about this very year, 1514, we may suppose that he was commencing his attacks upon the scholastic philosophy, the outworks of the Roman stronghold.

Soon the assault became more violent, and Hans could not remain an unparticipating spectator. While Luther was enraging the powers, temporal and spiritual, by his boldness, and Hütten was making bishops and monks writhe beneath the knotted scourge of his sarcasm, the cobbler from his work-shop, at one of the gates of Nürnberg, sent forth many a brave and earnest song by which the minds of men were strangely stirred; so that it has been said, the great event of the sixteenth century owed its fulfillment as much to Hans Sachs the poet as to the Elector of Saxony. There is, perhaps, exaggeration in this assertion, yet it is in the main true. Else how comes it to pass that the doctrines of the Reformation have continued to exist in Germany, when all trace of them has utterly died out of Italy? There were wise and zealous men in the south as in the north. Valden was by birth a far more influential man, and Ochino was a far more fervid orator, than Luther. Yet, while in the country of Huss and the monk of Wittenberg, the teachings of the Reformers have maintained an unshaken hold in the hearts of the populace, it seems as though no healing angel had ever troubled the waters in the native land of Carnesachi and Savonarola.

The cause of this diversity is not far to seek. The Italian Reformers scarcely once appealed to "the masses." Theirs was an esoteric creed, in which Platonism was largely combined with Christianity. Many of the most accomplished and learned of the nobility were wont to assemble at the "Oratories of Divine Love." But there was no national dissemination of the truth, no national protest against

despotism, spiritual or temporal; for there was no national hymnology.

The wisdom of Fletcher of Saltoun's oft-quoted aphorism can not be better exemplified than by the German Reformation. The law-makers of that period found themselves powerless before the song-makers. The ruler of a kingdom on which the sun never set, could not subdue hearts once stirred by the royal trumpet-tones of Luther's "*Ein' feste Burg*"—the Marseillaise of the Reformation.

Luther was not solely, nor chiefly a Theologian, or he had been no true Reformer. As the cloister had not been able to bound his sympathies, so the controversial theater could not circumscribe his honest ambition. He, in whom "the Italian head was joined to the German body," would not only free the souls of men, but win the hearts of women and little children. Much had he to feel proud of during his busy life. It was no light thing to have waged successful combat with the most powerful hierarchy that the world had ever seen, or to have held in his hands the destinies of Europe. But dearer to his kind heart was the sound of his own verses sung to his own melodies, which rose from street and market-place; from highway and byway; chanted by laborers going to their daily work; chanted by them during their hours of toil; chanted by them as they returned home at even-tide. If it is given to departed souls to know aught of what passes on this world wherein they some time dwelt, then Luther may have heard these same hymns, two hundred years later, sung by the miners of Gloucestershire and Cornwall.

"I always loved music," said the great Reformer; "whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things." Many times he exemplified this power in his own person. When sore perplexed and in danger of life, he would drive away all gloomy thoughts by the magic of his own melodies. On that sad journey to Worms, when friends crowded round him and sought to change his purpose, warning him with many tears, of the certain death that awaited him; on the morning of that memorable sixteenth of April, when the towers of the ancient city appeared in sight, the true-hearted man, rising in his chariot, broke forth with the words and music which he had improvised two days before at Oppenheim:

"God is our fortress strong and high,
A sure defense and weapon;
His powerful aid ever nigh
Whate'er distress may happen:
The old and evil foe
Would fain bring us low,
With great craft and might;
Full armed for the fight,
On earth none can him liken.

"Our feeble might achieveth naught,
Our struggle soon but feigned;
By him alone the work is wrought,
Whom God himself ordained.
Dost thou ask the name?
The Christ is the same,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
There is no other God;
'Tis he the field hath taken.

"And were the world of devils full,
All threatening to devour us,
We fear not; true and dutiful,
They can not overpower us.
Prince of this world, in vain,
His darts round may rain,
He no harm can us do;
His arts must perish too,
A little word can slay him.

"That word of his shall sure remain,
To man no praise be given;
He's with us on the battle-plain,
His spirit aids from Heaven.
Then perish our estate,
Wife, child—by their hate;
On them be the sin;
Naught from us they can win;
We share his glorious Empire.*"

Another hymn, written to commemorate the martyrdom, at Brussels, of some young Augustin monks, obtained as great a popularity as the "*Ein' feste Burg*." Throughout every town and village of Germany might have been heard, soon after the shameful murders, the "*Die Asche will nicht lassen ab*."

Luther was a forcible translator; his rendering of the famous old Latin hymn "*In Mediâ Vitâ*," is strikingly solemn. The history of this hymn is remarkable. It was composed by Notker, a learned Benedictine, of St. Gall, while he was watching some workmen repair the bridge of Martinsbruck at the peril of their lives. For nearly a thousand years this piece has been preserved—and in an unmetrical shape it forms a part of the service with which the Church of England buries her

* We give this in ignorance of the name of the translator, and in preference to the many versions that have been attempted. We think it more faithful than Mr. Carlyle's, or that included in the *Lyra Germanica*.

dead. Luther's rhymed paraphrase of the Psalms has been compared with Watts' version. Being the first of its kind, it obtained immense popularity. "Every village school-boy, among the Protestants, was presently employed to get them by heart, and help to sing them on a Sunday. From that time to the present, the German of Saxony has been considered as the standard of national language."*

The contrast between the German and Italian Reform movements is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that while Luther was thus translating the prayers and praises of the King of Israel into vigorous though rugged German, and bequeathing these immortal utterances to his countrymen for an eternal possession, the learned Olympia Morata was occupying her leisure, by rendering parts of the Psalter into Greek Iambics. The one did for a coterie what the other did for an empire.

But Luther was not the only sacred poet of this epoch. Ringwald and Schalling deserve a mention; and Paul Eber, the friend of gentle Philip Melancthon, and the author of the hymn, "Herr Jesu Christ, wahr Mensch und Gott," which Hugo Grotius desired might be repeated to him as he was dying, must not be passed over.

Luther's versions and hymns gave an incredible stimulus to the study of devotional poetry in Germany. A constant succession of hymnists has continued in that country to the present day. Even at the end of the seventeenth century, Counsellor Frankennau made a collection of 33,712, which he presented, in 300 volumes, to the University library at Copenhagen; and in 1718, Wetzel reckoned 55,000 printed German hymns.

Notwithstanding their multiplicity, these productions are separable without much difficulty into three periods. That of the Reformation, to which we have already referred; the period of the Thirty Years' War; and the period of the Mystics.

Considering the second epoch, we shall be much struck with the high order, as well as the vast number, of hymns written during the long protracted struggle between liberty and despotism.

Paul Gerhardt was the Tyrtæus of the Thirty Years' War. His verses, like strains of martial music, disperse every

lurking fear, and stir up the soul to be brave in doing, patient in suffering. No doubts ever crossed his mind about the lawfulness of taking up arms. Fighting under Gustavus, he and all his comrades were obeying a heaven-sent leader, as truly accredited as Joshua, Gideon, or David. "Mi litare est orare," is the motto inscribed upon his banner while in manly words he prays:

"Give strong and cheerful hearts to stand
Undaunted in the wars,
That Satan's fierce and mighty band
Is waging with thy cause.
Help us to fight as warriors brave,
That we may conquer in the field,
And not one Christian man may yield
His soul to sin a slave."

To wait is ever far harder than to work, to endure than to do. The Reformation had been a time of swift and startling action. The Thirty Years' War was a period of sharp and sore distress. As year after year passed and peace came not, and the fields which the foe had ravished lay untilled, and the homes which Tilly's brutal soldiery had burnt remained unbuilt, the bravest hearts may well-nigh despair. Never was a time at which Jeremiah might more fitly utter his Lamentation. Never was there greater need of an Isaiah to sing "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." Gerhardt, the Laureate of Sacred Poets, is equal to the stern occasion. Words of consolation are always on his lips — "Surrender." never. His sure and certain trust is in the

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,"

who, though he chastens his people for a while, will speedily confound their tormentors with sore plagues.

"If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose,
For oft, ere now, to him I cried,
And he hath quelled my foes.
If Jesus be my friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be, and fell?"

"The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast forever;
Nor fire, nor sword, nor plague from thee,
My trusting soul shall sever.
No hunger, and no thirst,
No poverty or pain,
Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again."

* Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, vol. i. p. 168.

"My heart for gladness springs,
It can not more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love,
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above."

—*Lyra Germanica*.*

Gerhardt had fellow-singers, who took up the same brave strain. "Rist," says Miss Winkworth, "a clergyman in North Germany, who suffered much in youth from mental conflicts, and in after years from plunder, pestilence, and all the horrors of war, used to say, 'The dear cross hath pressed many songs out of me;' and this seems to have been equally true of his contemporaries. It certainly was true of Johann Heermann, the author of some of the most touching Hymns for Passion Week, who wrote his sweet songs under great physical sufferings from ill-health, and amidst the perils of war, during which he, more than once, escaped murder, as by a miracle. So, too, the hymns of Simon Dach, Professor of Poetry in the University of Königsberg, speak of the sufferings of the Christian, and his longing to escape from the strife of earth to the peace of heaven."

Friedrich Spee deserves more than a bare mention. He was a Jesuit, but was remarkable for the liberality and benevolence of his mind. More enlightened than one of the greatest luminaries of the English judicial bench, Spee wrote an earnest book against the barbarous custom of witch-burning. It is related that an ecclesiastical superior once asked Spee why his hair was so gray when he was but forty years old. His reply speaks well both for his humanity and his courage: "It is because I have accompanied so many poor women to the stake, there to suffer for the crime called witchcraft, of which I never knew one of them to be guilty."

But the hymn of this period, to which most interest is attached, is one composed by Altenburg, and known as Gustavus' battle-song. Very tragic are the associations that belong to the "*Verzage nicht du Häuflein klein*." As we read the stirring lines, a vision rises before us of two mighty hosts encamped over against each

other, stilled by the awe that falls upon the bravest hearts when events of world-wide import are about to be decided. The thick fogs of an autumn morning hide the foes from each other; only the prolonged shrill note of the clarion is heard piercing through the mist. Then, suddenly, in the Swedish camp there is a great silence. Full of solemn thoughts Gustavus advances to the front rank of his troops, and kneels down in presence of all his followers. In a moment the whole army bends with him, and together they pray the God of Battles that he will defend the right. Then there bursts forth a sound of trumpets, and ten thousand voices join in one spirit-stirring song, (*rührendes Lied*, as Schiller has it.) It is the last time that Gustavus will sing it. Before many hours are passed, a riderless horse will come flying towards the orphaned troops, and anguish will deepen into revenge so fierce, that the day of their captain's death shall be a day of most bloody triumph. Meanwhile, foreboding no ill, and full of hope, they chant—

"Fear not, O little flock! the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

"Be of good cheer, your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

"As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,
A jest and byword are they grown;
'God is with us,'* we are his own,
Our victory can not fail.

"Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen."

—*Lyra Germanica*.†

To this period belongs a hymn, composed by George Neumark, Secretary to

* First Series. Hymn for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

* The watchword of the Evangelical Army on this occasion.

† First Series. Hymn for St. Stephen's Day pp. 17, 18.

the Archives at Weimar. "It spread rapidly among the common people, at first without the author's name. A baker's boy, in New-Brandenburgh, used to sing it over his work, and soon the whole town and neighborhood flocked to him to learn this beautiful new song." The third epoch of which we have to speak—that of the Mystics—is very rich in its hymnology. Johann Franck, Angelus, and Gerhard Tersteegen are the laureates of that empire over which Jacob Böhme reigned supreme. Franck was burgomaster of Guben, in Lusatia. Tersteegen was a remarkable character. The youngest of eight children, born in 1697, and early deprived of his father, he made great progress in the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He was in his youth the subject of deep religious impressions; and gave up a mercantile life, to which he had been brought up, for the less exciting occupation of a weaver. Subsequently he became a ribbon-maker, at Mühlheim. He always practiced the most rigid self-denial. He lived upon flour, water, and milk; he spent nearly all his earnings in charity; and much incensed his relations by giving to the poor the property which he inherited from his father. He continued to live in voluntary poverty, steadfastly refusing to accept large fortunes which were offered to him by his admiring friends. He wrote many religious books and hymns, and became a very noted preacher, especially among the lower classes. Like Pascal, he studiously avoided the friendship of his fellow-creatures. During his whole life weak and sickly, he died, after much agony, in his seventy-second year. Tersteegen is a most complete example of the Protestant Pietist and ascetic. Of weak bodily powers, he was the constant subject of religious raptures. His hymns, however, of which a large number remain, are, for the most part, quiet and restrained.

Concerning Angelus we have a few words to say. Miss Winkworth has adopted the commonly-received opinion, that Angelus, the author of *The Cherubic Wanderer*, is identical with Johann Scheffler, who, at one time a mystic, afterwards became changed to Popery, and appears to have assumed the same name.* The

two men were entirely distinct and dissimilar in every respect. The hymnist appears to have been of a gentle disposition, strong imagination, and ardent love of paradox. Scheffler, on the contrary, was apparently a hard and stern man, not given to versifying. Mr. Vaughan, in his *Hours with the Mystics*, has thus referred to this confusion of persons:

"The latest research has succeeded only in deciding who Angelus Silesius was *not*. Some Roman Catholic priest or monk assuming the name of Angelus, did, in the seventeenth century, send forth sundry hymns and religious poems—among others, one most euphonistically entitled, *The Cherubic Wanderer*. The author of this book has been generally identified, on grounds altogether inadequate, with a contemporary named Johann Scheffler, a renegade from Jacob Behmen to the Pope. Suffice it to say, that no two men could be more unlike, than virulent, faggoty-minded, pervert Scheffler, and the contemplative, pantheistic Angelus, be he who he may."—Vol. i. page 322.

Whatever Angelus was by birth or profession, he was certainly a very successful writer of hymns. A large number of his pieces are included in the *Gesang-buch*, and have been translated by Miss Winkworth. They are all marked by the same plaintive tenderness which is so striking a characteristic of the German school of Mystics.

Besides Angelus, Tersteegen, and Johann Franck, mentioned above, there belong to this period Deszler, the philologist of Nürnberg; Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick; Schmolck, and S. Franck. The last-mentioned, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, must not be confounded with the somewhat celebrated Sebastian Franck, the author of the *World Book*, and of several theological works, in which he remarkably anticipates the opinions of Barclay, the English Quaker. This writer preceded the hymnist by about a century and a half. The last, and not the least celebrated poet of this school whom we have to mention, is Friedrich Hardenberg—better known under his *nom de plume* of Novalis. Exceedingly beautiful is his *Was war ich ohne dich gewesen*, of which Miss Winkworth translates only a part. In the collected edition of Novalis' works, edited by Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel, fifteen of his *Geistliche Lieder* are included. Several of these are great favorites with the German churches, where they are often sung.

* The mistake is shared by the author of a very interesting paper on Angelus Silesius, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* some few years since.

Edward Bülow, who some twelve years ago, in conjunction with Tieck, superintended the publication of the third volume of Novalis' remains, narrates a touching anecdote connected with these hymns. The elder Hardenberg, though an affectionate father, never interfered in the proceedings of his children: he even refused to read the writings of his son, Friedrich. Shortly after the death of the latter, Hardenberg entered a Moravian church during divine service. The congregation on that occasion, chanced to sing "a wonderfully spiritual song," which he had never before heard, and by which he was most deeply moved. The service ended, he left church, and full of emotion, asked a friend the name of the "splendid hymn" which he had heard, and its composer. "What!" was the astonished reply; "do you not know that your own son wrote it?"—(*Novalis Schriften*, theil 3; vorwort, p. 14.)

It is, perhaps, too much to say, that Germany maintains its reputation as the chosen country of sacred song. It is not every century that gives birth to a Paul Gerhardt any more than to a Plato, a Bacon, or a Shakspeare. Nevertheless, there are not wanting in the present day hands to strike — though in fainter tones — the consecrated lyre. Spitta, Knapp, Puchta, Hensel, have each written hymns not unworthy of a place in the *Allgemeines Gesang-buch*. The modern hymnist, however, has fallen into the same error, by which the secular poet too often defaces his verses. An excessive subjectivity — an undue introspection — are even greater faults when committed by the former than by the latter. Pieces which are intended for congregational use should have little to do with states of mind which vary from day to day. They should be composed chiefly, if not solely, of thanksgiving and adoration. German hymns are for the most part free from the glaring incongruities which so sadly mar our best collections. Such brightly Manichaean lines as Moore's —

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,"

form no part of the German psalter; nor are congregations of Lutherans called upon to proclaim their own shame in melody, nor sing the sad confession, that they are ashes, dust, and worms. They affect neither a false humility nor an un-

becoming cynicism. Contrast some of the gloomy verses which we all know too well, with the beautiful *Abendlied* of Paul Gerhardt—*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*.

"Quietly rest the woods and dales,
Silence round the hearth prevails,
The world is all asleep;
Thou, my soul, in thought arise,
Seek thy Father in the skies,
And holy vigils with him keep.

"Sun, where hidest thou thy light?
Art thou driven hence by night,
Thy dark and ancient foe?
Go! another sun is mine,
Jesus comes with light divine,
To cheer my pilgrimage below.

"Now that day has passed away,
Golden stars, in bright array,
Bespangle the blue sky;
Bright and clear, so would I stand,
When I hear my Lord's command
To leave this earth, and upward fly.

"Now, this body seeks for rest,
From its vestments all undressed,
Types of immortality:
Christ shall give me soon to wear
Garments beautiful and fair—
White robes of glorious majesty.

"Head, and feet, and hands, once more
Joy to think of labor o'er,
And night with gladness see.
O my heart! thou, too, shalt know
Rest from all thy toil below,
And from earth's turmoil soon be free.

"Weary limbs, now rest ye here,
Safe from danger and from fear,
Seek slumber on this bed:
Deeper rest ere long to share,
Other hands shall soon prepare
My couch among the dead.

"While my eyes I gently close,
Stealing o'er me soft repose,
Who shall my guardian be?
Soul and body now I leave
(And thou wilt the trust receive)
O Israel's Watchman! unto thee.

"O my friends, from you this day
May all ill have fled away,
No danger near have come;
Now, my God, these dear ones keep,
Give to my beloved sleep,
And angels send to guard them home."

—*Hymns from the Land of Luther*,
pp. 33, 34, 35.

A truly Christian song of praise this: genial yet solemn, like Herbert or Fuller;

wholly free from the inflated misery of the little worldly-minded dismal Young; or of the little cynical Epicurean noted above. Even in times of sharpest distress, during the myriad troubles of the Thirty Years' War we meet with no *Klage-lieder*, no weak wailings unnerving those who should be strong to fight, but brave and truthful words, stirring and bracing as a trumpet-call, most manly, most Christian, the more so as every man in the "Evangelical" host feels that he is fighting not only with flesh and blood, but with Satan and all his legions, who, though unseen, are present, and close at their side, to baffle them by fraud and cunning, or overcome them by a superhuman might.

Once more, the *Hymns of the Land of Luther* are for the most part free from those irreverent addresses to the Almighty that disfigure the hymns which English poets have had the bad taste to write, and English compilers the want of sense to make widely known. Sappho and Pindar are not the models which our hymnists should adopt. Sacred erotics are not only an anomaly, but a very blasphemous anomaly. Simplicity, truth, earnestness, are the leading characteristics of the *Lyra Germanica*. There is no straining for effect, no mock humility, no spiritual lassitude in the hymns of our Teutonic neighbors. The glad-hearted may sing them with "pious mirth;" the sad and sorrowful may swell the choir, and as they sing, their sorrow will be turned into joy. Even around the bed of the dying, and the grave of the departed, the words so softly chanted are accents of hope and encouragement; so that angel-voices are borne to the pilgrim yet struggling through the chill dark waters of Jordan, and heavenly anthemings bid bereaved mourners rejoice over one more soul redeemed and glorified.

The *Lyra Germanica* contains a large number of Morning, Evening, and Funeral Hymns. Many of these are of exceeding beauty. Gerhard's *Abendlied*, already quoted, and the *Morgenlieder* of Heinrich Albert, and the Baron Von Canitz, (the latter a special favorite with Dr. Arnold,) may well compare with Bishop Ken's well-known pieces. We have space for neither in this paper, but must content ourselves with a funeral hymn, written by no less celebrated a poet than Klopstock, whom his countrymen deemed the Virgil, as they counted

our Milton the Homer of these later ages:

"Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise
Not always closed thine eyes;
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life forever,
Ah! praise his name!

"Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping,
Ah! praise his name!

"Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my quiet grave I stay;
And when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me!

"Then as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrim's sorrow,
All past and gone.

"Then, with the holiest, I tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally!"

—*Hymns from the Land of Luther*,
pp. 135-6.

Full of beauty as all these hymns are, they lose half their force if separated from the airs that should always accompany them. Not only in psalmody, but more especially in melody, the English are quite outstripped. No operatic fugues disturb the solemnity that reigns over a congregation of German Lutherans or Moravians. In the churches of Germany the grandest chords alternate with the most plaintive cadences. The full organ succeeds the flute stop, and the pathos sets off to wonderful advantage the majesty of music.

We rejoice that some of these fine old tunes are making their way into our churches and chapels. The Psalter mentioned at the head of these remarks contains many of the best hymns and tunes that even Germany has to offer. Especially would we mention Henzburg, Minden, Upsal, and Worms, as being grand, solemn, yet tender beyond compare. But to hear these chorales in full perfection, one must travel to Nürnberg, and enter one of its splendid ancient churches; then if we should chance to hear the full diapason of *Ein' feste Burg*, the soothing

strains *O du Hüter Israel*, the mournful cadences of *Christ lag in Todes Banden*; or last and best, the transcendently solemn chords of *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, St. Bernard's hymn, sung by some thou-

sand persons, as they only do sing at Nürnberg, we shall believe that Protestant worshipers have something that will compare with the *Miserere* in the Sistine chapel.

From the Westminster Review.

LE GRAND CYRUS.*

M. VICTOR COUSIN has, with considerable ingenuity, devised two volumes of lively and amusing reading, which will be welcome in England, though their value will be best appreciated in France. A period comparatively short, indeed, in point of time, but which has had the effect of a geological epoch in its influence on French society, separates the present from the days of Henri IV. and the Fronde. Even a nation of egotists can not exist altogether in the present, but may, nay must, look back with interest and curiosity to the times of their forefathers. Confined to his chamber by long indisposition, M. Cousin professes to have sought in that forgotten and voluminous romance, *Le Grand Cyrus* of Scudery, a resource against ennui; as he read on, the dull and prolix narrative seemed to have grown upon him, as the identity of the fictitious personages of the story, with distinguished contemporaries of the authoress, forced itself upon him; confirmed, as he assures us, by a key to the romance, subsequently discovered in the library of the arsenal. We had always supposed these historical parallels to have been understood, or at least strongly suspected; be this as it may, the writer seeks to lay before us, from the materials furnished by the romance, a picture of Parisian life in the earlier part of the seventeenth century,

and this not merely of the court "personages" of the day, but also of all ranks of Parisians down to the lower class of citizens.

In the following passage he furnishes his key to the leading characters in *Le Grand Cyrus*:

"Who, indeed, is Cyrus, if not Condé himself, especially while he was yet only Duke d'Enghien, and dreaming of love and glory? Mandane, with her blue eyes and copious blonde locks, her gentleness, wit and pride, is clearly Madame de Longueville. The Asiatic warriors who accompany the Persian chief to battle are the aides-de-camp or lieutenants of the French 'hero,' namely, the Marshal de Grammont, the Marshal de Gassion, Villequier, afterwards Marshal d'Aumaret, the Marquis de Noiroustier, of the house of Tremouille, the Duke de Rohan-Chabot, Coligny, Duke of Chatillon, the Marquis de la Moussaye, etc.

"The siege of Cumes in the romance is the actual siege of Dunkerque by Condé; the battle of Thybara, that of Lens; and the victory gained by Cyrus over the Massagetes, the 'glorious and immortal victory' of Rocroi. It is as certain that the fair dames of the court of Ecabataka, of Sardis, and of Babylon, are the celebrated beauties of the court of Anne of Austria.

"L'Hotel de Cleomire is undoubtedly l'Hotel de Rambouillet, with its *cortège* of wits and agreeable women, who constituted its great attractions. Here we have the portraits of the noble hostess and her two daughters, of Julie d'Argennes and her sister, the first Madame de Grignan, Madame de Sablé, and Mademoiselle Angélique Paulet; there, Montausier, Voiture, Chapelain, Arnauld de Corbeville, etc.

* *La Société Française au xvii. Siècle, d'après Le Grand Cyrus de Mademoiselle Scudery.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. 2 tomes. London: Nutt. 1858.

"Sappho is Mademoiselle de Scudery herself, at the head of the commoners, but intellectual, and distinguished by the society she assembled about her, in which we find a virtuous, amiable, and learned prelate, Godeau, Bishop of Grasse and Venne, a magistrate who is also a man of the world, a financier who is a wit, academicians and literary men like Sarrasin, Pellisson, and Conrart, with Madame Cornuel, Madame Aragonnais, and other ladies of humbler position."

Thus, the *Grand Cyrus* is, so to speak, a history in portraits of the seventeenth century, written by an individual who was probably of all others best acquainted with the society of that period, thanks to her peculiar position; poor, yet of good family, and received every where in the best circles, at the Hotel de Rambouillet, the Condé Palace, and at the

Luxembourg: herself entertaining a very mixed society in her modest drawing-room, in the street de Beauce au Marais.

Thus M. Cousin makes out his case, and having retouched the faded portraits with a skillful hand, reproduces for the versatile, volatile, all-forgetting Parisians this sketch of a long-vanished social state: they may well afford to throw a glance backward on the past, in humble deprecation of that future, when they too shall rank as antiquities. We will say nothing of the stupendous egotism that breaks out in the preface, nor quote a passage which, out of France, might suggest doubts of the author's sanity or sincerity. M. Victor Cousin has at least furnished an amusing and readable book, and we must pardon the indulgence of a national conceit, which he evidently takes to be a virtue.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CRINOLINE AND WHALES.

As, (borrowing a mechanical simile,) certain clocks with glass faces are cunningly devised to cheat an observer into the belief that hands move without the aid of spring or weight, actuated through clock-work to move them—so the mental clock-work of ideal association is far too much concealed nowadays. It is a particular case of a very human quality, *pride*—the false pride of chafing under an obligation; even though it be to one's own suggestive senses. When people are less chary of telling the world how they got at results, it will be all the better for the world. As long as the pernicious falsehood is implied of attributing to the creative faculty ideas which merely come by association, so long will there be a hindrance to the onward march of intellect in many a timid aspirant. It may abate somewhat of the majesty wherewith whales portray themselves to the imagin-

ation of certain people, as it may tend to lower the majesty of our own creative faculty in the estimation of others, if we honestly confess at this—the very outset of our narrative—that between the behemoths of ocean on the one part, and the idea which brought them into our head on the other part, the chasm, though seemingly immense, is spanned by that one step, which, Napoleon (him of the gray coat and cocked-hat, we mean) signalized by a proverb. Wandering down through Bond street one day, we jostled against many a crinoline petticoat, and the crinoline petticoats suggested the topic of whales!

Nothing like the material falsely called bone of the *Balæna Mysticetus** for im-

* Or true whalebone whale. All the genus *Balæna* yield whalebone; but the whalebone of the *B. Mysticetus* is longest, and therefore the most valuable.

parting that expansiveness so indispensable to the proper set of a lady's crinoline. There were three formidable competitors when the fashion came into vogue in these latter days. Steel, vulcanized caoutchouc, and gutta-percha they were. Vain illusions all: whalebone's the thing!

As to the first, steel is steel; and steel, if badly tempered, (nay, sometimes be the temper ever so good,) breaks short off, leaving a sharp cutting extremity. It is a matter concerning which reliable statistics are difficult to obtain; but we are given to understand, that certain lesions incidental to the rupture of steel petticoat-springs, have thrown them into such evil repute, that, ere long they will be totally abandoned.

The idea of hollow, inflated, vulcanized hoops, was eminently ingenious; but their employment involves conditions so difficult to be commanded, that no wonder vulcanized india-rubber hoop-work soon went out. We would not by any inconsiderate criticism of ours knowingly abate one iota of the proper credit justly appertaining to the inventor of vulcanized rubber inflated hoops. It was an idea suggested by a master mind. In theory the notion is perfect; but alas! from theory to practice there is a bridge, and few there be who cross it. An application of the very same sort of evidence which has proved that out of no kind of wind-bag whatever, no matter how cunningly devised, can a practically good swimming life-preserver be made—seeing the chance of accidents from sunken rocks—might have awakened suspicion from the very first, that no system of inflated hoop-work could be adopted as the basis of a lady's expansive gear, without imminent peril from puncture and collapse—so long, at least, as pins are a *sine qua non* to the "fixing" of a lady. Besides, *sub rosa* be it spoken, and *sotto voce*—vulcanized rubber has brimstone in its composition; and brimstone, when volatilized, comes reeking to the olfactory sense with evil associations!

In common with many others who take an interest in watching the application of means to important ends, we thought hopefully of gutta-percha hoop-work once. There can not be a *greater* mistake, though some mistakes may be attended with more important consequences. The quality which should dominate over all other qualities, in ladies' manufactured hoop-work, is

elasticity. Gutta-percha is non-elastic: it won't do. So long as a lady can move about on a field all her own—move without touching any body or any thing—move in such wise that no body and no thing, animate or inanimate, shall touch her, gutta-percha is available. But set the lady in a crowd, though it be only for an instant, and she emerges the very instant after, a grotesque, shriveled-up-looking thing, as full of creases as a closed umbrella or a baked pippin. A certain expression, used by Horace in a figurative sense, we could apply to the lady, physically, after a trifling variation. The gutta-percha hoop-expanded belle is—

"Cere (a) in vitium flecti."

And having on more than one occasion felt it a part of our duty to call the attention of a fair sufferer to the existence of this state of bodily collapse, we can from personal experience testify that—

"Monitoribus asper (a)"

is an expression applicable to each particular object of our attentions, in a purely Horatian sense. Depend upon it, there is nothing like whalebone, after all, for a lady's expansion gear: so now about the whales.

"What's *your* opinion about whales, Mike?" demanded the skipper of a sperm whale-ship, of a Yankee down-easter, who, staring over the bulwarks, gazed upon a sea-monster just captured.

"Why, I was jist athinking it's a considerable sort of fish. They ain't got fish like that up the Kennybeck, I guess."

"Do you think whales *are* fish, Mike!" continued the skipper.

"Why, some folks says whales isn't fish at all. I rather calculate they are, myself. Whales has fins, so has fish; whales has tails, so has fish; whales ain't got scales on 'em, neither has cat-fish, nor eels, nor tadpoles, nor frogs, nor horse-leeches. I conclude, then, whales *is* fish. Every body oughter call 'em so. Nine out of ten *does* call 'em fish."

"Fishin's fishin'," continued Mike, after a moment's pause, which he turned to account by contributing to the ocean store of liquid matter, in the form of concentrated tobacco-juice. "I likes fishin' as well as any body; but catchin' of whales is a leetle too extensive. It's orfully alarmin' work."

Small wonder, indeed, that Mike, the Yankee down-easter, should find himself perplexed in the endeavor to award a true zoological status to whales. If the Japanese—people who religiously abstain from the eating of all flesh, save fish flesh—decree, in their wisdom, an ichthyological nature to whales; if whales have been proved fishy by synods, and councils, of the Roman Church, and by reasoning, too, equally conclusive with that which proved the world to stand still, and Barnacle geese to be a sort of fish generated, not from eggs like other geese, but developed from sea-barnacles—no wonder that Mike, after properly weighing pros and cons, should calculate that whales *is* a sort of fish, and that “every body oughter call ‘em so.” Had there been yet one lingering doubt in his mind that doubt would have been set at rest by the analogies of cat-fish, eels, tadpoles, frogs, and horse-leeches.

Nevertheless, to an observant pair of eyes and a reflective mind—notwithstanding the analogies of slick skin, fluked-tail, fins, etc., a doubt could hardly fail to occur now and then in respect to the fishiness of whales. Even penetrating no deeper than to the external characteristics of form, the close observer could hardly fail to have remarked that a whale’s tail is fixed horizontally to the body, whereas a fish’s tail has a vertical attachment. Many other particulars must have at times, disturbed the calculations of a reflective naturalist, like Mike, the Yankee down-easter, concerning the fishiness of whales. The ordinary technical words of a whaling skipper’s language, imply how unsettled must have been the opinions at one time prevalent about the zoological status of whales. He speaks of adult whales as “*bulls*” and “*cows*.” Young ones he terms calves. He may designate them fish for brevity sake, but he scarcely means it. How could he? Do not whales come to the surface of the water to breathe? Do they not suckle their young like land mammalia? No, no! Whales *is not* a sort of fish, Mike, and every body oughter *not* to call ‘em so.

Aristotle and Pliny, though puzzled a little by the fishy exterior of whales, both entertained some doubts concerning their ichthyological character; but Linnæus was the first who really spoke out, seizing with the true determination of genius upon the real type. The difficulty pre-

vious naturalists had experienced, when feeling half-inclined to remove whales from the fishy category, and refer them to the class of mammals was this: whales have no anterior and posterior extremities, it was advanced; neither hands nor feet; how great, then, would be the discrepancy?

But Linnæus, with the true perception of genius, swept away the discrepancy at once. The lateral fins were paws, just peeping through the skin, and leaving the corresponding legs behind them; the tail was nothing more nor less than two paws, consolidated—*soldered together*.

Whales have ever been accepted as typical of the extreme of animated bulk and muscular power. Even now, when descriptions of them are shorn of the exaggerated vagueness attendant upon facts in natural history, collated under difficulties, whales are large enough and strong enough to satisfy the most exacting imagination; in proof of which, a few anecdotes will be recorded by and by. The statements of Buffon, and Lacépède about whales, are to some extent illusory; which is a pity, considering the highly poetic vein in which they were made. Buffon prefaces his account of the cetacea with an exordium of ponderous grandeur. His tropes are big; his words roll along in rhetorical billows; the very language used is *whaly*, comes redolent of blubber and ambergris—*whaly*, smelling of whales. Gradually, the reader is desired to fancy himself lifted from the earth; he is told to ascend the regions of high air, in companionship with the eagle: whence, looking down upon the grosser world, he is to contemplate the earth, the ocean, and their several inhabitants. Then, when man, and other living creatures of *terra firma* have disappeared from view—when even elephants, and rhinoceros have ceased to be visible—the aerial student of animated nature is told to look down upon the expanse of ocean and behold the majesty of whales. By a bold stroke of the imagination, Buffon, (as if all other standards of comparisons were inadequate) measures his ideal whales against Gothic monuments and mountain bosses. He speculates on the greater size of whales in the good old times before man had begun his persecutions; and, feigning for them a natural span of life commensurate with their volume, he vaguely indicates that the reader may draw indefinitely on

the past, and picture any ideal whale to be as aged as he pleases, without any fear of incurring any controlling check from the adverse criticism of M. De Buffon!

Lacepède, too, was another naturalist who did not stint himself in elements of the grandiose sort in respect of whales. Like Buffon, he did not doubt the existence of whales upwards of three hundred feet long in past times. He felt assured, that the sort of whale termed by sailors, the "right whale,"* even now, when he wrote, attained a length sometimes of ninety-eight and a half feet, (thirty meters;) nor that, "right whales" could spout water from their blowers to more than the height of thirteen meters, or forty-three feet. Nor was Lacepède less enthusiastic about the swimming of the "right whale." The creature, according to him, could manage a pace of eleven meters a second, or twenty-one and a half nautical miles an hour. These are gross exaggerations; nor are either Buffon, or Lacepède, correct in respect of the species of whale for whom they claim the maximum grandeur amongst the creatures of his own genus. The *Balæna Mysticetus* is not the giant amongst giants. There is another whalebone-yielding whale, (*Balæna*) more considerable in length, if not in general dimensions, than he, the dreaded razor-back†. The broad-nosed whale is another bone-yielding animal which often exceeds the length of the "right whale." The sperm whale, too, takes a position above that of the true whalebone whale, not only in size, but also in muscular power and general intelligence. Out of three hundred and twenty-two individuals of the "right whale" species, the capture of which was authenticated by Scoresby, no one was more than sixty feet long, and the very largest he ever measured had a length of only fifty-eight feet. According to the same author, the very longest actual measurement of the "right whale" verified, is no more than sixty-seven feet.

Now, the average length of the razor-back is about one hundred feet; its greatest circumference, thirty or thirty-

five. One of this species, found dead in Davis's Straits, measured one hundred and five feet. Whence it appears that the "right whale" must be content with the honor of yielding the most of good oil, and the longest whalebone—no inconsiderable honor too; but he can not lay just claim to the pretensions of being regarded, *par excellence*, the monster of the deep. As we intimated a while ago, even the broad-nosed whale may exceed the right whale in dimensions. He, too, is a whalebone-yielding fellow, who instead of holding to the poetical regions of the polar seas, vulgarizes himself by keeping company with herrings and pilchards, (no doubt for sufficient reasons,) stupidly running, head foremost, upon shores and sand-banks of his enemies, and getting knocked on the pate for his pains. Yes, even the broad-nose seems to have the advantage of the right whale in dimensions. One fifty-two feet in length was stranded near Eyemouth June 19, 1752; another, near seventy feet in length, ran ashore on the coast of Cornwall on the 18th of June, 1797; three were killed on the north-west coast of Ireland in 1762, and two in 1763; one or two have been killed in the Thames; and one was embayed and killed in Balta Sound, Shetland, in the winter of 1817-18, some remains of which being examined by Scoresby, that indefatigable whale historian was enabled to verify its dimensions. The length of the whale was eighty-two feet; the jaw-bones were twenty-one feet long; the longest lamina of whalebone about three feet long. From these statements, it is easy to perceive that the right whale, even when contrasted with *Balæna* or whalebone-yielding cetaceans, must yield the palm of dimensions not only to the razor-back, but the broad-nosed species. Other whalebone whales are the "finner" of whale fishers, *Balænoptera Jubartes* (Lacepède,) *Balænaboops*, (Linn.); *Balænoptera Acutorostrata*, (Lacepède;) *Balæna Rostrata*, (Linn.) The latter is the smallest amongst whalebone whales. One killed in Scalpa Bay, November 14, 1808, had a length of seventeen and a half feet, and a circumference of twenty feet; its largest whalebone was only about six inches long.

Leaving for a time the *Balæna*, or whalebone whales, and taking a glance at the *Physeter* or sperm whale—listen to what Mr. Thomas Beale, surgeon, the

* *Balæna Mysticetus*, Linn.

† *Balænoptera Gibbar*, Lacepède; *B. Physalis*, Linn. Linnaeus comprehends all whales having horny lamina in place of teeth under the generic name *Balæna*. Lacepède follows the arrangement as regards whalebone-whales having no dorsal fin; those which possess a dorsal fin are termed by him *Balænoptera*.

historian, *par excellence*, of that valuable species, says about it. "In length," he tells us, the *Physeter Macrocephalus* "comes next to the *B. Physalis*, or razor-back; and in bulk, probably generally exceeds it; and in commercial value, perhaps, equals the *B. Mysticetus*; for although it does not possess the valuable whalebone of this animal, it furnishes us with the beautiful substance, spermaceti, and is rich in abundance of the finest oil."

Nevertheless, the true whalebone fellow will probably still continue to be invested with conventional attributes of excessive size, and excessive powers, beyond those of all other whales. We will proceed, then, to give some notion of his prowess, just by the way of preparing the reader for the still greater exploits of the razor-back and the sperm whale. To this end, perhaps, no better example can be cited than the one related by Scoresby, as having occurred to him when commanding the "*Resolution*, of Whitby," on the 25th of June, 1812. On that occasion, one of the harpooners perceiving a whale, struck the harpoon into it near the edge of a small floe of ice. The monster started off on a wild whale chase, and soon succeeded in drawing out the whole of that boat's lines. Assistance being afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the "*fast boat*," as the one is called from which the harpoon is thrown. Away goes the whale with boat in tow. "In about a quarter of an hour the fast boat, to my surprise," says Scoresby, "again made signal for lines." He goes on to tell us how the signaling became more urgent. The wind being fair, the good ship, "*Resolution*," was sailing to the rescue of her whale-threatened boats. Vainly all available canvas was spread; the good ship "*Resolution*" could not make sail fast enough. Anxiously watching his fast boat still, the captain now observes four oars displayed in signal order; thus indicating a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time observed sitting close to the stern—now considerably elevated—for the purpose of keeping it down; while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. The good ship "*Resolution*" had, by this time, nearly come up to the beleaguered boat. There was need. The sailors

stripped off their pea-jackets, and flung them upon the adjoining ice; then throwing down their oars, they plunged into the ice-cold water, and swam to their jackets. At that very instant the monster dived. Down plunged the bow of the boat; its stern rose perpendicularly for an instant, then majestically disappeared! We will not, step by step, or rather stroke by stroke, follow the ill-conditioned whale in his career; contenting ourselves by recording the fact, that after the excitement of a perilous chase, no less than four boats were anchored to the monster's flesh—each by its own harpoon. Three of these the whale shook off; so that the fate which presided over all its blubber, and whalebone, was linked with conquering humanity by the mere intervention of one frail line! At length it freed itself from this also, and still sped away; but the sunken boat, deep down beneath the waves, was—what simile shall we use? not as a mill-stone about the whale's neck, or a stumbling block in his path—it was a *dead weight*, in two senses, as the whale found to his sorrow. The united length of the lines was six thousand seven hundred and twenty yards, or upwards of three and three quarter English miles; value, with the boat, above one hundred and fifty pounds. The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of the animal, as the narrator remarks, must have been immense; the lines alone weighing no less than thirty-five cwt. As we are touching upon the physical force of the whale, the farther chronicles of his capture need not be enlarged upon; but it is pertinent to remark that he was by no means a large specimen of his species, his whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while twelve feet bones are not uncommon. Near ten thousand four hundred and forty yards, or almost six English miles of line were drawn out in the capture of this miscreant! Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat!

The dead weight of a boat borne thus away is considerably more than at a first glance of the case would seem probable. The ocean pressure exerted upon the timbers must be enormous. Not only does the liquid penetrate into every pore of the wood, but actually crushes the substance of the timber so that it becomes friable. This leads one to consider the tremendous pressure which must be exerted upon the

body of a whale when deeply submerged. A whale of the "*right species*,"* on being harpooned, generally dives. Not unfrequently he has been known to sink perpendicularly down to a depth of eight hundred fathoms, or rather more than a mile. Contemplate oceanic pressure at that depth! It will amount to the astounding weight of one hundred and fifty-four atmospheres! Now, assuming the body of a right whale to present one thousand five hundred and forty feet of surface, his carcass will have to resist, at eight hundred fathoms, a force of no less than two hundred and eleven thousand and two hundred tons—about equivalent, as Scoresby remarks, to six of our biggest ships of war, fully armed, manned, and provisioned for six months. It is this tremendous pressure, more than to any harpoon wounds, that the great exhaustion of the animal, when it rises, is due. Nor is the physical force of a whale less exemplified in its gamboling. A somewhat favorite amusement with the right whale, as also the sperm whale, is to ascend rapidly from great depths, and spring completely out of the water; not unfrequently turning a somersault before again descending. Sometimes, in a fit of playfulness, the real whalebone whale (*B. mysticetus*) poises itself perpendicularly in the ocean, head downwards, and lashes the surface of the water into white foam by strokes of its tail. When whales are in these their playful moods, it is dangerous to approach them. Experienced harpooners know better than to do so: indeed, the tail of a whale is an agent of physical force which prudent mariners will keep clear of, on all occasions. To say that one stroke of it can strike a man dead, is to convey a very inadequate notion of its power. That muscular tail, if upwards whiked, can hurl a boat aloft with all its crew; if downward struck, can shiver a boat to atoms!

One would hardly have imagined, looking at the enormous volume of the head of a whale, that the possessor of it, rising from ocean depths, could manage to strike with it a sharp lively blow on the keel of a boat. Yet the result is otherwise: the head, under these circumstances, can em-

ulate the exploits of the other extremity. In the year 1660, the Dutch ship Gort Moolen, was off the coast of Greenland fishing for whales. Fortune had favored her. The good ship, Gort Moolen, had the blubber and bone of no less than seven whales within her timbers. But the skipper, Cornelius Gerard Ouwekaas, Oliver like, wanted more; and perceiving a whale ahead of his ship, a boat was lowered for the encounter. The captain himself, being an expert harpooner, struck the whale, which dived immediately. A second boat came to assist, having a certain Jaques Vienkes for the "*bold harpooner*." Harpoon poised aloft, the Dutchman waited for the fish to rise; the latter (vicious beast as he was) poked up his head under the boat, and forced the latter some yards into the air, shivering it to pieces. The crew, Jaques Vienkes "the" bold harpooner among them, were scattered about like fallen leaves. But Jaques Vienkes never lost hold of his harpoon. He was not hurled so high aloft but that in due course of time he must needs come down again; and as fortune and the gravitating force would have it, he fell upon the back of the whale! Finding the surface rather slippery perhaps—or it may be inspired by courage, and heated with revenge, the choleric Dutchman struck his weapon as deep as he could into the blubber of the whale, thus accomplishing two ends at one time—giving himself a *locus standi*, and inflicting an injury on the beast. But fortune was unpropitious: Jaques Vienkes found himself tied for better for worse, to the monster, in a fashion he did not bargain for. A rope had caught hold of his leg, and he could not escape. Had the whale thought proper now to dive, the consequences would have been unpleasant!

"Cut your rope," bawled the skipper; watching the catastrophe from a little distance. Misery! the harpooner's knife was in his breeches pocket, and his legs being entangled in the rope, he could not get at it. Matters began to look unpromising, indeed; when, fortunately, the harpoon worked loose, and the bold harpooner sliding from the whale's back, the two parted company.

If any body should object to the Dutch source of the above recital, we beg to announce that dozens of English examples of whale feats are at our very elbows and wasting: that we do not use them; and

* The "right whale" is the familiar term given by whaling mariners to the "*Balaena mysticetus*," an animal which yields the best and longest whalebone.

that we have preferred to quote the Dutch recital, is referable, not to any thing extraordinary on the part of the whale, but on the part of the harpooner. If his cetacean ride did not happen, it *might* have happened *se non e vero e ben trovato*.

Whatever of the marvelous we may have announced in respect of the right whale, we will guarantee to match, and more, when we come to deal with that denizen of softer southern climes, the big-headed physeter, the producer of ambergris, and the falsely called "*spermaceeti*." But a monstrous fellow, of far greater physical powers, and fleetness, and length, will first of all come in for a few passing remarks. A *very* few will serve our turn, as the razor-back is—taken altogether—a most ill-conditioned and disreputable fellow. Measuring one hundred feet in length sometimes; being the very longest, if not the very largest whale in existence—he barely yields ten or twelve tons of blubber; and the whalebone he furnishes—only measuring about four feet in length—is most disreputable. Then the violence, and intractability, of the razor-back are unprecedented. To think of the hundreds of fathoms of good line he and his have pulled away and utterly lost; to reflect on the boats they have demolished; on the harpoons they have run off with—fills one's heart with emotions of pity for the ill-used sea captains! His blowing is very violent; and may be heard in calm weather to the distance of about a mile. He can swim with a maximum velocity of about twelve miles an hour; whereas the maximum velocity of the ordinary or "*right whale*" scarcely exceeds eight or nine. The razor-back is held in small esteem by "*right whales*," who shun his company and keep clear of him. In a word, the only good thing one can aver of the razor-back is, that he will not attack, except attacked: he is neither revengeful nor mischievous. Faint praise, indeed! But truth is truth, and truth must be told even of a whale. This creature has none of the joyous sports of the right whale—no somersaults, or ocean tail-flappings; no tranquil, dreamy, lolling upon the bosom of the flood. An unquiet spirit hath he. An evil conscience seems to take possession of the razor-back! Ever on the move, even when breathing, he may be readily distinguished from honest whales by his sharp angular back.

Let all prudent harpooners give him a wide berth. One can not often catch him, and when caught he is little good. A whale of this species was found dead in Davis's Strait some years ago—its length was no less than one hundred and five feet, its greatest circumference about thirty-eight; another (probably of the same kind) having a length of one hundred and one foot, was stranded on the banks of the Humber about the middle of September, 1750.

We can find no space to say more concerning the broad-nosed whale, than that when seen in the water he very much resembles the razor-back; that he frequently comes prowling about the Scotch and English coasts in quest of herrings; that his average length is greater than the right whale; and that his contribution to the blubber-pot and whalebone worker are altogether contemptible. The one stranded and killed in Balta Sound, Shetland, though having jaw-bones twenty-one feet long—these, nevertheless, were armed with whalebone having a length of only three feet; and the total produce of the animal only amounted to about £60 sterling. Here, as well as hereafter, we may as well point out the fact, that if a whale be stranded and left high and dry, it speedily dies; notwithstanding it be surrounded by the proper medium for breathing. The fact is, that mere muscle and bone are not strong enough to support the fabric of so fast an animal, except when floating in water. The enormous mass of flesh, and bone, and blubber, pressing downwards from above, bruise, and lacerate, the flesh-fabric underneath; and more important still, compress the lungs in such a manner that the animal soon dies from very suffocation.

The finner and the beaked whale deserve a word of mention; not that they contribute much to the resources of whaling expeditions, as now organized, but in consideration of their relations to early whale-fishery. Long before intrepid mariners had summoned courage to attack the gigantic "*mysticetus*," certain smaller species of the animal, amongst which the finner and beaked whale are conspicuous, fell a prey to the Biscayans. Strange enough, Biarritz, the favorite marine retreat of Eugenie, the modern patroness of petticoat hoops, was, as early as the thirteenth century, a celebrated mart for the sale of whale-flesh. D'Aussy, who makes

this statement, also quotes a fable tending to prove the same point; the flesh, and particularly the tongue as it would seem, was publicly sold in the markets of Bayonne, Cibourre, and Biarritz. Some opinion may be formed as to the considerable number of whales brought into the harbor of Biarritz, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, when we learn that Edward III. of England thought it worth his while to lay an impost upon them of £6 sterling each. In the year 1338, the number was so considerable that they became the subject of petition by Peter de Puyaune, Admiral of the English fleet, stationed at Bayonne, and were accorded to him in consideration of his services. In process of time, when whales deserted the Biscayan coast, bold mariners followed them towards the Northern seas; and hereafter, when the whale fishery became organized, and long voyages to the Arctic regions were made, with the capture of right whales in view—Biscayans continued for a long period to be employed exclusively to fill the post of harpooners.

We shall probably have to return to the *Balæna*, or whalebone whales, seeing that we have not yet written one word concerning the nature or uses of whalebone; nevertheless that matter may be got out of hand by and by as profitably as now; and after so many chilling associations of ice, and snow, and polar bears, frost-bitten toes, and sundry other uncomfortable states and conditions appertaining to Arctic navigation—we feel a sort of sympathetic shivering, highly uncongenial to our nerves. To dissipate it, we shall take the liberty of changing the venue to warmer climes, and softer seas—where whalebone whales either disappear or are only met with as stray wonders, and—where the still larger, fleetier, more vicious, more thick-headed, though, strange to say, more intelligent, spermaceti whale, takes the place of the *Balæna*, and becomes an object of delicate solicitude to hungry harpooners. A strange number of conceits, verily, have been gotten out of the material, "*sperma-ceti*." Think of the etymology of it, reader, and then ask yourself whether it be not strange that spermaceti should be got out of a cavity in an animal's head! But Mr. Richard Stafford, writing from Bermuda to the "publisher" of the *Philosophical Transactions*, July the sixteenth, 1668,

awards yet another genesis to spermaceti. "Here have been spermaceti whales driven upon the shore," says he, "which *sperma* (as they call it) lies all over the body of those whales. These have divers teeth, which may be about as big as a man's wrist, and I hope by the next opportunity to send you one of them. I have been at the Bahama Islands, and there have been found of this same sort of whales dead upon the shore, with sperma all over their bodies. Myself, with about twenty more, have agreed to try whether we can master and kill them, for I never could hear of any of that sort that were killed by any man; such is their fierceness and swiftness. They are very strong, and inlaid with sinews all over their body, which may be drawn out thirty fathoms long."

On the twenty-second of December, 1770, a spermaceti whale, measuring fifty-four feet in length, ran ashore upon Cramond Island, and was there killed. It was seen by Mr. James Robertson, of Edinburgh, who described it; and whose description, communicated to the Royal Society of London, by Mr. Thomas Pennant, appears in the transactions of that learned body for 1770. From this description we are led to see how the notion of spermaceti being generated by the skin might have originated. "The substance improperly called spermaceti," says Mr. Robertson, "and erroneously said to be prepared from the fat of the brain, was every where contained in a fluid state in the cavity of the head, along with the brain, but quite distinct from it. Was this substance in a state of fluidity when the animal was in life? Very probably not, but it turned into that form by means of a heat occasioned by a fermentation of the different fluids, which soon began after the death of the fish, and increased to such a degree as at length to cause many cracks in the skin, to burst the body in the back, and to throw out the abdominal viscera in that aperture. After this eruption the spermaceti was found every where around the fish, floating on the water in a congealed state, from which circumstance it seemed to be contained throughout the whole body, and to have run out at these cracks, but upon examination it was found to have run out at the mouth only."

The sperm whale, though inferior to the razor-back in length, is more bulky,

and, all things considered, more formidable. Not only is the sperm whale a valuable creature, whereas the razor-back is almost valueless, and therefore more exposed to man's persecution, but the sperm whale has been known to display an active energy of malice to which the other is a stranger. The razor-back does his best to destroy harpoon-lines, indeed, when the whaling mariner has been inconsiderate enough to attack him. But his is the destructiveness of fright. He simply runs away. Not so the sperm whale. When struck he often shows fight; and numerous are the stories current amongst old tars of the Southern seas about those champions of the ocean. A large whale, known by the name of "Timor Jack," is reported to have destroyed every boat that was sent against him, "until a contrivance was made, by lashing a barrel to the end of the harpoon, by which he was struck, and whilst his attention was directed to this, and divided amongst several boats, means were found for giving him his death-wound."

If the history of Timor Jack be considered apocryphal, inasmuch as the name of the ship which sent the boats to his capture is not apparent, one need not doubt the tale after perusing other well-authenticated accounts of fighting whales, whose exploits are still more extraordinary. In the year 1804, Mr. Beale relates how "the ship Adonis, being in company with several others struck a large whale off the coast of New-Zealand, which stove or destroyed nine boats before breakfast," and thus put an end to the chase. This fellow was captured some time after, and on being cut up, many harpoons were found sticking in his body. He was a bull-whale, "New-Zealand Tom" by name. But what is the destruction of any number of boats either before breakfast or after, in comparison with the destruction of a ship? Yet, according to Mr. Beale, it is a perfectly well-authenticated fact, that the good ship Essex of America, was destroyed in the Pacific Ocean by an enormous sperm-whale. As we can not improve upon Mr. Beale's narrative, that gentleman shall speak for himself: "While," says he, "the greater part of the crew were away in a boat killing whales, the few people remaining on board saw an enormous whale come up close to the ship; and when very near he appeared to sink down for the purpose of avoid-

ing the vessel; and in doing so, he struck his body against some part of the keel, which was broken off by the force of the blow, and floated to the surface. The whale was then observed to rise a short distance from the ship, and to come with apparently great fury towards it; striking one of the bows with his head with amazing force, and completely staving it in." The ship filled and sank; the catastrophe being viewed by the boats' crews only a short distance removed. Their position was terrible: hundreds of miles from the nearest land—their ship engulfed by the waves—what were they to do? The few sailors on board hastily congregated in the remaining boat, taking with them a short supply of provisions; then along with the other boats they steered for the coast of Peru. All perished in unheard-of suffering save three. Even these, wild and stupefied, were allowing their frail boat to drift whither it listed, when, being observed, they were rescued from the very jaws of death.

By no sort of plea can we justify to ourselves any further dalliance with the sperm whale. Totally deprived of whalebone apparatus, this creature yields nothing towards the fashion of ladies' expansive habiliments; whence, logically and rigorously considered, he should not have received any direct notice at our hands. Grandeur of dimensions is, however, always imposing. Witness, in testimony, the ocean; a mountain range; a big heap of gold; a stupendous architectural structure—the dome of St. Paul's for example—or lastly, (if with sufficient reverence it may be spoken,) the grand circumference of that nether garment of ladies, which suggested the idea of our present theme. And here, by the way, may be as proper a place as any, in a paper which aims at no manner of arrangement—to display to the delighted reader, another of these phases of discovery suggested, not brain-created, to which we found occasion to advert in the very beginning. There is strong authority for asserting that hoop petticoats did not, in their second or major era, spring, Minerva like, from the cerebrum of some Madame Amalie or Clotilde of that day; but that they owed their origin to the dome of St. Paul's. More of this hereafter.

We presume it is unnecessary to point out to any intelligent reader, that the first hoop petticoat was not seen in these latter

times. The present mysteries of whalebone, and crinoline, are only a reproduction of a fashion which arose in England in the reign of Henry VIII.; but not developing into much grandeur or importance, died out until the year 1709; when it came into vogue once more, and between that period and 1745, swelled to proportions of which people now can only entertain faint ideas.

What has not entered the heart of scandal-mongers to relate of the amorous intrigue of Spain? To believe what travelers have related about the susceptibility of the Iberian race to the tender passion, requires strong faith in the listener. During spring and summer months, there should be no such thing as sleep for children of Adam and Eve, throughout all Andalusia. Gentlemen should be outside the ladies' window-caging, discoursing soft music on their guitars, each to some fair innamorata, sternly segregated from him by "*reja*" bar-work; and ladies should be very wide awake, listening to the soft strains of their serenaders. Yet, it is not so: ladies and gentlemen really do sleep in Andalusia, as elsewhere; and very few Andalusian ladies or gentlemen can strike a chord on their national instrument, the guitar; which is snubbed because of its Arab origin, and complacently handed over to the *Gente de la capa parda*.

Well, knowing the untruth of the above, and much else that has been widely communicated about Spain and Spaniards, we sternly and resolutely decline to believe in the origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of the first Spanish hoop petticoat—as assigned by censorious and evil-minded people. That the fashion really did originate in Spain, is not quite proven. John Durant Breval, who wrote a poem on the art of dress, in the year 1717, would have his readers believe the hoop petticoat to have been a purely national invention. On this point we feel what a misfortune it would be to withhold the flood of light shed upon the subject by our author; for that reason we shall quote his words:

"When and from whence the Ruff at first was brought,
Long, but in vain, have pus'ling Criticks sought.

In after times, some future Bentley's care
Shall gravely mark the climate, and the year.

Bentley (great sage) who ne'er vouchsafes to write,
But such important matters come to light.
Queen Kate of Austrian Blood, Demure and Wise,
Swell'd the stiff-circle to a larger size,
And wore it as was then the *Spanish* mode,
For Female shoulders thought too great a Load.
Some Winters passed, and then Eliza sway'd,
Sworn Enemy to *Rome*, a wondrous Maid!
She turned out *Popish* modes, but kept in *That*,
And introduc'd, besides, the *Steeple-Hat*;
Fenc'd the huge *Petticoat* with Ribs of Whale,
And arm'd our mothers with a circling mail."

For some reason, which we, of the rougher sex are far too unsympathetic to appreciate, whalebone in most or all its varieties of feminine application, went out during the Stuarts. Our author waxes particularly angry upon the ladies of that unfortunate epoch; being especially personal in his remarks upon ladies north of the Tweed. Let him once more speak for himself:

"Our next unhappy *Stuarts* pay'd the Way
For *Caledonian* Dames to come in play.
Beauties that shifted hardly once a Week,
For *Cleanliness* alas to them was *Greek*!
Now followed Canting *Puritans* in Shoals,
Who spoil'd our bodies as they damn'd our souls;

Of every Ornament they striped the fair
And hid their bosoms with paternal care;
The *Farthingall* and *Ruff* appeared no more,

In those fanatic times (the learned say)
Attempts were made to preach the *Smock* away.

For *Smocks*, so near the flesh, were Carnal,
plain
Too like the *Surplice*, and of course Profane."

The value of whalebone was not half discovered in the Elizabethan age. Not till the reign of George II. did British belles let their admirers see to what surpassing extent their skirts might be expanded, by the maxillary appendages vulgarly termed, "bone," of that much persecuted monster, the *Balaena mysticetus*. The doctrine of limits, as every mathematician knows, has done much to expand the differential calculus, and bring it to the present state of development; but the doctrine of limits had precisely the opposite effect, in the matter of hoop petticoats; on the occasion when they swayed, for the second time, the predilections of

the fairer sex. The limits of a sedan chair would not, at last, conveniently hold them; the limits of church aisles were too narrow to let them pass along; and worse still, men began at last, to lay irreligion to their charge, inasmuch as the limits of church pews would only admit of one hooped lady, or, under extreme circumstances of pressure, it may be two in each. Lest we should inadvertently make assertions on this important matter, untenable, and to the belief of some people, malicious—let us hasten to shift the responsibility to the statement of a gentleman, who under the signature of "A. W. Esq.," wrote in the year 1745 a book entitled, *The enormous abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat*.*

The writer commences by assuring all who read his book that, notwithstanding the singularity of the reflections contained in it, he is neither Quaker nor Methodist, nor a very old man; but young enough to retain clear, strong, and very pleasing ideas of whatsoever is truly beautiful and lovely in the other sex; for whom he professes to have great regard, and for whose benefit he writes. "I have never been a woman-hater," says he, "as all who know me can testify, *especially those who live near my ancient seat in Sussex*. In the main, I never objected against *Sweet Females*; but in a lawful way, liked them daintily well. Nor am I now one of those testy old fools, who think nothing right but what was in vogue when they were young, and are perpetually quarreling at the alteration of fashions."

Indeed he soon candidly confesses that the alteration of men's (laymen's) dress had been remarkably slight during his time—nothing to speak of. Smart young clergymen had, however, innovated much, by leaving off their gowns and cassocks, except on Sundays. "In a little time, I suppose," sarcastically observes our author, "we shall meet them in red-laced waist-coats, and white stockings, as we already see many of them with cocked-up hats, ruffled shirts, and coats of almost any color but black."

All the fashion-changes on the habits of the people, lay or ecclesiastic,

were eclipsed by the hooped enormities of the ladies. Hear what the Sussex gentleman, who is *no* woman-hater, but an admirer of "*sweet females*," could find it in his heart to say about the fashion in question:

"As to the ladies," says he, "the chief new invention in my time, if not the only considerable one, is the hoop petticoat; a dress which even in its original institution was sufficiently absurd, and greatly disgusted the men, however it might please the women. This, I think, was in or about the year 1709. Though I was then young, I well remember every body thought this new fashion would be out in a twelvemonth at farthest, but we all found ourselves mistaken; the hoop stood its ground, and has continued to this very day. For many years, however, it was a little modest, and restrained within some reasonable compass, and to a degree tolerable. But of late, within these two twelvemonths, or thereabout, it has spread itself to so enormous a circumference that there is no enduring it any longer. 'Tis now past a jest; the whole sex in a manner, especially the younger sort, *the Misses*, are by this prodigious garment become a perfect public nuisance. The very sight of those cursed hoops is enough to turn one's stomach."

And here we have at length arrived at a proper opportunity for acquainting the reader, whence the idea of hoop petticoats were suggested, on their second advent, in the reign of Queen Anne. The acanthus leaf suggested the Corinthian capitol, as is well known: the burning down of a pig-sty, with its porcine inmates, suggested the idea of roast pig: God knows how long Apollo might have remained without a lyre, if he had not discovered a sun-shriveled tortoise! There is a poetical grandeur about the suggestive type of the hoop petticoat, as represented by the poet from whom we have already quoted more than once. That type, as we have already said, was no other than the dome of St. Paul's; but we hasten to present our authority.

"In Anna's days at last the point was gained,
To fashion's highest pitch our belles attain'd;
From France they came, and many a foreign
shore,

To learn our arts, who taught us theirs be
fore.

Love's goddess now the furbelow displays,
Invents the flounces, and reforms the stays;
Her handmaid sisters leave their old abodes,
And make this town metropolis of modes.
By faction guided, ladies patch the face,
And to the watch now add the tweezers-case.

* The enormous abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat as the Fashion now is, and has been for about these Two Years Fully Display'd; in some Reflexions upon it Humbly offer'd to the Consideration of Both Sexes; especially the Female, by A. W. Esq.

"The petticoat remained a point in doubt,
'Till Wren was forced to help our beauties
out.

A Roman cupola he showed in print,
And thence of *modern hoops*, they took the
hint."

Notwithstanding the evident violence of feeling displayed by the Suffolk gentleman of landed property against hoops, when sewn into ladies' petticoats, he nevertheless curbs his emotions, and deals with the subject analytically. He discusses the wearer of hoops under the five following heads of—First, as merely hoop'd; second, as hoop'd and coming into a room; Third, as hoop'd and actually in a room; Fourth, as hoop'd and in a coach or chair; Fifth, as hoop'd and in any public assembly, particularly at church. Under each of these headings does he follow out the original theme, and for the most part with good humor. Nevertheless his wonted equanimity deserts him whilst describing how at church, one Sunday, his poor shins suffered from "those abominable hoops." This latter remark deserves more consideration than an inattentive reader would be apt to give it. We have never suffered in our own shins, nor can we gather that any body else has thus suffered from contact with a lady's hoop, in the way set forth by the Suffolk gentleman.* We have taken some trouble to investigate this point, and testimony is unanimous. One seemingly doubtful case we did encounter. An elderly gentleman, much addicted to the waltz, protested that he had suffered in his extremities from rough contact with the expansive circle. Prosecuting our inquiries, we found the testimony to be untruthful and malicious. He had proposed, the lady had rejected him; hence his spite. Seeing, then, how the material of construction remaining the same, the thing constructed, whilst subserving equally well as in times gone by the purposes of the wearer, is rendered less noxious, nay, totally innocent, to what may, with great propriety, be denominated "*the outer world*," the contemplative mind will perceive in the result another instance of progress in the mechanical arts towards that far-distant point of complete perfection which is beyond the scope of humani-

ty, alas! but to which human aspirations ever tend!

Much yet remains to be effected before the hoop can be accepted as fulfilling all the requisitions which a mind, tempered with a due admixture of the æsthetic, and the utilitarian faculties, sets up as its imaginary standard, or *beau ideal*. The problem involved is, indeed, not easy. Two distinct and opposite desiderata must be held in view. Fire and water are not more warringly antagonistic than rigidity and elasticity; yet a petticoat hoop, to be all that an optimist could desire, should be endowed with both. The highest Parisian genius has not yet found itself competent to impress the hoop with adaptability to circumstances; the quality which above all others comports with the genius of free drapery, and which is so beautifully manifested in the ever-changing folds of textile fabric, free and unconstrained. The Suffolk gentleman divides "*hoop'd women*," as he irreverently calls them, into butts, hogsheads, barrels, and kilderkins, according to their size. We do not adopt that nomenclature, of course; but we would, nevertheless, humbly express the opinion—not arrived at without much severe reflection—that the hoop, of whatever material, and whatever size, has never yet been made thoroughly to harmonize with any save the erect position. "*A hoop'd lady*" should be always on her legs; and even then, she should not be jostled in a crowd. Not that we would advance the selfish argument set forth by the Suffolk gentleman. Even should ladies choose to wear trimmings of perforated six-pounder iron balls at the hem of their skirts, and men's shins suffer ever so much—it would be the pleasure and duty of men to smile and bear it. Our objection applies to the bad effect, in an artistic or æsthetic sense, of hoops under certain circumstances, to the fair wearers themselves.

It is not difficult to analyze and set forth the element of beauty on which petticoat hoops depend for their effect. That particular element, the quality which insensibly commends itself to the mind of the artist, is *symmetry*. We have already seen how hoops, on their second advent, were suggested by an Italian dome. Let the fair reader put herself the question, then—what would she think of a dome pushed on one side, made crooked, awry! How would the cupola of St. Paul's look

* Nevertheless, ladies' hoops have caused a few broken legs, and sprained ankles of late.

in this guise? Hideous, detestable! Now we put it to any one, whether in the ordinary walks of life this very similitude of a dome twisted out of all symmetry, is not continually suggested by a "*hoop'd lady*" drawn into close propinquity to her partner in the waltz, or even in the common act of sitting down? To the kneeling position, moreover, hoop-work is uncongenial in a very high degree. The effect is most ridiculous, as all who have seen it must testify, if they speak the truth that is in them. The hoops do not lose their symmetry, indeed; each individual hoop still maintains the beauty of that most beautiful of all curves, *the circle*; and the aggregate of hoop-work represents the tracery of a dome; but the misery is this: you lose the notion of kneeling altogether. Not a fold, or bend, or wrinkle is there, to bespeak such attitude. The lady appears simply to have been made shorter from the knees downward; or, still more near the truth perhaps, the lady's head and bust convey the notion of having been stuck on to a telescope-slide-motion, and squashed together like a shortened telescope! Nature, who never does things by halves, combines particular features with particular forms. The same nose whose slightest suspicion of heaven-seeking aspect would be designated "*celestial*," if fixed to the countenance of a lady standing five feet three, would look pert and vixen-like if made the appendage to a stumpy person less tall by the length of the *tibia* and *fibula*. We can not go so fully into this analysis as the merits of the subject demand; for it is a large and an expansive subject. The general assertion must therefore suffice, that no lady, however beautiful she may be in her natural height, would look well if shortened from the knees downward; no, not even though a pair of pretty feet were appended. Well, with kneeling "*hoop'd ladies*" thus it is: They don't seem to kneel at all.

By the by, we mean no disrespect, but a short time back, when a certain princely wedding occurred, the fair bevy of bridesmaids was photographed in this the kneeling position. How we laughed at the picture! There are certain floral curiosities known to botanists under the name of rhizanth, or root-flowers, growing immediately from the source of their nourishment, without any stem. Well, on looking at the photographed bevy of

kneeling bridesmaids, we felt just as Sir Stamford Raffles might have felt when he stumbled for the first time on that blooming monster of a root-flower, some six feet across, the "*Rafflesia Arnoldi*." The floral notion was still further suggested by the bouquet which each young lady wore upon her head. Veritable human root-flowers did they seem to be—*acauliferous rhizanth*!

Yet, despite the facial and floral beauty, both transcendent, the uncongenial hoops had wrought their measure of evil. One can not analyze one's feelings on the spur of the moment. We could not analyze ours. Something between the ridiculous and the—no, not the *sublime*—the *repulsive* they were. Ideas of amputation, carnage, desolation, wounds, and—more than all, chain-shot, flitted across our brain! In short, the fair bridesmaids each seemed to have been taken two legs shorter! We believe the photograph in question was ultimately withdrawn: all the better; it was a mistake.

And now may we be pardoned for addressing a word or two especially to the ladies. Soft-hearted beings! kind and compassionate ones to every living thing *outside the pale of feminine humanity*—think, oh! think of the desolation your whims are causing amongst the poor whales! Whalebone, that before the fashion of your hoops came in, sold for only fifty pounds a ton, sells now for more than one hundred and fifty pounds. Think, oh! think of that! Remorselessly chased from the Greenland and Spitzbergen coasts, whither they used to resort, it is only now in the frozen fastnesses of the Polar Seas that poor whales can live at peace. Think how the giant heart of a whale must throb and flutter when the black hull heaves in view! Think of the death-agonies of a whale—of his fountain blood-spouts! To reflect on this persecution of whales is enough to fill the heart of rough man with pity, let alone the heart of a lady! Harming nobody from malice prepense, interfering with nobody—the great whalebone whale only seeks to lead a quiet life in the bosom of his family, far from the contests and bickerings of man. A good and faithful husband is the gentleman whale—a kind and solicitous mother is the lady. The type of all that is mighty and gigantesque in animated nature, true whalebone whales use not their strength like giants. To loll

on ocean crest, as blue waves ripple amongst crystal battlements of polar ice—that is their delight. Theirs would be a halcyon life of it, indeed, but for the destroyer, man! Simple in their appetites, whales have not even the necessity to hunt or seek for food. When a whalebone whale, rousing from his dreamy slumbers on ocean crest, feels an emptiness within him, and thinks it time to dine, he cocks his tail, and droops his head, and down he dives! Then tranquilly opening his huge mouth, he drops the whalebone fringe from his upper jaw, and leisurely swims along. Wherever he goes, ocean delicacies abound. Shrimps, cliones, medusæ, and yet other minute forms of Arctic oceanic life get entangled in the fringe-work of the so-called bone. Meantime, the whale is expectant and cognizant of all that goes on. Waiting until the fringe-work of his jaws has entangled small prey enough, he deliberately shuts his mouth and swallows his frugal meal.* Think of his anger and affright when rising

* These remarks chiefly apply to the true whalebone whale—the *Balaena Mysticetus*; but in all probability a similar kind of food, and feeding also, belong to the razor-back. We have chronicled the broad-nosed whale's love of herrings already—need we say that they are not to be caught quite as easily as shrimps and medusæ? In fact the broad-nosed whale has to hunt for his dinner in a more pertinacious manner than the mysticetus. But then, again, his tastes are more exacting; herrings are bigger deer than shrimps and medusæ. As for the sperm whale—totally devoid of whalebone as he is—there is no immediate plea, as we have already made the reader understand, for introducing him into our lucubrations. Nevertheless, having touched upon him once already, it may be permitted us to say, that the large teeth possessed by this animal evidently suggest addition to different order of food from that partaken of by his northern congener. A similar indication is further carried out by the

to the surface once more the barbed harpoon assails him—or contrivances more horribly ingenious still; Congreve rockets; shells, charges of Prussic acid enveloped in glass cases!

Various circumstances go to prove that whales, despite their clumsy look, possess considerable intelligence. What their means of intercommunication amongst themselves may be, of course one can not tell. That there are such means, who can doubt who reflects on the persistent and continuous manner in which these animals have now, for upwards of three hundred years, deserted seas where they once abounded? The policy must have become traditional amongst whales to avoid certain seas in which nothing but ill-luck befell them. If by some agency occult to us—though palpable to whales—these creatures should have become aware of the new incentive to their capture just now, it would be a truly heart-rending matter. To be conscious of dying in behalf of soap, and lamps, leather-dressing, and machinery; contributing a stray “*fixing*” to the corset of a fair one now and then, might not, indeed, have been sweet to a moribund mysticetus. It might still have been tolerable. But to die for the sake of a petticoat, and to know it—*proh pudor!* the very thought must be maddening to a whale!

larger gullet of the spermaceti whale—large enough, in point of fact, to admit the body of a man; whereas, the gullet of the true whalebone whale is hardly big enough to admit a man's fist. Nevertheless, as far as observation has gone, the viands of the sperm whale seem pretty nearly the same; large fish he may bite at occasionally, else wherefore his big teeth? but in a general way, his chief sustenance appears to be what the sailors term “squid”—a sort of octopus or medusa.

ANTIQUE FABLES OF THE OLD TEUTONIC RACE.

"TRUTH rests with God, inquiry remains for us," is the appropriate epigraph affixed to this elaborate and learned volume.* The history of the antique fables and language of the old Teutonic race, with a view to procuring additional evidence to the Eastern origin of that race, has of late years been one of the most favorite, as it is one of the most laborious subjects which could exercise the patience and sagacity of a people, which grudges no labor in elaborating its literature, or in perfecting its science.

The first section, comprising two hundred and forty-two pages, is devoted to an identification of the Eastern Thunder-God, Indra of the Vedas, with the Teutonic Thunar or Thor; and the points of agreement, as discovered dimly in the traditions of the German races, and in the sacred writings of the Hindoos, are too numerous and striking to have resulted from a mere similarity in the conception of divine attributes, by two distinct, though imaginative and semi-barbarous nations. It is not pretended that all the points of resemblance between the Scandinavian and Oriental mythologies had their origin in a period antecedent to the separation of the ancient Teutonic language from the Sanscrit; but certain material coincidences may be adduced, which, even if unconfirmed by historical research, would afford a strong inference of original identity in the two superstitions, and, viewed in connection with historical facts afterwards adduced, they are decisive of such early connection.

Both gods, Thor or Thunar, and Indra, are characterized by the possession of a flaming beard of fire, and both bear off the wrought thunder-hammer, which yet returns of itself to its original possessor. The thirst for the water of heaven is common to both: and as Thunar consumes an ox and eight salmon at a meal, Indra, as god of the destroying lightning, according to a passage in the Vedas, devours seven cattle. Like Indra, Thor or Thunar milks the cloud-cows, by means of the lightning; and both liberate the sun, the

moon, and the Water-Queen from the violence of the celestial demons, and after conquering these, bear off in triumph the treasured sun-gold. These, and many other less striking points of resemblance between two mythologies, so far apart—the one in the far east of Asia, the other in the west of Europe—are considered minutely by Dr. Mannhardt, who brings together with great labor the results of the researches of the brothers Grimm, Bopp, S. Kuhn, Mullerhof, Becchstein, Wille, Panzer, Wolf, Castren, Hoffmann, Reynitsch, Faye, Steffen, Neuss, and indeed of almost all who have investigated either the Indian mythology, or the Scandinavian and Icelandic sagas. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the history and significance of the supernatural characters which figure in the northern sagas.

Even such humble but strange objects of reverence as the Marienkäfer, or lady-bird-beetles, figure here, and proofs are adduced that in ancient Scandinavia they were held sacred to Freyer, and Freya, as in Germany to the goddess Holda. Holda is regarded as a water-witch who possessed power over sun and wind, but more especially over rain and snow; Engelland or Angelland is the habitation of Holda, of the sacred Marienkäfer, and of the blest. There are traces in various popular German lays of this Engelland. The Northern Maidens of Fate are treated of at some length, (pp. 541–606,) and are compared with the fate goddesses of Southern Germany, (pp. 606–74.) The legend of the wild huntsman comes in for a due share of investigation and illustration. The Scandinavian Nornenseil, or cord of Norna, which protects the land it mystically surrounds, is compared with the golden chain of similar properties in the German sagas, and is followed through all its possible metamorphoses, which are numerous and somewhat contradictory.

Dr. Mannhardt proposes in a subsequent work, to compare these latter traditional fables with the oldest forms of faith discoverable among the Indo-Germanic races, and the ancient Pelagic or Hallenic tribes.—*Westminster Review*.

* *Germanische Mythen Forschungen*. Von Dr. W. MANNHARDT. London: Nutt. 1858.

From the Westminster Review.

TRAVEL DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.*

ONE of the discontents of our saucy modern days is at the smallness of the globe we live on. Between the recent discoveries in astronomy, on the one hand, and the prodigious achievements in geographical exploration on the other, together with the saving of time from steam-traveling, we seem to have obtained a command over the spaces of the globe which considerably diminishes the popular reverence for the mysteries of our planet. In the old times it was regarded as practically unlimited as an area of human habitation; whereas we now see the foremost nations contending, by force or trickery, for the one, two, or three spots remaining available for colonization. A colony must have a great river, and possess its outfall; but there are no more great rivers, we are told. This really was the reason of the intensity of the struggle about Oregon—the American and the British Governments being both convinced that the Columbia was the very last great river that was to be had, all the world over. Since that, to be sure, the Russians have appropriated the Amour to very good purpose; and Dr. Livingstone has opened up the Zambesi; so that prudent people will not assume that all the commodity of great rivers has been taken up by the human race, and much less by the civilized part of it. Still, there is so small a portion of the globe that is absolutely unknown to the existing generation, and they have so compassed its dimensions by sailing round it, and then, by finding the magnetic pole

in the north, and determining its place on the so-called antarctic continent in the south, that the ancient wonder and awe have been converted into an interest of a very different character. It may be no misemployment of an hour, in this year 1858, to glance at the changes introduced into the life of the present generation by the extended travel of recent times, even going no further back than our own century.

There is no doubt about what travel was in its early period, when war carried men abroad as commerce and science do now, and when colonization grew up in the rear of war, establishing a chain of posts between the natural homes of men and the uttermost parts of the earth, as the earth was to them. The images of the early traveling period are familiar to all of us who love modern travel; Abraham resting in the Libyan desert, and looking up at the glazed and pictured Pyramids; Thales saying farewell to the priests at Thebes, and hastening home to Ionia to amaze his countrymen with warnings of an eclipse, which really happened, and which suspended a battle between the Medes and Persians; and the grave, observant olive-oil merchant, who appeared at Memphis from Athens, and carried home something more than Egyptian corn—even that knowledge of legislation which causes every great lawgiver to be called after him—a Solon; and Pythagoras meditating among the tombs beside the Nile; and Plato training himself in speculation in the schools; and others who dropped hints when they returned to their various homes that the wise men in Egypt could tell of a way round Africa by sea, and that there was land far out in the Atlantic, immeasurably beyond the Pillars of Hercules. We are all familiar with the conceptions of Herodotus in his wanderings; and of Alexander carving his way to the Indus; and of the curiosity of Roman officials holding place

* *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland, to the Remote and Furthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years, etc., etc.* By RICHARD HAKLUIT, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. Anno 1599.

The English Cyclopædia. A New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Geography. In 4 volumes. Conducted by CHARLES KNIGHT. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

in the outlying colonies of the empire; and of the antique Christian missionaries, attaching themselves to Mongolian caravans, and bearing up against the horrors of Central Asia, in order to carry the Gospel to China; and of Marco Polo, living two lives in the term of one—looking back from his Chinese existence upon his Italian life, as we fancy the departed surveying their mortal career; and the traveling students, and the Crusaders, and the merchant-speculators, and all the various wanderers in the early period of locomotion, which furnished such wonderful supplies of domestic entertainment during the stay-at-home term which succeeded. We have all been amused, in our time, at the popular curiosity and reverence which waited on voyagers during the period intervening between the decline of the old causes of travel and the birth of the new. Othello's account of this mode is perhaps the prettiest we have; but there are other images clustering round the great new birth of travel in the sixteenth century. Among them is that of the vivacious and inquisitive boy, Richard Hakluyt, who delighted in visiting a rich relative, that he might stand for hours before the charts spread out on the walls, and devour every book of "cosmography" on the library shelves. We all have our sympathies with the youth and the maturity that grew out of such a boyhood—mastering all languages which contributed books or MSS. of travel; now concentrating all the geometrical and nautical science of his time on the charts with which he illustrated his lectures at Oxford; now deciphering the MSS. which he had fetched from distant countries, at great cost of pains and money; now deep in consultation with Drake and Walsingham, or receiving letters from Ortelius or Mercator; and at last yielding to the fascination of Raleigh's incitements as they worked together over the *Naval History of England*, so that he became one of "the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" engaged to plant and inhabit Virginia. Many of these images flit across our memories as we pass Hakluyt's tomb in Westminster Abbey, or see in any old library the set of his works; but perhaps the truest idea of the man and his occupation may be obtained by contrasting those works with the most recent books on geography, or narratives of extensive travel.

Hakluyt was not aware of any absurdity in offering to the public "The Principal Navigations and Discoveries of the English Nation, by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years;" whereas a single expedition now furnishes more to relate than the travel of a thousand years did then. Hakluyt devoted one volume to the north and north-east, from Lapland to the Sea of Japan, and a second to the south and south-east; while the third was occupied with the new western world; whereas a duly qualified traveler would fill the three with any one of the countries in Richard's whole catalogue.

At the opening of a period so new, the delight in voyages and travels was chiefly as a luxury of the imagination. The luxury itself was ancient enough—witness the popularity of the *Odyssey*, and the welcome awaiting the wayfarer in all places and at all times at which any mental development was present; but every new country opened up by adventurers afforded, or was expected to afford, new stimulus of wonder—new material of the marvelous. If readers had outgrown stories "of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," they had no distrust of monkish narratives of tribes in Africa who married beautiful damsels one day, in order to breakfast on delicate steaks of them the next morning. It was a received fact that in Ireland every body had a familiar spirit, and that the convenience of getting every thing done by diabolical skill was so great, that no exhortation availed to break the bond. Such racy anecdotes, with a background of scenery of like fidelity—on land, whole wildernesses of monkeys, elephants, and serpents that swallowed a village for supper, and slept coiled up on an area of twenty miles every way; on rivers, the leviathan and crocodiles, from which there was no security but that they were so long that they could not turn; golden sands, moreover, and broad channels strewn with pearls and gems; and at sea, all manner of strange fishes below, and strange birds above, and ghosts on the horizon, and cloud-lands painted by the devil, and mermaids and pirates, and spontaneous illuminations of the sea. These things, with the actual perils and exciting adventures of a period when travelers were unaccountable strangers wherever they went,

made narratives of travel the favorite literature that they were for a century from the time of Henry VII.

How different is the interest now! The value of Hakluyt's books was great, not only because they gave some knowledge of the existence and characteristics of remote countries, but because they expanded and enriched the minds of readers with new imagery and associations, and liberalized their conceptions of mankind in its variety of life and ways. Paths of commerce were thus opened, also, and roads to other good things; but no man then living, were he Bacon himself, could suspect what could be achieved by travel in the course of half a century, when once the impulse was given, as it has been in our days. It was not then conceivable how the conditions of life itself would be changed to millions of our island-nation who have never crossed any of its "four seas,"—to hundreds of thousands who have done so little travel in their own persons as never to have seen the sea at all. It was not then imagined that by measuring a degree of the earth's surface, the system of the heavens could be revealed; or that men could weigh the globe by the specimen of a mountain; or that the constitution and history of our planet could be illustrated by visiting the sea-beaches of South-America; or that men should compel the sun to paint instantaneous pictures of precipices overhanging the Pacific; or volcanic rifts in mid-air, by which the formation of the globe might be traced at home. Nobody dreamed that, by going over the surface of the earth, secrets might be learned about its center. Nobody supposed that, by introducing to one another's knowledge by hearsay, populations living on opposite sides of the globe, millions would be added to both by the creative operation of commerce. Few could have imagined even how far history might be disclosed by antiquarian travel; much less could it have occurred to the most far-sighted that interpretation would lead to prophecy, both in science and in history; that the imagination of fireside voyagers would be more richly feasted than ever, the more real the tale of travel became; and that the life of men universally would be tempered by new arts, adorned by fresh and innocent luxuries, secured by a perpetual expansion in political science, grounded on wider and wider induction, and rendered altogether

more worth having, by a spreading participation among all peoples in the special inheritance of each.

The interval between the fit of travel of the sixteenth century and that of our own exhibited a rather dull way of going about the world, and much less of it than might have been expected after such examples had been set as those of Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Marco Polo. The gentlemen of Europe still visited other countries before settling down in their own; but it was in the way of making the grand tour, as a finishing part of education. Their travels were no pleasure to people at home, but rather the contrary—like the narratives of Rhine travelers thirty years ago, and of the Alps, and the Nile at present. In 1779, Horace Walpole was "much amused with new travels through Spain by a Mr. Swinburne." He says: "These new travels are simple, and do tell you a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but muleteers and fandangos." This style of relating travels is accounted for in the next sentence. "In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing but prospects; and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations were so wretched."* There it is! Bad accommodations kept our locomotive gentry on one track; and when they returned, they could tell of courts, and politics, and modes of society in continental cities; but all the rest of the wealth of "foreign parts" was neglected and undreamed of. Even enlightened men supposed there was nothing but "prospects" to be seen. Arthur Young introduced the idea of a more edifying way of traversing foreign countries; but his social observations and economical inferences did not prepare a good reception for the more adventurous class who were about to set forth on fresh explorations of the globe. The more conventional were the narratives of gentlemen who were handed over from one ambassador to another at the stations of the grand tour, the less chance had the adventurous sort of being appreciated. The mournful story of Bruce reveals, in the clearest light, the spirit of the time. It does not occur to travelers like Bruce, and like some other educated and honorable gentlemen who might be pointed out, that

* *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. vii. p. 187.

their accounts of what they had seen would be utterly disbelieved at home, and that they should be pronounced impostors, as soon as they had any thing to relate which comfortable and conceited domestic people did not know before, and had not happened to imagine. Horace Walpole, who could sit at home and conceive of marvels in a *Castle of Otranto*, could write in this manner of a gentleman who was more amazed at being supposed a liar than all the Walpoles and Selwyns of his time could be at any thing that happened in Abyssinia.

"Would you believe that the great Abyssinian, Mr. Bruce, whom Dr. B—— made me laugh by seriously calling the *intrepid traveler*, has had the intrepidity to write a letter to the Doctor, which the latter has printed in his book; and in which he intrepidly tells lies of almost as large a magnitude as his story of the bramble, into which his Majesty of Abyssinia and his whole army were led by the fault of his general, and which bramble was so tenacious that his majesty could not disentangle himself without stripping to the skin and leaving his robes in it; and it being death in that country to procure or compass the sovereign's nudity, the general lost his head for the error of his march.

"In short, Mr. Bruce has not only described six Abyssinian musical instruments, and given their names in the ancient Ethiopic and in the court language, but contributed a Theban harp, as beautifully and gracefully designed as if Mr. Adam had drawn it for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, with a sphinx, masks, a patera, and a running foliage of leaves. This harp, Mr. Bruce says, he copied from a painting in fresco on the inside of a cavern near the ancient Thebes, and that it was painted there by the order of Sesostris, and he is not at all astonished at the miracle of its preservation, though he treats poor accurate Dr. Pococke with great contempt for having been in the cave without seeing this prodigy, which, however, graceful as its form is, Mr. Bruce thinks was not executed by any artist superior to a sign-painter, yet so high was the perfection of the arts in the time of *Sesac*, that a common mechanic could not help rendering faithfully a common instrument. I am sorry our Apelles, Sir Joshua, has not the sign-painter's secret of making his colors last in an open cave for thousands of years.

"It is unlucky that Mr. Bruce does not possess another secret reckoned very essential to intrepid travelers—a good memory. Last spring he dined at Mr. Crawford's: George Selwyn was one of the company. After relating the story of the bramble, and several other curious particulars, some body asked Mr. Bruce if the Abyssinians had any musical instruments? 'Musical instruments!' said he, and paused—'Yes, I think I remember one—lyre.' George Selwyn whispered his neighbor: 'I am sure

there is one less since he came out of the country.' There are now six instruments there." —*Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. vi. pp. 313, 314.

This Theban harp, so fit for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, and therefore so clear an invention of Bruce's, is the very thing now so well known to Egyptian travellers in the tomb called Bruce's at Thebes; and there, in the hollow of the rock, has the old harper stood for thousands of years, while scores of generations of giggling fine gentlemen have gone to their graves quizzing stout adventurers who have seen more than their critics can imagine. Walpole vented his contempt on the whole class. After Bruce went Banks; and then Cook's "Voyages" came out. We find Walpole saying in 1783:

"When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks, in search of islands in the Atlantic (*sic*) where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints?" —*Letters*, viii. 488.

And in 1784 he wrote:

"Captain Cook's 'Voyages' I have neither read, nor intend to read. I have seen the prints—a parcel of ugly faces . . . rows of savages, with backgrounds of palm-trees . . . uncouth lubbers: nor do I desire to know how unpolished the North or South Poles have remained ever since Adam and Eve were just such mortals." —*Letters*, viii. 482.

Franklin, D'Urville, Wilkes, or Barth would have pleased him no better, while he measured all lands and peoples by the standard of home. If it was incredible that an artist in Ethiopia could use better colors than our Reynolds, we can not wonder that the barbaric spectacles seen in Abyssinia should be pronounced audacious inventions, or that the insulted traveler should become somewhat savage in his resentment. "Come, now," said an impertinent intruder, who had penetrated to Bruce's study, in his house near Loch Lubnaig; "I want to know about those Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw." Having heard the facts, he went on: "Come, now; you must eat a beefsteak raw; you must, indeed. You say you have. I can't believe you, you know, unless you prove it." Bruce rang the bell, and ordered up some raw beef, salt, and pepper.

His visitor looked on in delight while Bruce slashed the meat, and salted and peppered it. "Now, then," cried the visitor. "Now, then," said Bruce, rising, and motioning the guest to his seat, "you eat that." "I! why, I want you to eat it." "And I mean *you* to eat it. You come here, a stranger, to insult me in my own house; and I must prove my own statements in my own way. You shall find that raw beefsteak can be eaten. You see my staircase." (Our readers may know that it was a rather formidable one.) "If you do not completely empty that plate, I will fling you from the top to the bottom." No ordinary man could measure his forces with those of the stalwart Bruce; and the intruder could only eat his very strong leek. His host stood over him, and made him swallow enough to be able to aver that raw beef is eatable, and then turned him out. Bruce could not often get even such relief as this; and bitter were the pangs he had to endure from the mere impossibility of answering his accusers. He was not the only explorer so served in the last century: nor has that kind of insult been wholly laid aside even in our own wiser time. It is not thirty years (1829) since an eminent continental *savant*, Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Dorpat, made the ascent (attempted in vain by several predecessors) of the higher Ararat, escorted part of the way by a group of comrades, and to the summit by two Russian soldiers, who gave their narrative at the convent below when they came down, and confirmed it, as is customary by affidavit afterwards. On the appearance of the Professor's volume an English literary journal (aptly described as acting on a policy of pain-giving) did, in regard to Dr. Parrot, what the Selwyns and Walpoles of a former time did to Bruce, only in a yet more insufferable mode. The reviewer set aside Humboldt's laudatory notices of the Professor as of no value, because the two were not personally acquainted; marshaled the whole array of difficulties in ascending Ararat, and the reasons why, in his judgment, sitting in London, the ascent was antecedently improbable; and then, pretending to balance evidences, but casting out altogether the traveler's own testimony and narrative, pronounced that "from these united considerations we are irresistibly led to the

conclusion that M. Parrot did not ascend the summit of Mount Ararat." Many honest English hearts fired up with indignation; but there was nothing to be done. The Russian soldiers could add no force to affidavits, even if they could be got at; and there was nothing for it but letting the malicious libel stand. Yes, there was one thing more—travelers were put on their guard. A large party, who spent five fortunate days at Petra, not long after, agreed that the literary journal in question would, if possible, deny the feat; would marshal the unsuccessful attempts to reach Petra, and the difficulties in the way, and would conclude "from these united considerations" that none of the company had ever seen Mount Hor; and the party engaged to avenge one another, in case of such a reception of any of them. They were, however, too many and too strong. It is the single traveler, and after his witnesses are gone out of reach, who is so treated.

The chance of it must sorely aggravate the penalties, and qualify the triumphs of adventurous travel, even now when the character of such adventure is so changed, and our reading of men is so much improved as to obviate, in a great degree, the folly of taking honorable men for impostors because they surprise us with new knowledge. We still commit the folly in the analogous cases of exploration into other regions of nature. The first witness of wonderful phenomena of any kind is always subject to insult from individuals, and usually from society; and, as in Bruce's case, the most trustworthy suffer the most, because honorable people are unsuspecting, and confide in the world before it occurs to them that the world does not always reciprocate the confidence. It is a grave chapter of the melancholy old story of mankind's treatment of its benefactors; and the most pathetic seat in which that tale can be meditated must be in the wilds, hitherto impenetrable, where the solitary traveler, worn by toil, and surrounded by dangers, thinks of home, doubting whether he shall ever return there, and more painfully doubting whether, if he does, the men of his own race and tongue will not mock at his claim to have sat where he is sitting now, and to have seen what is at the moment spread before his eyes. When Bruce leaned over the fountain of the Abyssinian Nile, he had no misgivings of

the sort, for he was blind to his coming fate of being the warning of his tribe; and the party on the terrace at Petra were secure in their numbers; and the old traditional German who won his way to the sources of the Danube was too complacent to have any apprehensions. Standing at the fountain, and filling up the channel with his great boots, he exulted, crying out: "How the nations will wonder that the Danube does not come!" But when Lewis and Clarke drank at the source of the Missouri one day and at that of the Oregon on another, they may have asked one another whether they should be believed at home, where these rivers were conceived of as coming down from a region of impenetrable snows, and guarded below by myriads of buffalo and of savages, which would leave no white man untrampled or unscalped. Humboldt and Bonpland might have discussed the same sort of chance on the highest Natural Bridge in the Cordillera, or in the reeking, teeming, chirruping forest where the infant Orinoco oozed into the light. Huc and Gabet might have looked round them in the Land of Grass, and wondered how many of the strange things they had to tell would be credited in Europe. Above all, William Morton, Kane's friend and comrade, must have lameted being alone at the solemn moment when he stood at the margin of the Polar Sea. He was the man, and that was surely the moment, most highly favored of all, in the whole course of Polar exploration; the moment when the unfrozen sea, so long believed in, so often sought, again and again so nearly reached, was surging at the feet of the solitary stranger, and dashing against the ice-cliffs on either hand, and again, rolling on the far horizon when seen from a height of five hundred feet; and yet if the doubt crossed his mind whether his story would be questioned, and the evidence of his senses denied, the glorious moment must have had its own bitterness, and the mixed credulity and hard unbelief of ignorance might taint the freshness of even that strand where no human foot had ever left its print. It is almost a question which must be worst—to leave one's tale untold, or to have it rejected—to die in the wilds, full of the knowledge so hardly gained, and to be so uselessly buried there, or to return rejoicing, bringing one's sheaves, and to have them thrown away as chaff,

and be told that one has never been out to the field at all. Who has not sympathized with Mungo Park's agony in drowning, his keenest pang being the thought that he would never be heard of more, and that the river would remain unknown as if he had never tracked it? And with Clapperton, burning to death with fever, but burning yet more to tell at home of the great lake and the fertile region in the heart of Africa? and with Douglass, the hale and fearless, the bringer of so many forest and garden treasures, the fine fellow who hoped to do so much for us yet, and who was gored and torn like a red rag, in a bull-trap in the Sandwich Islands; or worse, murdered and thrown in by an escaped convict? And with Franklin and his comrades, turning southwards with, probably, the great polar secret in their possession, overtaken by want and death in the snow? And with Wyburd, and Stoddart, and Conolly—one murdered *en route*, and the other two beheaded in a sordid nook of a mud city in Central Asia, after many months of weary hope of relief and return, at the last moment kissing each other before their enemies, and each knowing that the other's heart was swelling at the thought of the dumb departure, and of so much that could be told being shoved underground never to come forth again? We all feel how bitter were such deaths; but we can fancy that it might be almost worse to have one's tidings rendered useless in the other way, not by the death of the narrator, but by the want of life in the receivers. The discoveries of the last half-century, however, have diminished the risks which we dare not assume to be quite over. A spirit so grave, so scientific, so unselfish, so simple and business-like, has been infused into exploratory journeying within the lifetime of the prince of modern travel, Humboldt, that it is nearly beyond the malice of the superficial and the ignorant, who can no longer spoil what they can not appreciate.

As to the mere style of narration, we do not know that there is, or need be, any great improvement on some good old travelers; "Honest John Bell," for one. Bell was no book-maker; and for several years after his return to Scotland, (where he died in 1780,) he amused his friends with his traveler's tales about Russia and the Great East, supporting his statements only by the jottings of a

note-book which he had kept in his pocket wherever he went. He yielded to the request of Lord Granville, then President of the Council, to commit his story to paper, and let Dr. Robertson revise it for publication. Dr. Robertson committed the task to a friend, who asked his opinion about style and method, receiving the answer: "Take *Gulliver* for your model, and you can not go wrong." Bell's travels are the *Gulliver* of fact; and, so far, are as good as any recent books of the class; but we have a new order of works in the scientific narrations which have been worthily supported from the earliest days of Humboldt to the latest of Darwin, Lyell, Hooker, Lepsius, and the Polar navigators.

At the opening of our century, Bell was our favorite authority about Russia — (and a somewhat old-fashioned one, as he saw St. Petersburg rise up from the swamp) — some glimpses over the steppes having been afforded by Karamsin. Sir Robert Ker Porter told us something of Sweden, and also of Russia; and Linnæus was our sole authority for what was doing in Lapland. Sir Joseph Banks and his narrator, Von Troil, had been to Iceland; but they had so little to tell, that our associations with the island were still chiefly eider-down and ling, no translation existing of the work of Olafsen and Povel-sen. Von Troil's account seems, indeed, a bait to draw the scientific traveler in that direction. "The Icelanders," he says, "have nothing else but volcanoes and boiling fountains, some scarlet, and some as white as milk." Siberia was a dread region, shrouded in frost-fogs, and supposed to be the cold half of hell, where the damned were sent "to starve in ice." Its horrors were infinitely exaggerated when the conception was made up of the two elements of excessive cold, rendering the territory a desert, and of punishment for political offenses — always the most fiercely avenged. Of China, nothing was known but its tea, and those items of etiquette which made as secure a ring-fence round the empire as a hedge of prickly pear does round a robber village in Syria. Japan was altogether closed, to the great indignation of Sydney Smith, who proposed a general alliance of the civilized world to compel the Japanese to throw open their islands. Sydney Smith's position was, that no one people had a right to claim to be sent to Coventry by all the

rest, but ought to wait patiently for the pleasure of the world to send it to Coventry. At school, our fathers, and perhaps some of ourselves, were taught that Borneo was the largest island in the world. This, the only thing to be said about Borneo then, was not true; but our notions of Australia were very misty. It was only in 1798 that it was discovered that any sea flowed between Van Diemen's land and New-Holland. Botany Bay was a familiar name enough; but the rest of the great Australian region was as obscure to us as the interior of Borneo is now. The interior of Asia and the interior of Africa were cloudlands also. Geology was in its infancy; and men no more dreamed of asserting beforehand that there must be steppes and high table-lands in Thibet, and a great, well-watered, fertile area in the heart of Africa, than their forefathers thought of calculating eclipses before the conditions of the heavenly bodies were discovered. In those days school children were taught that the Andes (themselves rather a new idea) were the highest mountains in the world, unless it were the Mountains of the Moon in the center of Africa, which had not yet been measured, though nobody doubted their existence. By degrees, Europeans were creeping up into the Himalayas — one in Nepaul, and another near the sources of the Five Rivers; by degrees, the altitude of that mighty range became disclosed; and then we had a burning curiosity to know about the prospects and the descent on the other side. By degrees it came out that there was not much descent by the passes on the northern side, but a good deal more of ascent, so that the central table-land is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. As for Africa, the Mountains of the Moon dwindled as the Himalayas had grown; and the sandy deserts which in old maps are marked with an ostrich here and a lion there, turn out to be green valleys, thronged with life, prodigious forests, and lovely hills sloping down to brimming rivers, where millions of people may live and enjoy themselves, as well as on the Ganges or the Amazon. Of South-America a good deal might have been known; but scarcely any attention was directed that way till the Braganzas went to Brazil, and Canning and Henry Clay interested England and the United States in the eman-

cipation of the old Spanish colonies; and the progress of geology indicated South-America as a good field of observation on account of its volcanoes and its beaches. As for North-America, all westward of the Alleghanies was treated as wilderness, and all westward of the Mississippi as desert. Baffin's Bay was supposed to be the limit of human knowledge to the north; and impracticable land and ice stretched over somewhere to the other side of the globe, unless indeed there were some foundation for the romance of a Polar sea, with its arches of emerald, and its rose-colored rainbows, and crystal grottoes, and wonderful marine creatures. Central America was rarely heard of, except as it included the narrow isthmus which separated two oceans. The associations with the Pacific islands were those of Cook's Voyages. Prince Lee Bo stood representative for the population of the whole archipelago.

Where shall we begin in reviewing our gains within our own century? Shall it be in the tropics or at the poles? We will take the more concentrated view first.

Captain Cook did not know what a commotion he was creating when he told of the desire of the Chinese for the fur of the sea-otter. American ears were quick in those days, as they are now, to intimations of commercial openings; and when our century opened, Yankees and Russians were coasting the western shores of the New World, buying up sea-otter skins, and selling them to the Chinese. The Columbia was sure to become known; and it was seen by Captain Gray, an American, in 1792, and followed upwards for one hundred miles by Lieutenant Broughton, just afterwards, and subsequently downwards throughout its course by Lewis and Clarke in 1804. Before they had set out, however, a new region was thrown open to our curiosity by our own Mackenzie, who groped his way from Canada to the mysterious Frozen Ocean, east of Behring's Straits, and also to the Pacific. The curtain drew up on the Esquimaux, and on the traffic between our North-West Company and the natives. We are shown the fleet of birch canoes, the portages, the bargaining, and drinking, and speech-making, and the dispersion of the parties to their hunting and fishing; and we find pregnant hints of the mischief caused by our previous ignorance. While the Americans and Rus-

sians were carrying great cargoes of furs to China, wintering in the Pacific Islands, to save loss of time, the Canada and Hudson's Bay cargoes had to cross the Atlantic to London, and there await the pleasure, and pay the dues, of the East-India Company before they could start for China by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mackenzie's work was noticed in the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1802; and it may be regarded as opening up the whole great picture of the life of the North-American Indians, from the wild demons whom we demoniacally employed in our American wars, to the Esquimaux, to whom we have now sent for the last tidings of our latest polar martyrs. Our readers need not be told what a spectacle has since been disclosed to us, as one band of adventurers after another has pushed further and further north, till one member of Kane's party stood alone on a shore far beyond the Frozen Sea of Mackenzie, on the beach of the unfrozen Polar Sea. We know of a vast northern archipelago which our fathers never dreamed of; we have witnessed the junction of various discoveries in the completion of the line of the continental coast. The North-West passage—the dream of centuries, has been accomplished before our eyes. Our science is the richer in various ways; our human and national self-respect is raised even more by the noble spirit shown in the whole process of research than by the glory of being able to extend our maps to the pole. It was an American who attained the highest latitude; and they were British who opened the North-west passage: and this is all well, as the two nations have been brotherly in this pursuit. We have gained much in the imagery of the mind, and in the enlargement which new wealth of that kind makes in our elastic faculties. We have pleasures which our fathers never enjoyed in our familiarity with those seas, now surging noisy with clattering and crashing ice, and now level as a floor, and still as sleep, except for the dream-like moanings of the imprisoned winds, startling the traveler in the starlight like the lament of underground ghosts. Every child who has devoured the polar voyages of our time, or seen the panoramas of their scenery, has within him a picture-gallery of snow-fields, and ice-fields, of bergs built up of gems, and skies woven out of rainbows, and of the aurora borealis

and the rolling planets, looking like new heavens over-hanging a new earth. Captain Parry gave us some Spitzbergen scenery, too; and we have found that Russian merchants now live for fifteen or twenty years together in that desolate place, which, to the readers of *Sandford and Merton*, has always appeared only a living grave for four shipwrecked sailors. Fine marble, good coal, plenty of fish and whale-oil, brighten up the old-fashioned idea of Spitzbergen. Iceland is, in comparison, too mild and moderate a place to be worth much notice; but Mackenzie, Hooker, and Holland, and subsequent visitors, have told us all about the scarlet and milky fountains, and much about the past literature and possible trade of the island. We hear now of factories and shipping, and of exports of wool, and of sulphur, besides the fishy products and eider-down of the latitude; and we have learned to regard with respect an ancient Christian community which has reared a series of scholars, from the erudite monk, who wrote history in the twelfth century, to existing correspondents of learned societies. Our notion of Iceland is decidedly altered.

It is of some consequence to the politics of Europe that Lapland is now open to travel. When we were young there were stereotyped representations of reindeer, and of the little people of Lapland, to whom they belonged. Within a few years the Scandinavian peninsula, and especially the northern parts, have been abundantly resorted to by geologists and mineralogists, by sportsmen, by merchants, and by seekers of the picturesque; and, in consequence, the curtain is lifted up there, too, and Russian intrigue is revealed in the north-east of us as in the furthest west. It was during the war that we first became aware how the Czar Nicholas, dissatisfied with his maritime outlet by the Baltic, was providing himself with another, fully commanding our islands. How, in 1852, he deprived the Laplanders and their deer of their grazing-ground on the frontier, and how he was stealing round the point, and preparing to annex the Varanger fiord and the Norwegian fort of Vardohus, under the name of a fishing-station; and how the Russian maps were altered so as to place Vardohus at the mouth of the Varanger fiord, instead of nine Norwegian miles away; and how this encroachment was taken up in the Nor-

wegian Parliament, and how far it is supposed to have been the cause, or at least the stimulus of our treaty of alliance, ofensive and defensive, with Sweden and Norway, in 1855, our readers are all probably aware: but it may not have struck them that this timely check on Russian encroachment at one important extremity of the empire is owing to modern travel, which has opened the whole scenery, with all its stirring interests, to the gaze of all the world. We have not only the facts of the Russian policy placed within our ken, but the manner in which they were received by the people most concerned. When the "Oxonian in Norway" was at Wadsøe, in 1853, a grave little Fin gave him the political intelligence in this form:

"The Czar sent to the King of Sweden to give notice that he meant to annex Sweden and Norway to Russia, and that there was no use in opposing the scheme. King Oscar, in a great fright applied to Queen Victoria; and she sent to warn the Czar against attempting any thing of the sort. The Czar wanted to fight the British immediately; but Queen Victoria said it would suit her better the next year. Nicholas, in a rage, sent her a sack of barley, saying that there were more grains than she could count, but not more than he would send soldiers against her; and if they were not enough, he had ready as many more. Queen Victoria sent Nicholas a peppercorn, and bade him put it in his mouth; and this was her message with it: 'My army is small, and so is this peppercorn; but this corn bites sharp; so my army will be sharp—much sharper than you will like.' So the Czar put off fighting for another year."

Thus is history born under Lap tents, much in the same way that all our old histories were generated, no doubt. And thus does the lightest and most amusing travel of holiday-men serve good political purposes when a power like Russia is traveling in another fashion, all over the globe, to find some river-mouth, some bay of an inland sea, some fountain in the desert, some spur of a mountain, or some warm fissure in a bleak table-land, where she can make an unobserved settlement, and create a center of future operations. Her greatest obstacle in this department of her policy is the pleasure-seeking tourist. The sportsman with his rod and gun, is the best of explorers; unless it be the American author, who has adopted travel, and the description of it, as a profession. These men make a point of going where

few or none have gone before; and they are therefore our earliest informants of Russian settlements, and detectors of the tricks in Russian map-making. They, in the political service they render to all Europe in this way, (to say nothing of Asia and America,) exemplify some of the gains for which we are indebted to travel in the nineteenth century. The best travelers of this class that our age supplies are the Americans. Stephens was a capital specimen, uniting courage, diligence, and perseverance as an explorer, to the quick and humorous observation, the unflagging spirits, and admirable narrative style which are the appropriate accomplishments of his class. Herman Melville is of a lower order, but infinitely amusing; and he tells us exactly what we should hear from no body else. The cursory traveler, *par excellence*, at present, is Bayard Taylor, who seems to intend to give us the whole world within a few years, in his rapid style of description. He would come in appropriately at many points of our new annexations of known territory; and in this place we may say that his latest work on "Northern Europe" gives the scenery of a Lapland winter to perfection. Those who, like ourselves, have an insane fondness for voyages and travels, and have therefore devoured almost every modern book in that department of authorship, can no where point to descriptions of arctic days and nights which convey any thing like the impression ineffaceably stamped on the reader's imagination by Bayard Taylor's narrative of his audacious trespasses on the domains of the Frost-gods, in the sacred season of wintry silence. He did not deserve to come back again; but he is probably by this time somewhere under the Line; and, if he does not ride his hobby too hard, he may obtain much pleasure and profit for himself, and do the world substantial service by disclosing many an untrodden region yet.

The next step seems to be into Siberia. Our imagery there was very meager till lately. Cochrane's pilgrimage did not give us much beyond a mere pedestrian track. Baron Wrangel, living on the polar ice for fifty-eight days, searching for a continent which never appeared, enlisted our sympathy nearly forty years ago; and we next heard of him as tossing about in an open sea on a fragment of ice, near Behring's Straits, without food or shelter,

and at the mercy of currents which floated him to and fro, in dreary suspense, till one flung him ashore, nearly dead from cold and hunger. He told us of the extraordinary spectacle which has carried geologists to the North of Siberia, in the full mosquito season, to see the remains of elephants, and other mighty strangers from another clime, not their skeletons, but their full fleshy forms, embedded in ice below the depths which the sun can soften during the short arctic summer. He told us of moss growing a few inches above the eternal ice; of stunted shrubs; of reindeer on land, and morse and seal off the shore; of fishy lakes and swamps breeding fevers and mosquitoes. From Pallas we heard of the rhinoceros ice-buried so far from home; and of interior forests and lakes, and the cliffs which overhang the awful Lake Baikal in one place; while, at another, the fur-bearing animals come over the plain to its margin, — the lynxes, ounces, sables, martens, which appear trooping among the wild-goats, bears, wolves, and elks. These, and forests where the winds pass among the pines as over a thousand fairy harps, and where nothing else is heard but the snap of an old tree under its snow-burden, and dreary mines where men work in chains, were nearly all our ideas of Siberia, unless we believed in the scenery of Madame Cottin's *Elizabeth*. Now we have become familiar with the residences of the exiles, and the road-side views from end to end; and the horrors diminish with the mystery. We know from the narrative of lady exiles (*Revelations of Siberia*,) what life at Berezov is like, though the writers may not inform us why they were sent there. The towns of the interior, where the exiles, generally live free and unmolested, and enjoying such solace as they can create for themselves, or accept from others, are much like towns every where else, with more dissipation, champagne, gaming, idleness, and ennui than most, but with none of the physical torture and imprisonment that afflicted our imaginations before the country was opened to observation. We know the colonies of exiles now, and the real case of those who work in the mines; and as for the road scenery, it is almost back-nayed—the woods, the steppe, the salt lakes and fresh rivers, the hosts of the post-house, and the robbers of the road. Till a few months ago, however, we could

scarcely form any distinct conception of Central Siberia, with its peculiar phenomena. Faint traces remain of the passage of a Christian missionary or two by that route to China, under the hardships of the old caravan traveling; but Mr. Atkinson, who has disclosed this region to us, is probably right in believing that he has explored mountains and plains never before visited by an European. We know a vast deal now about Central Siberia, though nothing was further from the traveler's intention when he was hunting, shooting, painting, riding like a centaur, wrestling with dangers like a modern Hercules, and treating the natives as an English gentleman should. It is easy to criticise the book.* It is a heap of fragments, thrown together with far too little pains to distinguish various expeditions, and to give the dates of any. The style is indescribably bad for its desultoriness, and sometimes even for grammar. But we have really no right to criticise in this case. It is looking a gift horse in the mouth. Mr. Atkinson declares himself to be no writer, and to have made no preparations for publishing. Some body had convinced him that he had something to tell which we want very much to know, and he gave us the best he had. A very little care on the part of some friend might have sorted the paragraphs, or the clauses of the same paragraph, so as to give something like connection to the narrative; and a good supply of dates is urgently needed—not only the years, but the months or seasons, without which the significance of many phenomena—as of storms, droughts, crops, and dearth—is lost. But, after all, there is not a reader of the book, we will venture to say, who does not entertain a cordial admiration of the writer, from first to last. His seven years of open-air life—most of his time, when not occupied with painting, being spent on horseback—are heartily refreshing to us home-stayers, who are far too industrious and anxious to deserve or hope for his health of body and mind. His descriptions of all kinds of objects are at first sight unpromising, from their roughness, meagerness, and singular artlessness; but they turn out admirable in the long run. They are like copies from his rough sketches—mere jottings of blue here, red there, three greens some-

where else; a peak, a curve, a blot of shadow, five ranges of summits, and so on; but the result is a remarkably clear image deposited at last. In the seven years he traveled 39,500 English miles, plunging into Mongolia at one time, and scaling the precipices of the Altai Mountains at another; standing a siege of wolves for a whole night occasionally, and escaping from pillage and slavery many another time by sagacity, coolness, bold defiance of traitors, and genial trust in the faithful among his hosts and guides. The volume is rich in illustrations, many of which are beautiful. They inspire a keen curiosity about the author's sketches, of which he brought home five hundred and sixty. Where are they? When are we to have the benefit of them? Many of them are for the Czar, it is clear, but surely the rest of the world may have copies.

Mr. Atkinson discloses prospects of great wealth for Russia, and therefore for the nations which trade with Russia, in the neglected regions which he explored. We saw enough at the Great Exhibition to be aware that prodigious mineral treasures exist in the Czar's dominions: and now we know that it is only the extreme mismanagement and gross corruption attendant on Russian administration every where which intercepts an incalculable amount of wealth at the threshold of the mines and quarries, and wastes no less upon the road, and filches the greater part of the remainder before it is brought to the Emperor. The materials of a vast commerce are stored up in the region where our artist-hero dared the storm-kings and the chiefs of banditti in their fastnesses. Here are specimens of life among the Kirghis, and of steppe scenery:

"About half-past three o'clock we stopped on the bank of a large river, now dry, with the exception of a few deep holes. In April and May, when the snow is melting on the mountains, it is a majestic stream, more than a verst broad, washing out holes in the steppe, in some places twenty and thirty feet deep, and sweeping every thing away in its course. Here we ate our dinner, during which I pointed out to our guide a small column of white smoke, evidently a very great distance off, which I supposed to be at a Kirghis *aoul*; but he assured me that there was no encampments in that direction, and that the smoke proceeded from the reeds burning on the shores of Nor-Zaisan. Our dinner was soon finished, and we traveled straight towards the smoke, sometimes over rich

* *Oriental and Western Siberia, etc., etc.* By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, 1857.

pastures, at others over gravel and stones, on which there was little vegetation. After riding two hours, we were near enough to see that the steppe was on fire, and not the reeds. Our route had been along the foot of some low grassy hills for many versts, where our guide expected to find an encampment. We discovered the place, but the Kirghis had left some days before. One of the Cossacks dashed off up the hill, riding along the summit a short distance, and then returned, saying that he had seen a single *yourt*, and that we should not find another for thirty or forty versts. Our horses were turned up the hill, and we soon gained the summit, near a fine old tomb: the crests of these hills are studded with them, and some are of great antiquity. From this elevated position I observed that the fire was spreading fast over the steppe. Just at dark we reached the *yourt*, and found it a poor miserable place, in which were a dirty Kirghis woman and four young children, three of whom were very ill. She added fuel to her fire, and made our kettle boil; in return I made tea for herself and the children; the latter were lying on a *voilock*, covered up with skins. When the woman gave them the tea, I saw that they had not a rag of clothing to cover their little bodies. No one can conceive the wretchedness of some of these people, and more especially the females. The only part of this woman's garments which indicated her sex, was a piece of dirty cotton thrown over her head, forming a cap. She had on a pair of old leathern *tehimbar*, (wide trousers,) boots with very high heels, and an old sheep-skin coat, with many rents in it, proving beyond all question that she had not a rag of under-clothing. This poor creature and a man had been left with the sick children—the *aoul* having been moved to fresh pastures, many versts distant.

"While sitting drinking my tea, I could see on the steppe the reflection of the fire, which was advancing very fast; and as we were not more than half an hour's walk from the old tomb on the hill, I determined to go there, whence the whole extent of the conflagration could be seen. Three of my people accompanied me, and when we reached our destination, what a scene was presented to us! The fire was still about ten versts to the east, but it was traveling directly west and along our track, extending in breadth across the steppe, probably twenty-five or thirty versts. The flames ran

along the ground, licking up the long grass with their forked tongues with great rapidity, making tremendous glare. We remained more than an hour looking upon this sublime and awful scene, and then returned to our lodging. I sat up in the *yourt* a long time, watching the woman feed the fire with dwarf bushes and camel's dung—she might have been taken for a witch blowing up a fire for some unholy rite. Strange and dirty as this place was, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and slept soundly.

"Almost immediately we arrived at the *aoul* a sheep was killed; two Kirghis set about dressing it, and in an incredibly short time it was cut to pieces, put into a large iron caldron covered with a wooden lid, and placed over a fire made in the ground: a boy was constantly employed putting small quantities of wood under the iron vessel to keep up a blaze. The men who had dressed the sheep took their stand beside the seething pot, each having a wooden ladle, and occasionally lifting up the lid to skim the boiling mess. The Cossacks dined with the Kirghis; I did not, having seen the entrails put into the pan after undergoing but a very slight purification. This induced me to order tea, which I knew would be clean. I did not even enter the *yourt* during dinner."—Pp. 254-257.

Traces of advanced civilization indicate that there is nothing in the natural features of Central Asia to prevent its being the abode of industry, the arts, knowledge, and enjoyment; and if the products seen and described by Mr. Atkinson were made the foundation of an honest and open trade, a great ultimate destiny might prove to be in store for Asiatic peoples. Even if the prophecy of greatness moving westwards be still revered, the turn of Central Asia must come again. Seeing what we do of the kindling up of the great American continent, the settlement of the Pacific, the development of Australia, the arrival of the day for the penetration of China, and the growing consequence of the Eastern Archipelago, we can not say what may be the limit of the development of Oriental countries, certainly richer than we yet know.

From Tait's Magazine.

POEMS OF THE PLEIADES.*

THIS volume contains poetry of a high order. The *Farrier's Daughter* is an example of ballad poetry, that will probably live, like numbers of its class that might be named. The volume is a collection of miscellaneous poetry, much above the ordinary current of volumes similar in some particulars. Philosophy and poetry do not always agree. Poetry is the language of daily and heart life. When Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon upon the valley of Ajalon," he spoke the language of poetry and truth; he did not use the words of science and truth. There may be therefore two truths on one subject. Joshua's truth is that of poetry still, if Mr. Matson be correct in a short poem on *Night*, one of those poems we sometimes meet that are shorter than we could wish:

"And now the hand of darkness, drawing back
The curtain of the daylight from the skies,
Revealeth all the hidden wealth of Heaven;
Unnumbered orbs and worlds in myriads
rolled

On worlds, profuseness of creative skill!
Here belted great Orion grasps his sword,
Like one who goeth forth equipped for war,
And flings defiance to the Western skies;
And here, the sister Pleiades, glimmering sad,
As though in grief for one forever lost
To all their number, shine, how like a group
Of angels, weeping o'er an angel's fall;
And here the Boreal Crown in splendor
gleams,

A diadem upon the brow of Night;
And countless more in glory stand displayed,
Princes and kings of light, that round the
Moon,
Pale Queen of Heaven, their silent homage
pay,
Like youths attendant in a maiden's train."

* *Poems*. By WILLIAM TIDD MATSON. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1 vol. pp. 488.

Mr. Matson writes the language of nature, and therefore of poetry—only, we think that he does not deal fairly with our pretty "seven stars," by far the most beautiful and most interesting of our northern constellations, that come to us so lovingly in spring time, with all the buds and flowers, and are only made sad by scattered leaves. It is curious that the Pleiades have always been called the seven stars. They will never be known as the six stars—yet, there are only now six visible. There never were more than six visible within the historic period. There were seven—seven beautiful princesses, seven good sisters, the daughters of Atlas and Pleiade. There was Maia—she brought in May, of course; and Electra, who might have had something to do with summer's lightnings, but it is not probable either, for she was such a kind girl—that she could not have handled them; but it is useless to name them all. They decided upon becoming nuns and lighting the world—but one of them repented; exhibited a human heart, by marrying a mortal, and is not lost. She is the only one of the seven who was really found. Apply a powerful telescope to the seven stars, and see what "a glorious sight appears to our admiring eyes." They are no more six—they are sixty, or seventy, or a hundred, or you can not count that cluster of worlds. Poetically they may be the descendants of that married Pleiade. How beautiful they are! And the German astronomer's thought that there among them is the center of all systems—the grand sun around which all suns and all systems center and roll, "the heaven of heavens," throws insensibly a dread solemnity over the soul of the star-gazer: for it might be so. The idea may be truth.

Mr. Matson's verses have much natural feeling in them, as *Gone Away* will show our readers :

"For thou art gone away ; and wild and strange
The thought of absence clingeth close in pain,
And the smooth tide of life doth turn and change,
Rolled like a river upward from the main ;
Dark shadows haunt the chamber of the brain,
Wild dreams intrude upon my lonely rest,
For thou art gone away ! Come back again,
O child of light ! and shelter in my breast ;
Come back to love and me, thou brightest
and thou best !

"Last night I thought I saw thee in my sleep,
Thine eye drooped languid with the touch of woe,
Thy cheek was prest to mine, and thou didst weep ;
I heard thee speak : 'No, no, thou must not go !
A little longer linger here below ;
A little longer linger, live and love ;
A little longer dally with the foe ;
Oh ! stay ! suspend awhile thy flight above ;
And shelter still thine own, thy bosom's nest-
ling dove !'

"'Twas but a dream, for thou art far away ;
Oh ! would that I were there or thou wert here !
That I might dote upon thine eyes, or play
With thy luxuriant hair, and feel thee near !
Oh ! that I might embrace thee, and the dear
Impetuous love pour out in eager kiss
Upon thy lips ! Vain hope, that doth appear
Too like a mockery of the void that is !
Come back, come back again, and crown the
cup of bliss !"

Millions of the parted and the wearying
have said the same :

"Last night, I thought I saw thee in my
sleep, and awakened to say, in the hideousness
of disappointment :

"Oh ! would that I were there, or thou wert
here !
Life of partings, it must be so in thee."

However, to all this is not a life of part-

ings : to many it is a life of Paradise ; un-
less this author has read wrongly in the
great book of experience. The address
To my Wife, is not a very good specimen
of Mr. Matson's poetry. It is only the
reverse of *Gone Away*.

"It is a bright and golden August morn,
The lark is singing in the unclouded sky.
And on the slopes the sheaves of piled corn
Nod to the breeze that wanders idly by ;
All things around us are alive with joy,
And joy is bounding in this heart of mine,
For 'tis thy birthday, Emma, and I try,
As is my wont, in votive wreath to twine
Of Fancy's flowerets, culled in realms of song
divine.

"As fair a morning brightened over the scene
That sweet spring-time, and trees were bud-
ding forth,
Robed in a livery of infant green,
And the March wind came whistling from
the north,
And the clear song of reawakened Earth
Told of the Winter past, when first with
thee
Amid the fields I strolled ; my heart gave
birth
To new and strange emotions ; flower and
tree,
And bird and sunshine, seemed to sing of
love to me.

"Some thirty happy moons have waned since
then,
And yet it seems as 'twere but yesterday ;
So few of cares have pressed upon my brain,
So many beauties brightened round my way,
Making the months one long perpetual May,
Since I have called thee by the name of wife ;
For thou hast cast a warmer, gentler ray
Upon my path, with love and rapture rife,
Making for me indeed a Paradise of Life."

The parting will come in years, and life
will be no longer "Paradise." There is
a time for "gone away" in every case.

We are almost sorry that the author of
these poems has entered on a different
course of life for the future : only "al-
most," for more gratifying, more peace-
able, and perhaps, in the path he is to
pursue, years more useful than those
passed in literary work may occur to
him.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE London river swarms with vessels of all shapes and sizes, as the London streets swarm with vehicles. London, however, has one river, but many streets. The breadth of the Thames is an advantage therefore, but one that can not be easily increased; and, in some parts, more breadth would be useful. Frequently the small fry have difficulty in escaping from the larger; and if a London driver deserves credit for bringing his wheels to the edge of a collision without making one, a Thames pilot is, at least, equally commendable for working his way in, out, and through the maze of ships and steamers that swarm like bees at the door of a crowded hive. Many of these vessels take grotesque shapes; but none of them are more amusing, yet, perhaps, more dangerous to navigate, than the agricultural boats, which come up the river carrying a great breadth of sail above what seems to be a farm-yard. The ricks of the yard stand far above the deck, and are closely piled together. They seem, indeed, to be hay or straw stacks on a wooden frame, with huge poles above and sails around them. Their management is a mystery; yet they are navigated generally without accident, collision, or damage. The horses of London depend upon them in no small degree for their daily food, and they are the only floating things that carry the greater part of their cargo outside; unless the rafts of timber, which float away with themselves.

The Thames abounds with ships and steamers; but the latter are shabby and small specimens. With the exception of the Scotch steamers from the Eastern ports, few or no large steamers go to the Thames. The American steamers seek the Western ports; and the Oriental and West-Indians are at home in Southampton. The channel steamers stop at Dover or Folkestone; and with all the advantages of a noble and wide river, steaming

has never been well represented in the local trade of London. The Thames steamers, in appointments and rapidity, are far behind those of the Clyde; although both rivers have to contend with similar railway rivalry.

The building of steam-ships has been prosecuted for many years on the Thames; but coals and iron are dearer than on the Clyde, while probably building-ground costs more, wages may be higher, and the results have never equaled those of the western river, either in the engineering or ship-building departments. It is difficult to assign reasons for the superiority of some localities in certain trades. They seem to flourish and take root in particular quarters, without any apparent cause. Needles, we believe, can not be produced in any quarter so well as in Redditch; and Coventry has long claimed superiority in ribbons and watches. The reasons which confer in cutlery a sort of monopoly on Sheffield, may have given the Clyde its advantages in steam-engine making. It was the native river of steaming. There the art began, and it has always kept the first place.

Mr. Scott Russell, a Clyde engineer, of an ingenious turn of mind—established some years ago a building-yard upon the Thames. He is, perhaps, a little too magnificent in some of his ideas; and he seems to have long entertained the project of a large ship. He was supported in this scheme by Mr. Brunel, also an engineer of bold character, and in his achievements daring—out of the beaten track, the common way of the world. We do not know whether the consolidation of these ideas on the Great Eastern occurred originally to Mr. Brunel, or to the builder, Mr. Scott Russell. They may have both been engaged in pondering a Noah's ark, to be navigated by James Watts' patented power, at, or nearly at, the same time. Mr. Russell believed that the bulk of the

vessel, with corresponding power, would ensure more than the average speed. He calculated on twenty-four miles an hour at one time, if we correctly remember. That was a good reason for building. He estimated, on better *data*, that the ship, from its magnitude, would take a large cargo, along with coals sufficient for any voyage.

Noble thoughts often perish from the want of means for their reduction to practice! After the Great Eastern existed in the mind, and on the paper, of the gentlemen by whom the plan was devised, they needed shareholders. These were to be the heroes of the scene. They were found after the advertising common in such cases. A capital was fixed, a company was formed, money was paid, more was subscribed, and the keel of the Great Eastern was laid. From the commencement this ship was an interesting object. As the shape and size became more defined, the interest increased. The magnitude of the ocean-palace was celebrated in the press, and discussed at meetings of the scientific. The proprietary paid calls with commendable regularity. The money "sunk" as the great framework of iron rose, but the nation began to feel pride in the progress of the Great Eastern.

The Eastern Steam Navigation Company had a nominal capital of sixty thousand twenty-pound shares, which should have produced twelve hundred thousand pounds, with power to stretch the shareholder out to one hundred thousand, which would have yielded a capital of two millions. The Company never meant to spend all this money on one ship. One was to be built, and then another, and, perhaps, a third, until a fleet floated in the Australian and East-Indian trades; for the Company was formed to prosecute them.

The gigantic vessel was an idea of the Great Exhibition times. It was to be a herald of peace. As the Crystal Palace progressed at Sydenham, the floating palace began to be built at Blackwall. It was on May Day of 1854 that a commencement of the operations was made. May Day is auspicious, and it was selected.

The interest in the great steamer and the spirits of the proprietary were maintained by annual reports of progress, read usually to the members of the British Association. The labor in the yard was pushed on assiduously, yet it was neces-

sarily tedious work. Three years had passed, and at last the shareholders became impatient and weary. The ship had exhausted the builder, and for some time the operations had been conducted by the Company's directors. Nearly three and a half years after its commencement the vessel was declared ready for the river, by Mr. Brunel, the engineer. Then came the tug of war. The question arose by what power would the ship be induced to take the water. The Great Eastern had been built with one side to the river. The launch could not, therefore, be conducted in the common manner. For that exigency plans had been prepared. They were new. It was all a novelty altogether. Thus interest was imparted to each step. An experiment was involved in each movement. The launch became an experiment of intense and national interest. But what was there to launch?

A steamer six hundred and eighty feet long, eighty-three feet broad, and sixty feet deep, built entirely of iron, with a double frame, forming thus a ship within a ship. The intervening space between the outer and the inner case is the best ballast-room imaginable; for if it be useful for no other purpose, it allows a safe shipment of water at any time; and would carry nearly three thousand tons of that element, with the advantage of discharging a thousand or fifteen hundred tons when the process becomes agreeable or necessary. This steamer measures more than a furlong in length; and has a greater capacity than the larger estimates of Noah's ark that have been formed in modern times. Long rows of figures have been published, as if to overwhelm men's minds with naval statistics. The plates of iron used in the construction of the Great Eastern were thirty thousand in number; and the rivets were three millions. The iron of the ship weighed ten thousand tons; and the weight which Mr. Brunel had to push into the river after the side, was nearly twelve thousand tons. The edifice of iron stood upon launching ways, which extended beneath the Thames to a point where the vessel would take the water. The launchers had only to push, and the ship was expected to respond. Twelve thousand tons are not, however, easily pushed, especially if they do not stand on a sharp incline.

Twelve months have nearly passed since the commencement of the launching

process. Mr. Brunel was ready on the morning of the third of November, 1857, and Miss Hope was also ready. That lady gave the ship a name; but the vessel did not take to it kindly, became surly, stood still, and vindicated the *vis inertiae*. Mr. Brunel had not employed power enough to push on the one side or pull on the other. Six feet were gained on the first effort; but Leviathan, as the ship had been now named, refused to move an inch further upon any terms. More hydraulic power was obtained—more strength on the south side—more pulling strength was lodged in the bed of the river; but these operations required two or three weeks, and the next effort gained only a few inches. Day by day the ship was moved little by little, now the stem and then the stern. Rumors of all bad qualities floated here and there, now and then, against its elasticity. At one time, Leviathan was blamed for falling down and crushing multitudes, like Dagon. At another, Leviathan had only sunk in the mud and was fixed immovably. All these statements were suspicions, happily never verified. If the calculations of the moving power required were under the mark, those of the permanent, or supporting strength wanted, were sufficient. The ways were firm. Leviathan stood on ways beneath the stem and stern; but the mid-ship was free and unsupported. Old sailors hinted that Leviathan's back would be broken; but the ribs were literally of iron, and the spine was stronger than they supposed—being of iron, a plate one inch thick and two feet wide. Leviathan stood firm, therefore, and one day, towards the end of January—indeed the very last day of January in the present year—after the Thames had been aiding a little, and a little more, at each push, the river became offended with this Leviathan and its stubborn ways, asserted the supremacy of water over even twelve thousand tons of iron in its most organized state, and carried Leviathan off bodily. The launch was said to have cost nearly one hundred thousand pounds; but there must have been a salvage of planks and timber, cradles and ways, equal to a little fortune.

Never in nautical history had there been a launch equal to the floating away of Leviathan. Persons of all classes and countries waited on the birth of the monster, and they were allowed to wait. The

Courts paid repeated visits, but Leviathan was democratic, and would neither be coaxed nor pushed into compliance with the wishes of Royalty. Firm, stiff, and upright, even in the presence of Her Majesty, stood the sullen and surly ship; and German Dukes and Duchesses—perfectly royal, and Prussian Princes and Princesses, with all the fire of the Brandenburgers burning in them, had no influence whatever over the modern ark. At last, on the very last day of January, the operation was completed. Some persons held that the new name had brought calamity and expenses. They disliked Leviathan, because it was scriptural. The same people must have been moved sadly by the names of the three pretty pioneers of trade between Africa and Britain—Faith, Hope, and Charity; and yet these were very beautiful names. Some of these good individuals being rather scant of reading, had mistaken Leviathan for Behemoth, and Behemoth for Beelzebub; although the King of the Sea, described in magnificent language in the forty-first chapter of Job, had no relationship with the Prince of Darkness.

Leviathan also was not a new name for a ship. His Majesty, one of our late kings, had a war-ship, a gallant frigate, or a seventy-four, or a similar armament, that sailed under the name Leviathan. Her Majesty, our present Sovereign, can not, it seems, have a successor to that ship without offending the principles in nomenclature of excellent subjects; and it is said to have been by her royal suggestion and will that the Leviathan was extinguished, and the Great Eastern was made once more the name of our giant steamer.

The shares subscribed amounted to £1,200,000; but payment is more difficult than subscription, and the shareholders expected more than one ship or steamer for their money; accordingly, many of them ceased to pay. The expenditure on the Great Eastern is said to be already £800,000. The launch alone cost nearly the price of the Asia, floating in the Clyde; but the Asia was our prince of steamers until the Persia was built; and the Persia cleared out of Clyde, and passed the Cumbraes, for very little more than one fourth of the money already expended on the giant of the Thames; and one half of the present expenditure is still required to complete that vessel.

The appearance of the Great Eastern

can not be described poetically as that of a thing of life and light. It is brown in color, dingy and chill, with the smallest quantity of life on it consistent with existence. It resembles the brown and drumly Thames on which it rests, like a prisoner weary of life. It is a prisoner chained with six or seven great iron chains, attached to as many greater anchors sunk in London filth and mud. The powerful steamer stands there fastened up by atoms against all the strength of wind and tide. Political economists describe the power of littles, and search the world in enthusiasm for illustrations to their doctrine; here they may have them. This great hulk, for it is nothing more than a hulk, with its twelve thousand tons of solid weight, floating on the drops that make the water, gripped and held fast by the atoms of microscopic size that make the mud.

Greenwich Hospital seems scarcely so high on land as our great ship on the water. The floating Hospital is a very trifling affair indeed beside this floating town, as some planners have proposed, and as it might well have become during this dark nine months of its infancy, when its original projectors have left their magnificent work almost deserted, and altogether unequipped, in the highway of ships. A magnificent fabric this is, even in the crisis of its calamity. Stately amid its misfortunes, it reproaches the land of its construction for bringing it far enough to testify against our folly, until it be made a witness of our enterprise and wisdom. Passengers feel shame for being in its presence upon one of those small tenders that bring out and take in its visitors—and they have not been a small number during the summer months, although the Thames has not been in an inviting condition for excursionists on pleasure or science. The fame of the ship has, even in this, the season of the poisoned waters, brought four hundred daily visitors; yet even on the best days its saloons are lonely and still.

The upper deck—when up all the long ranges of steps from the level of the decks on the river steamers the climber reaches that elevation—presents the longest way upon the waters that man can tread without a miracle. There is nothing like it now upon the earth; for the great ship which rested upon Ararat has long ago mouldered into rottenness. The walk is something like a pyramid reversed—

that is, the visitor seems to sojourn on the base of a pyramid turned uppermost, and planed straight and smooth for his convenience. Fortunately the end is not a peak, but a ridge two feet wide, as already stated. The whole affair resembles the upper section of Arthur's Seat, cut off, and tumbled over into the Frith, and there made into an island; only we should have that wicked peak again, so perhaps a section of Salisbury Crags may be a more literal illustration.

The view of the river is amusing from this exalted position. The little boats on the water, many feet beneath, look insignificantly ludicrous. One feels contemptuously even towards the ugly manufactories and warehouses on the river's banks; and they are peculiarly ugly. The feeling, even of the nervous mind, on this splendid esplanade of deck, is that of security and steadiness. The idea of being sea-sick would not occur readily to any mortal here, and that is a very good reason why passenger mortals would not be sea-sick. The storm around and beneath might rage inexorably and maliciously, but the magnitude and strength of the ship give the idea that it would not battle with, but trample over the waves. Great sailing ships are registered up to two and three thousand tons, but the Great Eastern has a registry of eighteen and a half thousand tons, and may take other four thousand tons by builder's measurements. To move the vessel and this prodigious weight, a combination of screw and paddle-steaming has been provided, along with the necessary apparatus for sailing, in this case made extraordinary, for the ship is to mount six masts, although, at the present, she has none, and they will carry six thousand five hundred square yards of canvas—a breadth sufficient to catch and employ an enormous quantity of wind.

The steaming powers are devised on a magnificent scale. The engines are larger than those in use for marine purposes; but their magnitude is not so much a source of extra power and security as their number. The deck is pierced for five funnels, which are to be connected with ten boilers, to be heated by one hundred and twelve furnaces. The funnels will be one hundred feet high. The engines for the screw are counted as four, and each of the four cylinders may work separately. They are seven feet in diame-

ter, and are to be wrought by six boilers, and each of these boilers will have twelve furnaces. The builders calculate that they may be wrought up to six thousand five hundred horse power, but a more reasonable reckoning will give two thirds of that strength. The four engines destined for the paddles are of the same diameter as those intended for the screw. They have a fourteen-feet stroke, and working eleven strokes per minute, with a pressure of fifteen pounds per inch on the boiler, they will give a three thousand horse power. The builders reckon that fifty per cent may be added to that working power, with perfect security. The paddle boilers are said to be perfectly safe at a pressure of sixty pounds per inch, and the higher calculation of power proceeds upon a pressure of twenty-five pounds per inch. Ten boilers have been provided for each of the paddle-engines, or, altogether, forty boilers in this department. The paddle-wheels are fifty-eight feet in diameter, and they weigh ninety tons each. The screw propeller is twenty-four feet in diameter, and weighs, along with its four arms, thirty-seven tons. As the engines may be connected or disconnected rapidly, the utmost provision that can be obtained has been procured for the safety and the working of the ship. Twelve thousand horse power, according to these calculations, may be employed to drag this floating city over the waves. The proportion is two tons per horse power, and should be adequate for the speed whereat the Great Eastern is now expected to reach, or eighteen miles an hour for all the twenty-four. This is a higher speed than has been attained hitherto, although the Persia has not often fallen far short of this mileage; and sailing vessels of the Aberdeen build—the clippers, for which that port is celebrated—have approached the rate for short distances.

The calculation for the Great Eastern gives four hundred and thirty-two miles per day and night, and we have only to multiply by six in order to bring out the fact that the great majority of voyages might be included within the week. The distance between many places, now two weeks separate, is within the two thousand five hundred and ninety-two miles of the Great Eastern's working weeks. That consideration is important for travelers, who might rise on Monday morning in

the cold north, and get into the tropics long before Saturday night.

The Great Eastern will take a large company on her voyages. She has been calculated to carry eight hundred first-class, and two thousand second-class passengers. The lower deck has five saloons, and they are thirteen feet and two thirds in height. The upper deck has other five saloons, of twelve feet high. These rooms are spacious. The length is sixty feet in the lower, and seventy feet in the upper saloons. There is room in them for a large company, and it will all be required if the berths be occupied. They form the most attractive portion of the ship to those who are accustomed to steaming. They have breadth and height sufficient for proper ventilation, an advantage not sufficiently secured in steamers, although so necessary for the comfort of the passengers. The berths and the saloons are alike unfinished, but the evidence that they would afford spacious accommodation causes all visitors to regret their present state. Since the launch of the vessel, the proprietary have discovered their poverty. That operation cost more money than they supposed, and the ship has stood still ever since as any vessel can stand which is subjected to the wind and tide. Captain Harrison, at the head of twenty-four men, remains on the ship, but the latter are little more than exhibitors. We should like, above all events that can now occur to the Great Eastern, to see her captain at the head of four hundred men, and ready for sea. Many monetary schemes have been devised for that purpose, but they have all failed hitherto. The shareholders have paid six hundred thousand pounds, and they are naturally reluctant to pay more money until they see some probability of a return. A negotiation was commenced with the Government, in the hope that the ship might be purchased for the value; but it came to nothing. The Queen and the Royal family examined the vessel, and admired her magnitude. Members of Parliament and Ministers of State have visited her; they wrought themselves into admiration of her capabilities; but they have done nothing. A report obtained circulation that Louis Napoleon was to buy the Great Eastern for France; but that has died, like many other rumors, away in the distance.

The Great Eastern stands immovable,

notwithstanding all these statements. From two to three hundred thousand pounds would still be required to finish the vessel. All its fittings and furniture have to be found. For the money paid, the proprietors have the hull and the machinery. The berths and the saloons in the more advanced part of the ship are in an unfinished state. In other parts the skeletons are not yet run up, and the builders have not got so far as bare walls.

Even in their existing troubles, the shareholders might have put one or two of the saloons in decent order. People want to drink or eat after a voyage on that turbid stream—even a short one. Persons of delicate stomachs and tastes might not consider the river a good appetiser; but all travelers are not of peculiarly delicate organization, and the Great Eastern might have been a favorite house of entertainment during the summer months. As, however, a hotel on the river of its magnitude would not pay, we trust that, ere another summer come, Captain Harrison will have no room for visitors, but that a busy corps of artisans will be engaged in fitting his vessel for the sea.

A new joint-stock company is proposed to be made out of the wreck of the original shareholders if possible. The capital paid already will be in reality sunk, and the shareholders will have a preference in the issue of new shares. This plan is more advantageous to the rich shareholders than to many of their partners in the speculation. The other, or poorer classes, can, however, we suppose, transfer their right for new shares to any person who will give a premium for the claim. So far as we comprehend this plan, a simpler scheme would have been to finish the ship by preference shares. There would have still been hopes to the original shareholders, for the Great Eastern may yet remunerate all parties. One million, or nearly one million, upon a single ship, is a great burden on the earnings, and a terrible venture to the proprietors; but even fifty thousand a year, or one thousand a week, may be overcome by the capacity for carriage which will be possessed by the Great Eastern. Its passenger fares to Australia would run up to £120,000, if the berths were all full; and it is not extravagant to suppose that the voyage out and in might net two hundred thousand to a quarter of million pounds. The ship

can carry ten thousand soldiers. There is an advantage on its decks, moreover, for part of the military might be shipped as recruits, and unshipped as soldiers. They might be drilled during the voyage. At twenty pounds each, which is a very small sum indeed for the conveyance of soldiers, by steamers, to India, the price would be two hundred thousand pounds. The Government might oppose the risk of shipping an army on a single steamer; but we may live to see large ships considered safer than small vessels for the conveyance of soldiers. The estimates are given only to show the capabilities of the large ship in earning money.

Its speed and its stowage for all the coals necessary upon the longest possible voyage, if it followed the shortest practicable route from one port to another, are elements not to be forgotten in any reckoning of this nature. It must make more voyages in a given period than any existing vessel, or its achievements will disappoint every person—from its builder to its visitors. The passengers require board and lodging for a shorter time than on old-fashioned ships, although the fear that they will never be sea-sick comes up to check off the hope of economy upon food. We can make nothing of that item in our catalogue of savings.

Next come goods. Ten thousand tons of goods, and the highest price always commanded; ten thousand out and in would surely gain two pounds per ton each way, or forty thousand altogether. The Great Eastern should not be an object of despondency even as a trading vessel.

On that account we would deem any effort fair to give the original shareholders some interest in their property and venture. They deserve support from the Government and the nation. They gave their means to solve a problem, and to make a profit, but the problem came first. To the Atlantic Telegraph Company two governments have given practical assistance. The Great Eastern is equally experimental. Its success would be equally important. It would introduce a new era in sailing and steaming, and take half their terrors and one third of their time from voyages.

Britain would be ashamed if the Great Eastern were sold from its shores unfinished. That sale would inflict disgrace upon us all. It would not, moreover, be

a safe proceeding. A power has been built upon the Thames that may be alike important in peace or war. Eighteen miles an hour comprises impunity from pursuit. A transport with the accommodation of the Great Eastern and this speed, would be a terror in the Channel during war. It could land an army on many points of the Channel in three or four hours. That feature in the ship's powers should not be forgotten. Even as a transport for goods, the material of war, this vessel would have saved its value ten times over during the Crimean war.

Other vessels of a similar size could be built, indeed; but when? In two years, in three, or four. Three years might decide a war, and an enemy should not have a monopoly of a great instrument for three years—even three.

The Great Eastern's power, as a battering-ram, has never been reckoned. The knock-down strength of twenty-five thousand tons, at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, must be overwhelming, and it will belong to this vessel. A ship of the line would go down at its touch like a shallop. Its speed would enable it to overtake the quickest sailing or steaming transport. Among a fleet of transports, defended by a navy, it would carry havoc unequalled since the days and nights of the Armada and Elizabeth.

Broad-sides could be poured into the gigantic assailant, but that would be heartless work, and it could be strengthened in a manner to defy all ordinary shell and shot under half-hundred weights. It could be strengthened sufficiently to use up many shells and much shot before it were crippled. It is a ship within a ship, and science offers many media of filling the vacuum that would aid in deadening shot, however powerfully flung.

Our Government have never considered the battering power of these "twelve thousand horses" in iron cases. The morn that dawned on a gallant navy steaming over the Channel, with a hundred transports in their wake, would see a noon of suffering, such as has not been witnessed, if this monster of the sea, cased in adequate armor, vomiting fire and shot from a thousand guns—and it might carry them—were set loose to work all the evil in its power. Mast and pennon would sink beneath its blow, until the sea were strewn with the wreck, and the sands cov-

ered with the dead of a great army and a powerful navy.

The idea of employing ships merely to run in and strike down opponents, fighting as bulls struggle for supremacy, has been discussed for some time in France. Vessels of a particular build have been proposed; but in that combat weight will always be successful. A greater ship than the tyrant of the Thames may be built in future years; but they must be future, and be some way in the future. It can have no match on the waters until 1861. That is a consideration, and one that should be decisive with Parliament, in requiring the Government to instruct the Admiralty to make terms for the Great Eastern, if no private arrangement be completed for the employment of the vessel under the British flag. The large steamer will prove to be a better bridge across the Atlantic than the cable of the Telegraph Company has yet been beneath its waters. The issue of the floating experiment is even of more importance than that of the speculation sunk among the precipices and rocks of the Atlantic. A comfortable and rapid passage over the ocean is of more value to society on both sides than instantaneous messages; and as two thirds of the cost necessary to try the experiment have been paid, its trial should now be secured.

All novelties were to be displayed or to be employed on the vessel. The electric light was to cast a blue, pale radiance over its way upon the waves, marking it for many miles. The Electric Telegraph was to convey the captain's orders to engineers and helmsmen with all the quickness of thought. Gas was to be manufactured on the premises, for the enlightenment of the passengers. A printing-office was to supply intellectual wants. The squares and streets were to be named and numbered. Gay were all these visions, and very pleasant; but they were the indulgences of youth. Some of them may be forgotten—none of them may be soon realized; but the grand want—the ship afloat, equipped, and finished, and ready for work—is still a practical purpose, which a thousand men would realize before midsummer.

The British navy has been a sink of capital for experiments. Some of its vessels might have been sheathed with silver at the money paid for them; but half a million more might be voted for this experiment; for it is not now altogether in

that character. There is no doubt that the Great Eastern is capable of being a cheap and efficient transport. Nothing experimental exists on that subject; and the ship might be bought and finished for half a million, or for £800,000.

A Government that has conceded, given, and paid so much for the thin line which binds, but binds in dumb inefficiency, Ireland to Newfoundland, should stretch etiquette till red tape breaks, before this ship be allowed to leave our waters under a foreign flag, or remain longer a monument of niggardliness, anchored in the highway of the nation. The shareholders are entitled to aid and to consideration from their contributions to the solutions of a practical point in nautical science. The public, we believe, want to witness

the result. The steady current of visitors to the ship exhibits a general curiosity regarding the "palace of the deep," which some person was pleased to name it, although the palatial attributes are all prospective.

It is one of the wonders of the age, like a crystal palace, or any other strange work in science. It is entitled to the same consideration; and Parliament must not meet, and part again for the Easter recess of 1859, without securing the completion of our quickest messenger in peace, and revenger in war, unless the Company's scheme may be successful; but that we hope may be the case, and that those who have borne the brunt of these payments may secure the honor and the profit.

From the North British Review.

THE STORY OF A BOULDER.*

WE are sure it would have conduced more to the success of this volume, had it been called by another name than this affected-looking one—"The Story of a Boulder." *Manual, Handbook, Sketches*, yea, even "*Visions*," would have been better than "*The Story!*" We lately found a worn oyster-shell in a most unlikely locality for such—the bed of a Lammermoor streamlet. How had it got there? It seemed to have been rubbed by the water action for generations, and it had lost all flavor of the sea; full-grown *Patellæ* were clustering on it, and the larva of the case-flies (*Phryganea*) had glued to it its tube-house of particles of shining sand, and bits of stick and small stones. We might have, with even more propriety, let fancy run riot, and have written an account of the physical charac-

teristics of the present epoch, under the title of "*The Story of an Oyster-Shell*," than Mr. Geikie can claim for his able review of the leading formations of the earth's crust under the heading, "*Story of a Boulder*." In style of treatment, Mr. Geikie is a close imitator of the late Mr. Miller. As we expect other contributions to the literature of Geology from a young author who has begun so well, we advise him, in future, to break away from the fascination in the mode of handling every subject to which Mr. Miller turned his great mind. Hugh Miller's style was to Mr. Geikie's as Wallace's sword to modern blades. Any attempt to imitate it by one who has only something of Fancy where Hugh Miller had a grand Dante-like Imagination, Talent where he had Genius, and a Lady-like capacity of treatment where he had the grandeur as of a Giant's grasp, must ever suggest contrasts any thing but favorable to the imitator. But, notwithstand-

* *The Story of a Boulder*. By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co. 1858.

ing these drawbacks, we regard Mr. Geikie's book with much good-will, and trust that it will obtain public favor, as an able guide to a science which has peculiar attractions to the young, and which speaks to its advanced students with a voice growing in majesty and meaning the longer they study it.

We began to read *The Creative Week* with a strong feeling of misgiving. From a sense of duty, in connection with recent controversies on the first chapter of Genesis, rather than from any strong love for the subject, we set ourselves to ascertain what the author of this book, which we had heard a good deal of from friends, had to say on the matters debated. We have recently read many works on the same subject with not little disappointment, some of them written by men who might have been addressed in the style of *Boileau* to the "Grand Monarque," when he turned to versifying. Having asked the bitter critic's opinion of his lines, he received the answer: "Sire, nothing is impossible to your Majesty. You determined to write some bad verses, and you have succeeded to perfection!" The most charitable view we have been able to form of the recent semi-theological works of some able geologists, who have rushed into the controversy ill-instructed in theology, is, that the books were so far *below* the powers exhibited by their authors in departments of pure science, that they ~~must~~ have *intentionally* made them weak to perfection! But this class of works is really not so discreditable as that whose authors, having some theological knowledge, pick up a scantling of science from books, and elbow their way into the contending crowd as if fully equal to the settling of every controversy—if we may receive their estimate of themselves. *The Creative Week* does not belong to either class. Both in scientific and theological knowledge, the author is fitted for dealing with the subject which he reviews. We can not, however, promise that any one beginning to read this volume will, at the outset, find it interesting. Its look is not very attractive; and though the discussions in philology give evidence of much ability, they have little of the sunshine which might be let in on such discussions, and will thus not keep up the attention of any, except of those who have a native taste for them, or of those who read in order to guide others. The au-

thor asks a hearing. We have listened to him with all patience, and recommend our readers to do the same. The knotty threshold understood and passed, they will find on pp. 72, 73, statements which will reward them. The theory there indicated may not indeed meet all their difficulties; it will, however, suggest a ground of rest which they may not have before thought of. The author arranges the physico-theologians under four classes:—1st, *The à priori men*, who hold that a long period intervened between "the beginning" of Moses and the first creative day; 2d, *The à posteriori men*, who regard the seven days of the Mosaic record as geological periods; 3d, *The ne utri men*, who accept the statements of Geology, that a long period existed before the creative week, but hold that the Mosaic account makes no direct reference to that period; and, 4th, *The ex nihilo men*, who deny the existence of the globe before the creative week, and press the whole phenomena of creation into the six days. Notwithstanding our author's able but severe remarks on the scheme held by the first, or *à priori* class, and while we would certainly not accept their scheme as final, we think he has not made out a case, either on the ground of language or Geology, against their views of the expression, "in the beginning." Neither has he rightly interpreted their views of chaos. Indeed, they plead for nothing more as to this than what is here admitted, (p. 121.) His remarks on the advocates of the *Age-theory* men are able, trenchant, and to the point. The third, or *ne utri* class, is that with which he identifies himself. He accepts, on geological evidence, an indefinitely long period before the six days' works; holds that Moses (p. 73) never makes the slightest allusion to this period; and believes this is what might have been expected, "because it is not the object of revelation to instruct mankind in the truths of science." His references to the *ex nihilo men* show that he has taken up very strong opinions against them. This is right enough; but it seems to us that he goes out of his way in speaking with such contempt of the views of the Westminster divines on Creation. But, apart from this, we hope our remarks will lead others to *The Creative Week*. They will find much in it worthy the special attention of all who take an interest in the controversies with which it deals.

From the London Review.

A PLEA FOR THE WAYS OF GOD TO MAN.*

IN the opening chapter of this little treatise we have a compendium of sound *abstract* reasonings, from Paley and others, like the armory of King Solomon, in the house of the forest of Lebanon, hung round with the shields of mighty men. The question of Good and Evil is next considered *in the light of all the facts*. Life is taken as it is, and from its amalgam of sorrow is extracted the preponderating gold of mercy. We are apt to have an exorbitant sense of evil in the world; but the balance is here fairly adjusted, and the evil is shown to be far outweighed by the good. Sunshine is more frequent than cloud, sadness is not so common as joy, and hope is always stronger than fear; and with its many evils life is still felt to be a blessing. The perfect removal of all difficulties on this subject is not to be expected. It is enough for Faith and Reason that the highway of Truth is incomparably more straight and level than the broken and doubtful track of Error. Unbelief has its difficulties, and they multiply the further it is explored; while in the whole expanse there is nothing to be surely known. It must be remembered that skeptics give no solution of evil, neither of its cause, nor its remedy. All they do is to charge it upon God; for the ignorance of skepticism soon becomes profane, and vents itself in impiety. The author of the *Plea* establishes once again the calm and firm conclusion, that thus to charge God with evil is to charge God foolishly. This is the verdict of true science, honestly searching in vain for any token of evil design in the works and arrangements of the Creator, and witnessing on the contrary that all the motives of creation are those of evident goodness; that they all show, moreover, a *plan* of goodness far-seeing and wise, a goodness verily of manifold wisdom, which pursues

its ends with a wonderful precision of means and uses.

Then follows *the moral argument*, in which the issue is carried into the region of man's higher relations, and tested by the Divine word. The writer, we observe, speaks often of man as "an *intelligent* being." We prefer to say always that man is *moral*, which of course *includes intelligence*, and gives man's essential attribute among the creatures. We advert to this simply as to an item of terminology; for the truth of the moral government is ably sustained in several chapters. Physical evil is proved to be largely the growth of moral evil; man is a sufferer because he is a sinner. We have the constant signs of this before our eyes; as for example, more than half the poverty we see is the fruit of intemperance. Men tax themselves in the penalty of their own vices, and society is heavily oppressed with what it brings upon itself. Indeed, when we look at the sources of sin around us, there is small room left for wonder that there should be suffering. The first impression we form of life may be the distressing fact of evil; but experience of life makes us marvel, not that there should be so much evil, but that there is not more; while it brings the full impression that a law of mercy must be at work, a hand of pity, which hinders man's desperate suicide of good.

The concluding chapter is upon "the Hereditary Principle in Moral Government." It is needless to say that this is full as much the problem of natural religion as it is of revealed religion. That the children suffer for the parents' sin is what all ages have observed. The question is not of theories, but of facts; and the principle of it is both righteous and most benevolent. For let it not be forgotten, that the heirloom of the curse in the family of man was originally an heirloom of blessing. That was the order at the beginning. When God made the first

* *A Plea for the Ways of God to Man.* By WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D. Glasgow.

pair, he forthwith gave them the patri-
mony of his blessing; and we repeat, it
was God's order that, upon their obedi-
ence, the blessing should descend to their
posterities. Now that the blessing has
been changed into the curse, we know too
well that no evil is so malignant, and so
mighty, as the abuse of good. Mean-
while, we can not be thankful enough for
the Christian revelation in the perplexities
of life. After and in and through Christ,
there is no doubt that God is good. Al-
though we are not taught much in our
Bibles about the *origin* of evil, we are
nevertheless competently taught its *cure*.
We are not told largely how evil got into
the world, but we are plainly told how it
is to be got out again. And this befits a
revelation whose aim is not curious, but
practical. The word of God alone helps
us to see what evil is, why it is permitted,
how we are to meet it, together with its

merciful counteractives, and the certainty
that it shall be done away. In all this we
finally have the truth, and we do not need
to waste our spirits upon bootless specula-
tions. The error of the heathen sages
was to regard evil as natural. They
taught that it belongs to man as a crea-
ture, not as a sinner; and so their nos-
trums for evil failed to reach the real sore.
All their comfort was to endure evil, or
to ignore it, or to deny it. In contrast
with folly such as this, Christ's doctrine is
man's only consolation, relief, and wisdom.
Evil exists as the work of sin, and the ele-
ment of evil is not mechanically displaced
by the Gospel element.

We join with those who honor Dr.
Fleming for his effort, and for the success
of it. He has written a book of the right
sort, stimulating and highly suggestive,
and calculated to multiply sound scriptu-
ral thinkers.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A SUBTERRANEAN ADVENTURE.

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable."

PASSAGES sometimes occur in life, of
palpable certainty at the time, but which,
when remembered in after-years, come
back upon the mind with all the vague-
ness of a dream. The vividness of faith
in any incident connected with the mar-
velous is apt to fade under the skeptical
influences of every-day existence; first
into doubt, then into incredulity, till, at
last, we settle down to the conviction that
what originally seemed fact, was a mere
fiction of the brain.

To such a conclusion have I more than
once been tempted to come, with reference
to the subject of the following narrative;
yet truth compels me to declare that

every item of it is rigorously authentic,
and that after a lapse of more than twenty
years, I see no valid reason for repudi-
ating or modifying my first convictions.

There are few Alpine tourists who will
not recollect—*en route* from Geneva to
Chamouni—to have noticed, as one of the
most beautiful spots in Switzerland, the
valley of Maglan. Fascinated by its
scenery, many literary celebrities of the
last century made it their residence, and
won for it, as classic ground, a fame ana-
logous to that enjoyed by our English
lakes. Florian's muse there found con-
genial inspiration, and the elder Vernet
immortalized it in one of his best land-

scapes. He painted, we are told, from the reflection of a mirror so placed, in a lofty grotto adjacent, as to include within its frame an exquisitely reduced representation of the whole scene—thus realizing the exactness of a photograph, with corresponding fidelity of color.

This grotto, at the height of several hundred feet in the face of the continuous cliff of stalactite formation forming the boundary, on the left, as you approach Chamouni, is pointed out to travelers as the entrance to a remarkable cavern.

On a beautiful day in the autumn of 1835, stopping to change horses at the post-house immediately at the base of the cliffs, I was invited, with my traveling companion, by the buxom hostess of the adjoining chalet, to ascend and explore the subterranean wonders of the place. A rude stair, cut in the rock, and eked out by occasional scaffoldings and rails of timber, led, by an almost perpendicular approach to the entrance, which, seen from below, bore a striking likeness to the grotto of Glendalough, in the county Wicklow, shown by the traditional *cicerones* as St. Kevin's bed. From this vestibule or ante-cave, an iron-studded Gothic door opened on the cavernous world within. Here we were joined by the pretty daughter of the hostess, and torches being lighted, we entered.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the geological phenomena of the place. The curious in such matters may consult Sausure, who, in his comparative view of the Alps and Pyrenees, devotes an interesting chapter to this locality. It presented a long, narrow, and winding gallery, running in the direction of the mountain parallel to the valley, occasionally expanding into crypt-like chambers and recesses, and terminating in a lake of Stygian darkness. About midway from the entrance to this spot, and right in the center of the path, there yawned a fearful chasm, cut out by a freak of nature, in the exact fashion of a draw-well—round, perpendicular—some three feet in diameter, and of a depth so awful, that no plummet-line, our conductress declared, had ever sounded it. A pebble dropped instead, was, indeed, after several seconds, heard to come in contact with some faintly resonant substance below, once believed, according to local tradition, to be a heap of gold coin; but who would be daring enough to try the desperate descent, when, on

the authority that vouched the existence of the treasure, it was averred that the same was guarded by a black goat, ever ready, in a rampant posture, to receive the visitor, who would obviously be in a pitiable position, seeing, that his hands being necessarily engaged, he would have to encounter, stern foremost, the horns of what might be truly called a diabolical dilemma.

With nerves duly shaken by a furtive glance into this bottomless pit—the strong iron railings of which we grasped like doomed men, with a secret misgiving that they would suddenly break into shivers—we moved on a few paces, our appetites prepared to “sup full of horrors,” when our guide, calling a halt, and directing the torches to be arranged in a semi-circle, pointed our attention to an object hardly less impressive than that we had just quitted. It was a sepulchral-looking indent, very much resembling those mural excavations in the catacombs, meant for the last resting-places of the more illustrious dead. To complete the similitude, there lay in the center the fac-simile of an elaborately enriched sarcophagus, and a hundred mortuary emblems were sculptured around, with so marvelous an approximation to art, as to suggest the irreverent idea, that the Spirit who had contracted for this job must have executed it in mockery—as a dry practical joke.

In vain, however, did our conductress wait for that outburst of surprise which she evidently expected would have accompanied our scrutiny. We were clearly somehow or other at fault; and as her inquisitive glances still seemed to say, “What is it like?” we felt that sort of humiliation experienced by unsuccessful guessers, till the propounder of the riddle takes pity on their perplexity by the inevitable question, “Do you give it up?” We had no other alternative, which our guide perceiving, proceeded, with no small show of self-complacency, and with a volubility quite Hibernian in type, to enlighten our ignorance.

“You must know, then, gentlemen that the spot you are now looking at, is as like as two peas to the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena: ’tis a miracle, if ever there was one in the world; and if you will permit me, I will tell you how it came to be found out.

“About two years ago, two ladies accompanied by a little girl, the daughter

of one of them, came, as your Excellencies did to-day, on their way to Chamouni, to visit the cavern. I conducted them precisely in the same manner, and led them to this spot; but they had no sooner set eyes on that little chamber, than they fell a sobbing, rushed into each other's arms, and cried till I thought their hearts would break. I could not help crying for company, but didn't dare to say a word, for I knew by their manner like, that they were grand quality. At last one of them, looking up with her beautiful eyes running over, said to the little girl, 'Napoline,' said she—that was the name she called her—'Napoline, did you ever see any place like this?' The child, for she was almost a baby, looked very grave, and as if she was striving to remember something. Well, the ladies would not hurry her for the world, only coaxing and bidding her think and think, and tell them like a good child. Well, 'twas a picture to see the way that infant kept staring and pondering for a full minute, when, all of a sudden, looking as bright as a cherub, she clapped her little hands and cried out: 'Oh! yes, mamma; I'm sure I've seen it, very long ago—'tis where the Emperor is buried! I now remember it so well!'

"The poor lady caught the child in her arms, and went off again almost in hysterics, and we all cried plentifully: for who do you think were these two ladies? Now, maybe you'd never guess! Well, then, they were no more nor no less than Madame Montholon and Madame Bertrand, who went out to the poor Emperor to St. Helena; and, by the same token, the little girl belonging to one of them was born there, and was called Napoline, after the Emperor, who stood her godfather. Can you wonder now, gentlemen, that they all took on so? 'Twould melt a glacier to see the way they wept: but after a bit, and making them swallow a little spring water—for they wouldn't touch wine—they took heart, and began to talk more rational-like and comfortable. Not a step would they stir to see any thing else in the cave but this one spot; and they made twenty offers to go, but could not make up their minds. At last go they should, for 'twas growing late; but once more they examined every inch of the place, and the younger of the two ladies, taking a penknife out of her reticule, scratched two lines of poetry on the

smooth part of the rock before you, just for all the world as if it was a real grave."

Here, having become unconsciously interested, I strained my eyes to discover the alleged inscription; but perceiving no trace of any thing legible, I was about to speak, when our conductress anticipating my intent said:

"O Sir! have patience and I'll explain it all. No wonder what I'm telling you sounds like a fairy tale; and as the writing isn't there, you may think I am inventing: but, as heaven is above us, every word I am telling your Excellencies is as true as the Gospel; and you'll understand presently how it all was. The writing indeed is gone, (you would never guess why,) but I remember every syllable of it—as good reason I have—and this is what the lady wrote:

*"Honneur à Napoléon!
La France le révere!"*

And she signed her name to it.

"Well, gentlemen, you may laugh, but that little scratch of a penknife was as good for me as a bank-note for fifty Napoleons. Never had I such a run of visitors as that season. 'Twas Napoleon's tomb that bore the bell over all we had to show in the cavern; and when I told the story of the two ladies—as I have been telling it to your Excellencies—'twas an admiration to see how kind every one (especially the French) took it; and my little fees were sure to be doubled without the asking.

"My next season—that was last year—opened just as prosperously! 'Twas ever and always the first question: 'Where is the tomb of Napoleon?' And to be sure, people were never tired (especially the ladies) of reading the inscription, and copying it out in their albums. And I won't deny that my daughter and I were none the worse of it.

"So it went on, till one day, last July twelvemonth—can I ever forget it! a traveling carriage stopped at the 'chalet' below. It contained only an old spare gentleman, attended by his valet. While the horses were feeding, he ordered me, in a harsh, cold way, I thought, by which I knew him to be a milor, to attend him to the cavern. It took him a long time to mount up to the entrance; and seeing that he was used to give trouble, I made my daughter follow us. He took very little notice of what I said to him; but

when I came to this place, and repeated the story of the two ladies, he was all attention, and I began to think him a dear, good man, to show such feeling; so I told him how they cried, and how they seemed to dote on the Emperor's memory; and to crown all, I described how the lady wrote the inscription, and I showed him the lines still quite fresh. With that he knit his brows, and frowned, I thought, in a strange way, or smiled—I don't rightly know which—and taking a large knife out of his pocket, he went forward, as I supposed, to write something more on the rock, when—only conceive, gentlemen, my horror and astonishment—instead of that he deliberately scratched out all that the lady had written, and in spite of all my tears and entreaties—for I could hold in no longer—he never stopped muttering and growling all the time, till he had made the place as bare and smooth as you see it this minute."

"And who on earth was this old ruffian?" exclaimed I, quite sympathizing with our guide's enthusiasm.

"Have patience, sir," she replied; "I am near the end of my story, and you will know all presently. So, as I was saying, the old gentleman finished his vile job; and a cruel job it was to boot, for that little scrap of writing was as good for me as an annuity in the rentes. Little did I then suspect who this horrid man could be; but the bon Dieu had his eye on him, and was at that very moment preparing the punishment he had so richly deserved. Being quite overcome by what had just occurred, I lingered behind a few paces, endeavoring to recover my composure, and left to my daughter the care of conducting the milor and his servant. I was roused from my stupor by a loud knocking at the entrance-door, and hurried back to admit the new-comers. These consisted of three fine young men, equipped as pedestrians, with their blouses, knapsacks, and walking-poles; but any woman with an eye in her head could see they were born gentlemen. They were as gay and frolicsome as mountain colts, but there was no more harm in them, bless their hearts, than in so many chamois yearlings. At first they were for dashing through the cave all in a run; but they soon hearkened to reason, and followed me like young lambs, cracking their jokes, and taking no heed of all I was repeating about the place off book and by rote from

them that went before us in the lease of the cavern. All of a sudden, one of them, cutting me short as I was telling about the great stalagmite that took the fancy of Mr. Saussure, said:

"Never mind all that, but conduct us straight to the tomb of Napoleon. Is not there here a spot so called?"

"Of course there is, gentlemen," said I: "not a doubt of it—as like as two peas. Haven't I the word for it of two ladies who lived to the last with the Emperor—Heaven rest his soul!—and who followed him to his grave on the rock? Maybe your honors haven't heard the story?"

"Oh! yes; we know all about it; take us there directly."

"In a few minutes they were standing in this very spot. Will you believe me, gentlemen, when I declare that these three young men, though they may not have shed a tear, cost me as many for company's sake as the two ladies. Their grief reminded me of that of my two brothers when they followed our father's coffin to the graveyard at the foot of the hill, and not a dry eye in the whole procession but their own. 'Tisn't the sobbing nor the crying that makes the grief, nor even that shows it most where it really is. True grief has a look and a language (though maybe a silent one) of its own, that there's no matching by sounds, nor no imitating by manner. Such was the grief of these poor gentlemen. My heart bled for them. Presently, however, they seemed to pluck up a spirit, and one of them in a calm voice said to me:

"Did not one of those ladies you were speaking of leave some writing on one of the rocks hereabouts?"

"My voice faltered as I answered 'Yes,' for my mind misgave me that something awful was going to happen.

"But," continued he, "where is it? I can see nothing. What mean these scratches of a knife, that seem to have been effacing some former writing? Could it have been here that the lady made the inscription? and if so, how comes it erased?"

"This question was put in so stern a voice, that my heart was in my mouth. Would that my head had been there instead! But in an evil moment resentment against the 'old ruffian'—as you, sir, have called him—still fresh in my mind, I blurted out all the facts as they had occurred. Direful indeed was the ef-

fect of my narrative! The faces of my hearers grew livid; their eyes bloodshot; their respiration a hot panting for revenge, as they drank in my maddening words. They whispered hurriedly to each other, as they gnashed their teeth, and clenched their hands, as though clutching daggers: 'It is he—it is he! But one wretch lives capable of such baseness! An all-just Providence, after allowing him to fill up the measure of his iniquities, has doomed him to an unprecedented fate. Here, in the dark bowels of the earth, aloof from man, and, as it were, on the confines of eternity, all conventional theories must vanish in the presence of those irresistible instincts, a thousand times more potent, ay, and more sacred than any human enactments. Justice, to be substantial, need not necessarily be formal: and as specially appointed ministers of heaven's vengeance in this exceptional case, it is our mission—our right—nay, our duty, to take the forfeited life of this most consummate miscreant!'

"So saying, with a yell that froze my blood, they rushed forward. At the same instant a glancing light on the opposite wall showed that the doomed man was approaching. The next moment he was confronted by his self-appointed executioners. They met at that point where the gallery widened, and at their very feet yawned the unfathomable gulf!"

Here our narrator became so impassioned in her language, and so demonstrative in her tones and gesticulation, that stenography alone would fail to do her justice, and at the period of the story, photography was not dreamed of. It only remains, therefore, for me to sum up, in a few words, the denouement of her tale.

It might be more melodramatically artistic to maintain to the very last the incognito of the *dramatis personæ*, and thus to secure for the finale a stunning effect. But remembering the delusion of the ostrich, in his fancied concealment, and having often smiled at the *naïveté* with which certain mysteries are kept up, though every body knows that every body sees through them, I think it more straightforward to come at once to a clear understanding with my readers, as to the "real name and address" of each of the individuals so ominously grouped in the cavern scene by torchlight just described. I shall, of course, get very little credit for my candor in admitting that the elderly

gentleman was no other than Sir Hudson Lowe! But who were the three vivacious gentlemen that were so anxious to make his acquaintance on the broad ground of first principles, and with such serious and well-reasoned foregone conclusions? They were—I quote the authority of the lady of the cave—first, Prince Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor; second, Monsieur Lascases, son of the historian of the Captivity; third, Monsieur Dupin, the eminent barrister!

That such a rencontre under such circumstances, and in such a place, should have occurred, well exemplifies the adage, "*Les extremes se touchent*," and warrants the title prefixed to this reminiscence.

To the imagination, in great measure, must be left the concluding scene. Allowing much for the exaggerations of the terrified witness, it would appear that in the first whirlwind of their passion, the three Frenchmen heaped upon their luckless victim all the reproaches, insults, and revilings, that the most unbridled fury could suggest. They taunted him with every grievance, real or supposed, connected with the fatal rock, and summed up all with the base and unmanly insult to a lady which he had just perpetrated. Having gone through all the counts of this fearful indictment, they made a show of deliberating, and solemnly announced their determination to put him to death. So thoroughly in earnest did they seem, that, for a time all chance of his life was utterly hopeless. In vain did the woman and her daughter fling themselves at the feet of the supposed assassins, cling to their knees, and fill the cavern with their cries of remonstrance, and finally with their shrieks of despair. In the midst of this terrific scene, the three Frenchmen seized Sir Hudson, and dragged him to the brink of the chasm. Again and again they swore that his doom was sealed, and went so far, my informant declared, as to raise their victim in the air, and to hold him for a space suspended bodily over the dread abyss.

At this crisis the women became frantic, and rushed forward with such desperate energy and such impassioned screams, that the executioners paused. It was the Prince who was the first to relent.

"'Tis enough," said he; "vengeance must be pushed no further!"

"Be it so," replied Lascases, "on one

condition : that he pass his honor—faugh—his pledge, to give me, within a week, the meeting so often demanded ; and his eluding which—should he persist in doing so—will brand him *par excellence* as a perjured coward !!!”

Many an additional jeer, outrage, and indignity did they perpetrate on their helpless foe before they took their departure. He, it would appear, behaved all through with unresisting calmness, while his caitiff servant fled at the first

show of danger. On reaching the grotto, however, his nervous system gave way, and his conductress, to convey her impression of his debility, assured me emphatically, that he was “physiquement mort !” She found it necessary to chafe his limbs with brandy. After reposing for an hour in the grotto, he was enabled to regain the *chalet*, whence, after a suitable gratuity to his benefactress, he returned, as fast as four horses could carry him, to Geneva.

From the North British Review.

THE RISE OF THE PAPAL POWER.*

It requires no ordinary ability, and no common attainments, to qualify a man for grappling effectively with the subject of Popery. The ramifications of the Romish system are so vast and intricate, its errors harmonize so closely with corrupt propensities, its perversions of Divine truth come so directly across the path of the most momentous doctrines of the Gospel, its history is so interwoven with records of the world and of human opinion for more than a thousand years, its polemical literature is so varied and extensive—in a word, it touches human life, and history, and literature, and philosophy, and politics, at so many points, that to take a clear and comprehensive survey of so vast a topic, demands an amount and versatility of powers and acquirements which but very few possess. It is rare, indeed, to meet with the requisite qualifications for embarking successfully in the Popish controversy, and expounding the principles

and procedure of the Church of Rome, so eminently combined as in the authors of the volumes before us. In perusing them, we have often felt how inadequately the importance and value of books may be represented by their size.

Oxford looked with good reason, on the late Professor Hussey as one of her ablest and most learned sons. As the editor of Socrates and Bede, he had gained the gratitude of ecclesiastical students. The little volume, whose title is given above, is the only original work which he published during his fourteen years' occupancy of the Church History Chair at Oxford. It is valuable as tracing, with much ability and general accuracy, the rise of the Papal power—the successive assumptions of the Roman Sec. Mr. Hussey assumes that Papal Infallibility is unquestionably a tenet of the Romish Church, and that she is to this day bound by all the persecuting edicts of the mediæval Pontiffs. Logically, we have no doubt she is so. Nor do those who while they repudiate the principle of the Pope's infallibility, claim it for the General Councils, escape from the dilemma, because the fact of the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome of Prague by the Council of Constance pledges the concilianists to the doctrine

* *The Rise of the Papal Power.* By ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Parkers. Pp. 209.

Modern Romanism, British and Continental. A Popular View of the Theology, Literature, and Practical Workings of Popery in our Time. By the Rev. JAMES A. HURD, Wooler. Edinburgh.

that it is right to put "heretics" to death. In a Romanist controversial pamphlet, recently forwarded to us, we observe an attempt made to set the death of Huss in a new light. It is stated that the Church had no hand in the matter, but that it was demanded as a political necessity!

In point of style, Professor Hussey had not the graphic power which belongs to his successor in the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, the accomplished biographer of Arnold. All must, however, share the regret which, since his death, has so often been expressed by Oxonians, that he was taken away from his labors when not more than fifty years of age. In this little work he has left the proof that, had he been spared, he might have done much good service in the Popish controversy.

No one can peruse Mr. Huie's book without perceiving how extensive a course of reading its author must have gone through before he could write it, and how thoroughly he has the results of his reading at his command. But while he gives evidence of an uncommonly extensive and familiar acquaintance with patristic and mediæval literature, it is not from these sources alone, or chiefly, that he has taken his view of Romanism, as exhibited in this volume. It is from its movements in our own day, at home and abroad. And here Mr. Huie has looked with his own eyes, not with those of others—has collected his own facts, and made his own reflections, not borrowed them from previous writers on the Popish controversy. And to this we owe, in a great measure, the pleasant air of freshness which pervades the volume. The controversy with Rome is at once a wide and a well-wrought field, in which it is not easy to find a corner which has not been recently cropped. But Mr. Huie has produced a work in which even well-informed men will find much that is by no means familiar, and will discover a deep significance in many circumstances which they may possibly have hitherto dismissed from their minds as trifling or accidental. Obviously in these one hundred and fifty pages we have the elaborate result of long years of careful reading and keen observation—reading ranging over the literature of many centuries, and of various languages; and observation keeping a watchful eye upon the Church of Rome throughout all her borders, and in all her machinations.

After a rapid historical sketch of Popery from the Reformation to the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. Huie enters upon the consideration of Modern Romanism in Britain. He exhibits the reviving zeal and energy of the Romish priesthood about thirty years ago, and notices their anticipations of better days than they had seen for many generations; develops the character, and estimates the influence, of Tractarianism in promoting the cause of Popery; discusses the lack of "pulpit power" among the clergy of the Church of Rome, and points out the causes of the deficiency, and its bearing upon her attempts at proselytism; presents the statistics of Romanism in Britain in connection with chapels, schools, convents, etc.; explains her weakness, as acknowledged by the *Dublin Review*, "in that middle element which forms the sinewy strength and motive power of every social body—the mercantile, professional, manufacturing, and trading classes;" and unfolds, with the freedom and precision which only an intimate and extensive acquaintance with the subject can impart, the distinctive characteristics of the literature which modern Romanism has originated, and now wields in her service. It is here, as much as any where, that our author's strength lies; and it is here that some of the freshest glimpses of Popery, which his book affords, are to be found. He notices, in a brief but able and graphic manner, the Popish periodical literature of the time, and presents to us vivid sketches of the more prominent Romish writers, from Cardinal Wiseman down to Priest Keenan of Dundee, photographing, as it were, Dr. Newman, Archdeacons Wilberforce and Manning, and others. Passing to France, he displays the same familiarity with the movements and attitude of Romanism in that country, and especially with the modern French literature, both of Popery and Protestantism. Then turning to Germany, we have topics of equal interest handled with no less ample knowledge and vigor of touch.

We commend Mr. Huie's work to our readers. The general glance which we have given at its contents will indicate that there is no other volume, in the British literature of the Popish controversy, in which the same topics are dealt with.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A FUNERAL CROSSING A STREAM.

"WHEN thou walkest through the waters, I will be with thee."

On the hill a little cottage chamber,
 With a coffin placed upon the bed—
 In the glen, a wild stream in the autumn,
 Rushing o'er the stones with angry tread.
 The old woman, at last, has heard the music of heaven
 'Neath the white curtain in the silent room,
 Has heard the music of heaven come rolling grandly—
 Come rolling grandly through the curtained gloom.
 The old man has seen that smile of wonderful beauty
 Fix on the face so fair, when pain is o'er—
 That smile of wonderful beauty, as if the spirit
 Had found the Some One it was waiting for.
 Now o'er the death-sheet, old man, thy snowy hair be bowed,
 And put thy white lips down a little unto the white, white shroud;
 And mutter something for a moment, as low as low may be,
 Of births, and deaths, and marriages, and what she was to thee—
 And pray that the broken links of your forty years and seven
 May be forged into a silver chain in the depths of yonder heaven,
 That shall wind you round and round,
 Ensainted and encrowned
 So long as they fling their diadems
 Where the great Thrice Holies pass,
 So long as the music of harps is rolling
 Across the sea of glass—
 Then, go out and weep, old man!

Down the hill the solemn funeral passes,
 And the old man paces on before;
 And you hear the plunging of the waters
 In the glen, the echo and the roar.
 Through the lane the bearers are passing, and solemnly
 Strikes on their ear the bell with many a pause;
 And that sweet singer of central autumn, the robin—
 The robin shakes his red breast o'er the haws.
 Presently comes his little outbursting of music,
 That at a funeral sounds more strange than sweet,
 To think that the tiny bird should be singing, and singing,
 With grander music frozen at his feet.
 Now to the wild brook come they, swollen with October rain,
 Cold with the breath of the north wind, dashed with a wine-dark stain.
 The bearers pause one moment—then like a mystic dream
 The funeral train sweeps blackly o'er the hoarse and whitened stream;
 And on they pass in silence to where the little bell
 Is tolling in the church below, like a spirit invisible.
 Soon they walk among the limes,
 And sweet eternal chimes
 Of texts that are sweeter than anthems
 In any cathedral chanted,
 Go rolling along the deepest recesses
 Of poor hearts sorrow-haunted,
 And the old man findeth peace!

And as the robin sang up in the tree,
 The ransomed spirit sings on forever—
 Only a music of deeper meaning—
 Only a music of purer rejoicing:
 The music they sing, who once have been sinful—
 The music they sing, who once have known sorrow;
 But who now are both sinless and tearless forever!
 And so the coffin crossed the waters—
 So the spirit crossed the waves of death—
 So it crossed the cold and gloomy water
 With everlasting arms around it—
 The everlasting arms of Christ.
 And as the text from the Apocalypse
 Fell sweeter than anthems among the limes,
 So the things that the soul of the ransomed
 Hath now to sing and to say,
 Fell sweet on the ears of the blessed.
 Go home, old man, from the lime-tree walk
 And step back again o'er the driving flood,
 And walk on in silence along the lane
 Where the robin sings in the rubied haws;
 And sit down again in the lonely room—
 They will lead forth another funeral soon,
 Down the lane, and over the stream,
 And on to the grave in the lime-tree walk:
 And is this a thing to weep for?

From Titan.

A R T A N D S C I E N C E A B R O A D .

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS RELATING TO THE SILK-WORM.

THE ladies are beginning to think that the outcry about the disease of the silk-worm, and the deterioration of the mulberry, was one of those *ruses* which speculators will occasionally adopt in order to serve a temporary purpose. They tell us that they can get a superb silk dress, or a yard of satin ribbon, or any other article made of the same material, quite as good and quite as cheap at the present moment as they could before the silk failure was spoken or thought of. But dear ladies—dearest of all “dear readers”—a word with you! You must remember that silk is one of those articles of the slowly perishable kind, and is therefore capable of accumulation year after year, so that the stock of raw and manufactured material existing at any given moment may possibly be the accumulated product of many annual crops, and that the success or failure of a single year, or even three or four years in succession, does not materially affect the quantity in actual existence—the quantity available for daily use. It is quite possible that the flowing robes which surround your graceful forms, and which you so greatly embellish and adorn, may have been the products of worms, of men, of looms, which have long ceased to exist. And it may be—we sincerely hope it will be—that long before

you are deprived of your silks and satins, your ribbons and your robes, by the highness of their price, the labors of naturalists and philosophers will have resulted in a complete revival and firm reestablishment of the art of silk production.

Although silk producers throughout the south of Europe are interested in this question, it is chiefly in France and Italy that researches are made and experiments conducted in a truly systematic and scientific manner. Two objects have shared the attention of investigators; one, the improvement and cure of the existing race of silk-worms; the other, the discovery and acclimation of new species of silk-worms adapted to European culture.

In reference to the first object we have two or three reports in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences which we must briefly condense into one. Of several gentlemen specially commissioned to inquire into the matter, MM. Quatrefages and Guérin Méneville give us the most definite and detailed information; and as their opinions are at variance with, if not opposed to each other, we get from their reports as good an impression of the real state of the question as we are likely to obtain any where. M. Guérin Méneville says, amongst other things: "I have already, several times, shown that the malady of the mulberry is one of the principal causes of the epidemic among silk-worms. I have studied it each year in the south of France and in Italy, and I have noticed that it shows itself always, and under various forms, in the localities where the silk-worm malady prevails. Since last year, I have remarked feeble traces of the disease upon the rare mulberries cultivated round about Paris; and I have shown again this year, that the disease *la gattine* has infected the silk-worms reared in the Jardin des Plantes at the request of the Société Impériale d'Acclimatation. This fact, coinciding with the affection of the mulberries, goes to demonstrate the direct connection between the disease of the vegetable and that of the animal which it nourishes."

On the other hand, M. de Quatrefages having visited various parts of France, and conducted a great number of observations and experiments of a highly interesting character, comes to the conclusion that the malady of the silk-worm is not to be attributed to bad food; inasmuch as he found the mulberry trees

every where in good condition. This inference is scarcely satisfactory: for, from the first, it has been suspected that the very luxuriance of the trees—that is, the forced luxuriance—was the cause of the malady. The greater quantity of leaves on a given tree, and the increased juiciness of the leaves, were supposed to be dearly compensated for by the inferiority of the juice. The disease of the worm, called by M. de Quatrefages the *maladie de la tache*, (spot disease,) from the spots which appear on the worm affected by it, is that variety of the disorder from which the worms mostly suffer. These spots are too small to be seen with the naked eye, and can only be detected by the aid of a magnifying glass, which fact will perhaps explain why the malady escaped the notice of silk-growers till some days after the animal had shed its fourth skin. In all the stages of its existence, and in all parts of its substance the spots are to be found. When arrived at the moth state, the spots destroy the antennæ, the legs, and the wings. At first, the body of the worm appears to be completely covered with a yellowish matter, which gradually becomes darker and collects into tubercles, which are the spots from which the malady derives its name. Various methods have been tried for the cure of the worms infected. M. de Quatrefages names four, the operation of which he had had opportunities of observing. Twenty-seven trays were so infected that death reduced them to *four*; and each one of these trays was made the object of one particular mode of treatment. The first was fed in the ordinary way upon mulberry leaves; they received no particular care in their treatment, and spun a certain quantity of cocoons which yielded two hundred and ten grammes of silk. The second was fed with moistened leaves, and thrived very indifferently; they spun but few cocoons, and they were worthless. The third was fed on sugared leaves, and did well; they spun their cocoons sooner than the others, and in greater quantity, as well as of superior quality, yielding three hundred and ninety-two grammes of silk. The fourth was altogether deprived of food for a considerable time: at the expiration of twenty-four hours some of them spun several imperfect cocoons, and the others began to shrivel up and diminish in size; but on being afterwards fed on sugared leaves, they speedily re-

covered, and many of them spun their cocoons, which yielded one hundred and fifty-two grammes of silk. Other medicines besides sugar have been proposed and made use of with various degrees of success, such as Peruvian bark, valerian, mustard, etc.; for, unlike some other nurselings that we know of, silk-worms do not exhibit any very decided repugnance to physic. Scraped sugar however seems at present most in favor.

As to the introduction of new species of silk-worms, it will be remembered that we have already, in a former note, recorded the introduction of one from India, which fed on the leaves of the common oak. During the past year another has been introduced by M. Guérin Méneville, from China, and which feeds on the *vernis du Japon*, (*Aylanthus glandulosa*), a plant at the present time as common in France as it is in China. He tells us that this species was first introduced into Europe about twelve months since, through the care of a venerable missionary who brought the living cocoons to Turin. In the Annals of the French Entomological Society is an account of the experiments which he made with a view to multiply the species in Europe. He did not then succeed, for he had only three cocoons, and the moths came forth at periods so distant, that the only male had died before the appearance of the females his intended brides. Happily, however, MM. Griseri and Comba of Turin, had preserved a great number of cocoons; they have obtained through these a considerable number of fecundated eggs, and have made a second attempt this year with perfect success.

Through the kindness of these gentlemen, M. Guérin Méneville has been supplied with eggs, and he has been thus enabled to resume his experiments and investigations. On the occasion of showing some of his new silk-worms together with some of the cocoons he had already obtained, he says:

"The result of my labors is that the silk-worm of the *Aylanthus glandulosa* of Japan is the true Bombyx Cynthia described by Drury in 1773, and which has been cultivated for ages in China, where its silk forms the clothing of the whole population of some districts. Roxburgh, in 1804, expressed a belief that the *Eria* worm, which is cultivated in the East-India, belonged to the same species; and

the confusion, which it has been impossible to set right for want of materials, has continued up to present time, so that every one has called the Bombyx Cynthia the *Eria* worm, which is in fact a totally different species, and feeds principally on the castor-oil plant, producing as many as seven or eight generations in the year.

"From the experiments which I have made in the breeding of these worms, I am now able to point out differences in the caterpillars, in the cocoons, and in their habits, which enable me to distinguish them far better than can be done, from the slight difference found in the moths, which would only have led observers to imagine that they were simply local varieties of one and the same species. The products of these two worms are very nearly the same. The carded cocoons afforded an excellent material, from which in China and Bengal a very strong fabric is made." "In China," says Father d'Incarville, "these silk-worms are a source of riches. The silk which they produce is of the color of unbleached linen, lasts double the time of other silk, and does not easily spot." Another writer has said: "Clothes made of this silk are not injured by rain, dirt, or oil."

It is clear that the introduction of the true Bombyx Cynthia is now accomplished, and it only remains to develop the new industry which is simply a question of money. All that is required is to raise plantations of *Aylanthus glandulosa*, (a tree which is extremely easy of growth, in the very poorest soils,) to cover them in the spring with the caterpillars which have been hatched in the month of May, protecting them, as they eat the leaves, from the birds, by the employment of invalid workmen, as they do in China. At the end of June the first harvest will take place, followed by a second in August. The cocoons required for stock, will remain without hatching till the following May; this is not the case with the worm that feeds on the castor plant, since that continues breeding all the winter, requiring either the castor plant to be grown in a conservatory, or the teasel.

M. Guérin Méneville concludes his interesting paper by observing that he shall feel himself amply repaid for his exertions, if his labors should result in the establishment of a new industry which would render the use of silk as common in Europe as it is in China.

NEW STEREOSCOPIC APPARATUS BY M.
D'ALMEIDA.

Various indeed have been the forms which stereoscopic apparatus has assumed since the experiments of Wheatstone have shown the possibility of obtaining, by means of plane images, the sensations produced by objects in relief. To the reflecting stereoscope of Wheatstone, succeeded the lenticular apparatus of Brewster. More lately M. Faye discovered a mode of producing stereoscopic effects without any apparatus whatever, a mode which, in a slightly modified form, is very generally known and practiced. More recently still, M. Claudet has discovered a means of increasing the size of objects, so that they may be seen by *two or three* at a time.

All these apparatus are capable of rendering objects visible to at best a very small number of spectators at the same moment of time. In the ordinary stereoscope each separate individual takes his turn. M. d'Almeida proposes such an arrangement that his images shall be so increased as to render them visible to large numbers simultaneously.

For this purpose he uses two different kinds of apparatus. In the first, he projects upon a screen the images of two stereoscopic pictures of the ordinary kind. The images projected are brought to superpose, not line for line, for that would be impossible, since they are not identical — but as near as possible in that position which they would present, if the object which they reproduce were before the eye. Thus far, the images form upon the screen, a mere mass of confusion.

It is necessary that *each eye* should see *one image only*. To effect this, he places in the path of the luminous rays, two colored glasses, one red, the other green — the former well known to physicists, the latter being the common green glass of commerce. By means of these colored glasses, one of the images projected on the screen is rendered red, and the other green. If then the spectator places before his eyes glasses similar to the preceding, that is, a red glass to one eye, and a green one to the other, the green image shows itself to that eye which is covered with green, and the red image to the eye covered with red. The relief then immediately appears.

This is ingenious, but then every one

who goes to an exhibition of the kind, must provide himself with a very curiously constructed pair of spectacles. The second piece of apparatus contrived by M. d'Almeida, is intended to remedy this inconvenience.

In this the two images are retained uncolored; and the stereoscopic effect is produced by rendering each image alternately intermittent; which is effected by intercepting the rays, first of one image and then the other, by means of a revolving card. This card is perforated with holes at its circumference, sufficiently large to allow the rays to pass for the formation of each image separately and successively. Causing the card to rotate with great velocity, each image is seen in rapid alternation, and thus the effects of relief are produced.

We are not informed whether this latter contrivance renders the projected picture less distinct, but we fancy it must. Otherwise it would be an admirable invention for such institutions as the Polytechnic and the quondam Panopticon, as well as a highly important one in an educational point of view. The statues of Greece and of Rome, the man-headed bulls of Nineveh, and the Sphynxes of Egypt, might by its agency be reproduced in all our provincial towns, and become so familiar to their populations as very materially to enlarge their minds and improve their tastes.

ABOUT THE TELEGRAPH, BUT NOT BY IT.

We have all probably heard curious stories concerning the acts of petty or flagrant mischief perpetrated by the Electric Telegraph — how birds have been found dead beneath the wires, of course killed by the electric shock — how lightning has been conducted whither it would never otherwise have found its way, and this, not because the wire was *metallic*, but because it was *electric* — and so forth. These stories have engendered an ill-defined fear in the minds of people by no means unintelligent; and now that our towns and cities are likely before long to be completely reticulated by wires running from office to office, and from workshop to workshop, can not fail to produce some uneasiness.

The following extracts from an official report appear to us to compress the matter into a nutshell. The dangers such as

they are, whether real or imaginary, together with the means of guarding against them, are here lucidly set forth, and must have the effect, we think, of removing all unnecessary apprehension. The report originated in a wish expressed by the French Minister of War, to know whether the passage of the telegraph wires through or near a powder-magazine, could be a cause of danger; and the commission charged to prepare the report, first presented it for the approbation of the Academy of Sciences. They say:

"It may be regarded as certain that the electric current developed in the wire in the ordinary service of dispatches, could never produce any accidents; for supposing even that the wire broke during the transmission of a message, whether by the wind or from any other cause, the small sparks thus formed at the points of rupture would be insufficient to ignite any powder floating in the atmosphere, or deposited on their supports."

But it is quite otherwise with atmospheric electricity; its action becomes often formidable, and might be a cause of great danger to magazines of gunpowder. Should it happen, for example, that the wire were struck by lightning, it is probable that at the point struck, there would be a considerable length melted, ignited, and dispersed; and that the incandescent globules thrown to a distance by the fact of the explosion itself, might be transported still further by the action of the wind; but besides this, the extremities of the wire suddenly set at liberty while in a state of combustion from the same cause, would fly about and describe curves of greater or less extent about the points of support, and carry the flames to great distances.

This probability, were it only a possibility, would render it an indispensable precaution, to place magazines of gunpowder beyond the reach of such danger. After passing in review the various precautions to which we may have recourse, the commission recommends the following contrivances: *First*, to substitute subterranean for aerial wires in that portion of the line which would be less than a hundred yards from a powder magazine; *Secondly*, to divert the wire from a direct course, even when in subterranean conduits, rather than come into too close proximity with a magazine, or it would be dangerous to the workmen engaged in

constructing, examining, or repairing them; and, *Thirdly*, to erect lightning conductors, fifteen or twenty yards in height, at the posts near the subterranean conduits, so as to protect them from the possibility of a lightning-stroke.

These recommendations, as they appeared to provide sufficiently for the safety of a magazine, without undue expense to telegraph companies, were ultimately adopted.

In connection with the telegraph, we may mention that a very curious and ingenious Telegraphic Map of Europe has been printed and published at Berlin. The invention is due to Mr. A. Mahlan of that city. The most remarkable feature about it is, that it is printed from blocks of common printing type, combined with a number of brass rules for describing the telegraphic lines, and this so compactly and neatly that not a trace of the juncture between the blocks is visible. As, however, the cost of maps produced by this process, is generally believed to be higher than that of others, it is not easy to see in what respect they are to be preferred to those produced by plates.

Some weeks ago the British public were startled by the discovery that Russia was enabled to receive and transmit messages from China to England in a shorter time by nearly a month, than England could obtain them by any other means. As may be supposed, every one began to inquire, How is it? and Mr. Augustus Petermann, the famous German geographer, furnishes the following satisfactory answer: Russian couriers travel from Peking to St. Petersburg, and *vice versa*, not only in fifty days, but in about one half that time, in twenty-six or twenty-seven days. For several years back, the Russians have established regular and constant communication, by courier, between Peking, and Kiakhta, and Maimachin, the Russo-Chinese frontier towns to the south of Lake Baikal, not far from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. The courier post is exclusively used for the dispatches of the Russian Government, and for no other purposes whatever. An account of a late journey will show how it is accomplished. The couriers, starting from Peking, reached Irkutsk in eight or nine days. From Irkutsk to Moscow, the great road keeps mostly between the latitudes of thirty-five degrees and fifty-five degrees north. Leaving

Irkutsk on the twenty-fifth of December, 1857, they performed about four thousand English miles within twenty-three days, (or between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty miles a day,) and arrived in Moscow on the seventeenth of January, thence reaching St. Petersburg in one day by rail.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL LITERATURE.

A most extraordinary story has reached us from the far west; it being nothing less than that of the *petrification* (and consequent death) of a miner. Were it not that the account bears to be communicated by a physician of undoubted ability, we should be disposed to regard the whole affair as a Yankee fabrication.

Most people have seen a kind of rounded boulder, which is often found among our chalk and limestone rocks, and which, on being broken in two, exhibits an internal surface covered with crystals. Frequently, this internal space contains water, or what appears to be such, although it is more properly a solution of silica in water. The quantity of this liquid is usually too small to attract attention, but in the present instance, the unfortunate miner found a stone which, on being broken, contained nearly half a pint, which he swallowed at a draught. In fifteen minutes he was a dead man. It was not, however, till an attempt was made to lay the corpse out, that any thing extraordinary was observed; but in doing this, the limbs were found to be so rigid as to render the process difficult. In the course of two hours and a half, the whole body became as hard and inflexible as a board. The muscles, on being pressed, caused a crackling sensation, as though the minute capillaries were in a state of ossification. A *post-mortem* examination presented the following results: The smaller blood-vessels were solid, and apparently ossified, (? petrified.) In the stomach and duodenum several hard masses, of the size of a hazel nut, were found, evidently composed of biliary matter, but as hard as quartz. Evidences of food also existed, and a large mass, containing fibers of muscle and lumps of undigested potatoes, moulded to the form of the *antrum pylori*, were taken out, of like solidity. The solidification of the contents of the stomach, of the food, and of the bile—their conversion, in fact, into

stone—was complete; but the coats of the stomach appeared nearly normal. The heart was as hard as a piece of red jasper, and exhibited here and there those varied tints which give such beauty to that mineral. By means of a small hatchet, it was separated from its connection with the aorta, pulmonary artery, and vena cava, and with some difficulty was broken to pieces. The larger blood-vessels were as rigid as the stems of a tobacco-pipe, and in some cases the petrified blood could be cracked out from the veins. The lungs were not collapsed at all: but the brain exhibited nothing extraordinary.

Such is the substance of the account of this remarkable phenomenon, as related by Dr. Lichterberger in the *Alta California*: as he has sent specimens of the petrified blood and muscle to some eminent American physicians, with a view to elicit their opinion, we shall probably hear something more about it before long.

From America we also learn that a case of *vivisection*, an experiment more revolting than interesting, has occurred. It was that of a criminal, who, having hung the usual time, was cut down, and found to be in a state of suspended animation. Half an hour later, a Dr. Ellis commenced the autopsy, and he describes, in a manner most chillingly scientific, how he proceeded to dissect the body, and count the pulsations of the still beating heart: how he separated the spinal cord, and noticed the changes that thereon ensued. It is the opinion of Dr. Clark, that had artificial respiration been applied, the man might have been restored to life. The whole affair has been strongly condemned on this side of the water. Assuredly it is very much at variance with the elevated spirit of humanity, the almost tenderness which characterizes the medical profession in England, and especially the language of medical writers, whether in this country, in Germany, or in France.

From a Turkish periodical, we catch a glimpse of the difficulties which science has to encounter in that country. If other sciences fare no better there than the medical, and there is ample ground for fearing that they do not, Turkey may be bolstered up for a while by Anglo-French alliances, and what not, but her doom is sealed. It seems that Dr. Zalloni, a physician, resident in Constantinople, although an Austrian, was called in to prescribe for the favorite wife of a

great Turkish personage, and on interrogating her in the harem, he was led to infer that she was suffering from an inflammation of the bowels. According to the custom of physicians in such a case, he gently touched the part affected with his finger: when the eunuch in attendance, misunderstanding the act, rushed on the doctor, and beat him till he was half-dead. The woman's husband hearing the noise, entered the room, and on learning from the eunuch what had happened, he stabbed the doctor, and turned him into the street, bathed in blood, to find his way home as best he could. Dr. Zalloni died a few days after of the injuries he had received. Verily this accursed system of polygamy and eunuchs renders all science, physical and social, utterly powerless in Turkey.

An extraordinary offer has lately been made to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Verdier. This gentleman is the grand-nephew of one of the surgeons who embalmed Voltaire. The brain of this illustrious philosopher having been carefully preserved, it fell by inheritance into the hands of M. Verdier, who wished to make it a present to the Academy, doubtless imagining that the brain from which, in the last century, emanated a complete philosophical revolution, could not but be acceptable to the august assembly. As, however, the Academy possessed no *reliquaire* in which to deposit the precious bequest, it was compelled to decline M. Verdier's considerate offer.

A NEW WAY OF CROSSING THE ALPS.

The passage of the Alps has ever been an undertaking rather formidable to travelers of all kinds from Hannibal downwards. But Hannibal got *over* the difficulty, as a good many have since. We moderns, however, think the other side of the difficulty may be reached more easily by going *under* it.

The work of tunneling the Alps has been commenced some months. The spot chosen for this undertaking is beneath Mount Cenis, the part of the Alpine chain which separates France from Piedmont. Although the ridge here is high, it is one of the narrowest portions of the chain anywhere hereabouts. The tunnel is to begin at Modane on the north side, and terminate at Bardonnèche on the south; these two points being, within a little, on

the same level. The convenience of this position for a tunnel, was pointed out by M. Medoil, more than twenty years ago, and has often attracted the attention of engineers. The tunnel will be very nearly eight miles in length, and is designed in the same vertical plane; but to facilitate drainage, is rather higher in the middle than at the ends, so as to form a slope on each side. The crest of the mountain is fully seventeen hundred yards (about a mile) higher than the highest point of the tunnel; hence the sinking of shafts was practically impossible, and the tunnel can only be worked at its extremities. By the ordinary method of tunneling, the work would occupy thirty-six years: but by an ingenious mechanical contrivance to be applied, this time will be greatly shortened. The difficulty of ventilation is also found to be very great. The mountain having been examined by MM. Elie de Beaumont and Angelo Sismonda, was found to contain micaceous sandstone, micaceous schists, quartz, gypsum, and limestone: of these the quartz alone would offer any serious obstacle to engineering operations. The method of overcoming these difficulties was suggested by three Sardinian engineers, M.M. Sommeiller, Grattone, and Grandis, who propose to turn to account the great abundance of the water for which this locality is noted, by applying it to a peculiar and novel system of perforation and ventilation. The apparatus used for this purpose consists of a hydraulic air-condenser, which is nothing more than a monster siphon with its orifices turned upwards, and communicating by one of them with a large air-chamber. The water passes through the first branch, and entering the second, condenses the air therein contained, which is pressed into the air-chamber. When the compression of the air has reached a certain point, a valve lets out the water from the siphon, and the operation recommences: valves being used to resist the expansion of the compressed air in the chamber. The perforating apparatus, set in motion by the compressed air, is so compact and powerful, that in a space barely sufficient for three couples of miners to work, eighteen perforators may be employed, so that it will be possible to complete the work in six years instead of thirty-six. The inventors calculate upon being able to advance three meters per day at each

end, or six meters per day altogether. The air after working the perforators, is still available for ventilation. When this work is completed and connected with the Victor Emanuel Railway, it will form one of the finest, if not the finest road on the continent of Europe: and the journey from Paris to Turin will occupy only twenty-two hours, and from Paris to Milan only twenty-seven hours.

CALCIUM.

Of the sixty-two elementary substances known by chemists to exist, fifty are metals; and of these fifty several are so rare, and have been produced in such minute quantities, that many of our eminent writers on chemistry have never seen them, and only know what they know, by mere hearsay. In this category has been till very lately the metal *calcium*, the base of common lime. Sir Humphry Davy tried to reduce it by means of the intense heat of the galvanic arc. Other chemists also, relying on a high temperature, have made similar attempts, but have very imperfectly succeeded. The more gentle, and at the same time more powerful agency of chemical attraction, promises better results. The reduction of calcium may now be considered as accomplished: and every tyro with moderate address, having been shown the way may produce a specimen for himself. The authors of the new method, the principal feature in which is the substitution of iodide of calcium for the chloride, are MM. Bodart and Bodin. The operation is effected in the following way:

Iodide of calcium is prepared by treating white marble with hydriodic acid: the fluid is rapidly evaporated, and the residue fused without access of air. The iodide has the appearance of anhydrous chloride of magnesium. Equal equivalents of this, and of sodium, are put into an iron crucible: the crucible employed by the authors was a cylinder of fifteen centimeters in length, and three centimeters in diameter, closed by a screw. It was put into the furnace, and the temperature raised to a bright redness, without reaching a white heat: it was exposed to this temperature for an hour, and then taken out and left to cool.

On the surface of the fused mass, there was an ingot of calcium, weighing *three grammes*: the quantity of sodium em-

ployed was *four grammes*: the ingot was dull, covered with a very thin stratum of blackish substance, which is probably a suboxide of calcium. This is easily removed, when the metal appears of a pale yellow, with a reddish tinge. It decomposes water, but only burns in the air when heated to redness, and then it throws off sparks in the manner of magnesium, with a yellow flame.

VARIORUM.

Two or three important improvements in the art of copying and color-printing have been lately made. One of these is calculated to revive a hope often indulged in by literary antiquarians, namely, that of seeing fac-similes of Wickliffe's Bible multiplied and made public. The invention to which we refer is by M. Friedlander of Berlin, who, after ten years of careful experiment has devised a method of copying and multiplying old books and manuscripts, in such a manner as neither to destroy nor even injure the original, a copy of which is transferred to a stone, by a peculiar manipulation, and then reproduced after the manner of lithography.

Another invention no less interesting to artistic eyes, is one by M. Chevalier, a journeyman printer, who has hit upon a mode of color-printing, by which all the colors of a picture are laid on at one operation. M. Chevalier's preliminary labors have extended over six years, and it is only within the last few weeks that his method has been so far perfected, as to be of practical utility. The figures to be printed are drawn upon a woven stuff which may be penetrated by a liquid, and the ink used is composed of matters easily soluble. The side of the cloth on which the figures have been drawn is then covered with a thin coating of gutta-percha, and when this has solidified, the ink is dissolved, and the gutta-percha which covered it rubbed off, while it adheres firmly to that part of the cloth not covered with ink. The cloth is now penetrable therefore only in those places where the figures were drawn. To take impressions from this stuff, the ink or coloring matter is laid on one side, and the sheet to be printed is placed on the other, when, on being subjected to the action of the press, the colors permeate the stuff and adhere to the paper, producing it is said, a clear impression. Instead of applying the ink

and colors at each separate impression, it has been found advantageous to place a kind of cushion charged with colors, underneath the stuff, so as to enable the pressman to work off several copies without renewing them.

From printing on paper to printing on calico is an easy transition, at least to those who only read and write about it. Dr. H. Sacc informs us that he has been making a long series of experiments with a view to increase the variety of tints available for the printing of calico. The number of colors employed in this art is so small, that there is sufficient inducement to seek for new ones, as fashion daily requires patterns of more varied colors, and of more effect in their coloration. Hydrated oxide of iron, manganese bistre, oxide of chrome, and some others, about ten in number altogether, are probably the only *mineral* dyes employed in calico printing. The use of these, however, is very limited, because some of them are difficult of fixation, and others furnish unattractive tints; for the reddish yellow, the sea-green of the oxide of chrome, and those colors which can be fixed by the white of egg, are the only ones of the above ten employed to any extent. From the circumstance that these colors were fixed with difficulty, Dr. Sacc made a number of experiments with a view to determine a method of fixing metallic colors upon calicos by means of steam. He was for a long time unsuccessful, but by a happy modification of the chemical coloring matter used, he at length succeeded, and the following colors may now be added to the list of those available for calico-printing: 1. Cadmium yellow, a beautiful, solid, but rather expensive yellow, and very durable; 2. Copper green, very fine and permanent, if *printed in cold weather*; but if printed in warm weather, it fades; 3. Nickel gray; 4. Lead gray; 5. Mercury gray, all three very fine.

What an effective and important instrument of education is the pick-ax! Month after month this elegant implement reveals to us treasures of knowledge, for which we might ransack libraries in vain. The peat-bog near Güder-Brarup in Anglia (Schleswig, Denmark) continues to furnish objects of intense interest to antiquarians, and to English antiquarians particularly. For the inhabitants of this district, the real old Angle-land, were more emphatically the ancestors of Eng-

lishmen than any other people; and it is here that historians must look for information respecting the dress, equipments, weapons, and habits of the race from which they sprang. The mine of antiquities which is just now being so diligently worked, owes its importance to an event which must have occurred some two thousand years ago. It is presumed that a small army was passing over the ice, and perished by breaking in. The *Flensburger Zeitung* says: In no place have organic substances, as cloth, wood, leather, been more perfectly preserved than here. The arrows, lances, bows, bucklers, and other things buried in this spot, are as perfect and undamaged as if they had been buried less than a year. As it is doubtful whether they will stand exposure to the atmosphere, they are kept provisionally in spirits of wine, and are exhibited in the town-hall at Flensburg.

Among the first fruits of Dr. Livingstone's second expedition, has been a valuable collection of seeds, which have arrived at Kew Gardens. He also forwards intelligence which shows what facilities exist for the culture of cotton, although he regards with some dismay the proceedings of the French Government in regard to the slave-trade, which he thinks will seriously retard the efforts now being made towards the civilization of Africa.

In conformity with a request made to her Majesty by Baron von Humboldt, that she would cause some inquiry to be made into the circumstances of the death of Dr. Vogel—if he be really dead—her Majesty's consul at Tripoli has been ordered to institute inquiries into the matter.

Another renowned explorer and naturalist has lately lost his life while engaged in the duties of his office. There have been for some time past, three brothers of the name of Schlagentweit, engaged in scientific researches under the auspices of the East-India Company, among the mountains of India, and especially among the Himalayas. One of these, Adolphe Schlagentweit, owing to some misunderstanding between him and the inhabitants of the Yarkand territory, was suspected of being a friend to the Chinese, with whom the people of that district were at war; in consequence of this suspicion, they surrounded his dwelling at night, and murdered him. The chief of the

tribe has shown unfeigned marks of regret at this outrage on the part of his people, and has saved some of the traveler's papers and instruments.

Many papers of great interest upon the magnificent comet of Donati have appeared in the continental scientific journals, but as nearly every thing of a popular nature to be found in them, has been repeatedly reproduced in the English journals, we shall make no further allusion to them here, beyond noticing two things which have rather amused us. On looking over a bundle of notes and extracts which we have made, none of which are probably more than a month old, we find minute instructions given where to look for the comet, with manifold intimations that it will most likely be visible through a tolerably good achromatic telescope, or even an opera-glass, as it approaches its perihelion. This sounds somewhat droll, when at the very moment that we are writing this paragraph, the refulgent visitor is blazing through the heavens with an apparent diameter of fourteen or fifteen degrees, not only visible to the naked eye,

but constituting perhaps the largest celestial object on which any one now living has ever gazed. The other point which has struck our attention, is the delicacy and caution with which continental writers allude to the coincidence of the comet's visit with the hot, dry summer, the abundant wine crop, and other meteorological phenomena; and the similarity between these phenomena and those which occurred on the occasion of former cometic visitations. None of the high class journals venture an opinion that the comet has any thing to do with these meteorological phenomena; they only note the coincidence. No doubt, they are wise in so acting; nevertheless, it would be equally precipitate to conclude that the one is not a consequence of the other. After what has been demonstrated respecting the connection of a few spots on the sun's disc, and the magnetic condition of our globe, every strong judgment can hold itself in suspense for a while before it pronounces on a matter so imperfectly understood as comets and their influences or uses.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CHRONICLES OF CASTLE CORNET.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold November night. The good town of Guernsey was asleep. The only sounds to be heard were the creaking of the cables where the ships rode at anchor, the heavy boom of the sea, and the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced to and fro on the pier. In the distance, about half-way up the hill, the lighted windows of a tall mansion threw a strong glare upon the black masses of

building by which it was surrounded. This was the hospital, and among its inmates were many convicts broken down by hard and continuous labor.

There sate in one of the windows a man in the prime of life. His head leaned heavily on one hand, and he appeared absorbed in reverie. "What is life," he thought, "without pleasure? And how can pleasure be obtained without money? Now, as to the means of acquiring money, it is only when a man fails that they are

ever called in question. Perpetrate a base action, if it makes you rich who will blame you! A crime even; ay, there is remorse, very true; but which of the two makes life most bitter—desire that is unsatisfied, or repentance? I have no possible conception of the amount of pain which proceeds from a guilty conscience! but the bitterness of poverty I know from a long and sad experience. The poor man is nobody. He has no enjoyment of life. He is free! Yes; free to die of hunger! that is all. Shall my life pass always without enjoyment? I am young; I love mirth, pleasure; and my existence is spent between a garret and an hospital. What can I have done to deserve so hard a fate? why should I support it? If a favorable opportunity presented itself, I do not think I would hesitate at even a crime to better my condition; but even the opportunity of a crime is rare. It requires a special interposition in one's favor to bring it about. What is the boasted honesty of mankind? Little more than the difficulty of becoming the rogue with impunity."

To the metaphysician, here was a curious study. A man in the very flower of life speculating on the impotence of poverty to commit sin with advantage, and wondering why Providence had surrounded crime with obstacles apparently insurmountable. The accurate observer might have detected in this morbid condition more the vague speculation of a turbulent and unsettled mind than actual perversion of moral feeling. The thirst of ambition and the desire of opulence are maladies common to the springtime of youth, and proceed as frequently from its feverish restlessness as from actual vice.

The young physician was one of that class of men who prefer selecting their own place in the world rather than endeavoring to do their duty in the position where they find themselves. In railing at fortune they spend the time which they ought to pass in endeavoring to win her smiles. To every man born in an humble position, there are two courses open—either to resign himself to the poverty of his lot, or to apply his energies towards its improvement. Dr. Epneron would do neither: he preferred railing against social irregularities; life appeared to him in false colors. Absorbed by a thirst for pleasure, he had never learned the philosophy of Solomon; and even the sense of

duty became lost in the idea which, once entertained, led him rapidly to the conclusion that any means were justifiable which would achieve success. In his meditations vice was becoming a familiar image, although he might still have shrunk from its practice. The power to will was growing gradually weaker in proportion as the senses acquired a stronger dominion over the intellect. His whole moral nature was in imminent danger of shipwreck.

The physician's train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, who came to announce the death of one of the inmates. It was number fifty, the man said, for in an hospital no one has a name. He arose and walked listlessly to the dormitory. Passing along a double row of beds, he reached the spot, and, drawing down the coarse sheet which had been hastily thrown over the dead man, he looked at the corpse with that species of interest science feels in the presence of a power which has baffled all its skill.

A sudden idea seemed to strike him, for he ordered the attendant to remove the body into the dissecting-room.

The dead man was no unworthy subject for a disciple of Lavater. Convicted of burglary, he had been sentenced to penal servitude for life. During his many years of hard labor his mind had been occupied with one single idea—that of escape. His attempts had amounted to upwards of thirty, and thirty times had he been caught, tied up, and severely flogged. These repeated punishments had gradually impaired his energy, without causing him to abandon his idea of flight. The desire of liberty seemed to increase in proportion to its difficulty of accomplishment, until it had become a sort of monomania. A weighty bat of iron was riveted to one of his legs. Deprived thus of any further hope, he drooped gradually; his spirits began to languish; he lost his strength; his appetite failed; a deep melancholy settled upon him; and he became, at last, a permanent tenant of the infirmary.

The physician prepared his instruments, approached the table, and uncovered the body.

The attenuated form was like that of an old man. The limbs were covered with scars, and an iron ring still surrounded the left leg, where it had left a deep

mark. Having looked curiously at one who had endured so many years of suffering in the attempt to break a chain which clung to him in death, the physician laid his lamp down and took up a dissecting-knife. But when he seized the arm of the convict, he experienced a slight sensation of resistance. Surprised and almost frightened, he raised the head towards his lamp. The eyelids seemed to tremble; he placed the light nearer. The dead man opened both his eyes, and stared hard at the doctor.

Epernon drew back in terror as the body slowly arose, and, gaining a sitting posture, looked at him with an air of solicitude. He scarcely knew what to think, until he saw his patient glide gently to the ground, and creep towards the window. That movement enlightened him; for convicts had more than once feigned death in order to effect their escape. Recovering from his trepidation, he seized his subject by the waist, just as he had succeeded in throwing up the sash.

The convict struggled, and a hand-to-hand fight took place. It was soon ended by the fall of the man, who, weak and naked, was no match for his antagonist.

"You see you can not escape," said Epernon.

The convict, convulsed with rage, made one or two more violent efforts, but finding them in vain, surrendered.

"Let me escape in the name of heaven," he said, in a suppliant tone. "What can it matter to you? it is not your duty to guard me."

"Yes, while you are sick. What would they say of a doctor who let a dead man run away?"

"The will never know it, and if they did, what matter. Let me only save myself. I would be free in a moment. I have not breathed a breath of air since my last attempt."

"It is simply impossible."

The convict made a new effort to disengage himself, but he could not get rid of the doctor's grasp of iron. "You shall not stir without my permission. It shall never be said you succeeded in making a dupe of me."

"I only wish to be free—it is necessary," said the man. "O God! to have suffered so long in vain. I who have made no attempt for six months; who have remained days without food to qualify myself for the infirmary. I was able to feign

even death—and all for nothing. To touch the goal and then to fail, oh! it is too much, it is too much!" and the convict dashed his head furiously against the stone floor. The practiced nerves of the surgeon were touched by the depth of his despair.

"Why," he said, "do you so earnestly desire your liberty?"

"Why!—ah, why! You have never been a prisoner. Why do I ask to be free?—because I can not remain here. I wish to die in my own land, to warm myself in a southern sun; only think, it is twenty years since I have seen an olive tree."

"But you can not resume your former employments; you have not health, you would die of hunger."

The man smiled. "I am richer," he said, "than you."

"You are a happy man, then!"

Although the last words had been spoken ironically, there was something in their tone which seemed to inspire the poor felon with a ray of hope.

"Hearken," said he, "would you wish to be rich? I have enough for both of us."

"You take me for an idiot?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune; help me to escape and I will do it."

"Keep your stories for some one else," said the doctor, ashamed of having lent his ear to the ravings of a maniac.

"You do not believe me," groaned the convict. "Doctor, I have told you the truth—how can I persuade you?"

"Show me your treasures?"

"Ah! how is that possible in such a place as this? If I tell you where they are, will you believe I do not lie?"

"We shall see that."

"Will you promise then to set me free?"

"What; if you tell me?"

"Yes, if I tell you. You will promise me, then."

"I do not risk much if I do."

"Swear it."

"Be it so, I swear."

"Well then, on the strand near St. Samfrons, close to the northern extremity of the rock, if you dig six feet below the surface you will find an iron box; it has been buried there for many years, and it contains beside jewels, bank notes to the amount of thirty thousand pounds."

"There is a slight discrepancy in your

story, my friend; you have been a prisoner for ten years at the least."

"It is exactly ten years since that box was buried by myself and a friend. We were both taken the very next day; he died at the galleys, I am the only living man who knows the place of that deposit."

Notwithstanding the doctor's efforts to preserve composure, it was evident that he was greatly struck by this story. He remained lost in thought, as if balancing its probabilities; then he looked up, and observing the convict's eyes fastened eagerly upon him, the doctor blushed.

"Your romance," he said, "my friend, is ingenious, but the story is an old one. Nowadays one scarcely believes in concealed treasures, even in comic operas. Tell me another story."

The convict shuddered.

"You do not believe me," he said.

"I believe you to be a clever fellow, who likes to exercise his imagination at the expense of such simple folks as I am."

"Doctor, I will give you two thirds, believe me."

"Enough," said the doctor, sternly; "not another word: rise, and follow me."

The convict uttered a yell of mingled rage and despair, and threw himself on the floor.

"It is every word of it true," he screamed. "The box is there—there. Ah! how can I prove I do not lie. Oh! to think there are but five miles between me and that box—between wealth and misery. Doctor, you will repent of this. Ah! he does not wish to believe it."

The story of this man had excited in the surgeon's breast all that crowd of turbulent emotions which had such strong dominion over him. On the one hand, he felt a powerful inclination to believe it—on the other, the apprehension of being held up to scorn as the dupe of a rogue. Between these two conflicting feelings one course appeared to him the safest. He attempted to raise the convict in his arms and carry him back to the hospital, but his efforts were in vain; and he determined to go for assistance. Having carefully closed the door, he ran to the guard-room, and ordered two attendants to follow him immediately.

As they drew near the dissecting-room, the report of a carbine rang forth; and almost at the same moment, a man, naked

and streaming with blood, staggered to the further extremity of the yard. It was the unfortunate prisoner, who had contrived, in the temporary absence of the doctor, to let himself down by the window. The sentinel on duty had fired—and he was dead!

CHAPTER II.

Bruchsal is a pretty little watering-place, at the foot of a range of mountains near the Black Forest. The situation is charming, and quite worthy the attention of a poet who wished for a model of a terrestrial paradise; encompassed with mountains and forests—a valley stretches away from the village, enamelled with flowers, like a piece of spangled velvet. Bruchsal is famous for its wine, its dark-eyed frauleins, and its baths. Thither, in the season, resort invalids of many different nations. The table d'hôte at the "Schwan" is excellent. The waiters are alert and active, the dishes of infinite variety, and the guests most interesting. The chances are, if you take your place at that festive board, you will have a liver complaint on one side, a chronic rheumatism on the other, and perhaps a disease of the heart or a pulmonary consumption opposite, and so on through the calendar of grisly ills which flesh is heir to: yet they all seem jolly, and partake with avidity of the delicacies provided for their entertainment. In point of fact, I believe there is an understanding between the hotel-keeper and the faculty. Eat as much as you please, says the doctor to his patient. The landlord displays a tempting profusion. The patient obeys such pleasant advice, and as a natural result comes back again on the hands of the doctor.

The inmates of the Schwan are assembled under an alley of acacia trees, to enjoy the sultry afternoon. They are joined by Madame Goritz and her charming daughter. The elder lady, wife of a rich citizen at Frankfort, was one of those uncomfortable dames, the object of whose existence is advantageously to dispose of their female offspring; "daughters to marry" was written in the good woman's face. She had hitherto been tolerably successful, having "planted" three charming creatures in rapid succession. But when the turn of the

fourth came, difficulties arose. Her house had got a bad name among the young people. It was looked upon by them as a sort of lion's den. Three victims had gone in there, who had never returned; and the threshold of the stout lady was seldom passed; her æsthetic teas, once the fashion, were quite deserted. Like a wise woman, therefore, recognizing the impossibility of procuring for Clarence, her fourth darling, an eligible establishment in her native town, she made up her mind to emigrate to the baths, where she had now been residing for several weeks.

Having saluted all the visitors by name, and asked each of them the latest news of their complaints, Madame Goritz took a chair, and seated herself comfortably in the sunshine, by the side of her daughter, while the conversation resumed its monotonous course.

"I observe," said a lady, whose comfortable proportions seemed to occupy three chairs, "something very strange in the conduct of Miss de Vismes. She is here alone—odd; is it not?"

"The little Englander is a coquette," observed Madame Goritz. "she has contrived to turn the head of Monsieur Epernon—a perfect gentleman; much too good for her."

"Hush!" said the stout lady, "here he comes."

As she spoke, a gentleman was seen advancing slowly. He saluted the party, and seated himself. Madame Goritz placed a chair between herself and her daughter, and motioned him to occupy it, but he politely declined, and the match-maker, piqued, grew spiteful without delay.

"Your presence, Monsieur, is quite an unexpected pleasure, at this hour," she said, "when you are accustomed to walk with Miss de Vismes. May I venture to inquire what has interrupted you?"

"Miss de Vismes informed me yesterday she did not intend walking out to-day."

"Indeed!" said the lady, viciously. "I see, at this moment, some one very like your friend, with her inseparable companion, Monsieur Quinton."

Monsieur Epernon looked in the direction indicated. The English lady was at the door of the hotel, seated on a donkey, evidently just returned from an excursion. As her eye fell upon the group, she

blushed, leaped to the ground, and entered the hotel without waiting for her companion.

Mr. Quinton, astonished, looked round for some cause to explain this sudden movement; but as he saw the young Frenchman approach, he seemed to understand matters at a glance. As he turned to enter the hotel, Epernon laid his hand on his arm.

"Sir," he said, "may I beg the favor of a few moments' conversation with you?"

Mr. Quinton drew himself up. "Certainly, if you wish it."

They walked together towards the park. When they were alone, "I believe," said M. Epernon, "you are aware of the motive which has impelled me to seek this interview."

"Possibly I may."

"You can not be ignorant either of my affection for Miss de Vismes, or of the hope I have been rash enough to entertain. Without being aware of the precise relation in which you stand to her, I know that she looks up to you as her best friend. Since your return, I am pained to observe an alteration in her manner towards me; she has become constrained and distant. I wish, therefore, to know why this is—why she has avoided walking with me this morning; and, in short, the reason of this total change."

"You ask me many questions almost in a breath," replied Mr. Quinton, gravely. "As to our walk, I had occasion to speak with her on a matter of business, and it was proposed by herself."

"Then she has deceived me."

"Say, rather, she wished to soften the pain of a direct refusal. You complain of a change in her manner since my arrival. You do not reflect that much of her future happiness must depend upon the nature of the connection she may form. Such an affair must always be a matter of grave and serious deliberation."

"I may not understand you aright; but if you require information as to my position and circumstances, I am quite ready to afford it."

"I am all attention."

"I am of good family. My father was a captain in the navy. I was educated as a physician; but a change occurred in consequence of a legacy which made me independent of my profession. My fortune amounts to about thirty thousand pounds."

"These particulars may prove interesting to Miss de Vismes. They do not suffice for me."

"Sir, this is an insult."

"Say it is prudence."

"Then by what title do you require these details? In what relationship do you stand to the young lady?"

"A friend, who is interested in her welfare," replied Mr. Quinton coldly.

"Then I can only reply that this information is not enough for me."

"Sir," said the Englishman, with dignity, "it is you who have sought an interview with me. I have neither asked for your confidence, nor do I feel it necessary to give you mine in return. Our respective positions do not appear to suit your views; it is not therefore likely our interview can have any satisfactory result."

Having said this, Mr. Quinton bowed with an air of distant politeness, and made his way back to the hotel.

As he entered, the young lady, who had watched the interview from a window, looked anxiously in his face as if to ascertain the result. It is to be inferred she saw nothing that could be construed as favorable to her views; for she clasped her pretty hands together, and sighed. Mr. Quinton looked at her with an air of grave compassion.

"Courage, my love, perhaps every thing will turn out well after all."

CHAPTER III.

THE first impulse of Epernon was to follow his late companion, in order to call him to account for his last words. But a moment's reflection, and the thought of Clara, were enough to restrain him. What had taken place, although by no means agreeable, scarcely amounted to an insult. The language and demeanor of Quinton were that of a proud rather than of an angry man, and on the whole he thought it better to submit.

Epernon had for many years been a wanderer. He had traversed almost all the European countries, and chance led him to Bruchsal just about the period of the arrival of several English tourists. Availing himself of that amount of privilege which living in the same house, and dining daily at the same table afforded, he had contrived to effect an introduc-

tion; and his knowledge of the English language, which was sufficient to enable him to converse with ease, made him so agreeable an acquaintance among the crowd of foreigners by which they were surrounded, that an intimacy was soon established between him and Clara. The young lady was pleased with an opportunity of conversing in her native tongue; and the gentleman was not sorry to improve his knowledge of English, by a few lessons from the lips of so charming a promptress. In such conversations there is not uncommonly a rather dangerous charm, when a beautiful girl undertakes to correct a man's pronunciation. He must be strangely insensible if he fail to recognize her charms; and in short, matters were so far gone, that by the time Mr. Quinton had arrived, these two young persons had contrived to fall seriously in love with each other. The current of their tranquil happiness his appearance had served to interrupt. Clara had mentioned him to her lover as a friend of the family, whom she loved and respected like a father; but without throwing any further light on the relation which existed between them. It was, therefore, not without a certain feeling of jealous discontent that Epernon recognized the influence of the new arrival; and the daily proofs of their mutual esteem and affection were by no means regarded by him with equanimity. He coldly responded at first to the friendly advances of Mr. Quinton; and he, in his turn, gradually enveloped himself in an air of dignity, which became more and more repelling. Under these circumstances the reluctance to speak of any particulars of his past life, on the part of Epernon, became more marked. The slightest reference to this subject would often cause him to stop short in the very middle of an animated conversation; and it soon became evident, even to a common observer, that there were some of the chords in his heart which could not be touched without pain. The English gentleman observing this, carefully abstained from any further intercourse. The young lady grew gradually more reserved, and her lover more distracted at the alteration, until matters had come to the point which brought about the conversation contained in the previous chapter. In the evening Epernon found Clara in the saloon where the visitors were wont to assemble. He acknow-

ledged her presence by a distant salutation, and seated himself at the further extremity of a work-table, between Madame Goritz and her charming daughter. He could scarcely bring himself to forgive the young lady for her tacit submission to the will of Mr. Quinton. It was quite in vain that he conjectured what could be the possible reason of a submission as evident as it was complete. There appeared in it too much that was passive to have any foundation in mere friendship, and it was too tender to be based on fear. Meanwhile, the good Madame Goritz was quite enchanted by her neighbor, and omitted no means she thought calculated to make a favorable impression. She talked incessantly of the gayeties of Frankfurt; spoke of her rich uncle the burgo-master; from that worthy personage, by an easy transition, she passed to the beauties of Switzerland, and enlarged on the advantages of foreign travel in general. Notwithstanding her efforts, however, the conversation appeared to languish, and her auditor at length became so restless that he took up his album and began to draw. But his eyes passed unconsciously from the book to that distant corner of the room where Miss de Vismes was seated. Finding all attempts to fix his attention ineffectual, he threw the portfolio aside, and began to traverse the room with uncertain and hasty strides. Madame Goritz, hoping to lure him back, took the album into her hands, and began to expatiate on the beauty of his drawing. Failing, however, to attract the attention of the object of her solicitude, she passed it to the hands of her next neighbor, who in turn gave it to another, until at last, the work traveling round the room, reached the spot where Mr. Quinton and his party were seated.

Although Miss de Vismes recognized an old companion in the volume, she mechanically turned over the leaves, glad, perhaps, to have in her hands something which had belonged to her lover. She paused at a study of rocks; and Mr. Quinton, who was close beside her, as he looked, exclaimed: "Ha! there is St. Samfrons."

Epernon, who had heard the exclamation, immediately changed color, and trembled from head to foot.

"Who told you that name?" he exclaimed, brusquely.

"It is written at the foot," said Clara, gently.

"It is a mistake, then; it is not St. Samfrons; I never was there." And as he spoke, Epernon took the book, and looked at the drawing which had excited so much attention. "A sketch which I made in Switzerland," he added, as he felt Mr. Quinton's eyes fixed upon his countenance.

Several days passed by without producing any change in the situation of the respective parties to this little drama. Epernon, wounded in his pride, awaited an advance on the part of his mistress, while she, although apparently not unwilling the intimacy should continue, seemed to submit almost in spite of herself to some species of restraining influence. It was clear there was a mystery somewhere, which time only could develop. One morning, as Epernon returned from a long and solitary ramble among the mountains, he entered the salon, and gazed from the window on the summits of the Black Forest, which were bathed with the golden splendor of a lovely sunset. His reverie was interrupted by a voice, and turning rapidly, he perceived he was not alone. Clara had entered, and was seated in an embrasure of a distant window; an open letter was in her hand, on which she gazed with an air of deep interest. This sudden appearance of the young lady banished all her lover's scruples, and in an instant he would have been by her side, had not a sudden look from Mr. Quinton arrested his progress. Clara, however, had seen and comprehended the sudden movement, and she extended her hand to him. Epernon, transported with delight, took it in both his own; then recalling the presence of the odious Englishman, he bowed courteously, and said:

"Forgive me, Miss de Vismes; but, observing your emotion, I feared that something serious might have taken place."

"Oh! no," she replied, in an unsteady voice, "nothing more serious than a little good news."

There was a moment's silence, during which the lovers gazed intently at each other. The Englishman seemed to feel himself rather *de trop*, and with a look full of kindness, obligingly took his departure.

As soon as they were alone, Epernon said: "Ah! what a long time it seems since I have had you near me?"

"A single gesture would have intimated to me that it would have given you pleasure."

"Could you ever have doubted it?"

"You seemed so distant and cold."

"Something, then, has happened; pray tell me?"

"Oh! do not ask; inquire nothing; leave me to-day alone with my happiness. Is it not enough for 'you to know that I am happy.'"

"And yet you weep?"

"But my tears are not those of sorrow. The only fear I have is that my joy may pass away along with them."

"Clara, you know how I love you; would you wish always to leave your hand in mine as it is now?"

The lady blushed and trembled; then she raised her eyes, moist with emotion, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Why, then, should our happiness be retarded?" he said.

"How do you know if I am free? If those on whom my destiny depends may not seek to influence me—may not have other and more ambitious views?"

"There is, then an obstacle: your family may be rich, noble, and perhaps disapprove of a plebeian alliance?"

"No; it is not that; I must say nothing, only leave me for a little while; I am not quite myself."

"Be it so," said the young man with abandon; "let us only continue to love one another: I shall ask for nothing more now. Do not drive me away from you; think how sad I have been all this long while!"

"You will be friends then with Mr. Quinton," said the young girl timidly. "It is necessary for both our sakes; ah! you do not know how much depends upon him."

"I will try my very best," said her lover fondly.

"As for me, I will pray that our project may succeed," said Clara, radiant with joy.

Epéron clasped her in his arms, and kissing her forehead—"Pray for me also, Clara," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE explanation which Epéron had obtained with the gentle Clara, had caused a complete revolution in all his feelings. The sight of her tears, the sound of her voice, had recalled all his most ardent aspirations, and with them came a sense of deep regret for the past. There is a time

in the lives of all of us, when the errors we have committed rise in array against us, and we learn, perhaps when it is too late, that duty and happiness are different names for the same things. Filled with these reflections, Epéron wandered into the valley, and gathered, as he went, a bouquet of flowers. As he returned, he saw Madame de Goritz near the door of the hotel. The stout lady was by her side. They were apparently in deep conference on some subject of important interest. Unable to avoid them, he endeavored to pass them as rapidly as he could; but this was not to be; for no sooner had his foot touched the first step, than the lady laid her fat hand on his arm.

"We were just speaking of you," she said.

"You are very good, madam."

"I have been relating your history."

"Indeed."

"I am quite *au fait* in your past life."

"Madam, this is a joke: let me pass."

"It is no joke. I know you were a surgeon—that you suddenly became rich, and abandoned your profession."

"Now, pray, where have you learned all this?" said Epéron, in an angry tone.

"*Mon dieu*," said the stout lady; "I don't want to put you in such a passion. I have not inquired any thing about you; but there are people here who have. A letter found by accident has told me what I have just repeated."

"Where is the letter?"

"Here it is;" and the stout lady drew forth from her capacious pocket the identical letter which Epéron had seen in the hands of Clara.

He glanced at it, and found it was a reply to several minute inquiries respecting himself.

The discovery of this letter made him extremely angry. To suppose that the history of his life, which he wished to be kept such a secret, should thus be ransacked, was far from agreeable. He mastered his indignation as well as he could, put the letter into his pocket, and went into the hotel. Clara who was waiting for him, smiled, as he entered; but she was struck in an instant by the stern expression of his face.

"What has happened?" she said, full of alarm.

He handed her the letter.

She blushed as she recognized it, and her eyes fell before Epéron's angry gaze.

"There are prudent people," he said, "who only open their hearts, as bankers do their credits, after ample inquiries."

"Epernon!" said Clara, half rising. But he heard her not.

"To distrust," he continued, "is to despise. You prefer believing the stranger, of whom you have inquired, rather than the man whose whole soul was yours. Suspicion makes a poor foundation for alliance; and the affection which is given only upon solid grounds, can never be genuine."

Clara heard him to the end; when he had finished, she laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"If you had reflected a moment," she said, "you would have seen that this letter is not even addressed to me. I have not asked any questions. When I read it, I wept for joy, because it was full of your praises, and removed all obstacles which had interposed. I could not have prevented this proceeding which has offended you so much; indeed I could not—and you know it."

These words were pronounced with so much genuine feeling and sincerity, that the only reply Epernon could make, was to take both the hands of Clara within his own, and press her to his heart.

"It is true," he said, at length, "I am a madman, and you are an angel; but the idea of distrust from you put me almost beside myself. I have been too quick; it is not you who are to blame, and the next time I feel inclined to be angry, I shall remember to whom I am indebted for this insult."

"Do not be too harsh in your judgment on him; wait, at least, until you know him a little better."

"Whoever he is, ought I not to thank him for the injury he has done me?"

"Perhaps you ought."

"I do not understand you."

"I have not asked you to understand me—only believe me; I require nothing more."

Epernon felt enraptured.

"Ah! I feel how wrong I am to torment you in this way. I am, in truth, so little accustomed to happiness, that I do not know how to deal with it when it comes. I shall try and learn how to deserve my good fortune."

"Go," said the girl, putting both her hands upon the mouth of her lover, "go—I forgive you, but do not be naughty any more."

"Ah!" said Epernon, "how could I be otherwise; I am so jealous. You grant Mr. Quinton favors which you would refuse to me."

"What new pleasantry is this?"

"For example, that brooch you wear—he gave it you. Would you wear one of mine?"

"Why not, may I ask?"

"Indeed I do not see why not. Let me give you a bracelet for this harp, Clara; each time that I see it, I will know that I am, at least, on a footing of equality with Mr. Quinton."

"Wait a little," said the young lady, rising, at the same time, to accede to his request.

"I will send it to you this evening," said Epernon.

He kept his word. Clara received, the same day, a magnificent bracelet, set with diamonds of the rarest brilliancy, but of a curious and old-fashioned setting. With the bracelet was a note: "This ornament belonged to my mother; it is she who offers it to her daughter."

As Epernon had foreseen, these two lines overcome the young lady's scruples; and when he came down in the evening to the salon, where the visitors were wont to assemble, he saw Miss de Vismes so surrounded, that, for some time, he was unable to speak to her; but the bracelet glittered on her arm, and he thanked her with a look full of gratitude and love.

Just at this moment, Mr. Quinton entered, and, having saluted the guests, made his way to where Clara was seated. All at once he stopped short, and, as his eye fell on the bracelet, he said sharply:

"Gracious heavens! what is this?"

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"I do not recollect having seen this ornament among your jewels," said he, looking at the bracelet. "How long has it been in your possession?"

"Scarcely a day."

"Where did you purchase it?"

"I have not bought it."

"It has been given to you, then?"

No reply.

A gesture almost of anger escaped him.

"We will speak of this," he said, "another time. Just let me examine it for a moment?"

Clara, trembling, unfastened the bracelet, and handed it to him. He looked at it with serious attention—turned it care-

fully round—counted the stones which covered the broad, round clasp—then pressing his finger upon a certain place, the circular piece of gold which formed the back of the rosette of diamonds opened, and a lock of hair, covered with glass, was exposed to view.

Clara, who followed all his movements, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. He turned suddenly towards her.

"M. Epernon has given you this."

"It was left to him by his mother."

"He told you so."

"Yes, he did."

A dark cloud gathered on the Englishman's brow. He went away with the bracelet in his hand, and as he traversed the apartment he came upon a circle where M. Epernon was seated.

Just at that moment a Frenchman was holding forth about the African expedition and its dangers.

"The dangers of civilization are quite as great—travelers risk their lives in Europe as well as in Africa."

"Travelers in *England* perhaps do so," said the Frenchman, displeased at the interruption.

"I was not speaking of England, but of France. Twelve years ago, I was nearly killed there."

The ladies uttered an exclamation of affright and mingled curiosity.

"You! you! How was that?"

"It is a very simple story. I was traveling in a chaise, with a large sum of money, about thirty thousand pounds; and just as I had reached—the night was very dark. We traversed a thick wood. The road was soft and sandy, so that the noise of the horses and wheels could scarcely be heard. The carriage passed, at length, a tall rock which rose abruptly at one side. The name of that rock was St. Samfrons. The postillion pointed it out with his whip as he passed, and I have good reason to remember it. The carriage suddenly stopped. The postillion fell dead by a pistol-bullet; and when I came to my senses, I heard that the carriage had been rifled. I was three weeks recovering from my wound. All inquiries were vain. This is the more strange, for among the stolen articles were some jewels not difficult to recognize: for example, a bracelet just like this."

Mr. Quinton showed the bracelet he had in his hand, and the party were all

eagerly examining it, when Clara uttered an exclamation.

Epernon was leaning against the wall, almost senseless.

"What is the matter?" every one cried.

Mr. Quinton rose.

"I can tell you," he said.

"My father!" cried Clara.

The Englishman stopped, and received her, almost fainting, in his arms.

Exclamations of dismay and wonder arose from the startled group.

Meanwhile, the consciousness of Epernon slowly returned, and he perceived Mr. Quinton holding the almost lifeless form of his daughter.

"Her father!" repeated he wildly.

"Her father!"

He looked round him for a moment with a startled gaze, and gliding towards the door, disappeared from the scene.

CHAPTER V.

THE attention which the situation of his daughter demanded, for some time banished every other consideration from the mind of Mr. Quinton. When her agitation had in some degree subsided, he left her to the care of her maid, and was pacing to and fro in the adjoining chamber, when the door opened, and Epernon stood before him. Mr. Quinton started almost with surprise.

"You scarcely expected a visit from me," said Epernon, in a low voice.

"It is true; people of your class are generally more prudent."

"I would undeceive you, if it were possible."

Mr. Quinton bowed.

"The proof that I have not committed this crime, is fortunately easy. At the time it took place, I was on service in the Black Sea. This certificate is genuine."

The Englishman glanced at the paper which was laid before him.

"Then whence comes this bracelet, wherefore your manifest agitation on hearing my story? It is plain you knew of this crime even if you had no share in it."

"I did know of it."

"You gave this bracelet to Miss de Vismes as a family heir-loom. Is it your family whom I am to accuse?"

"No," said he, "my family has always been respectable, and deserves to be so."

"What part, then, have you had in this crime, unhappy man?"

"I have accepted an inheritance. Listen for a few moments. My time is precious." Mr. Quinton made a sign of attention. Then Epernon related every incident which had taken place. The story of Chiad—his death, the search he had made for the buried treasures, his success. When he had finished this long tale, he handed the Englishman a portfolio and a jewel-case.

"Your thirty thousand pounds have been placed in the funds," he said. "You will find the receipts in due form. This casket contains the remainder of your jewels."

"Sir," said Mr. Quinton, "the story you have told me is so strange, and this recovery of my property so entirely unexpected, that I am really in doubt whether to thank or to reproach you: you have certainly committed a serious error."

"Say a crime; I seek not to disguise the truth. After the convict's story, for a long time I struggled against the temptation. I could think of nothing but the hidden treasure. When a great man in a uniform covered with gold scarcely returned my salute, or an elegantly dressed woman passed by without taking any notice of me at all, I heard a voice which cried, 'St. Samfrons.' To become rich, it only required me to say, as in the fairy tales, 'I wish it.' I had, like Moses, but to strike the rock and there would flow forth a river of gold. I yielded to the temptation, but with my poverty I lost my repose. Each moment a voice seemed to be saying: 'Give back what you have stolen.' I carried poison with me, resolved not to survive should I ever be discovered. It was in vain I reasoned with myself. I feared like a child the arrival of night, scarcely knowing why." Epernon stopped suddenly; but, after a moment, resumed:

"We shall never see each other again; the farewell I utter may be considered that of a dying man. I had wished, I had hoped to be allowed to say farewell to another, and to hear her voice for the last time."

He stopped and looked towards Mr. Quinton, but the Englishman shaded his eyes with his hand. "I understand," said Epernon, "you think me unworthy of this

last favor—so be it—farewell." He turned to depart, when suddenly, silent as a figure from the land of light, on the threshold appeared another form, in white raiment, with disheveled hair, and eyes glittering with the fire of fever! Epernon uttered a fierce cry; another moment, and the two lovers were locked in one another's arms; Mr. Quinton sprang towards his daughter. "This is no place for you; return, Clara, I entreat, I implore you."

"Do not envy me this last mournful pleasure," said Epernon, in a tone so heart-broken, that the girl burst into tears. "I have heard all," she sobbed.

"You despise me, then."

Clara replied by throwing herself into her lover's arms; he pressed her to his heart, and covered her hand with kisses. Mr. Quinton, dumb with anger, seized at last the arm of his daughter, and endeavored forcibly to separate them, but without avail.

"Leave me, my father," she said; "I have promised to be his."

"Clara, are you mad?"

"I have promised to be his, I will never leave him."

"Sir," said the Englishman, trembling with rage, "I warn you—leave this lady to my care."

"Hear me," said Clara, throwing herself on her knees, "leave me, and let me follow him. I can bring no reproach on your name, for I have never been permitted to bear it; I have only been to you a source of remorse and embarrassment. I would relieve you from it. Ah! my father, farewell. I am no longer your daughter, but his wife."

Speaking thus, Clara flung her arms round her lover, and pressed his drooping head against her breast. Mr. Quinton, unable to endure the sight, seized his daughter with one hand, and raised the other as if to strike.

"No violence, sir," exclaimed Epernon; "fear nothing. I do not accept the sacrifice of this angel, I can not accept it; I have not wished to return to poverty again; I prefer dying an honest man. Take away your daughter. The poison begins its work—I am a dead man."

Clara uttered a cry; she seized Epernon, who began to totter, and held him in her arms. He smiled, laid his head gently on her breast, and ceased to exist.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE January number of the *ECLECTIC* was embellished with the portraits of fourteen of the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Men of literary renown in those days of whom our readers may very naturally desire to learn somewhat. Biographical sketches of these personages are placed on the pages of this number for want of room in our last, and being found in the same volume with their portraits, will not be materially inconvenient to the reader.

The biographical sketch of Shakspeare the chief personage in the group upon the plate, was placed in the previous number. In adding others, we begin with the personage in the print most prominent next to Shakspeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, a very interesting sketch of whose personal history and death will be found in one of the volumes of last year, to which the reader is referred.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

This celebrated nobleman was born in 1552. He was the most remarkable man of that remarkable period, which is commonly called the Elizabethan age. He was of an ancient Devonshire family, and was educated at Oxford and the Temple. He then served for some years as a volunteer under Coligni and Condé, in France, and afterwards under the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands. In 1579 he first displayed that zeal for maritime discovery and colonization, which is the most brilliant feature in his character. He joined an expedition to America, which was designed to form a colony in Newfoundland, but was beaten back by a superior Spanish force. He then served in Ireland, and highly distinguished himself against the Irish rebels and their Spanish auxiliaries. In 1582 he appeared at Elizabeth's court, and was very graciously received. His reputation for soldiership, his learning, which was varied and profound, his eloquence and ready wit, and the personal advantages and accomplishments, in which he was pre-eminent, all combined in raising him high

in his sovereign's favor. Raleigh was very active in schemes for extending England's dominions beyond the Atlantic, and in 1585 he sent out an expedition, which discovered Virginia. He was one of the most trustworthy of the naval heroes of England, who defended her in 1588 against the Spanish Armada. In 1589 he served in the expedition against Portugal under Drake and Norris. The young Earl of Essex was also with the troops employed on this occasion, and it was in a quarrel between him and Raleigh as to the operations of the forces, that the unhappy jealousy between these two originated. A short time afterwards Raleigh fell under Queen Elizabeth's displeasure on account of certain love-passages between him and Miss Throgmorton, whom he subsequently married. He was imprisoned for a time, but was soon released, and gradually recovered the Queen's favor. In 1595 he organized and led an expedition to Central and South-America, in the hope of discovering Eldorado, the golden-land in the existence of which all of that age firmly believed; nor can we who have witnessed the discoveries of gold in California, deride that belief as visionary and wholly unfounded. Raleigh sailed to Guiana and the neighboring districts; he explored the river Orinoco for four hundred miles from its mouth; and he wrote an account of his voyage and the new countries explored by him, which is remarkable for the eloquence and graphic beauty of style which it displays. During the latter years of Elizabeth's life Raleigh joined Cecil in intriguing against Essex; and he had the evil gratification of witnessing his rival's ruin and death, little thinking that he was himself to experience the retribution of a similar fate. James I. on his ascension, at first treated Raleigh with favor; but Cecil, who had in the late Queen's reign overthrown Essex by Raleigh's aid, was now determined to put down Raleigh; and the King's mind was soon poisoned against Sir Walter. Deprived of his dignities and lucrative appointments, Raleigh seems to have lis-

tened to the schemes of other disaffected men for altering the line of succession to the crown; but the charge on which he was tried and convicted in 1603 of being a traitor in the pay of Spain, was unproved and unfounded. He was sentenced to death, and his property was confiscated; but James kept him close prisoner in the Tower for twelve years, during which time he wrote his great work, the *History of the World*. In 1615 James released him, and permitted him to sail on an expedition to Guiana. This enterprise proved disastrous, and on Raleigh's return home he was arrested, and James resolved to put him to death under the old sentence of treason that had been passed on him in 1603. There can be no doubt that James was mainly led to commit this disgraceful act by his desire to win the favor of the Spanish court, which never had forgotten the services that Raleigh had done for England against Spain, and now clamored loudly for the blood of the English hero. Sir Walter was beheaded on the twenty-eighth October, 1618, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. The versatility of the genius of this great man is almost unparalleled. He was an excellent classical scholar, and well read in metaphysics and divinity, besides being generally conversant with the literature of his own and other modern countries. His prose writings are eloquent and vigorous; and he was the author of several poems, small in length, but great in beauty. He was eminent in the mechanical arts; and was the originator of many important improvements in ship-building. He was a daring navigator and explorer of new countries; and he was unwearied in his zeal for extending the commerce, and for creating the colonial power of England. He was a sage, as well as a bold captain by sea and by land; he was a skillful (though not always a successful) politician; and he was pre-eminent in all personal accomplishments and courtly graces. He was also a liberal promoter of intellectual energy and eminence in others; and he was the patron and personal friend of many of the most distinguished writers who adorned that bright epoch of English literature.

P.S.—Our Raleigh, N. C., and Virginia friends will look on the face and form of this renowned man with peculiar interest, interwoven with their history as his name is and his deeds.

SIR ROBERT BRUCE COTTON,

who, sitting sidewise in his chair, seems in the group to be talking with Shakspeare, was an eminent English antiquary, descended from an ancient family—was born January 22, 1570. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1585. His taste for antiquarian studies induced him to repair to London, where he became a member of a society of learned men attached to similar pursuits. He soon distinguished himself as a diligent collector of records, charters, and instruments of all kinds relating to the history of his country. The dissolution of monasteries, half a century before, had thrown so many manuscripts of every description into private hands, that Mr. Cotton enjoyed peculiar advantages in forming his collection. In 1600 he accompanied Camden, the historian, to Carlisle, who acknowledges himself not a little obliged to him for the assistance he received from him in carrying on and completing his *Britannia*. The same year Cotton wrote *A Brief Abstract of the Question of Precedency between England and Spain*. This was occasioned by Queen Elizabeth desiring the thoughts of the Society of Antiquaries already mentioned upon that point, and is still extant in the Cottonian library. He was afterwards employed by King James to vindicate the conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the supposed misrepresentations of Buchanan and Thuanus. What he drew up on this subject is thought to be interwoven in Camden's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, or else printed at the end of Camden's *Epistles*. In 1616 the King ordered him to examine whether the Papists, whose numbers then made the nation uneasy, ought by the laws of the land to be put to death, or to be imprisoned. This task he performed with great learning, and produced upon that occasion twenty-four arguments, which were published afterwards, in 1672. He was also employed by the House of Commons when the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain was in agitation, to show, by a short examination of the treaties between England and the House of Austria, the unfaithfulness and insincerity of the latter, and to prove that in all their transactions they aimed at nothing but universal monarchy. As early as 1615 Sir Robert Cotton's inti-

macy with Carr, Earl of Somerset, laid him under suspicion with the court of having some knowledge of the circumstances of Sir Thomas Overbury's death. He was even committed to the custody of an alderman of London; nor although nothing could be proved against him, was he released from this confinement till the end of five months. Being a member of the first Parliament of Charles I., Sir Robert Cotton joined in complaining of the grievance which the nation was said in 1628 to groan under; but he was always for mild remedies, and zealous for the honor and safety of the king. In the next year an occurrence took place, the consequences of which shortened his days. He died at his house in Westminster, May 6, 1631. A short time before his death he requested Sir Henry Spelman to signify to the Lord Privy Seal, and the rest of the Lords of the Council, that their so long detaining of his books from him, without rendering any reason for the same, had been the cause of his mortal malady. From this, as well as other circumstances, it appears that his library was never restored to his possession. He was buried on the south side of the church of Conington, where a suitable monument was erected to his memory.

REV. JOHN DONNE

was an English poet and theologian of his time. He was born in 1578, and died in 1631.

SAMUEL DANIEL,

whose face is indistinctly seen behind the chair of Shakspeare, was the poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth. He was also the author of a history of England down to the reign of Edward III. He was born in 1562, and died in 1617.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

BEN JONSON who appears sitting near to Shakspeare, was nearest to him in talent of any man of that age. He was born at Westminster in 1573. His father, a Scotsman by descent, dying in his boyhood, the widow married a bricklayer; and Ben Jonson is said to have been taken from Westminster school and obliged to work at his step-father's trade. We read also of his having enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. On the other hand, the obscure accounts we

have of his youth represent him as having studied both at Oxford and Cambridge; and it is certain that, in one way or another, he had obtained a good education, and was especially a ripe and exact Latin scholar. He can not have been much older than twenty, when, like so many men of genius in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, he attached himself to the theaters. He became an actor, but was a bad one; and his life was chiefly spent in play-writing, amidst the fluctuations of success incident to that pursuit, and the alternations of poverty with something little better, which made up the history of almost every one of our old dramatists. But his fame stood very high in his own time. In the most brilliant period of Shakspeare's career, Ben Jonson was the only man who contested the palm with him; and in the whole history of the old English drama none but Beaumont and Fletcher come nearer, or so near, to the excellence of the great master. He is vigorous, not graceful, a skillful and reflective artist, rather than an impulsive or imaginative poet; but there is great force in his comic pictures of character, and striking pomp of eloquence in his tragic dialogue. In 1598 he exhibited his first successful piece, the prose comedy of *Every Man in his Humor*; after several other plays, his dignified tragedy of *Sejanus* appeared in 1603; *Volpone*, a comedy in blank verse, abounding both in eloquence and poetry, was played in 1605; in 1609 came *The Silent Woman*, a comedy constructed with great regularity and admirable skill; and the roll of his good plays was closed in 1610, by the lively and energetic comedy *The Alchemist*. In 1619 he was appointed poet-laureate. But his later years were spent in poverty; and his natural gloominess of temper was aggravated both by the failure of his popularity and by ill-health. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His uncompleted *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, and many of his lyrics, show a delicacy both of poetical feeling and of diction, beyond any thing that appears in his other works; and his learning, especially in philology, is proved by several prose dissertations.

LORD FRANCIS BACON.

This eminent nobleman and renowned philosopher appears in the print sitting at

the head of the table, with pen and ink and hour-glass before him, as if it were his office to record what was said and done, and keep an account of Time's movements. His quaint costume and portrait are supposed to be accurate copies from ancient and original portraits faithfully preserved, as are those also of all the others of the group. This adds interest to the preserved lineaments of each countenance, which we hope will impart gratification to our readers.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, was Lord Chancellor of England under James I., and author of *Instauratio Magna*. The attempt to describe or surround a mind like that of the immortal Englishman, is akin to the effort to survey some grand Power in Nature, whose manifestations are almost infinite in form, and the sphere of whose efficiency is wide as the universe. The industry of all vast minds is unwearied: nor is it ever safe to say of such, that any one department of labor, or species of activity, belongs to them peculiarly. From early manhood Bacon was immersed in public affairs, intrusted with very onerous functions; in the first rank as juriconsult, he moved in the work of reforming and arranging the laws of England; as statesman he labored effectively in promotion of the treaty of Union—that foundation-stone of modern British greatness; in the capacity of historian he produced the first work in English literature meriting the name of History, namely, his work on the reign of Henry VII.; as orator and writer he had no equal in his age—joining to energy and weight of expression, a splendor of diction which sometimes may dazzle too much; and besides he renovated Philosophy. There are two features only, in a character so various and illustrious, to which we can refer in our brief sketch, namely—Bacon's achievements and value in philosophy, and his deserts as a Man.

I. The enterprise undertaken by this wonderful intellect, indicates by its very elevation and comprehensiveness, the capacity of the genius that conceived it. Bacon resolved to rescue science from the deplorable uncertainties and obstructions which then surrounded it—to reconstruct the edifice of human knowledge from its very foundations. Of his projected *Instauratio Magna*, the works he has left are only fragments; nor could they be

otherwise, for the execution of the gigantic plan is one of the leading tasks delegated to humanity, which can not be completed so long as the condition of humanity remains a progressive one. The *Instauratio Magna* has six main parts:

First, Bacon felt it needful to challenge anew for inquiry the respect and dignity that belong to it, to detect the vices of the philosophy prevailing at his time, and to point out the deficiencies requiring to be filled up. Such is the aim of the treatise *De Augmentis*. Secondly, the remedy had to be discovered; the only certain cure for the evil signalized. This cure is the use of the true Method, in the adoption of observation and experiment instead of hypothesis, as instruments for the discovery of fact, and in the substitution in such inquiries, of induction for deduction or syllogistic reasoning. The principles and processes of the new method are elaborately exposed in the *Novum Organum*. The third and fourth part of the *Instauratio* were planned as an exemplification or instruction in the use of the new Organon; the former, namely, the *Historia Naturalis et Experimentalis*, being dedicated to the collecting, by aid of observation and experiment, of the greatest possible mass of facts; and the latter, the *Scala Intellectus*, to exemplification of discovery by induction, of general laws from these facts, and of the application of these general laws by the inverse process of deduction, to particular cases comprehended within them. To finish this memorable undertaking, it yet remained that the results of the method, or the truths of philosophy be collected and arranged: but rightly seeing that the discovery of these was not a task he had to accomplish, but a legacy he had to bequeath, Bacon was satisfied with drawing up other two books, the first, or the fifth of his plan, named by him *Anticipations*, and the second or sixth, *Philosophia Secunda Sive Activa*, having reference to applications—to action or practice. Such the grandeur of the intellectual globe which the mind of this Englishman endeavored to span! It is in the second division of his great work that Bacon's more positive achievements are unfolded. And it must not be conceived that he is here satisfied with a set of general precepts, or with general statements concerning the value and superiority of the Organon. The new

Method of Inquiry, on the other hand, is examined under every light, and its right practice exposed in detail. In the first place, Bacon passes under review all the procedures of observation and every kind of experiment, showing with what special precaution facts must be sought for, and how we may estimate the value of the various sorts of facts bearing on any inquiry. With corresponding pains, and still greater success, he unfolds in the second book of the *Organon* in what way Induction enables one to detect from the collected facts, the true cause, or the true law of a phenomenon. Having collected by observation all the facts which precede or follow the phenomenon, it is necessary to *exclude* those in whose absence the phenomenon can be produced—to notice and separate those others in whose presence it always is produced; and lastly, to select from among the latter class, such facts as vary in intensity when the phenomenon varies, that is, which increase or diminish in proportion to an increase or decrease of intensity in the phenomenon. In this way, according to Lord Bacon, the true cause is found; and an application to this cause of a similar process, will evolve *its* cause, until in the end we reach supreme causes and universal laws. In appreciation of these important and memorable labors, we have room for only three brief remarks.

First, it can not well be denied that in certain respects Lord Bacon too much decried, or perhaps too little understood the syllogism; and that its peculiar meaning and value, as the only legitimate instrument in Deduction, ought to have preserved it and Aristotle, its immortal author, from the unjust disparagement which one regrets to find upheld by the authority of so great a name. Nevertheless this injustice to the Greeks, arising partly from defect of critical acquaintance with them, but more from his well-grounded revolt against the deplorable methods sustained in physical inquiry under shelter of their authority, in nowise impairs the edifice Bacon himself reared, or attaches to it any incompleteness.

Secondly, it is not pretended, with some exclusive and enthusiastic partisans, that previous to the writings of Bacon no philosopher had sought truths by Induction, or based his inquiries on observation and experiment. It is certainly far from being true that Galileo, for instance, in

conducting his immortal researches, pursued an erroneous course, or that although he had studied the *Novum Organum* his career of discovery would have been materially different; what is true is this—no one before Bacon had seen the full importance of the experimental and inductive method, had discovered the extent of the sphere of which it is the only legitimate occupant, had explored its principles, and from principles deduced rules for it as an Art. And it is equally true, that every inquiry of value, undertaken since the publication of his inductive code, has been conducted, with or without the consciousness of the inquirer, according to laws laid down in that code.

Lastly, since the publication of the inductive code, its laws have been enlarged and greatly particularized, so that—be it said, with perfect respect to the *Organon*—it is not to Bacon's writings alone that we would point now for full instruction in his own philosophy. The exigencies of the modern sciences, as well of observation as of experiment, have obliged us to refine his processes and multiply his precautions. The doctrine of probabilities enables us to discern the relative values of different classes of facts, with a precision Bacon never dreamt of; and in the writings of modern authors—let us say of *Mr. Mill*—the methods of induction are unfolded with a superior comprehensiveness and effect. But although the advance of the *physical* sciences, caused by the impulse Lord Bacon communicated, has exacted for *them* processes more complete and perfect than his; when, as to the *moral* sciences—as to inquiry, political, ethical, and religious—shall the time arrive in which inquirers shall practically recognize the validity even of the most general precepts in the *Organon*? The ultimate application of these precepts is sure; but humanity has not yet acquired the strength to accomplish it.

II. The length to which our analysis of Bacon's philosophy has extended, prevents our dwelling much on the character of the Man. Nevertheless, one earnest though brief word, in deprecation of the harshest treatment which, with one exception, has ever been applied to a mind so great. It is a canon we think which may be observed absolutely with far greater safety than it ever can be broken—that highest intellect and virtue are most closely allied; nay, notwithstanding appear-

ances, their severance is impossible ; certainly no mind like Bacon's, living through its duration amid great ideas, ought to be suspected of voluntary descent to utter meanness, unless on evidence which, concerning transactions of the kind charged against him, has not come down assuredly from that age. Dissimulation, indeed—corruption, treachery to friendship, it matters not what the mind may be that is guilty of them ; the acts are mean, and the mind foul. But the error in the popular judgment lies here—dissimulation and corruption are inferred on the strength of obscure circumstances, and without the necessary inquiry whether, *taking the character of the mind into consideration*—the said acts could possibly signify to it, either dissimulation or corruption ? At an *Old Bailey* indeed, or in *Banco Regis*, judgment must be summary ; but the Muse of History holds in her hands scales of another order—her question is, *do I rightly understand this Man ?* It is passing strange to find Lord Bacon in the guise of an ordinary criminal, and treated with no more than the ordinary courtesy, before Lord Campbell's judgment-seat ! The errors of Bacon, in so far as they are distinctly established, were mainly those of *compliance* ; and it will probably be found that they must be classed among those *involuntary acts*, which connect the best and wisest, through sheer force of circumstances, with the times in which they live ; *involuntary*, inasmuch as they are done because they are usually done, and without rigid examination. Sad it were if through cause of conventional compliances, every eminent personage of our own day might justly be branded as unvarnished, and a hypocrite ! Such as he was—since Bacon's time England has seen no greater and seldom a better man.

“ And be it said he had this excellence,
That undesirous of a false renown,
He ever wished to pass for what he was ;
One that swerved much and oft, but being
still
Deliberately bent upon the right,
Had kept it in the main : one that much
loved
Whate'er in man is worthy high respect,
And in his soul devoutly did aspire
To be it all, yet felt from time to time
The littleness that clings to what is human,
And suffered from the shame of having felt
it.”

—Lord Bacon was born in London on twenty-second of January, 1560 ; died 1626. There have been various editions of his work—the last by *Basil Montague* ; but an unexceptionable edition is still a desideratum.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

These two portraits of two friends—two partnership authors—two poets—two dramatists—two dwellers together in the same house in London, appear together in the print, looking enough alike to be two twin-brothers, one sitting at the table and the other standing behind his chair ready for counsel or aid.

John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont formed one of those partnerships which, though rare in all sections of literature except the drama, have in it been very common, both in England and elsewhere. Beaumont, the younger son of a judge, was born at his father's seat of Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, about the year 1585. By him poetry seems to have been prosecuted for its own sake. Fletcher, whose father died Bishop of London, had been born in 1579 at Rye, where his father was then clergyman ; and, left an orphan and penniless when he was a mere youth, he had to fight his way for himself, and earned his bread by writing. Both of the poets were academically educated, Beaumont at Oxford, Fletcher at Cambridge. Sir John Beaumont, author of the poem of *Bosworth Field*, was the elder brother of the one ; the religious poets, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, were cousins of the other. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the drama was by far the most flourishing department in the literature which then adorned England. All the poetical minds of the nation turned to play-writing ; not a few men of genius, who are now remembered only for their works of other kinds, Drayton and Daniel being instances, owed their contemporary fame in a great degree to their plays ; and several, such as Ford, whom we know only as dramatists, would probably have gained higher success had they cultivated other walks of poetry. The names of Beaumont and Fletcher appear together for the first time in 1607, when the latter was in his twenty-eighth year, and the former in his twenty-second. Beaumont had already published some miscellaneous poems : Fletcher's previous

training in authorship can not be traced. The English drama, which soon after 1590 had risen to its greatest glory under Shakspeare, was now not far from the end of its brightest period. The labors of its most illustrious master were about to close; and most of those which were afterwards performed by Ben Jonson were fallings off from the vigor of his prime. The two new poets stood, both in time and in spirit, between the era which was made glorious by Shakspeare, and that which terminated, in the middle of the century, the history of the old English Drama. The two are said to have lived in the same house in London till 1613, when Beaumont married. They continued to write, sometimes separately but oftener together, till 1616, when Beaumont died, in his thirty-first year or earlier. Fletcher survived him for nine years, writing actively the whole time; and he died in London, of the plague, in 1625. Fifty-three plays are included in the collection of works which we possess as the fruits of those nineteen years. The beautiful pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is known to have been Fletcher's; and seventeen other plays of the series were written after Beaumont's death; other writers, however, such as Massinger and Middleton, having perhaps assisted Fletcher in some of them. As to no one of the other thirty-five plays can we assert at all positively, that it was written by Beaumont alone, by Fletcher alone, or by both together. We possess no authentic information in regard to the circumstances in which any of these were produced; nor can we trace any where internal dissimilarities, sufficient to prove even plausible conjectures as to the several shares of the two dramatists. We discover, it is true, in the later works of Fletcher, evidence both of careless taste and of increasing moral depravation; but the ethical faults had begun to show themselves in the very earliest pieces of the joint series. In virtue of the works thus uncertainly apportioned, Beaumont and Fletcher are acknowledged, all but universally, to stand among our old dramatists, second to none but Shakspeare. If their title to this honor is at all disputed, it can be in favor of Ben Jonson only. Their dramas are more truly and finely poetical than any others which their brilliant age produced, except only the noblest masterpiece of the great master; in the pathetic

and romantic they often vie with almost every thing that even he imagined; and they abound in scattered passages of the most beautiful and touching poetry. They wanted, however, not only Shakspeare's unrivaled success in conceiving a drama as a whole, but also such skill and care in construction as that which is so admirable in Jonson. Those who would easily apprehend both the strength and the weakness of these exquisite poets, may learn both from a very few of the dramas which belong to the earliest years of their career. Such are Fletcher's pastoral already named; the romantically beautiful play of *Philaster*; the harrowing but deeply moving *Maid's Tragedy*; the spirited though repulsive *King and No King*; and the lively burlesque, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which parodies at once the chivalrous romances, and the popular plays founded on them by Heywood and others. More poetical, perhaps, than any of these, is *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the authorship of which is the most desperate of the unsolved riddles arising out of these works: Fletcher is allowed to have written part of it, and many are convinced that Shakspeare wrote the rest. Among the later plays, belonging to Fletcher alone, were several Comedies of Intrigue, which, partly by reason of their theatrical liveliness, partly, no doubt, because of their moral grossness, were the greatest favorites on the corrupt stage after the Restoration. One of these, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, still keeps its place with a few necessary mutilations.

JOHN SELDEN.

The placid face of this eminent man, mild and amiable in its expression, appears looking out from partly behind a splendid head of long waving hair resting on his neck and shoulders; almost a lady's face in its quiet beauty in comparison with the others. He reminds the observer of John the Evangelist, as much as John Selden.

John Selden was an English antiquary—was a law-writer—was a historian—was a man of most extensive acquirements. He was a native of Sussex, and was born in 1584. After receiving his education at Chichester, and Hart Hall, Oxford, he studied the law in the Temple, and was called to the bar. He practiced chiefly as a chamber counsel, and devoted much of his time to studying the history and

antiquities of his country. So early as 1607 he drew up a work, entitled *Analectum Anglo-Britannicum*, which was quickly succeeded by several others; and in 1614 appeared his *Titles of Honor*. Next followed his *De Diis Syriis* and *Mare Clausum*, in which latter he endeavors to historically establish the British right of dominion over the circumjacent seas. He now entered the field of politics, and in 1640 was elected member of Parliament for Oxford; at which time he was so well affected to the existing constitution of church and state, that when the King withdrew to York, he had some notion of appointing him chancellor. At the commencement of the disputes between Charles and the Parliament he acted with great moderation, and uniformly endeavored to prevent an ultimate appeal to the sword. In 1643, the House of Commons appointed him keeper of the records of the Tower, and, the following year, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, voting him £5000 as a reward for his services. He employed all his influence for the protection of learning, and was universally esteemed for his urbanity of manners and goodness of heart. He died 1654.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

Earl of Dorset, who appears in the group, with lifted finger, engaged in earnest conversation with Camden, was born in 1536 in Sussex. He was the only son of Sir Richard Sackville, the representative of a very ancient family, who had been high in office under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. After studying some time both at Oxford and Cambridge, and taking the degree of M.A. in the latter University, he removed to the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar. Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the House of Commons. His youth, though passed in dissipation and extravagance, was not wholly misspent, as is shown by his poems, which were written at an early period of life, and were the first-fruits of his vigorous and fertile mind. At the time of his father's death, in 1566, he returned from the Continent, which he had visited after his marriage. In the same year he was created Lord Buckhurst by Elizabeth, and having on a sudden reformed his habits of profuseness, received from that time various marks of royal favor. In 1570 he was sent on an embassy to France,

to treat of the marriage then proposed between the Queen and the Duke of Anjou; and in 1587 was employed as ambassador extraordinary to the United States of the Netherlands, to adjust the differences between them and the Earl of Leicester, whose anger he drew upon himself in the discharge of this duty. He was in consequence imprisoned till the death of his formidable enemy in 1588, after which event he was at once restored to Elizabeth's confidence, and filled a variety of state offices. In 1598, on the death of Burghley, he was made lord-treasurer, which situation he held during the next reign till his death, April 19, 1608, having, with rare good fortune, had his great services fully appreciated by two royal personages of very different character. His letters, many of which are preserved in the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, show that he was distinguished by the qualities which befit a statesman, and they confirm the judgment of his contemporaries.

WILLIAM CAMDEN,

who appears sitting at the end of the table on the extreme left, with folded hands, was one of the most illustrious names in the whole catalogue of learned Englishmen. His father was a paper-stainer, living in the Old Bailey, where Camden was born on the second of May, 1551. It is supposed that his father died when he was but a child, leaving little provision for him. It is certain that he was admitted into Christ's Hospital within a very few years after its establishment. He was afterwards in St. Paul's School, and finally removed to Oxford, where he appears to have studied in more than one college. He left the University in 1571, and became an under-master of Westminster School, the duties of which situation he discharged at the time when he composed the works which have made his name so eminent.

The most celebrated of these is that entitled *Britannia*, a survey of the British Isles, written in elegant Latin. The first edition of this work was published in 1586. Many others appeared in his lifetime with enlargements. A singular fate has attended this book. A long succession of writers have made additions to it, till Camden's *Britannia*, which as it came forth from him was but a single

volume of no large dimensions, has been swelled out in the successive English editions till at length it has become four folio volumes, though the work is still called by his name. One effect of this has been to throw the original work into the shade, and to occasion a wrong apprehension to prevail concerning it, as if it had been composed for the use of the inhabitants of Britain rather than for the information of learned foreigners, and as if it were not that succinct and admirable composition which does so much honor to the taste and judgment as well as to the learning of the author.

From the appearance of his *Britannia*, Camden began to be looked upon as one of the most distinguished scholars of his age. He carried on an extensive correspondence with the learned both at home and abroad, much of which has been preserved and published. The prebend of Ilfracombe in the cathedral of Salisbury was given to him, though a layman. He was made head-master of Westminster School in 1592, and Clarencieux King-at-Arms in 1597. The remainder of his history is to be found in a catalogue of his writings. We shall touch upon them briefly. His *Annals of the Reign of Elizabeth* is the next in celebrity to his *Britannia*, an admirable digest of the events of that reign, delivered in pure and elegant Latinity. He intended a similar one on the reign of James, but of this only the heads were prepared. His folio volume of the works of some of our old Latin chroniclers was printed at Frankfurt in 1603. It belongs to the set of Latin chroniclers on English affairs, and contains Asser, Walsingham, Giraldus Cambrensis, and others. Among his minor works two only need be mentioned, his *Remains concerning Britain*, published in 1604, a very amusing and instructive volume; and a small Greek grammar for the use of Westminster School, which was first published in 1597.

Camden reached the age of seventy-two. He died on the ninth of November, 1623, at Chiselhurst in Kent, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, a great assemblage of the learned and illustrious doing him honor at his funeral. A monument was erected to his memory, which still remains. It has his bust, with the left hand resting on the *Britannia*.

He never married, and at his death left a good estate, the greater part of which

he devoted, a little before his death, to founding an historical lecture in the University of Oxford, now called the Camden Professorship of History. Camden has always been regarded with peculiar respect by English historical inquirers and antiquaries; and when in 1838 they founded a "Society for the Publication of early Historical and Literary Remains," it was felt that the most appropriate title which could be given to it would be that of their most distinguished predecessor. The "Camden Society" has since continued annually to place within the reach of historical students a mass of singularly varied and valuable "remains concerning Britain," and has thus become a worthy monument to the memory of Camden.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

who appears standing on the extreme left of the group with his back to the spiral column, was born in 1563. He was a merchant and a poet. He was a member of a merchant company at Stade, and was recommended to its secretaryship by the Earl of Essex in 1597. In the latter part of his life he emigrated to Holland, and died at Middelburg in 1618. Both in his opinions and in his choice of friends he was strongly puritanical; and those numerous versified works, chiefly translations from the French, to which he owed his literary reputation, show a warmly devotional and serious tone of feeling. He was not however remiss in courting the patronage of the great. To King James VI. he addressed many adulatory dedications; and it was probably in compliment to him that he selected the topic of one of his original poems, which is thus entitled: "Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered (about their Ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at leastwise overlove so loathsome a Vanitie) by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." He is chiefly known now on account of the obligations said to have been incurred by Milton to his principal translation, that of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas. There are two collected editions of Sylvester's works, both in folio, and commencing with the translation of Du Bartas. Their dates are 1633 and 1641. The second of them contains a supplement of posthumous poems; among which is the alteration of the *Soul's Errand*, which caused this fine poem to be erroneously attributed to Sylvester.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

DESIROUS of gratifying the patrons of the ECLECTIC with a choice variety of the gems of art so beautifully done by Mr. Sartain, we trust they will all be more than pleased with the embellishment of the present number, which is the *Illustration of Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. The picture of this subject engraved for the February number of the ECLECTIC, is one of the most charming productions of its eminent author, and as original in conception as it is splendid in its effect of chiaro-scuro. It is the most remarkable presentment of this quaint and beautiful scene since the two famous pictures by Fuseli, which were scarcely more original or piquant than this of Landseer. We see in it the utmost contrast and force of light and shade in vigorous opposition, united with the most gentle gradation of blending sweetness. We see too that the mastery of this artist in his treatment of the human form, is scarcely below his powers as a painter of animals, and in this latter department he has long stood preëminent and alone, the claims of Rosa Bonheur to the contrary notwithstanding.

The scene is in Act IV. Scene I., of the drama, and is thus described by Oberon. Speaking of the Fairy Queen Titania, he says :

"For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometimes on the
buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace be-
wail."

Bottom the weaver with his transformed head calls on the attendant Fairies successively, and we see them in the picture making prompt response to his call :

Bottom. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.
Where's Monsieur Cobweb ?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Monsieur Cobweb ; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
. . . Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will ?

Bottom. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, Monsieur ; for methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

REPENTANCE. — Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue : but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping ; one shower will not suffice, for repentance is not one single action, but a course.

JUDGE JEFFRIES, of notorious memory, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said : "There is a rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, asked : "At which end, my lord ?"

A WEATHER ITEM.—The court was called. There was a cloud upon the brow of the judge. Silence reigned. William Mulligan was hailed, but William was mist. The judge thundered. Counsel scorned. The jury's labors lightened ; but William Mulligan had gone.

A BURGLAR was caught with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest "thief of time" we ever heard of—except "procrastination."

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS: PORTRAYED IN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. By Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D.D., and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty engravings. Pages 630, with an Appendix. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 602 Arch street. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1857.

We have received from Mr. Fletcher, one of the authors, a personal friend, a copy of the admirable work on Brazil which is their joint production. It comprises twenty-seven chapters. It is the fruit of much research, patient investigation, a long residence in the country, personal experience, travel, and observation, and familiar acquaintance with the language, manners, laws, and customs of the country, and an intimate knowledge of its inhabitants. Of Mr. Fletcher's ability and fidelity in the production of such a work, no one will doubt who is acquainted with his talents.

THE NOON PRAYER-MEETING OF THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, Fulton Street, New-York: Its origin, Character, and Progress, with some of its Results. By TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. Pages 308. New-York: Board of Publication of the Reformed Dutch Church. 1858.

The events and religious phenomena recorded in this volume form a most interesting chapter of current history. Not a history of battles or of political events and revolutions, but of those great moral changes in the life and character of individuals which outlive and outlast the events of time, which have their origin and inception under divine influence and guidance, and to be recognized and acknowledged indisputably as such by every serious and intelligent observer of them. The record of these events in this permanent form was assigned to very wise and judicious hands in the person and talents of Dr. Chambers. It is a record of events which ought to be committed to no careless or incompetent pen. The book itself will be read with interest and profit from its touching narratives and incidents of personal history, by all candid minds who are desirous of understanding the true character of the religious movement which has more or less arrested the attention of all Protestant Christendom.

POWER OF THE MOON IN INDIA.—We returned home by moonlight. In India the nights are always beautiful, but when the moon is at the full they are particularly so. She seems nearer the earth in the tropics than in Europe, and certainly has more power and influence—especially in fevers—the invalid generally suffering more at certain seasons of the moon's phases. I have heard persons affirm that sitting bare-headed, by moonlight, in the open air, they have felt the heat of the moon on their heads. But, be this as it may, she is glorious here; by her light the flowers seem to be of silver, and those parts of the shining foliage of trees which catch her rays appear dotted with pearls.—*Lady Falkland's "Chow-Chow."*

THE FATAL OPERATION OF COLD.—A person frozen to death dies of apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralyzed, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The

large sinews, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy then follows. When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the extremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The Lascars, who arrive in England from India in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one—as the records of the London hospitals abundantly prove.

ROMAN AND SAXON ANTIQUITIES CAST UP BY THE SEA.—At a meeting of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the Rev. H. Higgins, presiding, Mr. H. Ecrolyd Smith exhibited a considerable number of articles from the seashore at Cheshire, chiefly found during the past year, including some valuable specimens of the bow, or lyre-shaped fibulae of the Romans, several of which still retain their brightly colored enamel pastes through the preserving action of the vegetable soil of the old Wirral forest in which they have lain till washed out by the advancing tides. Among other curiosities was a circular brooch, quite recently found about half-tide. It is of silver filigree work, and contains cup-formed receptacles for colored enamels. The scrolled design is elegant, and the whole forms a very interesting specimen of the fourth century workmanship. The coins comprised a silver denarius of the Emperor Hadrianus, A.D. 117–138; a silver penny of Ethelred II. (the Unready,) having on its reverse the Hand (of Providence) between the Greek letters Alpha and Omega; and silver pennies of Canute the Great, all being in an excellent state of preservation.

SILVERING MIRRORS.—Of all the various trades inimical to health, those which involve the inhaling or manipulation of mercury are notoriously the most deleterious. The fabrication of looking-glasses is attended with serious inconvenience to the workmen, and any substitute for quicksilver would be a boon to the mechanic. A patent has been taken out at Paris, by which nitrate of silver in a vaporized form is made to do duty effectually and more permanently. 100 grammes of that substance are dissolved in 500 grammes of distilled water, and a metal bath of suitable expanse, an inch deep, is made to receive the mirror; heat being applied beneath, the exhaled particles coat the glass, and silver it uniformly and durably.

RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds: thus fourteen direct muscles, alone, or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles, ditto, 73,741,823, and all in coöperation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called a baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed a mezzo-soprano—whereas a boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.

THE PRUSSIANS.—Every province in Prussia has its peculiarity, or property, as they call it. Thus, for example, Pomerania is renowned for stubbornness; East-Prussia for wit; the Rhineland for uprightness; Posen for mixed humor; the Saxon for softness; the Westphalian for hams and *pumpernickel*; and Silesia for good nature.—*Walter White's "July Holiday"*

MELROSE ABBEY.—A correspondent of the *Builder* draws attention to the extraordinary degree of preservation in which some of the most delicate details of Melrose Abbey still exist. "The abbey was founded by King David in 1136, and, after suffering severely, seems to have been greatly rebuilt by Robert Bruce in 1324, he having given £2000 towards its restoration, which was a great sum in that time and country. Taking the latter of these two dates as the period of the execution of a principal portion of the architecture, it yet affords a duration of more than five hundred years up the present time. Various of the traceries of the windows, as also the groinings of the arches of the roof, remain almost intact, as well as the varied and beautiful foliages that enrich the work throughout; but what most attracted my attention and admiration on the score of preservation were various of the little highly wrought and elaborately pierced canopies to niches, that seem nearly as perfect as when left by the workman's chisel. These exist in all directions on the outside as well as the inside of the building, so situated as that at any rate the major portion of them could be in no way protected. The stone came from the neighboring village of Dryburgh, also close to the Tweed, at least so they say here, and the character of the material appears similar, although what is wrought now does not seem to stand so well. In conversation with an intelligent builder here, he gave it as his opinion, that as regards the surface of the work, 'they must have putten something over it,' in the first instance; a preparation which has had the effect of preserving it to a degree which I fancy is almost unparalleled in this island. Is there any record of such a kind of preparation having been applied to old buildings in our islands? If so—

'The monks of Melrose,' who 'made fat kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted ever good beef and ale,
As lang's their neighbors lasted,'

made better preparation for the welfare of their abbey than even of themselves or their order; and if so, in case the preparation, of late tried over portions of the New Houses of Parliament, is half as efficient as that which may have been thus used at Melrose, it will be all that can be desired."

SNAKES IN ABYSSINIA.—What was the spiral thing that rolled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent, some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black ribbon on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves? I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest, and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless, something must be done. Making myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space

with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over fallen trunks, whose cavities seemed alive with snakes, I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from our tent. I had had hunting enough for one day.—*Travels in Abyssinia.*

PROJECT FOR TUNNELING DESERTS.—A French gentleman has a proposition for turning the sands of the desert to good use—in short, of burning them into lumps for the construction of a tunnel. He says that all governments that have existed in Algeria have tried to create a communication between the north and the center of Africa, and none of them have succeeded. Algeria, provided with railways, might become the entrepôt of the commerce of the Mediterranean with all the people of the south, and rise to the grandeur of Carthage. The sands of the desert, says the author, consist, during nearly their whole length, of soda, lime, and certain salts. At the heat of ordinary furnaces these sands do not fuse, but when subjected to from two thousand to four thousand degrees of heat they form, not glass, but agglomerations sufficiently strong for the formation of durable works. This result is proposed to be arrived at by concentrating the rays of the sun by means of an Archimedean mirror. Thus arched blocks are to be cast, which, placed one against another, will form a tunnel as far as the desert extends. This tunnel, it is said, might easily be protected against the simoon and the columns of sand; and supplied with water from artesian wells, would be the grand central artery of Africa, through which would be brought, with Christianity, all the products of Europe in exchange for the raw materials, of which the richness and variety are incalculable.—*Building News.*

GOOD NEWS.—The speeches delivered in Westminster Hall by prosecutors and the counsel for the defense, on the occasion of the impeachment of Warren Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanors in his government of India, had a world-wide fame, from the impression they made at the time. No full report, however, has ever been printed of these elaborate harangues of our greatest orators, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and of their antagonists, such men as Law, Plumer, and Dallas. "This want," says the *Athenæum*, "is in course of being supplied by the publication, under Government, proposed and sanctioned by Sir G. C. Lewis, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, of the whole of these speeches. They will be printed from the Gurney manuscript reports, copies of which are extant; and the first volume of the work will, we believe, be shortly announced."

ANTIQUITIES FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A vessel has just arrived, bearing for the British Museum one hundred cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Onidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British Vice-Consul at Mytilene. Also about fifty cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Among those from Onidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons.

A THREE-CYLINDER MARINE STEAM-ENGINE.—The steam-yacht built in England, for Il Hami Pacha, is fitted with engines of a perfectly new construction, known as "Scott Russell's Patent Three-cylinder Engine," the success of which improvement is most marked. The perfect ease with which all parts of the machinery worked was admired by the engineers connected with the marine steam-engines who were on board, when the trial-trip was lately made. Though small, and of a nominal one hundred and fifty horse power, they work up to nine hundred horse power, with a consumption of twenty-one hundred weight of coal per hour, or rather two and a half pounds of fuel per horse power per hour. The advantage of three cylinders is the much greater uniformity of force and motion given out than where one or two cylinders only are employed. The disadvantage hitherto has been the multiplication of parts by three separate engines. This has been entirely removed by the present arrangement, in which a single crank and eccentric do all the work of three separate engines, and so combine with uniformity and economy of power simplicity and compactness.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND APOLLYON.—Some years since, the Duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who are you?" asked the Duke in his short dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon." "What do you want?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me—very odd." "I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "Bligod to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

POPPING THE QUESTION CANDIDLY.—Simioni Wangkavou, wishing to bring the object of his affection to decision, addressed these homely remarks to her, in the hearing of several other persons: "I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell; but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you: but if not, neither do I love you: only let it be a settled thing."—*Williams's Feejee Islands.*

MEMORIAL FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE VICTORY.—A table has been made of the original timbers of the old Victory, by the joiners of Portsmouth Dockyard. No wood has been employed but that which was in the ship at the battle of Trafalgar. The table is eighteen feet long, ten feet wide, and three feet one inch high, supported on six massive, handsomely-turned legs. It is destined as a present to the Junior United Service Club, Pall-mall. All the models of the ships engaged in the ever-memorable action are to be placed upon the table.

PAPER CONSUMPTION.—Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes seven hundred and fifty paper-mills with two thousand engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced two hundred and seventy million pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about \$27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and three hundred and forty million pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelvemonth's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labor and rags, is computed at \$4,000,000.

THE BED-CHAMBER OF MARIE DE MEDICIS.—The splendid apartment in the Palace of the Luxembourg, at Paris, known as the *Chambre à Coucher de Marie de Medicis*, is about to be restored. The superb wood-carving of the frames, panels, etc., has become worm-eaten, and the restoration will require great care and nicety. The decay of the wood-work would of course involve the loss eventually of the beautiful arabesques and decorative paintings of the period which cover the walls and ceilings of this sumptuous so-called bed-chamber. Our readers will remember that these paintings were executed by no less celebrated artists than Rubens, Philip de Champaigne, and Nicholas Poussin.

ORIGIN OF THE TITLES OF PEERS.—Duke is derived from the Latin word *dux*, a leader. Marquis: this title was conferred upon those who held the command of the *marches*, as the boundaries between England and Wales, and England and Scotland, were called, when those countries were hostile to this nation. Earl is a title derived from the Saxon word *eorl*, noble. The earl formerly had the government of a *shire*. After the Conquest, earls were called counts, and from their shires have taken the name of *counties*. Viscount, or *Vice comes*, was the deputy of the earl. Baron: the title of baron is the oldest in point of antiquity, although the lowest in point of rank, of any order of nobility.—*How We are Governed: by Albany Fonblanque.*

FRESCOS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., has completed his third panel in fresco of the eight in the Commons' corridor to be occupied by some historic subject. The first panel on the left-hand side after entering the door is occupied by the fresco of "Alice Leslie concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemore." The second subject represents "The Execution of Montrose;" the third, just finished, represents "The Last Sleep of Argyll previous to his Execution." The subject is probably familiar to many, the oil study for the fresco having been a favorite picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1854, and an engraving of it having appeared in the *London Illustrated News*.

"TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."—Paley, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half-aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad, take care of thy money,' as if I myself were of no consequence!"

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away, is a sore trial. The purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a poisonous miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any one of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect, so if all the members of a family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

POETRY.—About one book only in a hundred is a success. When Campbell, at a literary festival, toasted Bonaparte as a friend of literature, because he once had a bookseller shot, he was a trifle too rough on the trade. It is impossible always for a publisher to decide rightly. All publishers are naturally shy of a new MS. of poetry, for instance, for they know by experience that the dearest of all dead books is a dead volume of verse. The sepulchre of deceased poetry in Mr. Burnham's churchyard of old books, in Cornhill, is the largest bin in his establishment.

THE Literary Gazette says: "Sir William A. Beckett, late Chief-Justice of Victoria, has favored us with the following interesting extract from a letter just received from Melbourne:

"What think you of our library? the attendance has reached eight thousand persons a month, actually a larger number than that last year at the British Museum—ninety-three thousand to ninety-six thousand. This year, also, we are fortunate enough to have a grant of £20,000 to expend, and a wing is being added, which gives an additional reading room ninety feet long."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is advertising in the Irish papers for a portion of the Correspondence of the late Duke, September, 1805, to April, 1807, said to be missing, and necessary to the completion of the Supplemental Dispatches. His Grace believed that the papers were deposited somewhere in Dublin during his secretaryship in 1807.

YANKEE ENERGY.—The fabulous edifice proposed by a Yankee from Vermont no longer seems an impossibility. "Build the establishment according to my plan," said he: "Drive a sheep in at one end, and he shall immediately come out at the other, four quarters of lamb, a felt hat, a leather apron, and a quarto Bible."

ANCIENT PRICES.—Four hundred years ago, a single book of gossiping fiction was sold before the palace-gate in the French capital for fifteen hundred dollars. The same amount of matter contained in this expensive volume, Mr. Harper now supplies for twenty-five cents.

WHEN twenty-five thousand copies of Mr. Macanlay's two recent volumes went flying all abroad from Paternoster Row, no less than five thousand reams of paper, six tons of pasteboard, and seven thousand yards of calico were swallowed up.

THE time and labor are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for in that case he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

DR. BARTH, the great African traveler, has been appointed by the Queen, a Commander of the Bath. It seems that the "belief" of the *Lancet* is not well founded, that Sir Benjamin Brodie would be raised to the peerage for his eminent services, by the title of Baron Betchworth.

A COPY of the First Edition of Burns' Poems, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was recently sold at a sale in Edinburgh for £3 10s.: it is in the original binding, and was bought by Mr. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, the antiquarian bookseller.

In announcing a fête to be held on the occasion of the Burns Centenary, at the Crystal Palace, on January 25th, 1859, the Directors of that institution offer a prize of Fifty Guineas for the best poem on the subject, the copy-right to remain in the hands of the Company.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—The Christian has, when alone, his thoughts to watch; in the family, his temper; in company, his tongue. It will be his endeavor to illustrate his devotions in the morning by his actions during the day.

ACTIONS AND WORDS.—Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

DURING a recent trial there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the Judge mildly said: "Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call silence when ladies are in court?"

DEATHLESSNESS OF WHAT IS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL.—There is nothing innocent or good that dies, and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it.

FROM the small hollow of the dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

It is a constant inquiry: "When does Mr. Thackeray intend to publish his Lectures on the Georges?"

WHAT does a young lady resemble whose acquaintances pass her in silence and without notice?—A cut-lace.

A YOUNG carpenter having been told that "the course of true love never did run smooth," took his plane under his arm when he went courting.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.



ENGRAVED BY J. H. SAMPSON - THE ORIGINAL BY RAFFAELLO

THE WIFE OF THE PRIEST - THE ORIGINAL BY RAFFAELLO

THE WIFE OF THE PRIEST - THE ORIGINAL BY RAFFAELLO

P. WINTERHALDER

EMPEREUR LOUIS SARRAZIN

EUGÉNIE.

EMPERESS OF THE FRENCH.

Portrait of Eugénie de France.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1859.

From the Quarterly Review.

HORACE AND HIS TRANSLATORS.*

OUR English lovers of the wise and pleasant Venusian continue to attempt translating him so pertinaciously that we are fairly provoked into inquiring what success has yet been attained in the object by our national literature, and whether there are any prospects of a perfectly satisfactory achievement of the nice and

difficult task? We shall not apply the prosaic test of utility in the matter, for we do not estimate roses by their value for medicinal purposes, and a Horace in English, like Horace in Latin, would be something beyond price. But even on the ground of utility there is a good deal to say. Who knows whether a vernacular Horace may not yet be required for a Reformed House of Commons? Who knows what would be the effect of the diffusion of perfectly graceful and accurate versions of the ancients upon a generation which threatens to respect nothing older than 1832? From this point of view, the inquiry becomes important as well as interesting; and the fact that our latest translator is a Peer not unknown in public life acquires a new significance. The truth is, that we can not help looking

* *The Odes and Episodes of Horace, translated literally and rhythmically.* By W. SEWELL, B.D. 1850.

The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse. By HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON. 1844, 1855.

The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Meters, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London. 1853.

The Odes of Horace, in Four Books; translated into English Lyric Verse By Lord RAVENSWORTH. Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 1858.

upon Horace as a kind of honorary member (along with other ancients) of the British constitution. He and his friends have helped to form our statesmen, polish our oratory, and point our conversation for many ages, and that Lord Ravensworth should be his translator is a fact which we are still happy to be able to characterize as *English*. Sir Robert Peel loved the little Roman; Lord Plunket learned him by heart; Burke quoted him; Lord North punned upon him; Warren Hastings rendered one of his most famous odes. We shall see presently that there are noblemen, diplomatists, statesmen, and bishops, as well as poets and scholars, among those who have endeavored to naturalize him in our tongue; so that the task can hardly be called one of mere literature only; and before we begin to examine it specially in that light, we feel tempted to say a few words on the historical importance of Horace himself.

There is nothing more curious than the transition by which classical literature has passed from a revolutionizing into a conservative influence. It was once dangerous to be suspected of Greek, and the elderly gentlemen of the fifteenth century did not half like a young fellow who showed a marked turn for Latin prose. When Horace appeared from the presses of Italy—as if the Esquiline had given up its dead—he, the Epicurean and the admirer of Augustus, began his modern career in the capacity of a reformer. He taught Erasmus to laugh at monks, to ridicule old feudal funerals, to treat the grotesque figures of saints with little more reverence than he himself had shown to the images of Priapus; and a corresponding influence was exercised by the other comic writers of antiquity all over Europe. Rabelais in France, Buchanan in Scotland, Skelton in England, were all men suckled on the Wolf of Roman satire; and cardinals and friars, tyrants and hypocrites were pelted with weapons such as had once assailed Domitian—Tigellinus—bloated *libertini*, and sham Stoics. Horace—less direct and violent than other satirists—proved also to have an element capable of wider employment in the world. That philosophy of moderation which we find in his later works—the Epistles—was found to harmonize with certain epochs of the modern world, so much as to become traceable in our moralists and divines. His happy

sayings obtained the currency of proverbs and the authority of oracles. The world has long forgotten that he and his band of ancient brothers were once thought dangerous to churches and thrones. They are now the cherished darlings of spiritual and temporal potentates, loved (strange to say) least by those political parties whose existence in Europe they helped to make possible! But if we recognize the ingratitude of liberalism when it assails the study of Latin and Greek, let us be thankful that we now know what Latin and Greek really teach. The old abbots, who hated the new studies, may sleep in peace. No man now who knows who Brutus was is likely to imitate him. We study our own demagogues in Aristotle, and laugh at them in Aristophanes. Republics which remained great or independent only as long as they remained historic and aristocratic present little for the imitation of rebellious cobbler. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity stare when brought into contact with societies which based all politics on the eternal necessity of slavery, and made the hatred of foreigners a part of public virtue. What fluctuations of opinion and varieties of view has the popularity of Horace survived! And how hopeless seem the prospects of our modern reputations, when we contemplate the thousands of editions and versions which maintain and diffuse his fame!

But let us now (for he is not before us every day) take a bird's-eye view of the more recent varieties of Horatian opinion. Every ancient has a modern literature of his own, and has also his rises and falls in popular favor like a living writer. Horace, for instance, was not so early translated in England as Virgil and others, nor—if we may venture on so decided a generalization—was he so much valued in the Elizabeth period. He rose in favor in the seventeenth century, and acquired a decided accession of popularity when Pope published the "Imitations." The great intellectual movement which followed the French Revolution was not favorable to him; he was assailed heavily in Germany, and Catullus came more into fashion. Niebuhr was a great admirer of Catullus, but he took care that depreciation of the later author should not go too far, and we find him writing thus on the subject in his celebrated "Letter to a Young Philologist:"

"Horace's Odes may also benefit the young as a standard style formed upon the Greek model, and it is a pity that a contempt for them has spread which is only allowable and not arrogant in the case of a very small number of Masters in philology."

Since that time the tide has turned again. Abroad, there have been several excellent editions of him published; at home, besides the *Horatius Restitutus* of Dr. Tate and the edition of Milman, there have been more translations, of some literary pretension, than it would be easy to match in any other given number of previous years. A reaction has set in. Just as the Queen Anne's men and their successors of the last century have recovered from the depression which they experienced during the first ascendancy of Wordsworth and Coleridge, there is a disposition to think more kindly and highly of a writer whose cause is very much the same. A liberal compromise has been entered into among the men of letters who discuss Horatian questions. How far was he really a poet? How far was he noble as a man? These points are debated without any absurd affectation of "contempt;" and on them, as on other controversies regarding Horace's life and writings, definite grounds of argument begin to disclose themselves. We have remarked the gradual rise of somewhat new conclusions about him; but these are accompanied every where with a mixture of affection and admiration which show that he is likely to survive the tests of this generation as triumphantly as he has those of any preceding one.

If, for example, we take the old question—Was Horace a poet? nobody would now venture to answer it in the merely contemptuous negative of a sixth-rate imitator of Keats. On the other hand, who would assert that his genius was as naturally poetic as that of Shakspeare or Sophocles? A good test in such cases is to ask whether the word "poet" would be a sufficient description for a man, without any other; whether the poetic element has the mastery in his mind and style? Now, it can hardly be said that this was the case with Horace—whose earliest works are satires—whose latest works are epistles, and who is more original, beyond all question, in these, than in the strictly poetic compositions which he wrote for the lyre. To say, indeed, that he was more original in these, is only

to say that he was a Roman. The Roman satire stands by itself, and is a native production of the Italian soil. It is not like the Archilochian satires which Horace imitated in the Epodes. It is not like the Old Comedy represented by Aristophanes. It is a peculiar creation of the native Roman mind—rich with its ancient morality, and its shrewd mother-wit. There is no doing justice to or understanding the Romans without remembering their humor; and we must say that when we think of Horace, we involuntarily picture the little man trotting on his mule and watching with the mixed sympathy and criticism of a humorist the country-folk, or curiously scanning the flow of life in the Suburra or the Sacred Way. We rather, that is, find such images of him rising before us, than those presented by the lyrics—Anacreontic visions of poetic dissipation—Horatius under a vine, with his hair anointed, listening to Tyndaris; while Puer, myrtle-crowned, is coming along with a wine-jar. Briefly, it is our theory that the historical Horace was a philosophical satirist and moralist; that his other gifts were subordinate, and that his lyrics must be studied with a constant eye to their artificial and (in some instances, at all events) utterly unreal character. But on the other hand, if he had been only satirist and moralist, how could he have written the *Carmina*—supposing him to have imitated ever so closely Alcæus and Sappho, and Anacreon? And here it is useless to puzzle ourselves over the recondite meanings that may lie in the word Poet. He is a poet who can produce the effects of poetry. The Bandusian fountain gratifies the sense by its coolness, and lulls it with its plash. What can any body who describes a fountain do more? We are far from maintaining that Horace was no poet at all. We think that in mind and character he was essentially a philosopher; but that he had sufficient poetic genius—given a lyrical literature and foreign meters—to produce delightful odes, and odes which we should still enjoy, even if the songs of Lesbos had survived. But this is a different thing from calling a man a creative poet. The civilized world, in fact, had advanced in the time of Augustus beyond the stage where lyrics originate. They belong to the grand old singing time of peoples, when their hearts and voices are young—to the spring season of a race when its creeds

and institutions are flourishing healthily about it like the leaves, and it pours out song for song's sake. Horace was as far removed in time from that epoch, as we are from the epoch which produced the feudal ballads. And indeed, it would not be absurd to compare his poetic position under Augustus with that of Sir Walter Scott under George the Fourth. They were both poets, but not poets only. They were both inspired by the minstrelsy of a day long gone by, and yet as men of the world and of general genius acquired a fame apart from their poetic fame. It is not as singer after all, so much as thinker, that Horace has left his mark on Europe; and when we talk of Sir Walter, we talk of him rather as the great describer of character, the wise kindly judge of mankind, than as the bard who sang the battles of Flodden or Harlaw.

According to this view, Horace is beginning definitely to take his place as the great man of the world among poets, and the great poet of men of the world. He heads that large and influential body of writers which includes in our literature Addison and Pope; men who have written admirable poems, but who are yet separated as a class from the Shakespeares and Spensers. His character, too, rises definitely before us and harmonizes with his works, when we describe him as one of the best and kindest men of the world, whose biography has ever become a matter of historical concern. Your Horace is not a solitary singer living in his own world, and listened to from without, like a nightingale. He is a cheerful creature, loving society and the light; a man among men as well as a writer for them. His soul was not a star that dwelt apart; but an exceedingly pleasant and brilliant lamp for the habitations of mankind. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, emphatically, at the Mitre, when Boszzy wondered how he could live on easier terms with the learned and pious doctor than with his own father: "I am a man of the world, and I take the color of the world as it moves along." This was Horace's way. He wrote charming little songs for it, (after the Greek, many of them;) made beautiful little paintings for it, graceful delineations of that ancient Mythology which could still gratify the eye though it had ceased to satisfy the soul of the Pagan world; and, while doing so, took up his

own successful position in society and studied it to the very core. Such a career is not to be compared in dignity and purity with that of Milton. It was the career of an artist and a philosopher—not pretending to a mission for reforming the world; but making the best of it as he found it, and on the whole using his fine gifts with wisdom and delicacy. We must remember how hard it was to rise to a nobler theory of life in his time and position, amidst the ruins of a constitution and the decay of a faith. He had seen Stoicism (of which he felt the dignity) vanish from politics with Brutus. Nothing was left him but the practice of Art and the philosophy of Moderation. And after all too, the cause of Augustus was *his* cause; though he did not perhaps know it, when he threw away his shield amidst the dust of Philippi. It can only have been by accident that he—the son of a *libertinus*—was tribune of a legion in what really was the cause of Oligarchy. But the rise of freedmen and provincials, and the encouragement of letters, were fundamental parts of the Cæsarcan policy, a fact which takes from the poet's eulogies of the Emperor, all suspicion of that unwilling and unreal flattery which the world justly execrates as base.

Having touched on Horace's biography, we may add, that in that department also our modern scholars are arriving at something like a compromise. Dean Milman says that we can not get at the truth about the order of composition of the "Odes." Professor Newman agrees with him. The Germans will probably give up the fruitless task soon; and Dillenburger, we observe, while adopting Franke's arrangement, in the text of his Life, is content to put his own criticisms on it in the notes. When our great Bentley issued what he thought the true chronology, he pronounced, *more suo*, that whenever learned men went beyond the limits he had fixed, they went wrong. The world has not finally accepted the Bentleyian plan, but at least it has accepted no other.

The "Odes," which celebrate historical events, retain *their* dates and *their* reality. The "Odes," which are addressed to known individuals—Mæcenas, Pompeius Varus, Virgil, Valgius—speak for themselves. A batch of compositions, some very pretty, some very painful, remain to be ranked as fancy pictures.

We are aware that readers of Horace to whom such views about his Odes are new, will be apt to think that we under-rate his genius, and rob him of a certain romantic halo of glory and love. They will find, presently, that our admiration of his gifts is little short of worship, and that we by no means endeavor to make his genius more intelligible for the sake of making it less admired. He was an imitator in his lyrics; true; but besides that he shows wondrous skill in Art, there was a certain poetry in his selecting lyric poetry to labor on, at all! Lyric poetry was his fairy-land; it was the region he wandered into to refresh his mind after the life of Rome, as he went to Tibur, or the Sabine woods, or Baiæ, or Præneste, to refresh his bodily health and spirits. He had created to himself this world out of the old Southern literature; and it was to him what the Leasowes was to Shenstone, what the feudal life was to Scott, an ideal world which he tried to realize, that it might tint his ordinary existence as the Roman citizen of a not happy age, with the hues of antique loveliness and romance. We are much mistaken, if on this scheme, Horace does not appear more really poetic in character than he is commonly supposed to have been. He wrote satires which have now and then traits of coarseness in them; he dined out at the *cœnæ* of the great city somewhat too much, gorging himself with the peacocks, the cignule, and the shell-fish, of a luxurious age. He mixed personally sometimes with circles where the moral tone was low. But see how he relieves this prosaic course of existence with music imitated from an earlier lyre! What figure has he conjured out of the woods? It is Faunus the lover of the flying nymphs, and for him a kid smokes on his poetic altar. He thinks of his boyhood, when as the son of the humble *coactor*, he was sporting about in Venusia, and throws a tinge of the ancient piety and poetry over his infancy by singing how, as he lay asleep on one of his native mountains, doves came and covered him with fresh-pulled leaves—

“Non sine dis animosus infans.”

Did he *believe* in Faunus? Did he intend that others should accept *literally* the story of the doves? We might as well ask if Pope believed in the sylphs and gnomes, or Scott in the white lady.

We know from Cicero and other authorities, how much of the ancient mythology was believed by Romans of the cultivated classes; and that if poets employed it, it was for the sake of the art, as it was employed by statesmen for its utility in politics. The ancients were steeped in artistic influences to a degree unknown in modern life, and when the dove story was charmingly told, its fabulous character, its contrast to the associations of the actual Horatius, a satirical weak-eyed slovenly little gentleman crossing one of the bridges to go to a dinner in the suburbs, would offend no body. Suffice it that the *Alcaics* were musical, and the image itself full of beauty.

Horace so mastered with his genius, and incorporated with himself the *Æolian* song, that he rose to originality through imitation, the boast of Boileau in a position somewhat similar. Nobody, we suppose, will deny, that when the news of the victory at Actium and its results reached Rome, and Horace (then *ætat.* thirty-four, and only known as a satirist) began that fine Ode the *Nunc est bibendum* he began it under the inspiration of the *Νῦν χρὴ μεθύσθην*, with which *Alcæus* hailed the death of Myrsilus the tyrant of Lesbos. But, as in the latter part of that ode, so in several odes of which Roman events are the subjects, he shows that he had *naturalized* the art. He had learned it first, and could practice it afterwards; and this gives a peculiar interest to his historical *Carmina*. The *Cælo tonantem*, the *Motum ex Metello*, the *Qualem ministrum*, are striking from their reality and from a certain Roman dignity, a flow like that of the folds of a *toga* about them. *Pyrrha* and her cave, again, *Glycera* and her chapel, and our exquisite little friend the *Persicos odi*, have something always of the air of exercises about them. They are clear and sweet as the finest honey, but the honey tastes of the flowers of *Hymettus*. The marble is that of Italy, but the figures were first found in the stone of *Paros* or *Pentelicus*.

The elder Scaliger, speaking of Horace, in his *Poetica*, observes that doubtless his obligations to Greek models were great, but that even if we could determine them, Horace would prove to be more polished (*cultiorem*) than his Greek predecessors. Such decisions are allowed only to men of the Scaliger rank. But it is easy to see that the laborious nicety of the process

by which he learned to write lyrics—first translating, then imitating, then creating through imitation—was just the thing to produce and account for the exquisite finish which distinguishes these compositions. What is it about them that makes the task of the translators seem almost hopeless? Not the spirit, not the dignity, not even the grace. It is that finished character to which Scaliger alludes, and which, though the very triumph of literary art, can only be illustrated by comparisons taken from other walks than literature. It reminds one rather of statuary, of painting on ivory, or of cameo-carving, than of any thing which writing can afford. The loss of a phrase would spoil a stanza, and a change in the order of the words ruins it; for phrases and words have each a place as definite as that of the pieces which compose a puzzle, or the stones in a tessellated pavement. The difficulty is great of finding an equivalent for the sense, and it is a still more delicate business to imitate the form.

We can not be surprised, therefore, if our early translations prove mere objects of curiosity, and often unreadable even as such. The earliest English translator of any part of Horace was pointed out by Thomas Warton, and has not been superseded since. This was Drant, who published black-letter versions of some of the *Satyrs* and *Pistles* and of the *Art of Poetry*, in 1566 and 1567, which he dedicated to the Ladies Bacon and Cecil, and to the head of that great house of Ormond, which thus early showed a love of letters. It would be mere affectation to pretend to enjoy Mr. Drant, or to have read him through. He wrote in that kind of ballad-metre (the *Saturnian* verse of England) which our early translators much loved, and is one of the forgotten pioneers of literature. The next publication of the kind was *Certain selected Odes of Ho-*

race, Englished, etc., which appeared in 1621. From this, the earliest attempt known, to render any of the lyrics, we shall transcribe one specimen. This is the way in which, in James the First's time, they turned the *Donec gratus*:

"H. When I enjoy'd thee without check,
And none more welcome did embrace
The snowie treasure of thy neck,
The Persian Monarke gave me place.

L. While thou lov'd not another more,
Nor Chloe bare away the bell,
From Lydia renowned before,
I Roman Ilia did excell.

H. Chloe my mistris is of *Thrace*,
Whose warbling voice by skill is led,
For whom I would see Death's pale face,
If she might live when I am dead.

L. Now Calais is my heart's delight,
He answers me with love again,
For whom I twice with Death would fight,
If he my half-selfe did remaine.

H. What if sweet *Venus* doe revive,
And true-love's knot between us tie,
If from my thoughts faire *Chloë* I drive,
If my doore ope when *Lydia's* nigh?

L. Though he than stars be fairer farre,
Thou angrier than the raging seas,
When 'gainst the sturdy rocks they warre,
With thee I'll live and end my dayea."

There is not an unpleasant quaintness about this—the work it seems of John Ashmore, and the last stanza but one is even pretty. The characteristic of all early translation is its *literal* nature. The first effort of our ancestors was to reproduce the original—a most healthy instinct which we trust will never wear out, though it may be foolishly as well as wisely followed. We see it in Ben Jonson's *Beatus ille*, one of three odes which Ben did, and we think his most successful attempt. Take the first twenty-eight lines, face to face with the original:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitum propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges,
Inutilesve falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit,

Happy is he that from all business clear,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands
And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor soldier-like started with rough alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:
But flies the bar and courts with the proud boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine,
With the grown issue of the vine;
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The living herds there grazing are;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
And sets more happy in their place;

Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 Aut tondet infirmas oves;
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus agris extulit,
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem et uvam purpureæ,
 Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
 Sylvane, tutor finium.
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ
 Queruntur in silvis aves,
 Fontesque lymphis obstreperunt manantibus
 Somnos quod invitet leves.

Or the pressed honey in pure pots doth keep
 Of earth, and shears the tender sheep.
 Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow apples crowned,
 How, plucking pears his own hand grafted had,
 And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
 With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
 And, Sylvan, thine, that kep'st his lands!
 Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
 Now in the rooted grass him lay,
 Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods,
 The soft birds quarrel in the woods,
 The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
 And all invite to easy sleep.

There is a stiffness to which a modern ear does not lend itself very readily, about these lines, but their fidelity to the sense is remarkable, and something of the rural air of the subject breathes from them, too. Ben's *Donec gratus* is scarcely worthy of him, and so many eminent men have tried it that we pass his version by.

We come next to "*Odes of Horace*, the best of Lyric Poets, containing much morality and sweetness. Selected and translated by Sir T. H. 1625." This was Sir Thomas Hawkins, described by Wood, as "of Nash Court in the parish of Boughton, Kent," and who died in 1640. His selection contained forty of the Odes; but our readers would not thank us for inflicting even one upon them. Suffice it that he begins the *Integer vitæ*:

"*Fucus*, the man whose life entire
 And free from sinne, needs not desire
 The bow nor dart from *Moore* to borrow,
 Nor from full quiver poys'ned arrow."

and concludes it as follows:

"Place me in coldest champaines where
 No summer warmth the trees doth cheer;
 Let me in that dull climat rest,
 Which clouds and sullen Jove infest,
 Yea place me underneath the carre
 Of too-near Phœbus: seated farre
 From dwellings, *Lake* I'll love,
 Whose smile, whose words so sweetly move."

Sir Thomas was a grave knight, and scarcely approved the amatory odes, so he prefixes to his *Donec gratus*, (for he too must try it) this highly diverting sentence: "*This Ode, though less morall than the rest, I have admitted for Jul. Scaliger's sake, who much admireth it.*" He alludes to the great critic's celebrated dictum, that he would rather have written that *carmen* and the *Quem tu, Melpomene*, than be king of all Arragon.

After Sir Thomas Hawkins came the

first writer who translated *all* the Lyrics, Henry Rider, M.A., of Cambridge, whose work was published in 1638. Mr. Rider is very unreadable, but in gratitude to him as a father of the Horatian church, we quote his *Persicos odi*:

"Boy, I doe hate the Persian nicetie,
 Their garlands bound with ribands please not me,
 And doe not thou molest thyself to know
 In what place the late springing rose doth blow.

"I chiefly doe take care you should provide,
 To the plain myrtle nothing else beside;
 Myrtle will not shame thee, my boy, nor mee,
 Drinking beneath the shadowing vine-tree."

This is deplorably bad—but shows the struggles by which our language was trying to attain the familiar and easy grace necessary above every thing to Horatian interpretation. From Rider, we pass to old Barten Holyday, (Archdeacon of Oxford, as Walter Mapes had been, centuries before,) whose *Juvenal* is well well known for its oddity and accuracy, to lovers of that satirist, and is accompanied by a commentary full of learning. The book-sellers of that age created some confusion by putting Holyday's name to other people's versions of Horace, but his translation of the Odes first appeared, anonymously, in 1653. "*All Horace, his Lyrics, Englished*"—was its title, and it contained an address to the reader beginning:

"An unknown Muse presents to thy survey
 A Roman Lyre strung after th' English way."

The quaintness and oddity, the dry old humor, of Barten, employed on so refined a task as he had here undertaken, are irresistible. This was the manner in which he set about transfusing the concentrated essence of lyrical elegance, the Ode

to Pyrrha, into the native language of Shakspeare :

"What spritely Younker amongst beds of roses
(*Pyrrha*) perfumed with fragrant scents
incloses

Thee skulkt in sweet retire ?

Thy fair locks at whose desire,

Pleat'st thou so up, array'd in homely
cloathes ?

O how he'll wail thy oft-changed gods, and
oaths,

And count it wondrous strange,

When storms in thy countenance range !"

Here, we may stop. The only excuse for the old translation is, that if Milton, as is possible, had already written, he had not yet published, that remarkable version of this Ode, the merit of which it will soon be our duty to defend against Lord Ravensworth. Milton's *Pyrrha* did not appear in the first edition of his Poems in 1645, nor for twenty years, indeed, after the date at which we have now arrived. It is not certain, from this fact, that it was not executed in his youth, for many accidents may have kept it out of his earliest poetic publication, but at least it appeared, as we have it, with the sanction of his mature judgment, a fact which should weigh when its merits are discussed. Meanwhile, we proceed with our historical review, and the next person we summon to the bar of the nineteenth century is a man of quality—Sir Richard Fanshawe. He issued his volume—"Selected Parts of Horace, Prince of Lyricks; and of all the Latin Poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality"—in 1652. This was a year before Holyday, but Fanshawe introduced a new school of Horatian translation, and is more conveniently mentioned in the order we have chosen.

Sir Richard might have been expected to make a marked advance on his predecessors, for he had the advantage of being a man of the world as well as a scholar, and such a man will ever be the likeliest to do justice to the favorite of the court of Augustus, who has always been one of the pet writers of gentlemen. Like Horace, Fanshawe had traveled, and like Horace he had served, having been taken prisoner, fighting for his king, at Worcester. He was envoy to the court of Portugal under Charles II., in which capacity he negotiated his marriage with the Infanta, and died ambassador at Madrid in 1666. During this various experience, he always cultivated the *Musæ mansue-*

tiores, and he seems to have thought that if Horace was to be well, he must be freely translated. Sir John Denham, his contemporary, who is declared by Johnson "to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words," gives the same praise to Fanshawe, whom he addresses thus :

"That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word and line by line ;
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators, too :
They but preserve the ashes, thou the
flame,

True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

This is high praise, brilliantly expressed, but it is scarcely justified, we fear, by any part of Fanshawe's Horace when tested by to-day's standard. His *Æquam memento**—may be taken as a fair specimen :

"Keep still an equal mind, not sunk
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk
With sweet prosperity
O *Dellius* that must die !

"Whether thou live still melancholy,
Or stretched in a retired valley,
Make all thy hours merry
With bowls of choicest sherry.

"Where the white poplar and tall pine
Their hospitable shadow joyne.
And a soft purling brook
With wrigling stream doth crook.

"Bid hither wines and ointments bring
And the too short sweets of the spring.
Whilst wealth and youth combine
And the Fates give thee line.

"Thou must forgoe thy purchas'd seats,
Even that which golden Tiber wets,
Thou must, and a glad heyre
Shall revel with thy care.

"If thou be rich, born of the race
Of ancient *Inachus*, or base
Liest in the street ; all's one,
Impartial Death spares none.

"All go one way : shak'd is the Pot
And first or last comes forth thy Lot
The pass by which thou'rt sent
T' Eternal Banishment."

* It is scarcely possible to mention this ode without repeating Lord North's capital pun. His son was complaining of impecuniosity, and hinting that it would compel him to "sell his mare." "No, no," said Lord N.: "*Æquam memento, rebus in arduis—servare!*"

Here we have a version smacking of a period of transition. Parts of it are flowing, and parts musical, but there are obstinately rough bits stopping the stream, like "snags" in an American river; and a general adhesion to the text is varied by free imitation, as in—

"—— bowls of choicest sherry."

The next epoch in the literary history of the subject is marked by the ascendancy of the "free" system altogether. Metaphrase was succeeded by paraphrase. Translation, which at first had been an exercise, became now an amusement. Our own poets—the Wallers and Sucklings—had shown that English might be employed for poetic purposes with that familiar elegance which is one of Horace's charms. Accordingly, the great aim, now, was not to make English subordinate to Latin, but to compel the Latin to accommodate itself to English. The Restoration writers introduced a new way of *adapting* Horace to modern life, which was sometimes very happily done; especially by Oldham and Wilmot, Lord Rochester. The *Pyrrha* of Milton which appeared in 1673 exercised no influence on this lively generation. It stands alone, in fact, in Horatian history, and will be most fitly examined when we come to inquire what our latest translators have done to supersede permanently the men of earlier times. On the other hand, the adaptation system made a lasting mark. It led to scores of productions in which London was substituted for Rome in imitation or in parody. Our political light literature took it up, and made comic and satirical use of it, down to the days of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the *Horace in London* of the Smiths, and the newspaper squibs of Tom Moore. These *facetiae*, though often clever, demand little notice on the present occasion, but they have helped to make the influence of the Venusian sink into the modern mind, and to justify those who place him in the very first rank for importance, among the lighter writers of the world.

This change in the fashion and style of translation which marked the latter half of the seventeenth century has been discussed and illustrated by Dryden with his usual easy vigor. "All *their* translations," says he—speaking of the old school—"want to be translated into English." He examines the whole subject very ably

in the preface to his *Ovid's Epistles*, of the year 1680. Here he divides translations into three classes: 1. That of metaphrase, or "turning an author, word by word, and line by line." 2. That of paraphrase, or "translation with latitude." 3. That of "imitation"—"where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion." Verbal translation he compares to "dancing on ropes with fettered legs;" and concludes by recommending that both extremes—this and imitation—should be avoided.

Such was his theory, and nobody will deny, that if his practice as a translator of Horace was not quite conformable to it, it was marked by all the fire and daring of his mind. His paraphrase of the *Tyrrhena regum progenies* is a model of splendid audacity, and reaches, in the final passages, a sublimity beyond that of the original:

"Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings and will not stay
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resigned;
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

Surely, this is a noble amplification of the following two stanzas:

"Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

"Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro."

Its grandeur, and the sweep of the music, give an impression of moral superiority, and make the neatness and dignity of the Roman, look barren and cold. "I am not so much enamoured of the name of translator," says Cowley, "as not to wish rather to be something better."

Dryden here *is* something better. But, after all, this is not *Horace*, and what such license becomes in meaner hands, we have only too much reason to know. Dryden himself executed three other Odes on a similar principle, but they have failed to emulate the fame of this magnificent paraphrase, which throws into the shade the casual efforts even of Cowley and Addison, and remains unsurpassed to this hour.

To Dryden, in 1684, Creech dedicated his translation of Horace, a work, which, in our day, has fallen into such oblivion, that its very name would be forgotten, if it were not met with occasionally in the mottoes to the *Spectator*. Creech neglected the admirable advice that Lord Roscommon had given to his generation, in the *Essay on Translated Verse*:

"Examine how your humor is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind,
Then seek a poet, who, your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend."

A morose, solitary kind of man, with a head full of out-of-the-way reading, and suspected of having, while translating Lucretius, become a believer in his system of physics, he took up Horace, whose philosophy was learned from every-day human life, and whose poetry reflects now the gayety and now the softness of the pleasant South! As well might a book-worm have tried to do the work of a silk-worm! He made, in short, a mistake, which has often been made since. He thought that knowledge of Latin and power to rhyme would avail for a task, towards which these accomplishments go a very little way. However common it may be to speak of literature, as if it had no connection with life, it is certain that a really great translator of Horace must have something in himself of the Horatian genius and temperament. The mass of literary failures are perhaps less the result of stupidity than of want of allowance for the moral relation between feeling and parts. A man who has no eye for character in his private life does not shrink from attempting a biography. A man, whose solemn incapacity to take a joke at a supper is the wonder of his friends, ventures on a satirical novel. We may see the effect of this kind of error in every branch of literature, and translators would do well to remember that Colman, who succeeded with Terence, also wrote good

dramas, and that years before the late Mr. Frere executed his admirable versions from Aristophanes, he had won his spurs as a political satirist and wit.

We should only load our pages if we reprinted Creech's attempts to reproduce the Odes. He was perhaps more in his element in the Satires, yet his honest and almost rude quaintness is a sorry representative of the ease and polish of his master. We draw a passage or two from the sixth satire of the First Book in which the poet is so delightfully auto-biographical:

"If none on me can truly fix disgrace,
If I am neither covetous nor base,
If innocent my life, if (to commend
Myself) I live beloved by every friend,
I thank my father for it; for he being poor,
His farm but small, the usual ways forbore;
He did not send me to his Fabius school,
To teach me arts, and make me great by rule.

But first he boldly brought me up to town,
To see those ways and make those arts my
own,
Which every knight and noble taught his son.

Now on my bob-tailed mule, all galled and
sore,
My wallet galls behind, my spurs before;
I ride whene'er I will, I ride at ease;
As far as soft Tarentum if I please.

I walk alone where'er my fancies lead,
And busy ask the price of herbs and bread.
Through cheating Rome, about the close of day
I freely walk; I go to church and pray,
Then home, when I shall find a sparing treat,
And three small pretty boys bring up the
meat;
Just by a white-stone table stands, to bear
Two pots, one cup, and equal to my fare,
A cruise and platter, all poor earthenware."

Now, not to mention that *adsisto divinis* does not mean "*I go to church*," one easily sees that the general rusticity of friend Creech is no substitute for an original the very familiarity of which is always urbane. Still, whatever its defects, the Horace of Creech went through several editions. Translation was fashionable in those days. The most eminent men amused themselves with it, and the multitude of writers who fed the Miscellanies practiced it incessantly. Versions of Horace by "Eminent Hands," or under some such general designation, poured from the press. The majority, we fear, only made Horace twaddle; but now and then came a man of genius who made him sing.

Bishop Atterbury translated the *Donec gratus* and the *Quem tu Melpomene*. The first we venture to pronounce a failure. But the second is one of the happiest efforts in our language, and we shall proceed to give it accordingly :

"He on whose natal hour the queen
Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the famed Olympic race.

"He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laureled brows conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

"But him the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of the Æolian song.

"The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,
Have placed me in the poet's quire,
And envy now, or dead or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

"— neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio."

This is one of the most paraphrastic of the whole, but it is legitimately so. When Horace says, that war shows the hero crowned with laurels to the Capitol, he is thinking of the pageant of the triumph, and the translator has a right to present the image still more clearly. The worst of paraphrase, in general, is that we often find something foreign, something modern, something which carries a whole train of new and incongruous associations with it, added on to the naked beauty which it is the translator's first business to preserve intact. This ode of Atterbury's is less *classical*, indeed, than Milton's *Pyrrha*, but we are afraid that some inferiority in that respect is inseparable from the use of modern meters and modern rhyme.

Our plan now brings us to those celebrated 'Imitations' of Horace by Pope, which have a most important bearing on the history of the present subject. They are not *translations* of his Satires and Epistles, but they have had the effect of making translations impossible. They have beaten the antiques out of the English market. They have embodied classical models in a domestic manufacture, like the Wedgwood china. Accordingly,

"Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who caus'st the finny race, though mute,
To cygnet's dying accent raise.

"Thy gift it is, that all with ease,
Me prince of Roman lyrics own,
That while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone."

In these graceful and flowing lines we have, first, what is very desirable, a poem pleasing in itself—a poem which, read by an Englishman ignorant of Latin, would be loved for its own sake. This praise every translation ought to merit, unless we are content to rank translations as mere curiosities for the amusement of scholars. But Atterbury has not gained this success at the expense of his author. The version is free, but it is not licentious. He has achieved it, which is no common success, in the same number of lines employed by his master. Take, as a specimen, his second stanza :

"He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laureled brows conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride."

while men of mark still occupy themselves with the "Carmina," undeterred by the great memories with which they provoke competition, with regard to the other works this is not so conspicuously the case. The more difficult of the two tasks is also the more popular. One reason doubtless is because many of the "Odes" have that universality of interest, as *poems*, which the Satires, from their local and personal nature, can not claim; but it is a still stronger reason, that half a dozen of the best works of the latter class have been "imitated" in compositions not inferior to the original.

These "Imitations" give the same kind of pleasure to the English reader that Horace himself does to scholars—the pleasure of ridicule, and wit, and fancy, and character. Why, then, should the English reader care for more? But, at the same time, it must always be remembered that they *are* only imitations, and that Pope executed them rather with his own fame, than with that of his model, before his eyes. It is clear that they were selected by him partly as affording an opportunity of shooting at his enemies from behind a Roman wall; and where Horace only tickles, Pope stabs—the Roman be-

ing, beyond doubt, the more easy, amiable, kindly, and healthy man of the two. Pope puts a sly infusion of poison into the Horatian pleasantry. A hint at the couplet on "furious Sappho" (Sat. lib. ii. 1) will suffice to remind us that he did not find the filthy venom in his master. But all minor instances sink into insignificance when we remember that he turned Horace's whole noble panegyric upon Augustus (Epist. ii. 1) into an exquisitely ironical attack upon George. The likeness between these satirists, then, is only partial and occasional. The "Imitations" are admirable in themselves; they will sometimes recall Horace to a man who knows him, and something of him they will suggest to a man who does not; but they are more Popian than Horatian at all times; and they do not by any means sufficiently represent the whole character of the older writer. Nor must we forget that the satirical epoch of Horace was that of his youth, and of Pope, that of his maturity. The "Imitations" of Swift, though very clever and humorous, are less elaborate, and much freer than those of his friend; nor have they had any thing like the same influence on posterity.

We owe to Pope two imitations also of the Odes; but neither demands much notice. Nor do we feel ourselves bound to record every production of the kind afforded by the light literature of that age, nor to turn what ought to be a museum of art, into a lumber-room of curiosities. We have passed in silence the Odes by Coxwell, (1718,) and we shall not linger over those of Hare, (1737.) Hare's preface tells us:

"I have try'd to make my author look somewhat like himself in an English dress, to give him some of that graceful ease and genteel air that he appears with in his own country habit."

This declaration has interest, because

"Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
Janua limen."

This is, surely, rather coarse and familiar. *Juvenes protervi* were not vulgar rakes in Horace's eyes. Their follies were to be touched but lightly and prettily; and it can not be too often repeated

it expresses the taste of the writer's age. Horace now appears in a tye-wig. The old translators had endeavored, as we have seen, to catch his form as well as his spirit. The new ones were content to aim at the spirit only; but they substituted, of course, a form of their own, so that *we* are really as far from them as they were from him. Horace remains the same, but when we take up Francis we have to modernize in his case what he wrote as a modernization of an ancient. This justifies the writers who in our own times renew the task, but it should warn them, too, for a translation done only with reference to the fashion of one age becomes obsolete in the next. Francis went through many editions in the last century, and in ours how has his fame shrunk! His celebrity is lost in the light of that of his son Sir Philip, and his books are read only by the few. Yet his "Horace"—originally published in 1742—reigned longer than any "Horace" ever published in this country, and if we now weary of its ascendancy we do not find it easy to name its successor. Indeed, with that good old literary conservatism which none respect more than ourselves, England still continues to honor Francis while she ceases to read him, and in the eyes of *the Trade* his is still the "standard" translation of the Venusian. Passing over, then, some versions of later date which have failed to acquire recognition, we think our best plan will be to institute a comparison between Francis and such of our contemporaries as appear (though we intend no slight to those whom we may happen to omit) worthy to dispute the honor of the succession to his crown.

We repeat, that the fashion of his age is too strongly apparent in the version of Francis. Omitting all reference to the Satires and Epistles, (no contemporary translation of which is before us,) let us look at the Odes. One stanza of the *Parcius junctas* shall give us the cue:

"The wanton herd of rakes profest
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot."

that in rendering Horace, nicety is every thing. All the Ode before us is done in the same vein. Francis may have been thinking of the London rakes of his own age—and Chesterfield speaks of a rake as

a blackguard—but this is just the kind of license which ruins classical translation. We have no business to keep modern associations before us when employed on the task, unless a professed adaptation is

what we have in hand. But we shall better illustrate what we mean by examining the *Pyrrha* of Francis. *That* is a test Ode, and we now place, *vis-à-vis*, the versions of Francis and of Milton.*

"While liquid odors round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus drest with careless art
Your yellow tresses bind?

"How often shall th' unpracticed youth
Of altered gods, and injured truth,
With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise
And scowl along the main?

"While by his easy faith betrayed,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor needs the faithless wind.

"Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power."

Here we have a marked contrast. In Francis all is loose and paraphrastical; in Milton all severe and exact. *Pyrrha* in Francis is a modern girl in a "rosy bower" and the phrases "unwary heart" and "beauty's pride" smack, altogether, of the stage and the Miscellanies. His, in fact, is not a *translation* at all; but a poem, more or less clever, written by a man who had read *Horatii Carmina*, lib. i. 5, before he began. Who could tell that it was supposed to be written in the South, for instance, where "a cave" is a delicious place of retreat from the sun? Who would guess, from the jingling of the undignified meter, that calm and statuesque beauty was the character of the Latin? The truly classic *tone*, which may be defined as the union of quiet with finish, is totally absent from Francis; but we contend that, on the whole, it is present in Milton, though it is true that every line of Milton's version will not

"What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain! and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire.

"Who now enjoys thee credulous all gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable,
Hopes thee; of fluttering gales
Unmindful. Hopeless they [vow'd
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea."

equally bear rigid criticism. "Plain in thy neatness" is a flat substitute for *simplex munditiis*;† and the thirteenth line mars the fine musical effect of the opening.

But Lord Ravensworth will not allow us to go even so far as this in praise of the *Pyrrha* of the immortal John. He even objects to its grammar, saying that—"he who could make use of such a phrase as the following—

"Who now enjoys thee, credulous, *all gold*,"

"seems to have been so absorbed in his Latin as to have forgotten at the moment his English." We presume that he supposes the poet to be using "gold" for "golden" as an adjective. But in reality he is using "gold" as a noun, and with perfect correctness. Just so, George Herbert says, "man is all symmetry," meaning that he is a symmetrical creation. And just so, if a young fellow were to

* We print that of Milton from the original edition of 1673, where it is prefaced with this description, by way of heading: "Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit."

† There is a double antithesis in this famous phrase between the two words themselves, and between the whole expression, and something like "*sed animo dolosa*" understood. Comp. Dillenburger *in loc.*

describe his sweetheart as "all honey," he would be talking nonsense, no doubt, but quite accurate grammar.

A more serious objection of his Lordship is, that "an English lyrical composition without the graces of rhyme, has little to recommend it." As a general principle, this is true, for the best of our lyrics are graced by that sweet ornament so naturally dear to Northern ears. But after Tennyson's *Princess* it will be hard to doubt that blank verse may be made musical enough for any purpose; and does Lord Ravensworth seriously deny all musical charm to the version by Milton which has provoked this discussion? We can not think so, and we believe that it would be nearer the truth to pronounce that version the high-water mark which Horatian translation has attained. It is faithful; it is elegant; and a success in rendering one of these odes in a rhythm even moderately like the original, will always give more of the nameless charm of classicism to a composition than the

cleverest copy of verses of which the associations are all modern. A translation of Horace should remind us of Horace; should have something of the effect of an antique statue or gem: if we lose sight of this object, the reader is not conscious that he is supposed to be in the ancient world at all.

Lord Ravensworth may be described as of the Old School of Translators when compared with his living rivals, for unquestionably the tendency now is in favor of severer principles, and even of new rhythms. But Lord Ravensworth himself is decidedly in advance of Francis, and the freedoms which he allows his Muse are under the restraints of a higher refinement and a better taste. He is most successful in heroic and elegiac verse; and beats Francis, sometimes, in *Carmina* in which Francis has been happier than usual. Let us view them together contending for the favor of Chloe in the *Vitas hinnuleo*:

"You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn,
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.

"For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,
Its heart-pulse flutters, and its fibers quake.

"Yet not as tigers do I follow you,
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;
Then cease to linger in a mother's view,
And learn the rapture of a lover's arms."
Ravensworth.

"Chloe flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequestered lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game,
To destroy her lovely frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms;
Ripe for love are all thy charms."

Francis.

Both the dignity and the music of the Latin are here better caught by the later of the writers, though he is more paraphrastical than we could wish. But that our readers may see what the New School, those who insist on being literal yet feel that they ought to be rhythmical, can do towards an entirely changed system of translation, we shall now draw up, in sim-

ilar array, Professor Newman and Mr. Sewell. Mr. Newman renounces rhyme, and wishes to introduce new meters altogether. Mr. Sewell disclaims any attempt to transfuse "the mind, spirit, and grace," of the Roman, but, of course, hopes to prepare the way for their being better transfused by and by:

"Chloe, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,
Who by mountain tracks her scared dam
Seeks devious—breeze or wood
Oft misdoubting in empty fear.

"Should the arriving spring o'er quivering leaves
Bristle rude, or should the lizard green
A bramble move aside,
Quick she trembles in heart and knees.

"Thou shunnest me, Chloe, like a fawn,
Its panic-stricken mother seeking,
On pathless mountains, not without
Vain fear of airs and wild-wood [creaking.]

"For whether spring's approach hath rustled
In fluttering leaves or [midst the trees]
Green lizards have the bramble parted,
She trembles both in heart and knees.

"Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,
Or Gæstulian lion, follow thee.
Oh! leave thy mother's side,
Ripe at length for a dearer love."

Newman.

These are interesting as experiments, and in absolute fidelity to the meaning of the Latin are preferable to the more common specimens of translation. But with every wish (chiefly out of a horror of the *conventionalism* which infects translators) to see the New School follow in the steps of Milton, we can not allow that they have yet done much to win over the public. The way to the heart in these matters is through the ear, and, with due gratitude to Mr. Newman for his accents and his hints how to read his versions, we find them, to speak frankly, somewhat quaint and harsh. His theory seems to be that an ugly likeness to Horace is a better thing than a pretty though vague imitation; that bad Falernian is nicer than good sherry; but is not this something like the principle which produced the supper after the manner of the ancients in *Peregrine Pickle*? We certainly would rather have a dozen Miltonic *Pyrrhas* than all the free translations which have appeared since Elizabeth's time, including the exquisite one which we quoted from Bishop Atterbury. But then, to have to break up all our English traditions for something utterly novel and yet mediocre is a severe demand to make from the great public which reads for pleasure. Probably, indeed, the New School will do far better things hereafter; but poetry, rather than prophecy, is our present object, and we must fall to at what we have before us.

Now and then Professor Newman surprises us with a grateful flow of verse:

"Me not the enduring Sparta
Nor fertile-soiled Larissa's plain
So to the heart has smitten
As Anio headlong tumbling,
Loud-brawling Albunea's grot,
Tiburnus' groves and orchards
With restless rivulets streaming."

There is something of the rush of cool waters here. But what would Horace say, if he could come to life, and find himself singing the two stanzas subjoined?

"Well of Bandusia, as crystal bright,
Luscious wine to thee with flowers is due;
To-morrow shall a kid
Thine become, who with horny front

"Yet not as tiger fierce, or lion
Getulian do I thee pursue,
To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo."

Sewell.

Budding new, designs amours and war.
Vainly: since this imp of the frisky herd
With life-blood's scarlet gush
Soon shall curdle thy icy pool."

This is hard to read, while the Latin is as pleasant to the ear as the fountain which it brings before us to the imagination. Yet Mr. Newman must know that music and elegance are as much parts of the poet as his literal sense, and that a hideous fidelity is really as unjust to him as a pretty but licentious paraphrase. We find little to remind us agreeably of a friend in a photograph of his corpse.

Apropos of the *Fons Bandusie*—here is a graceful little version of it by Mr. Henry George Robinson, known to connoisseurs as a Horatian collector as well as translator. His aim is to attain a greater accuracy than free translators preserve, yet without innovating in meter or sacrificing rhyme. This is a *via media* which promises much, and the labor—of which every page of Mr. Robinson's book is an honest specimen—has not been thrown away:

"Clearer than glass, Bandusian font,
Oh! worthy thou of sweetest wine,
Nor wanting flowers; to-morrow thine
A kid shall be, whose budding front
Sprouts his first horns, already bent
On love and battles—vain intent!
For soon this hapless progeny
Of the lascivious herd, for thee,
Shall with his young and ruddy gore
Thy gelid streamlet crimson o'er.

"Thee the fierce Dogstar's blazing hour
Can not affect; thou on the ox,
Plough-wearied, and the rambling flocks,
Dost a refreshing coolness shower,
Among the founts of noblest fame
Thou too shalt have a foremost name,
Through me, who of yon ilex sing,
The hollow rocks o'ershadowing,
Downward from whence, with prattling sound,
Thy limpid waters gayly bound."

Francis began *his* translation in the true slipshod style:

"Fountain, whose waters far surpass
The shining force of polished glass."

This *dilution* of

"O Fons Bandusie, splendidior vitro,"

is but too fair a specimen of the prevailing weakness of the translating race. The chaste simplicity, the condensed neatness, of their elaborate and artistic master is what some of them seem to value least, and all, more or less, fail to attain. But what perhaps most strikes a student of the classics in the long run is the exquisite grace with which they created beauty out of slender materials; how, with less imagery, wit, or depth of sentiment than we demand, their light writers managed to create what should live forever.

This reflection brings us to the most famous and perfect of those gayer Horatian lyrics with which we have been chiefly occupied hitherto. We allude to the often-mentioned *Donec gratus*, in which Ben Jonson did not succeed; which tried triumphantly the skill of Cowley and Atterbury, and over which meaner wits have a score of times labored in vain. What constitutes the difficulty? the same quality which constitutes its charm. It is perfectly simple and perfectly finished. Nobody can translate it, precisely because

it looks as if every body could. It is thoroughly *classical*. Two lines of our English Crashaw :

"Yet though she can not tell you why,
She can love and she can die,"

open up depths of poetic tenderness which it can not hint at even from afar. But who remembers two more out of the long and unequal poem in which these occur? whereas the Latin poem is all smooth and round, of the same beauty in every part—like the apple which Paris gave to the victorious goddess.

Francis, we must do him the justice to say, is more successful with the *Donec gratus* than with many other odes. Yet, in his care to be simple, he is (almost unavoidably) somewhat meager and tame. Of our contemporaries, Mr. Robinson is as agreeable as his anxious endeavors to be literal permit. Professor Newman puts himself out of the race by so execrable a rendering of the fifth stanza that we transcribe it as a warning :

"Quid, si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloë
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?"

"What, if ancient Love return,
And with brazen yoke the sundered join—
Auburn Chloë aside be tossed—
Jilted Lydia's door to me re-ope?"

Lord Ravensworth modestly makes way for his friend Lord Derby, whose very remarkable paraphrase of this lyric we extract with much pleasure. Old Dryden somewhere says—not without humor—that "to understand critically the delicacies of Horace is a light to which few of our noblemen have arrived." But who, if not a great orator, should understand poets; quibus est proxima cognitio cum oratoribus, as Cicero justly observes? * Long may the eloquence of the Parliament of England breathe of the roses of Pæstum, or echo the murmurs of the Liris! Long may the good old tradition of the natural union of "gentleman and scholar," help to save our institutions from vulgarity and degradation!

Horace. "While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy
charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss, of Persia's
Lord.

Lydia. "While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
Where Chloë now has fixed her
hateful throne,
Well pleased, our Roman Ilia's
fame
I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's
name.

Hor. "'Tis true my captive heart
The fair-haired Chloë sways,
Skilled with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe har-
monious lays;
For her my life were gladly paid,
So heaven would spare my Cre-
tan maid.

Lyd. "My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns,
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornithus my love re-
turns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So heaven would spare my Thu-
rian boy.

Hor. "What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,

* De Oratore, iii. 7.

And bow once more beneath th' accustomed yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

Lyd. "Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end."

The charm of this composition is the mastery it shows of harmonious language. It is a paraphrase of the original, of course, and wants its terse and naked simplicity. But when a writer doubts the possibility or the propriety of a close translation, it is often his next best course to take a wide sweep and to amplify freely—to desert Milton, in fact, for Dryden. All on which critics have a right to insist is, that he shall expand what he finds in his original; not load it with modern associations and allusions. Even the *Otium Divos* of Warren Hastings, whatever its personal interest, is spoiled, for all purposes of classical pleasure, by "Mahratas," and "Sikhs," "Committees," and "Clive."

Lord Derby's good example has not been lost on another illustrious statesman and orator, and we have been favored with the following English substitute for the same renowned amœbæan. The contrast between the version of Lord Derby and that of Mr. Gladstone is the more interesting that the latter has adopted the literal style of translation, and has succeeded in rendering some of the lines of the original with particular felicity.

Horace. "While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

Lydia. "Whilst thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,
Oh! then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded even Ilia's Roman fame.

Hor. "Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she my better life may live.

Lyd. "The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires,
I'll face ten several deaths with joy
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.

VOL. XLVI.—NO. III.

Hor. "What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign
And Lydia once again be mine?

Lyd. "Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die."

Lord Ravensworth seems to us happiest when employing the more stately meters of our language. We have heard his *Diffugere nives* commended by an excellent judge, and the twenty lines of it which we now give will show why:

"The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea
Grows green, and foliage decks the tree;
Earth feels the change, within their banks
the rills
Diminished trickle from the hills;
With zone unbound, the Nymphs and Graces
dare
To frolic in the vernal air.
Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,
Nor hope for joys immortal here.
Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen
glade,
And summer follows soon to fade;
Brown autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and
then
The sluggish winter comes again.
Yet in this changeful system loss is soon
Repaired by each revolving moon;
Herein destruction hath no lasting power,
While we frail beings of an hour
When once we sink into the greedy grave
Which swallows up alike the brave,
The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,
Moulder in ashes and in dust."

There is a pensive grace about these lines which reflects, in its autumnal beauty, the period of life at which Horace had arrived when he wrote the ode. His epicureanism—always varied with flashes of a higher philosophy—had now mellowed into a philosophy of his own, a mixture of indifferentism, kindness, and contentment, tinged with melancholy. He seems to have even grown tired of the lyric labor which had so long employed his leisure, and embodied his sentiment; for we know from Suetonius that he only added the Fourth Book at the urgent request of the Emperor, and there is evident earnestness in these lines, (141 seq.) of the Second Epistle of the Second Book—the Epistles being the depository of his actual feelings as a private man:

"'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,

Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies as roll
Tuneful through life, and harmonize the
soul."*

The shadow of the great coming darkness
fell chill on the fine sense of the gifted Pagan; but we are not writing his biography.

Of the three classes into which Horace's "Odes" may be divided—First, the playful and amatory; second, the moral and philosophical; third, the historic and national—we have, hitherto, dwelt chiefly on the first, which all translators much affect, not only for their artistic completeness, but because a certain universality in their interest gives them the advantage over the others. Let us vary the strain by seeing how the latest cultivators of the art of translation acquit themselves when called on to follow the poet in his higher flights. Horace constantly insists that his muse is jocose and trifling; but this was a piece of policy, to save himself from the "commands" which any thing like a poet laureate's position would have laid upon him. He was certainly as lofty when he aspired, as he was brilliant when he trifled.

Who has not "crooned" over (as the Scotch say) the four last stanzas of the *Eheu Fugaces*, which we now borrow from Lord Ravensworth?

In vain from bloody Mars we run,
In vain the broken billows shun
Of Hadria's roaring seas;
And vainly timorous seek to shroud
Our bodies from th' autumnal cloud
And pestilential breeze.

"Cocytus in his mazy bed
Must soon or late be visited,
And Lethe's languid waters;
And Sisyphus despairing still
To mount the insuperable hill,
And Danaus' guilty daughters.

"The virtuous man whose heart within
Harbors no thought of secret sin,
Needs not the Moorish archer's craft,
Nor quiver armed with venom'd shaft."

—Lord Ravensworth.

"Thy lands, and home, and pleasing wife,
Must all be left with parting life;
And save the bough abhorred
Of monumental cypress, none
Of all the trees thy care hath grown
Follow their short-lived lord.

"A worthier heir shall grasp thy keys,
And all thy hoarded vintage seize
From bolts and bars released;
And stain thy flower with nobler wine
Than ever flowed at holy shrine,
Or pontifical feast."

Lord Ravensworth is always more successful with a serious than a gay theme, and his version would probably have been better in a graver meter. But these are flowing lines, decidedly superior to Francis, who seems most liable to lose the *dignity* of the Latin. The weak point of his successor—here and elsewhere—is, that he is too paraphrastic, as would appear, if we had space to quote the version of Mr. Robinson. Lord Ravensworth is now before his Horatian peers, and can not plead his barony against them, though it will induce liberal men to respect all the more the way in which he has employed his leisure. He has a good ear, good sense, and good taste; but he might much improve his book if he revised it carefully, with a special eye to the preservation of likeness by elaboration in details. Nicety is every thing. Horace always uses *the* word, as Fox is reported to have observed of Pitt, and each word has its own place, not regulated by chance, but law. When he calls Barine the *publica cura* of the youth of her day, his *point* ought not to be passed over. When he brings in a friend's name with delightful familiarity, as in the *Fusce* of *Carm.* l. 22, that friend ought not to be blotted out of poetic existence—an error which the subjoined contrast will illustrate:

"The man, my Fuscus, who hath been
Of blameless life, and pure from sin,
No Moorish bow or javelin needs,
Or quiver filled with poisoned reeds."

—Mr. Robinson.

Neither will any license excuse such a rendering as:

"Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
Orpheæ silvæ."

"Whose trees in *stately* dance moved on
To Thracian Orpheus' vocal strain."—Ravensworth.

—nor is it permissible to make the flowers which Horace promises to the fountain of

* Francis. — Pope's "Imitation" of this passage perverts the moral sense of it, though the substitute is very clever, no doubt.

Bandusia in sacrifice, bloom in the translation as flowers growing round that fountain's margin, (p. 306.)

Some people will ridicule such criticism as frivolous and minute. But Lord

Ravensworth himself we are satisfied will not be of the number. Indeed, he assures us (a fact which will not secure him the respect of the Utilitarians of the North) that he has been "twenty years" trying "every conceivable variety of form" in which to Angloize:

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem,"

the close of the very poem from which he has unjustly banished *Fuscus*! We are especially glad to be able to praise the very pretty result of all this labor:

"The softly speaking Lalage,
The softly smiling still for me;"

one of the best attempts at an impossi-

"Then assailed her stricken soul,
Frenzied with the wassail bowl,
Terrors true, and wild despair,
When as falcon from above,
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters chase o'er *Hæmon's* snow the hare.

"Oar and sail incessant plying,
As he marked her galleys flying,
Cæsar urged her headlong race:
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon should gladden Roman eyes, [grace.
And bound in chains his haughty triumph

"Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman's shrinking mind,
Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek,
Basely lurking did she seek
To save from death a now dishonored life.

"On her prostrate citadel,
Dared her dauntless eyes to dwell:
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp,
To her breast applied the asp, [blood.
Whose venom dire she drank through all her

"Sternly resolute she died;
Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She a woman and a queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace her conquering foe."
—*Lord Derby.*

There is a spirit and flow in both these versions. Lord Derby's is nearer the sense of the original, and it has also the great advantage of being written in a uniform meter. Laxity in this particular breeds laxity in others; where the music may at any time be changed, the sense will; and in the last nine or ten lines Lord Ravensworth's love of paraphrase flies

bility which we know! Strange praise, no doubt, in the eyes of practical men, but a Horatian translator can scarcely hope for more.

We shall now open our Horace at one of those historic odes where he catches for a brief while the spirit of an antique Roman, and the color of the national blood rises to the cheek of the artist. In the song of triumph for the fall of *Cleopatra*, Lord Ravensworth is again assisted with a translation by Lord Derby, but he contends for the laurel along with him, and many of our readers will be glad to see the contest. We take up the strain at the point where panic has seized the Eastern queen, and her galleys in all their bird-like beauty are hurrying through the agitated sea.

"—— *Actium's* bay,
Behold her anguish and dismay,
When steering past in full retreat,
She left in flames her scattered fleet.
And lo! great *Cæsar* from his deck,
Urges his rowers to the chase,
Where saved alone amid the wreck,
The Queen bewildered flies apace
As through the clouds in middle air
The falcon pounces on the dove;
Or Thracian hunters drive the hare
Trembling through *Hæmonia's* grove;
So thought our leader to secure his spoil,
And bear her off in chains to far *Italia's* soil.
But she whose spirit proud and high
Refused to brook indignity,
No womanly alarm betrayed
At dagger's point and gleaming blade;
Nor sought the covert of the coast
For refuge when the day was lost;
But with unruffled visage dared
Her ruined palace to regard;
And fearless clasped that fatal worm
Whose subtle venom did defile
Her royal blood and glorious form,
Sovereign o'er all the realms of Nile!
Haughty in her deliberate death!
And choosing rather to resign her breath
Than live the prize of her victorious foe,
And grace in gilded bonds a Roman triumph's show."
—*Lord Ravensworth.*

away with him altogether. This is the more provoking, because a line like—

"Haughty in her deliberate death!"

has just that pregnant compactness which a student of Horace most admires in this class of his odes. Felicity of expression is one of the surest signs of genius, and no self-indulgent freedom should be al-

lowed to spoil its development by any writer who at all possesses the gift. Our lords are fortunate in their competitors in this lyric. The orthodox translator, Francis, is both tame and odd. Mr. Robinson seems less at home than in gayer and lighter pieces. Professor Newman, notwithstanding the natural power which rarely deserts him, is crabbed and quaint, as witness his wind-up :

"She her prostrate palace dared,
Calm of brow, to visit. She
Fell asps was brave to grasp, imbruing
Veins and flesh with gloomy poison.

"Fiercer in deliberate death.
Yea, she grudged, by cruel sloop
Borne off, to walk, no vulgar woman !
Stript of rank, in haughty triumph."

It would be easy to add to these specimens of translation, without some of which no opinion could be formed on the subject at all. But we shrink from overloading our pages with quotation, and we have already illustrated nearly all the varieties of treatment of which the art of Horatian translation admits. We have seen it rise from rude but promising beginnings; change its fashion with the fashions of the literature which, as we ought always to remember, itself largely helped to nourish and refine; produce in the hands of illustrious writers, works of permanent beauty and value; and finally now we see it cultivated with skill and assiduity, and with a success above the average of past times.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ON THE LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH

AT CONSTANTINOPLE, BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE,

OCTOBER 19, 1858.

Now no more, fair Stamboul hears the rattle
Of the warrior's harness at her gates—
Sees no more the tide of Europe's battle,
Hotly pressing through her azure straits.

Queenlike, from her terraces and gardens
She looks down along those waters blue,
On those turrets twain, her ancient wardens,
Guardians of the old world and the new.

From her throne, the languid European
Sees the old camp on the Asian shore,
Sees the foam-wreaths on the far Ægean,
And the white sails flitting slowly o'er.

Sees no more the gathering hosts that wandered
To that wild peninsula afar,
To the desolate fort where England squandered
So much life, in one brief winter's war.

When the full ship with its living burden
Passed so near, she heard the canvas strain,
As it rushed, in haste, for glory's guerdon,
Toward the rock reefs of that stormy main.

When the waifs of that great strife and anguish,
Like spars borne on a receding tide,
Came back wounded, came back sick to languish
In her shadow, on the Asian side;

To those walls, where sick men, breathing faintly,
Heard an angel rustling in the gloom,
And a woman's presence, calm and saintly,
Lighted up the melancholy room.

Look down, Stamboul, from thy throne of marble,
From thy cypress gardens green and fair,
Where the nightingales forever warble,
And the fountains leap into the air.

Look down, Stamboul, from thy fair dome swelling,
Where Sophia's broken crosses lie,
And thine Imaums night and day are telling,
In God's face that everlasting lie.

Not in anger come we to upbraid thee,
Not with war-ships floating in thy bay,
Not with brand and banner, brought to aid thee,
Stand we by thy Golden Horn to-day.

Lay the stone, O statesman, tried and hoary!
'Tis no marble monument of war,
But a trophy to thine England's glory
Unto distant ages, nobler far.

But a tribute meeter, and more solemn,
To our lost ones by that rough Black Sea,
Than triumphal arch, or granite column
Graven all with names of victory.

They have had their dirges in our sorrows
When the chilled blood left the cheek and brow,
In that voiceless agony that borrows
An expression out of silent woe.

And their names writ down in Britain's story,
The best page she shows to future years,
And their cold brows twined with wreaths of glory,
Ah! those laurels wet with woman's tears!

Not yet, time with surely healing fingers,
To our beggared love has brought relief,
Still a vain thought of requital lingers,
And an aching memory of grief.

This, our vengeance for the gallant bosoms
In those cruel trenches, night by night,
Chilled to death, as snow-encumbered blossoms
Fall down, and are trampled out of sight.

This, our vengeance for the young life wasted
In the hot charge, and the vain attack,
The assault to which so many hastened,
And the charge from which so few came back.

This, our memory of the true and fearless,
Spotless honor, uncomplaining toil,
And the Christian zeal, the valor peerless,
And the tenderness war could not spoil.

Here we raise their monument forever,
Singing for them till the world shall end,
"In memoriam," such as poet never
Set to Heaven's own music for his friend.

Here we rear the white cross and the altar,
Day by day the page of truth unfold,
Chant their dirges from dear England's Psalter,
Read their requiem from her Bible old.

Blend their memory with these aisles of beauty,
Grave them on the window's storied line;
Meet it is that men who died for duty
Be embalmed in such a noble shrine.

Where the voice of praise and prayer habitual,
In due order rises day and night,
Where the calm voice of that grand old ritual
Calls the soldier to a better fight.

Sleep, O warriors! cold your place of burial
In that rough Crimean valley lies,
While our church spire cleaves the blue ethereal,
And all nature smiles beneath our eyes.

Sleep, O warriors! all your toil and striving
In one glorious mission end at last;
Here, to speak salvation for the living,
Hope in death, and pardon for the past.

All your strength and valor now are blending
In one note of love that swells and thrills,
Like a strain of martial music ending
In long echoes drawn from sylvan hills.

For all acts that make our hearts to quiver
With a strong emotion as we read
Are divine, and go back to the Giver.
High endurance—courage—generous deed—

Come from Christ, and unto Christ returning,
Find their full acceptance only there,
In that center for all noble yearning,
In that type of all perfection fair.

Here we leave you in His church, embalming
Your dear names with thoughts of love and peace,
Till he comes to reign, all discord calming,
And the warfare of the world shall cease.

From the National Review.

THE CITY OF HALICARNASSUS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197.)

ALL discoveries hitherto commented upon were made within the rocky bed. But a most unexpected piece of luck was still in store beyond its precincts. When Mr. Newton extended the excavations to the north, out of the square, he came upon a wall built of the finest ashlar of white marble, running just parallel to the northern edge of the bed. The same wall was afterwards laid open along the eastern side, and found to be an inclosure encompassing the whole structure, or what Hyginus had called its *peribolos*, stating the same to have been of thirteen hundred feet in circumference. To later generations this wall, of course, offered a far easier quarry than the solid masonry of the main building, and that is the reason why this *peribolos* is in no place complete; it would seem, however, that its height was about ten feet.

Not satisfied with this, Mr. Newton went on even beyond the *peribolos*; and here, on a sudden, they came upon a large heap of finely cut flat blocks of white marble, interspersed with broken statues. Just at the place where this heap was lying, the *peribolos* had bulged outward, as from a violent shock. The flat blocks were at once recognized as steps of the pyramid, the statues as fragments of the big chariot-and-four which once crowned the top of the same. Here, close together, they laid bare *one colossal horse*, in two pieces, (or, as is now evident, two pieces of two different horses;) several hoofs; the head of the horse in two pieces, each of which still had the bronze bit and a piece of bronze trapping attached to it; fragments of the spikes of the wheels and of the pole of the chariot. The tail of the colossal horse was recovered a short time afterwards, being immured in the garden-wall of a Turkish house, close to the great heap of fragments.

Next to the chariot and horses they got *several lions*, almost complete and well preserved; and the trunk of a *colossal leopard*, from the shoulder to the tail, equal in size to the lions. This animal has on its right side a projecting piece of marble, by which it seems to have been joined to a group. The spots are marked in a strange way by lozenges formed by deep-cut lines intersecting each other, and it may be presumed that it was formerly speckled by means of real paint. Traces of red color were still visible on the tongues both of the horse and one of the lions. Mr. Newton observes that the leopard is similar in treatment to the big horse, so as to justify the supposition that both are from the same hand. As neither these lions nor the leopard have as yet arrived at the Museum, we must leave this point in abeyance.

At last *two colossal human figures*—a female standing, in splendid drapery, without head or arms; and a head of a man, quite perfect, but separated from the occiput, which also, in the nostrils and corners of the eye, still showed traces of paint. Every body would at once have guessed this to be the head of Mausolus, belonging to his colossus on the quadriga; and so it really turned out.

In order, however, to prove that other fragments besides those of the uppermost group had been hurled outside the *peribolos*, it is right to state that, near the same place, some column capitals and several ornamented lions' heads were found; the latter not belonging to whole figures, but being the usual ornaments of the cornice in the Corinthian, and sometimes the Ionic order. Now these were all parts of the pteron, not of the pyramid; and yet they had come down on the outer side of the marble inclosure.

Some of these fragments lay no less than forty-four feet from the northern

edge of the foundation-bed; and what is stranger still, *on the opposite or southern side*, at the distance of thirty-two feet from the edge, large pieces of one of the wheels were found; horses and wheel, that once nearly touched each other, now being separated by a space of one hundred and fifty feet! Thus we see that a rocking movement must have hurled down the quadriga, along with a large piece of the pyramid to the north; there the weighty mass knocked against the marble peribolos, making it to bend and bulge, and was then imbedded on the outer side of it. One wheel kept in its place, but was then or subsequently dashed down along the southern slope of the pyramid. This event must have come to pass before the castle of Budrum was erected, anterior to fourteen hundred B.C. A rich alluvium, which following generations quickly turned into fields and gardens, spread over the marble heap; and as surely nobody ever sought for treasures or stones beyond the peribolos, this heap remained unexplored to our time. Mr. Newton, deeply convinced of the importance of this particular discovery, gathered even the smallest splinter of marble, and sent them over in separate boxes. To this care we owe the almost miraculous success which attended the restoration of the principal and most important figure of the whole group; out of more than fifty pieces, the portrait-statue of Mausolus has been re-composed in a state nearly approaching completeness.

What, then, was the moving power that hurled the quadriga from its lofty situation, and scattered it to north and south? Either Neptune Ennosigaios or Jupiter Tonans punished the pride of the mortal. Mr. Newton suggests an earthquake; we should say that a stroke of lightning, to which no doubt the lofty pyramid was much exposed, might have produced the same result. On the sixth August, 1809, in a house near Manchester, lightning removed a wall three feet thick and twelve feet high, between a cellar and a cistern, so that one portion was shifted four feet, the other nine feet, out of its proper situation; five hundred cwt. of bricks had thus been moved: yet this was a solid structure, not a loose and lofty group of statues.

Returning once more from this event to the recital of Claude Guichard concerning the year 1522, it will be seen from

his words that then the better half of the pyramid was still standing; for when they began quarrying away the marble rising above the ground the steps grew wider, which can only refer to the pyramid, not to the cella of the pteron. At that time, then, the remainder of the pyramid disappeared; so it was surely fortunate that, before this systematic destruction began, the upper part of it was preserved. For it is this upper part which makes it possible to obtain a certain measurement of the pyramid's height, length, and width; and these dimensions again furnish us with a new rule for the reconstruction of the whole pile.*

All the blocks of the pyramid are of the same height of eleven and three quarter inches; the width differs, some are two, others three feet; the length also differs, but mostly approaches four feet. One of the long sides in each block is completely polished, being the step itself; the adjoining long side is only half polished, the polished part being the tread of the step, whilst the rough portion served for laying on it the next step. Grooves cut in them with great neatness, in which projecting parts of the upper step fitted, secured the connection of the single steps; whilst the blocks lying side by side, and forming the same step, were tightly fixed together by means of copper bolts. A simple but very ingenious contrivance prevented the rain from penetrating between the edges. Now as some blocks had a width of two, others of three feet, the former formed a tread of twenty-one inches, the others of seventeen inches. The reason of this difference was, that two sides of the pyramid were a little shorter than the others; thus the steps on the longer sides mounted faster, and their treads were of course less wide. This is proved without a doubt, as several corner steps were found, where the tread is wider on one side than on the other. The steps being less than one foot in height, but twenty-one inches and seventeen inches in width, the pyramid rose far more gradually than a common flight of stairs; on a sure-footed animal it was

* For the following details, concerning the dimensions, we are mainly indebted to Lieutenant R. M. Smith, whose letter from Budrum, June 1, 1857, is printed in the first parliamentary paper on the Mausoleum. His drawing of the restored Mausoleum is artistically deficient, but the mathematical part most ingenious.

possible to ride up to the top. At all events, one might ascend it on foot with perfect ease and safety; and it is very likely that, by means of stairs in the interior of the pteron, people reached the foot of the pyramid, and then mounted up to the platform, so as to view the group at the top quite closely.

Now if we could fix what the length and width of this platform, and again what the height of the quadriga was, the three dimensions of the pyramid would be calculable to an inch.

The big horse in the Museum is ten feet long; and from the size of the wheel from the chariot, we may conclude the whole group to have had a length of twenty feet. Adding two feet on each side, so that the room might not be painfully narrow, the length of the platform comes to twenty-four feet. As the horses in similar antique groups stand all in one row, eighteen feet will not be too much for the width of the platform. The height of the group we know with certainty, since the statue of Mausolus has been put together by the artists in the Museum. The wheel having a diameter of seven feet seven inches, the feet of Mausolus standing upon the axis were three feet eight inches from the ground, allowing a little for the thickness of the bottom of the carriage. The figure is about three inches below ten feet; but ten inches must be added for the marble basis on which the whole group stood, and of which a piece is preserved attached to a hoof. This gives to the quadriga a height of fourteen feet three inches above the point of the pyramid.

The treads on both the narrow sides of the pyramid being twenty-one inches, this gives on either side, when multiplied by the number of twenty-four steps, a length of forty-two feet, or together eighty-four feet. Adding to this the length of the platform on which the quadriga stood, being twenty-four feet, we see the length of the pyramid to have been one hundred and eight feet. The same calculation applied to the width of the steps on the long sides, (which is seventeen inches,) with the addition of the platform's width, (which is eighteen feet,) makes the width of the pyramid eighty-six feet. An addition of the four sides of the pyramid gives for its lowest step, wherewith it rested on the pteron, a circumference of three hundred and eighty-eight feet.

Now for the height. Each step being eleven and three quarter inches in height, we have for twenty-four steps a total elevation of twenty-three and a half feet, and with the addition of the quadriga, the height of which we found to be fourteen feet three inches, we obtain a total elevation of thirty-seven feet nine inches; which in a most remarkable way agrees to Pliny's most decided assertion that pyramid and quadriga together were twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven feet six inches in elevation.

This number assists us likewise in fixing the height of the pteron, as the latter part of the building, according to Pliny, rose to the same height. Already ten years ago our great and learned architect Mr. Richard Cockerel had come to the same result, (as will be seen from his letter to Mr. Newton, in the above essay of the latter, in the *Classical Museum* of 1848,) by calculating from the size of the frieze the dimensions of the Ionic order, to which it belonged. As we are at present provided with architectural fragments from every part of the building, we can reconstruct all its details; and here the calculation comes again to the same point, namely, that the pteron, from the foot of the column to the cornice, had an elevation of thirty-seven and a half feet.

Both dimensions together are thus about seventy-five feet; but as Pliny states the whole height of the Mausoleum to have been one hundred and forty feet, there remains a third dimension of sixty-five feet to be found out. This space, no doubt, was occupied by a massive basement of solid masonry; for such basements recur quite regularly in Ionic constructions of Asia Minor, especially when they are intended for monuments. The elegance and delicacy of the Ionic order seems to demand such a substructure, that the light column may not appear to rest only on the natural ground: we find it in the monuments at Xanthus and Mylasa, and in the Ionic temple of Wingless Victory at Athens; even the monument of Lysicrates, in the same place, with its elegant Corinthian columns, shows a similar tripartition, though differently applied — a solid substructure, then a (round) cella with elegant Corinthian columns, at last the basis for the tripod. Applied to tombs, this system was also recommendable for safety; for just as was the case at Mylasa, so was likewise in the Mausoleum.

leum the burial-chamber situated in this impenetrable basement, and by no means, as people ordinarily think, in the cella of the pteron. The basement consisted of large blocks of green stone, but was most likely cased with white marble.

On this basement stood the pteron, rising with thirty-six columns from its upper edge; and over the entablature of these columns the lowest step of the pyramid rested. The pyramid, as we have shown, had a circumference of three hundred and eighty-eight feet. Suppose the columns of the pteron to have stood three feet inwards from the upper edge of the basement, the circumference of the latter would have been four hundred and twelve feet; which again corroborates Pliny's assertion that the whole circuit of the Mausoleum came to four hundred and eleven feet.

It is hard to believe that a Hellenic architect should have left such a huge block of stone as this basement must have been without any sculptural ornaments. From this consideration, it has become a prevailing supposition that the celebrated frieze with the battle of Amazons surrounded this basement. This is impossible. There must, at all events, have been a frieze above the columns of the pteron. That spot, where sculpture is most beautifully encompassed by the frame of architrave and cornice, so that the ancient architects called it the *zophoros*, or image-bearer, must have been sculptured in a building which in all other parts exhibited such a profusion of images. Besides, as pieces of every architectural part have been found, how could this frieze, which had a length of nearly four hundred feet, totally disappear? Supposing even it had consisted of blank marble tablets, we should have found some of them. The dimension of the frieze with the battle of Amazons, as Mr. Cockerel has shown, agrees most accurately with the total height of the Ionic order in the pteron. True, these reliefs were then about one hundred feet in the air; but they remained visible from below, as they were painted, which will be seen in the inner side of a shield on one of the newly discovered slabs, where a red color is still traceable.

Thus, denying this frieze to have surrounded the basement, we nevertheless maintain that a second frieze, of larger dimensions, belonged to the basement, of

which also fragments, with horsemen, war-scenes and chariot-races, were discovered. These fragments are not numerous: for it stands to reason that this lower frieze suffered more than the upper one. The destruction of the monument, for obtaining stones, may have commenced earlier than we think; and people with such intentions will have begun at the most convenient place, taking first the marble casing of the substructure, whilst the high frieze of the pteron was protected as long as the whole building kept together.

We mentioned a number of colossal statues, either sitting or standing, which were found all round the building. To place them is not difficult: they stood on the upper edge of the basement, between the columns of the pteron; an arrangement repeated, along with a second frieze, in the monument of Harpagus from Xanthus. The height of the Mausoleum statues, from eight to twelve feet, bears a fair proportion to the length of the columns surrounding them, which was little more than twenty feet. But it is more difficult to place the numerous lions. Their workmanship is good, but bears more the stamp of the handicraftsman than the artist; and their very numbers prove that they served as an ornament, not as individual parts of groups. Mr. Cockerel favored the Royal Academy's exhibition of 1858 with an imaginative representation of the Mausoleum. His general arrangement has not been borne out by the discoveries made known through the letters of Mr. Newton; but in his detail, as we might expect from Mr. Cockerel's fine taste, there were many beautiful hints. He arranges the lions on small pedestals, half projecting from a kind of balustrade or attic, which in his drawing surrounds the foot of the pyramid and surmounts the entablature of the pteron. Some of the lions, however, and the colossal leopard, as they were found amongst the ruins of the pyramid, and different in treatment from the remainder, seem to belong to the grand crowning group, and may, as royal companions, have stood by the side of Mausolus' car, as we find them in Egyptian art by the side of images of Pharaohs.

Thus there is only one of the constructive questions remaining: *How could the pyramid rest with safety on the pteron?* The latter, when we distribute the thirty-

six columns in equal distance around the width of the substructure, had eleven columns on either of the long sides, nine columns in the fronts. These columns, in single rows, surrounded the solid cella; and to the latter Pliny's figure seems to relate, that the length was sixty-three feet, the width somewhat smaller. Thus the heaviest central part of the pyramid, together with the crowning group, rested quite safely on the solid cella, and through it on the massive basement; whilst the columns and the ceiling of the space between them and the cella had to bear only the lowest steps of the pyramid. But how such a ceiling between columns and cella was secured from the pressure of a weight which even under this supposition remains considerable must forever remain a matter of speculation. Lieutenant Smith, considering the somewhat similar construction of the monument at Mylasa, supposes a support by means of a pointed vault, (a wagon vault, pointed at the top,) which, indeed, takes away a great portion of the weight, as the last steps of the pyramid would have, as it were, a hollow behind them. We must leave it to practical architects to decide whether or not this construction could have been safe. Considering, however, the architect of the Mausoleum to have been a man of extensive knowledge, which undoubtedly was the case with Pythius, the supposition is by no means improbable that the whole pyramid, together with the cella, was hollow, and constructed upon the principle of a sugar-loaf vaulting, like the treasure-house of Atreus at Mycenæ, and the so-called Pelasgian buildings in Italy.

Thus, raising the splendid pile once more before our inner eye, we see a height not much exceeding the length. Within a marble wall surrounding a wide area, on the colossal blocks of the foundation-bed, rises the immense rectangle of the basement, in size and proportions like a small palace, but massive, compact, planted with perpendicular walls upon the living rock, like a block that continues it: only round the upper edge, under a projecting cornice, a painted frieze of white marble speaks of action and combat. From this basement the slender Ionic columns shoot up, the flutings deepened by color; the caps, cornices, cymations, and flat stripes of the entablature covered with light ornament in blue and red, green and gold. Between the columns, titanic fe-

male forms, folded in rich and elaborate drapery; riders, in rich Persian attire, tearing back their rearing horses from the deadly leap: these too in full rich colors, as though they lived and walked down the lofty colonnade, and paused to look out between the shafts to the northern hills, to the sunny port in the south. Above the columns, on the crown of the cornice, the royal animals, with open mouths, their tongues outstretched, looking far out to the country, in various attitudes, just as the traveler still sees them standing on the heaps of Babylon's ruin. Here upon the pyramid, not steep or tower-like, as former draughtsmen conceived it, but flat, rising with steps hardly perceptible from below, much in the shape of a roof. At last the crown of all, the ruler himself, steady, calm, upright, in a dignified Grecian garb, his head uncovered and slightly raised, with a friendly expression; and, quite as steady, bridled in by his quiet strength, the standing horses; leopard and lion, like royal bloodhounds, near the wheels of the war-chariot. Thus, under the sun of Ionia, below the blue sky of the Mediterranean, floating in the open air, shining in white marble, but approaching nature by milder tints, stood the glorious group on the top of its artificial mountain.

It is painful to descend from the imagination of what once this work has been to the poor broken fragments now exhibited, without order and connection, in a humble glass shed within the outer colonnade of the British Museum. As a great many of the sculptures are still unpacked, we shall, in the remainder of our essay, not even aim at completeness, but give a description of the most prominent pieces only.

Just in passing, let it be once more stated that *all the architectural and sculptural parts of the Mausoleum were painted*, whilst at the same time they afford a new explanation for the great number of monumental statues in the European collections that actually show no color. Mr. Newton expressly states that one sitting figure, from the eastern side, had her garments all covered with two tints; which, however, rapidly faded away on being exposed to the air. This figure had been lying in very wet soil, and its surface had a tendency to scale off.

Amongst the numerous *lions*, there are six, besides the fore part of a leopard,

that were taken out of the castle-walls in March, 1857. The knights had used the busts only; but Newton found five hind parts in the Mausoleum, besides numberless pieces of legs, tails, and claws. Thus it happened so strangely that some of these beasts, after a separation of four centuries, regained their hind quarters; and they look quite pleased with this good luck of theirs, for their faces, though very natural, are mild and gentle in expression. Some complete lions, however, were found in the Mausoleum, one of which has a Γ, the other a Δ, engraved on the shoulder. The larger lions and the colossal leopard, belonging to the uppermost group, have not yet arrived.

Proceeding to the human figures, a signal difference of style strikes us on comparing the friezes with the round statues. The *slabs from the upper frieze*, which had been detached from the walls of the castle in 1846, stood in the British Museum for many a year on the ground, below the frieze of Phigalea, in the Phigalean room. Thus you looked on them from on high, by which they lost the better half of their effect, as they were intended to be seen from a great depth. At present they are united to the newly-found tablets of the same frieze; and as they now stand in the line of the human eye, it is astonishing to see how much they have gained. The subject, as every body knows, is a fight of Grecian heroes, in helmets, but otherwise naked, with Amazons on horseback, in their light and short military tunics. That legend was not only flattering to the Greek mind, as one of so many mythical victories of Europe over Asia, but it was no less connected with the national memories of Caria. The same Amazonian battle-ax which Hercules had taken from their Queen Hippolyta, he afterwards gave to Omphale, Queen of Lydia; and from the Lydians it was taken in battle by the Carians. For this reason its well-known form occurs over the gates of Mylasa and on coins of Mausolus. The whole style of this upper frieze, for proportion and movement, shows evidence that its makers calculated on its being seen from a great distance, as it was placed rather more than one hundred feet above the ground. Seen from that distance below, the human form will appear considerably fore-shortened; and for this reason all the men are extremely slim, arms and legs tapering very much;

and the effect of the composition is enhanced by the position of the bodies, which, advancing or reclining in violent motion, cut the tablets diagonally. The battle-scenes are very various and very wild, all attitudes passionate, and bordering on the theatrical. The effect of color was likewise not despised: red paint is traceable on a shield; the horses have a small round hole in the cheek for fixing the bronze bits and reins; similar holes appear in the loins of the warriors, intended to hold metal belts, and the blades in their hands were in several instances made of brass and really projecting out of the holes in the hilts. On the whole, however, these friezes do not fulfill the promise given by the fame of their artists, as in style and execution they approach the frieze from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, which was executed shortly afterwards, (334,) and is considered as an instance of the decline of Athenian art.

Much higher, however, than the slabs known from 1846 rank *the new ones from the eastern side*, which, with good reason, we attribute to Scopas. Warriors and Amazons on them are of the same size as on the former ones, only the horses are slightly larger. The execution is finer, though hardly more powerful, as will be seen by comparing two mounted Amazons now exhibited close together, although belonging to different masters. They are very instructive, standing as they at present do side by side, and being moreover in nearly the same attitude. There are four of these new tablets: first, this mounted Amazon, whose antagonist is now destroyed. Second, an Amazon on a rearing horse, but herself as straight in the stirrups as a pillar, hits an enemy, who is again invisible; a youth, stricken to the knees, his helmet gone, tries to shield himself from an Amazon dealing him a death-blow. Third, continuation of No. Two, a glorious group; a bearded Greek, with a brute face, attacks with lance or sword a standing Amazon, who, bending backwards, brandishes the battle-ax in both hands for a most determined stroke. Her face is grand, flashing with the most beautiful animation. We see her from behind; her short Spartan tunic, only held by a girdle round the waist, has slipped, and, by a turn of artistic effect equally new and bold, we see her bosom, neck, and thighs quite uncovered. Her right leg, which

you see from behind entirely, stretches the knee deep into the back-ground of the group; and the heel comes boldly out, protruding in such strong relief that between her foot and the ground the leg of a warrior intervenes without touching her ankle. For this is a great characteristic in the whole frieze, that entire parts of the bodies—heads, legs, hands—come out of the level quite detached and worked round; although we must confess that the same characteristic has been to a great extent the cause of the fearful mutilation. On the same slab stands a Greek, intending to kill an Amazon fallen in a supine position. Finally the fourth slab, again a continuation of No. Three: on a horse, running wild, and madly galloping to the right, with extended nostrils and uplifted head, an Amazon has jumped, and sits on the horse, looking towards the tail, fighting backwards in Parthian fashion: but she can hardly be drawing a bow, as the right arm extends, whilst the left hand comes close to the body. In the middle, a Grecian, in a fine helmet, bending back very anxiously, as a fierce Amazon, on foot, rushing on from the right hand, with flying cloak, seizes his shield with her left hand, and tries to lift it, in order the more formidably to hurl her tomahawk (by means of the stroke which a fencing-master would call a tierce) against the right temple of her antagonist: a movement, indeed, very complicated, but wonderfully comprehensible. The ax itself is indicated in the marble; but the handle was of brass and detached from the back-ground, for the ax has evidently a hole in which it must have fitted.

It seems a characteristic—or, may we say, a weakness?—of Scopas, that his figures are too much occupied with their dress. In his group of "Niobe and her Children," the garments held for protection over the heads of the figures recur rather frequently. Even his Mænads, although the type of such a figure ought to be carelessness as to outward appearance, for example, his "Mænad with the quarter of a slaughtered Goat," and the one drawn by Flaxman in his *Lectures on Sculpture*, hold their dress so as to form an elegant drapery with it. In his very "Apollo Musagetes," the Roman poet Propertius was struck by the long feminine garment. Supposing the "Venus of Milo" to be his work, even she displays a little of this propensity: her drapery is laid round the

hips so that it would just slide down, did not the left thigh, with a slight inward bend, give some support to it. Can it be by mere chance that in these friezes from the Mausoleum the old artist fell upon that strange shifting of the tunic which afforded to him a motive at once quite new and very bold?

The stone of these friezes appears of larger grain and more bluish than the shining white marble of the large sculptures. The number of figures along all the four sides must have been enormous: whole basketfuls of broken arms and legs, more than twelve heads, and many half figures, that were sent over by Mr. Newton, still give melancholy evidence of how much is lost to us forever. The frieze is two feet five and a half inches in height; so the figures are about one third of life-size.

A special interest is commanded by the *few remnants of the lower frieze* which surrounded the basement. Four fragments of it are now exhibiting in the colonnade of the Museum, two with combats, (as it seems,) two with female figures racing on chariots; some more pieces we noticed among the marbles in the cellars of the Museum. Let us remember that this frieze, being much lower than the frieze of the pteron, could be seen much better; and there can be no doubt that it was much finer than the other, although of course it suffered much more. It is wrought in a low relief, just for this reason, that it came closer to the eye. One tablet, representing a female bending over the edge of the car, with four horses at headlong speed, is by far the finest of all reliefs from the Mausoleum; the drapery, the head, the delicate ear, are not chiselled, but really engraved, like a cameo. This frieze has a height of three feet and some inches, and its figures are half life-size.

There is in the round statues nothing of the outstretched proportions of the figures in the frieze; on the contrary, they are in the purest proportions of the Athenian school, as full and blooming in form as the Caryatides of the Erechtheum. So we must not maintain that the Mausoleum shows the influence of the somewhat later fashion of stretching the human figure and diminishing the size of the head. This was a novelty introduced in round statues by Euphranor and Lysippus, for

the purpose of rendering their images more stately. In the round figures of the Mausoleum we find no trace of this fashion; and thus we must conclude that in the frieze the proportions were thus stretched merely because it was in so lofty a position.

Amongst these round figures, the *rider on horseback*, in Persian trowsers, is a figure of wonderful animation; also the horse, if it were complete, would show almost remarkable and artificial movement. It is just tumbling over its left side: the right hind-leg seems to have hovered in the air. Only the left hind-foot was still firmly planted on the ground; but as the rider pulls the animal's neck powerfully backwards, it tries to keep its footing, and rears with such an effort that, notwithstanding the different move of the hind legs, the left hand rises higher than the right. The fore legs are broken off near the chest; but are likely to be restored, as large fragments are preserved. The creases of the skin and the veins on the belly are carefully executed, the muscles treated very broadly. The rider's hand is coarse, bony, and distinct, so as to show every vein; his dress, as far as it remains, excellent of execution. Mr. Newton asserts that the Greek letter Σ is marked on the croupe of the horse, but we were not able to discover it.

There are several female torsos: one a *sitting female* of colossal proportions, by Scopas, as it was found on the eastern front. It represents a lady enthroned on a chair with a cushion, and is probably intended therefore for Artemisia. The garment is covered with two tints, one approaching ochre. That it was ochre, however, we should think doubtful, as it spreads not only over the surface, but over the fractures also; but the blue is unquestionable, since we see it cover the dress on the lap of the figure in masses so large that it would easily admit of a chemical analysis. This blue color indicates the royal purple, a tinge which in antiquity tended to the violet and even to the dark blue. The drapery is uncommonly full; but down the back its folds are rough and unsightly, showing that this part was never intended to be seen: the handling approaches that of the colossal statue of Bacchus from the monument of Thrasyllus, now in the British Museum. A cloak falls with great bulk down from the right shoulder, leaving the whole arm

uncovered; then coming up again below the fore-arm, it spreads in large deeply-cut folds over the lap. Like the arm, the leg is below the knee naked, which seems very strange in a female figure thus sitting in state. Head and hands are wanting, which of course detracts much from the truly grand effect which this figure must once have produced.

There is also a *female head*, only a little above life-size, with pretty features; the hair is strangely arranged, surrounding the head in three circles formed of round and crisp curls. It has suffered much from fire, since a Turk had immured it in the chimney of his house; but there is the fragment of another female head, which seems to be an exact repetition both as regards the features and the arrangement. A fine *bearded male head*, well preserved, but only life-size, has been temporarily deposited, together with the above-mentioned alabaster vase, in a glass case in the bronze room. The number of fragments still lying in the cellars of the Museum is immense — heads, colossal hands of great beauty, and fragments of drapery. The broken tails of lions alone fill a whole box. Having cast a rapid glance over them, we believe that we may calculate all these fragments at more than two thousand pieces.

From the large heap of marble found along with the upper steps of the pyramid on the northern side of the peribolos three colossal figures have been restored: a female standing, one of the horses, and the portrait-statue of Mausolus. The *female figure* is the finest of them, though the head is lost; there are but few draped statues within the whole range of Grecian art that will stand the comparison with it. The lady was completely robed; only the arms and the fine right foot, which is preserved, were naked. The under-dress, in many small folds, is visible only round the ankles and over the bosom, as the cloak covers the whole back and the large part of the front, held by the uplifted left arm; the right arm bent downwards along the thigh. The form is grand and queenly, the dress in the purest style, reminding you of the "Pallas" of Velletri. This statue lay close to that of Mausolus. Could it have stood by his side on the chariot? It might then be Artemisia. Certainly, according to Greek notions, a woman could not have participated in such warlike honors; but the Carian

queen, who followed Mausolus not only as his widow but by her birthright, whose rule was martial and victorious like that of her husband-brother, why should she not share his war-chariot? Moreover, as she died but two years after him, it can not have been during her lifetime that the pyramid and chariot were finished; after her death, however, why should the fair conqueror of Rhodes not have been deemed worthy of such an apotheosis? Yet we will not deny that this figure is almost more colossal than Mausolus himself. This would lead to the belief that she represented a deity accompanying her favorite to the battle. However, it is neither a Victory nor a Minerva; and Juno has nothing to do with battles.

Now as to the colossal horse from the quadriga. Mr. Newton supposed the two great fragments to be pieces of one and the same animal; but they undoubtedly belong to two horses, as they are not exactly equal in size. The fore part of a larger horse is broken at the withers, and this animal probably was made of one block of marble; but the hind quarters of the other horse had been joined by its artist already to a lost fore part by metal clamps, of which the sockets are still traceable in this piece, but not in the corresponding fore part of the other horse. This hind part had likewise, like the rearing horse of the equestrian statue, an artificial support under the belly. Two hoofs still extant belong to the bigger animal, but the tail to the smaller; the tail is much broken, as it had been immured in a Turkish garden wall. The large fore part belonged to a horse standing on the right side of the pole; for the body, as is also seen in the movement of the head, bends slightly to the left. So it seems that two horses of larger size stood on either side of the pole, two slightly smaller ones on the outer sides. Resting on this evidence, the two pieces in the Museum have indeed been combined so as to form one body, but a gap is left uncemented between them. What is wanting of the legs, they are now restoring in plaster. The chest shows a band, which is attached to another running over the withers: so it is undoubtedly a chariot horse, which may also be gathered by its breed; without being heavy, it is fuller in the limbs than most riding horses in Grecian sculpture. The bronze bit, with a piece of the trapping of the same

metal, and a fine *rosette*, is still between its teeth; so we may suppose that the reins likewise were made of brass. Comparing the head with the celebrated horse-heads from the Parthenon, the difference is striking; those from the Parthenon are ideal, that from the Mausoleum imitates nature. Instead of the large, flat, and as it were skull-like levels on the head of the Athenian horse, that of Pythis has the round outlines of life. Again, when we draw a parallel with the colossal horses from Monte Cavallo, which belong to the somewhat later Macedonian period, their movement is stronger, their striving after effect more violent, but in faithfulness to nature the horse of Pythis beats them. The treatment is withal very broad and masterly; the execution of the surface of the marble, as was quite convenient for statues seen at the height of one hundred and forty feet, is less polished and elaborate than in the human statues destined to be seen from a less distance.

Finally, the statue of *Mausolus himself*, in tunic and cloak, standing upright in a quiet and dignified position, has been reconstructed out of upwards of fifty pieces, and is now complete, excepting the hind part of the head, the arms, and one foot. The bearing of the arms, however, may be fully ascertained. Down the right hip the garment lies round the body in uninterrupted folds. The right arm was uplifted, and held the reins not without some effort; for the body rests on the right leg, and the left knee bends a little. A cloak of a heavy stuff, (a *ῥάτιον*) is fixed over the left shoulder; descending from the back to the right hip, it covers the chest and abdomen like a Scotch plaid, and is gathered under the left arm, which seems to have held it tight to the body; at last the cloak falls down the left hip, its end being indicated by a small knob. The piece of drapery, as a whole, with its bold broad folds, challenges nature herself.

This statue combines with admirable skill an ideal tendency with the truthfulness of a portrait. It is a handsome and intelligent countenance, but not distinguished; no doubt a true portrait. The hair rises from the middle of the forehead, as we see it in the heads of Jupiter; but the forehead itself remains low withal. The long curls, coming down in such profusion that no ear is visible, have lost

their lower points. A beard, complete, but cropped very short, shades the cheeks and chin; only the mustache is full and uncut. As this statue was wrought about the year 350, it is perhaps the oldest of Greek portrait-statues extant. Standing in a fearless attitude upon the giddy top of the quadriga, the man must have ap-

peared exactly as he is characterized in the proud words lent to him by Lucian—"Handsome and tall I was in life, and valiant in battle." Not great in mind and character, and exercising no influence that lasted through centuries, his name has yet become immortal through the love of a woman.

From the Eclectic Review.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.*

A book intended to explain the science of nature, to excite a vivid perception of the relation of cause and effect in the material world, and to create in the mind of the reader a picture of physical phenomena, must be studied as a whole, or the author will fail to communicate his idea of unity in the combination of parts. If it be true, as Humboldt states, and we believe it is, that "the coördination and arrangement of the several parts which compose the whole, are almost more important (in a book of nature) than the richness and abundance of the materials," the publication in parts of such a work as *Cosmos* would have been at least injudicious if the author had not skillfully designed his mode of presenting the subject to the reader. By taking an objective view of nature he was able to complete at once a picture as perfect as modern science permitted. This being done, he undertook "to show how in the course of centuries, at different periods in the history of the human race, and in the most different regions of the earth, mankind had progressively advanced towards a recognition of the concurrent action of the forces of nature." Here, in truth,

his great work might have terminated, for he had described nature as it is reflected in the mirror of modern science, and as it existed in the minds of the sages of antiquity. Descending, however, from the high ground which commands these grand perspectives, Humboldt commenced a survey in detail of the several domains of which the whole is composed. In a work before published he topographed, if we may so speak, the realms of space, and when he had, as far as observation and reason could guide him, mapped the stellar heavens, he proceeded, with the greater distinctness obtained by nearness, to describe the planetary bodies individually and in their relations as members of the solar system. To complete his work he now proposes to examine in detail, terrestrial phenomena, and to discuss the specialties of the sciences to which he appealed in his general view of the telluric sphere. But in the execution of this task he meets with a condition of nature unperceived in the uranological system—the organization of matter and the implantation of life. The organic and inorganic possessing many properties in common are distinguished, as bodies by the presence or absence of a structure easily detected, but little understood. Through the principle of vitality, organization is connected on the one side with matter, and is influenced by physical

* *Cosmos; Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. IV. Part I. Translated under the superintendence of Major-General EDWARD SABINE, R.A., etc. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

agencies, and on the other with mind, and is subject to the will. An organized body, like inert matter, has its metamorphoses, and when its mysterious union with life is broken—when the vital forces cease to act—its complicated machinery falls to decay, and nothing is left but the passive material. The necessity of separating the organic and inorganic is therefore evident; but we will leave the author himself to explain in what manner he intends to deal with the specialties to which we have referred.

"The telluric, as opposed to the uranological portion of the physical description of the universe, naturally divides itself into two parts—the inorganic, and the organic domain. The first comprises the magnitude, figure, and density of the terrestrial globe; its internal heat and electro-magnetic activity; the mineralogical constitution of the earth's crust; the reaction of the interior of the planet on its surface, acting dynamically as in earthquake movements, and chemically, as in the processes of the formation and alteration of rocks; the partial covering of the solid surface by the liquid expanse of the seas; the outline and configuration of the more elevated portions of the solid surface, forming continents and islands; and the general, outermost, gaseous envelope of the earth—the atmosphere. The second, or the organic domain, will embrace not the different animated or vegetable forms themselves, as in a description of nature, but rather their places in reference to the solid and liquid parts of the earth's surface, or the geography of plants and animals, and the gradation of races and tribes distinguishable in the specific unity of mankind."—Pp. 13, 14.

The volume before us treats of some of the subjects belonging to the inorganic domain—such as the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, terrestrial magnetism, and the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior exhibited in earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes. In the brief review we intend to take of the subjects so amply discussed in this remarkable book, we shall pass hastily over those pages which treat of the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, that we may spare a page or two to consider the phenomena resulting from the reaction of the interior upon the surface. The connection between these subjects may not at first be clearly perceived, but they are, notwithstanding, intimately related to each other. The magnitude, figure, and density of the earth must be known

before we are in a condition to study with precision the origin and consequences of internal heat; and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, so evidently controlled by the figure and motion of the earth, may be more dependent on the elements of magnitude and density than can be at present assumed. The necessity of providing these data made a demand on science at once acknowledged by profound analytical investigators and accurate observers. By astro-geodesical measurement of arcs of meridians, by pendulum experiments, and by the inequalities of the moon in latitude and longitude, the figure, dimensions, and weight of the earth have been determined, and although the results obtained by the several methods differ one from the other, the smallness of the difference proves how closely they severally approximate to truth.

"Differences," says Humboldt, "between the results obtained for the amount of the earth's ellipticity by measurements of degrees, taken alone, and by the combination of measurement of degrees and pendulum experiments, are actually far smaller than we might be inclined to suppose at the first sight of the fractions in which those results are expressed. The differences between $\frac{3}{4} \frac{1}{1000}$ and $\frac{1}{1000}$, as the extreme results for the inequality of the equatorial and polar axis, is little more than seven thousand and thirty-four English feet—not twice the height of such small mountains as Vesuvius and the Brocken."—P. 30.

When observation and experiment had assigned an ellipticity differing from the deductions of theory—a dimension much less than that calculated by Newton, and much greater than that resulting from Huygens' hypothesis of a concentrated central gravitating force—the want of uniformity in the density of the interior of the earth became apparent. This led, under the guidance of Newton's suggestion, to a series of pendulum experiments upon the attractive force of mountain masses, which for a time gave contradictory and deceptive results, but have yielded to Baily and others important conclusions.

"The mean of the results" (obtained by Baily in 1842, and by Reich in 1847–50) "gives the density of the earth 5.62; much exceeding, therefore, that of the densest and finest-grained basalts, (according to Leonhard's numerous experiments, from 2.95 to 3.67;) exceeding that of magnetic ore, (4.9–5.2,) and but little infe-

rior to the native arsenic of Marienberg, or Joachimsthal. I have already remarked, that viewing the great proportion of the visible strata of our continents, which are secondary, tertiary, or alluvial, (the collective extent of volcanic or basaltic islands is exceedingly small,) the average density of the superficies of that part of the outer crust of the globe, which is not covered by water, probably scarcely amounts to between 2.4 and 2.6. If, with Rigaud, we take the ratio of the dry land to the water-covered surface as 10.27, and remember that ocean soundings have given a depth or stratum of water of more than twenty-seven thousand English feet, it will follow that the mean density of the external portion of our planet, consisting partly of land, and partly and more extensively of water, scarcely attains the density of 1.5."—Pp. 32, 33.

The experiments instituted by Airy in the Harton coal mines, near South Shields, twelve hundred feet deep, give to the earth a much higher density (6.566) than the observations of Baily and Reich. But without waiting to investigate the cause of the difference between the results obtained by these eminent physicists, we seize upon the incontrovertible fact that the mean density of the earth is between 5.2 and 6.5, while that of its outer crust does not exceed 2.6. Speaking generally, it may be assumed that the density of the planet is more than double that of any of its component rocks visible on the surface; but instead of hearing this statement with surprise, we at once inquire why the weight is not greater. When we estimate the increase of density under the influence of terrestrial gravitation, we find that air at the depth of thirty-four miles below the surface of the earth would be as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water, and water at the depth of three hundred and sixty-two miles would be as heavy as mercury. The weight of the earth is therefore far less than a consideration of the law of condensation would lead us to anticipate, and we can not account for the difference between theory and observation without assuming the existence of some force antagonistic to gravity; what that force is, we can not divine, if it be not heat. Thus when taking our first step in the study of the physics of the earth, cautious of forming hasty opinions, we are compelled to admit the probability of a temperature increasing with depth, and if we had not the evidence supplied by the miner, by thermal springs, and by

volcanic phenomena, the fact would be still indisputable. The geologist obtains from another source convincing proof of the slow cooling of the planet, and the vast development of igneous forces in the early epochs of its physical history.

In the celebrated artesian well of Grenelle, which discharges water having a temperature of $81^{\circ}7$, from a depth of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight feet, heat increases from the surface at the rate of 1° for 58.9 feet; in the still deeper well of Salzwirk near Rehme, the increase is 1° for 54.72 feet. Other deep borings give similar results. In what manner is this attested fact to be explained? The increase of heat with the depth can not arise from the transmission of solar heat from the surface, and its accumulation in the interior. Heat is conducted downward by the surface rock, but the transmitted calorific ray can not penetrate far. The daily variation of surface temperature is not sensible at a depth of much more than three feet, and at about one hundred feet below the ground, the annual variation, arising from the succession of seasons, is imperceptible. There is, in fact, somewhere beneath the surface, a plane of invariable temperature. In the cellars of the Observatory of Paris, which are ninety-two feet deep, the invariable temperature is 53°F . In other localities, the depth may be more or less by a few feet, according to the difference between the highest and lowest atmospheric temperatures, and the conducting power of the intervening rocks. It is impossible, then, that the definite increase of temperature from the surface to the lowest depth open to investigation can be the effect of the transmission of solar heat. The cause must exist within the earth, for the deeper we descend the nearer we come to it, and the greater the measure of its force. The phenomena of earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes are not, as we have said, necessary to teach the fact; but they exhibit the effects of this remarkable condition, and the influence it has had, and in a modified degree still has, in the formation of new rocks, and the metamorphosis of others of more ancient production. If a man, ignorant of science and its modes of investigation, should refuse to believe the existence of a heat sufficiently intense to melt the hardest and most intractable rocks, at about the same distance below the grass-covered

surface of our beautiful and populous world, as St. Paul's Cathedral in London is from Windsor Castle, he can scarcely be charged with skepticism. Should he then doubt the evidence of the thermometer, when it is dropped from one platform to another of the deepest mines, or find reasons, something more than specious for attributing the effect to other causes, he must be directed to the study of those natural phenomena which are so evidently the consequences of the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior. The dynamical effect is the most general, for earthquakes are felt where no other indication of internal heat is detected. Thermal springs will give a less ambiguous reply to his inquisitive research; but it is from the outburst of volcanoes he will obtain the most absolute proof of the existence of a deep-seated high temperature—the fissure and elevation of rocks, the outpouring of liquefied mineral matter, and the display of those terrific igneous phenomena by which eruption is always accompanied.

If internal heat increased with the depth in arithmetical series, we might at once determine the point where igneous fluidity begins, (the melting-point of rocks being known;) or, in other words, we should know the thickness of the solid crust which envelops the fluid nucleus. But when experiment assigned this law, it did not take into consideration the existence of an immense pressure upon the assumed liquid surface, nor the influence of this pressure upon the fusibility of rocks, nor the diminution of conducting power with increase of temperature. Still less did it estimate the effect of existing, but untraced channels of communication between the atmosphere and the fluid interior. Theoretical considerations, in fact, lead us to believe that the ratio of increase diminishes with the depth, but observation directs us to an opposite conclusion. In the deep borings at Cruzot, extending to a depth of two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight feet, M. Walferdin observed the increase of temperature to be, for the first one thousand eight hundred feet, in the ratio of 1° for fifty-five feet, but at great depths 1° for forty-four feet. Estimating, however, the temperature to increase with a constant arithmetical progression, 1° F. for every 54.5 feet, granite would be in a state of fusion at a depth of about twenty-one geo-

graphical miles below the level of the sea.

To the labors of Fourier we are primarily indebted for the theory of the increase of heat in the interior of the earth, and the probability of an igneous fluidity; but his opinions were not universally received by physicists. Poisson, who believed the earth to have been once liquid with heat, supposed it to have cooled from the center and not from the surface. "The parts first solidified sunk," he says, "and by a double descending and ascending current the great inequality was lessened, which would have taken place in a solid body cooling from the surface." To account for the increase of temperature with the depth, a fact not to be ignored by hypothesis, he assumes an inequality of temperature resulting from the motion of the planet in space, causing a small accumulation of the heat received from without, at accessible depths from the surface. This conjecture, as already said, is negatived by experiment, and is quite untenable.

Mr. Hopkins objects to the conclusions of the popular hypothesis in detail rather than in principle. The solid crust of the earth, he says, must be from eight hundred to one thousand miles in thickness, and if this be true, either the ratio of the increased temperature must, at a certain depth, become less and less, or the temperature at which rocks are fused under pressure must be greatly raised. The argument he adopts in proof of his assertion is one of much ingenuity. The united attractive force of the sun and moon, and the ellipticity of the earth, cause the luni-solar nutation and precession. The calculation of these inequalities of motion has been made on the assumption of the solidity of the earth. But the theory of the increase of internal heat with the depth, at a constant or increasing ratio, represents the earth as a solid shell inclosing a fluid nucleus; and if this assumption be made consistent with the theory and amount of precession, the outer shell must be at least eight hundred miles thick. The reasoning of this geologist has been disputed by Professors Hennessey and Haughton, who doubt the possibility of solving the problem in the present state of science; and here we must leave the subject—still adhering, for the purposes of illustration, to the commonly-received hypothesis—and proceed

to notice some of the phenomena resulting from the action of the highly-heated interior, and exhibited on the surface of the earth.

"I designate," says Humboldt, "the whole of these phenomena by the general name of volcanism, or volcanicity; and I regard it as an advantage not to divide effects having the same causal connection, and differing only by the strength of the manifestation of the acting force, and by varieties in the complication of the physical processes involved. In this generality of view, small and apparently insignificant phenomena acquire a greater significance. An observer, not scientifically prepared, who visits for the first time a basin filled by a hot spring, and sees ascend from it gases which extinguish the flame of a candle, or walks between rows of variable cones of mud-volcanoes hardly exceeding in height his own stature, would not divine that the place, now thus harmlessly occupied, has been repeatedly the scene of fiery eruptions ascending to the height of many thousand feet, and that the same internal force is at work as that which gives rise to colossal craters of elevation, and even to the mighty devastating, lava-pouring volcanoes of Etna and the peak of Teneriffe, and to those of Cotopaxi and Tunguragua, from which scorice are ejected."—P. 163.

Of all the effects of internal heat, earthquakes, or undulations in the solid crust of the earth, are most extensive in operation, and most frequent in occurrence. We shall not attempt to determine how they are produced, nor where the agency is seated, for the evidence on these subjects is not sufficient to give certainty to any opinion. They are evidently produced by internal igneous action, although sometimes they have no apparent connection with volcanic eruption by proximity of site, or accordance of time. It is a false generalization that earthquakes are always dependent on, or in some intimate connection with, volcanic eruption. They are consequences of one and the same cause, but their action is not necessarily coincident. Violent eruptions have taken place without the premonitory symptom; and there are countries distant from active zones, where earthquakes frequently or periodically occur without eruption. Humboldt says: "If we could obtain information regarding the daily condition of all the earth's surface, we should probably discover that the earth is almost always undergoing shocks at some point of its superficies, and is continually influenced by the reaction of the interior on the exterior." On some parts of the coast of

Peru, the undulations are so frequent, at certain periods, as to be little regarded by the inhabitants, who are said to roll to the earth-wave, as the sailor does to the rocking ship at sea. Usually the earthquake and the volcano are concurrent phenomena. On the 30th of March, 1823, Lima was destroyed by earthquake, and on the same night four volcanoes were opened in the Andes. The great earthquake which destroyed the city of Lisbon on the first of November, 1755, and buried sixty thousand* of the inhabitants under the ruins, was felt over an area of seven hundred thousand miles, and for some time after that event, volcanic eruptions were unusually frequent and violent. We might fill a volume with instances of the simultaneous action of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; and where the instances are so numerous, the mind is at once directed to those which were unusually destructive, or otherwise remarkable in their effects. We will mention only one other. The great earthquake of Riobomba, in the province of Quito, which happened on the 4th of February, 1797, and in a thinly-populated country destroyed thirty thousand human beings, was attended by some curious eruptions; but the earthquake itself was remarkable.

"It was neither announced nor accompanied by any subterranean noise, but a prodigious noise, still designated simply as '*el gran ruido*,' was first heard eighteen or twenty minutes later, and only under the two towns of Quito and Ibarra, at a distance from Tacunga, Hambato, and the chief theater of devastation. In the history of catastrophes suffered by man, there is no other instance in which, in the course of a few minutes, so many thousand lives were lost by the production and passage of a few earth-waves, accompanied by the opening of fissures. In reference to this earthquake, of which the first accounts were given by the celebrated Valencia botanist, Don José Cavanillas, particular attention is further due to the following phenomena: Fissures which alternately opened and closed, so that persons, partially engulfed, were saved by extending their arms that they might not be swallowed up; portions of long trains of muleteers and laden mules (*recuas*) disappearing in suddenly opening cross-fissures, whilst

* The spacious quay or wharf to which immense crowds rushed for safety from their falling houses, sank down into the bowels of the earth, engulfing and burying in one deep dark grave the living thousands upon it, with numerous vessels at anchor by the wharf, not one of which ever arose to the surface. We carefully examined the locality in the autumn of 1853.—EDITOR OF ECLESTIA.

other portions, by a hasty retreat, escaped the danger; vertical oscillations by the non-simultaneous rising and sinking of adjoining portions of ground, so that persons standing in the choir of a church, sixteen feet above the pavement of the street, found themselves lowered to the level of the pavement without being thrown down; the sinking down of massive houses, with such an absence of disruption or dislocation, that the inhabitants could open the doors in the interior, pass uninjured from room to room, light candles, and debate with each other their chances of escape, during two days which elapsed before they were dug out; lastly, the entire disappearance of great masses of stones and building materials. . . . A still more striking and complicated phenomenon was the finding articles belonging to one house among the ruins of others at a considerable distance—a discovery which gave rise to some lawsuits. Is it, as the inhabitants of the country believe, that the earth throws out again at one spot that which it has swallowed up at another? or is it, notwithstanding the distance, a simple transfer over the earth's surface?"—Pp. 172, 173.

The propagation of the undulatory motions, in which earthquake consists, through rocks of different densities, and unequal elasticities—the retardation of velocity by changes in the structure and composition of mineral masses, and the disturbances arising from the reflection and interference of earth-waves, are problems of great interest waiting solution. The laws Young so admirably discussed in his researches on the propagation of light are applicable to the investigation of undulations in the crust of the earth, and it is only when these motions are connected with phenomena which can not be immediately attributed to the undulations that uncertainty arises. To determine the velocity with which earth-waves are propagated is of importance in the present state of science. Julius Schmidt, of the Observatory of Bonn, estimated the motion of the undulations in the earthquake on the Rhine, July 29th, 1846, to have been one thousand four hundred and sixty-six feet in a second—a velocity exceeding that of sound in air, but not a third of the velocity in water, and greatly inferior to the propagation of sound in any solid upon which experiment has been made. "For the Lisbon earthquake of November 1st, 1755, from the coast of Portugal to that of Holstein, Schmidt found (from less accurate data) a velocity more than five times greater than in the case of the Rhine earthquake of the 29th July, 1846.

Between Lisbon and Gluckstadt (a distance of eleven hundred and eighty English geographical miles) the rate derived by him is seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-five English feet in a second; which is three thousand four hundred and thirty-eight feet less than takes place in cast-iron." But this result differs greatly from that obtained by Michell, who assigned to the earth-wave a velocity of fifty miles a minute, or four thousand one hundred and seventy French feet in a second.

Many interesting and important questions suggested by the study of earthquakes we would refer to if we were not limited by space; but Humboldt has made one generalization, so essential to a consideration of the origin of these phenomena, that it can not be passed over without some notice, although we can do no more than quote the words of our author.

"The most wide-spread devastations are those occasioned by earthquake-waves, which traverse partly non-trachytic and non-volcanic countries, and partly trachytic and volcanic ones, as the Cordilleras of South-America and Mexico, without exercising any influence on the neighboring volcanoes. These form the third class or group of phenomena; and it is that which points most strongly to the existence of a general cause in the thermic constitution of the interior of our planet. To this third group belongs also a case of rare occurrence, in which, in countries non-volcanic and rarely visited by earthquakes, the ground trembles uninterruptedly for several months, on a very restricted space, seeming to presage an upheaval, and the formation of an active volcano. This took place in the beginning of the present century, in the Piedmontese valleys of Pelis and Clusson, as well as at Pignerol, in April and May, 1808, and also in the spring of 1829, in Murcia, between Orihuela and the sea-coast, on a space rather less than a German square mile. When in the interior of Mexico, on the western slope of the high land of Mechcacan, the cultivated flat of Jorullo was incessantly shaken for ninety days, the volcano rose, surrounded by many thousand small cones, about five or seven feet high, (*los hornitos*.) and poured forth a brief but powerful stream of lava. On the other hand, in Piedmont and in Spain, the shaking of the earth gradually ceased without any great natural event ensuing."—Pp. 182, 183.

While the earthquake testifies to the potent energy of the volcanic force by undulatory motions, by subterranean noises, and by the fissure and upheaval of rocks—effects too violent to be disregarded, and too evidently of igneous origin to be mis-

understood—the hot springs which gush from the heated interior are the quiet but no less credible witnesses to the same physical condition. In all volcanic districts are found springs, constant or intermittent, more or less laden with earthy or saline matter, which, by their concurrent action with the phenomena attributed to volcanic forces, are apparently produced and sustained by the same agent, and rise from the same deep-seated source. The distinction of hot and cold springs is a popular classification founded on the belief that while springs of low temperature are the outlets of the great conduits of the earth's surface, bringing back to the atmosphere the waters which have fallen from it, thermal springs are the waste-pipes of circulating currents flowing in some part of their deep and unknown circuit, near the reservoirs of that interior heat which gives force and continuance to volcanoes. The terms hot and cold as applied to springs are sufficiently precise for popular designation; but the man of science can not be justly charged with pedantry when he inquires what that temperature is which separates hot springs from cold. When this question is answered, he desires to know whether temperature alone determines the origin of a spring, or whether it is necessary to take into consideration the presence of impurities—mineral compounds in solution or chemical combination. Upon the origin of springs there is no difference of opinion; they are either the effects of gravitation, the force which maintains the level of all fluid bodies, or of some internal pressure which drives the water upwards, sometimes through the bed of the ocean, and sometimes to a mountain exit. As the pressure may be a hydrostatic force, as well as high-pressure steam, every spring unconnected with the great system of natural drainage is not necessarily of volcanic origin, but that many are is freely admitted.

The temperature of springs, whether hot or cold, depends on the temperature of the reservoirs in which they are collected, and of the channels in which they flow. When cold springs do not intermix with waters flowing from high levels, their temperature is the mean temperature of the place of exit. In the first volume of *Cosmos*, Humboldt expresses in one sentence nearly all that can be said about the origin of the temperature of springs. It

is a function of the temperature of the stratum in which they take their rise, of the specific heat of the soil, and of the quantity and temperature of the meteoric water, which is itself different from the temperature of the lower strata of the atmosphere, according to the different modes of its origin, in rain, snow, or hail. Many years since Von Buch, Humboldt, and Wahlenberg collected observations on the temperature of springs between 12° S. lat., and 71° N. lat., and in their tabulated results, separated those in which it varies with the seasons from those in which it is invariable. Springs of variable temperature are most common; but the amount of change, as Von Buch discovered, is influenced by the relative quantities of rain falling in the winter and summer months. In high latitudes the temperature of springs is greater than the mean temperature of the air; but as in such countries the ground is for the greater part of the year covered by snow, the temperature of the atmosphere is depressed at a more than ordinary ratio, and this fact, as Wahlenberg suggested, accounts for the anomaly.

As the temperature of hot springs rarely approaches the boiling point, we may mention one or two remarkable exceptions, and at the same time draw attention to the fact that the hottest springs are not necessarily confined to volcanic districts. The great Geysir of Iceland ejects a column of water nine or ten feet in diameter, to the height of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet. The eruptions are periodical, and are announced at intervals of eighty or ninety minutes, by loud but shifted subterranean noises. At the depth of seventy-two and a half feet below the opening of the funnel through which the discharge is made, the temperature of the water immediately before eruption is 260°·6 F., and immediately after 251°·6, proving that it is under more than atmospheric pressure. The eruptions of the Stokk at the foot of Byarnefell are less frequent than those of the Geysir, and the temperature is somewhat less at a less distance from the surface. Humboldt and others have made experiments on the temperature of several hot springs in the great mountain ranges of South-America, and two of these may be mentioned. The Aguas de Coman-gillas gush from a mountain of basalt and basaltic breccia, "not far from the rich

silver mines of Guanaxuato, in 21° N. lat., at an elevation of fully six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea." Their temperature in September, 1803, was 205°·5 F. Near these springs, at an elevation of eight thousand seven hundred feet, snow falls from December to April. The temperature of Aguas Calientes de las Trincheras, situated "on the route from Neceva Valencia, in the Valles de Aragna, to the harbor of Portocabello," was in February, 1800, 194°·5 F., as measured by Humboldt; and twenty-three years later, when observed by Boussingault and Rivers it was raised to 206°·6—an increase which suggests some speculations in which we can not now indulge.

From what has been said it will appear that earthquakes and thermal springs are justly believed to be the effects of the reaction of the heated interior of the earth upon its surface; but it is not till we come to the study of volcanoes that we obtain an adequate conception of its extent and influence. To these important phenomena we must now very briefly refer.

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes is essential to a just conception of the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth. Von Buch was the first writer who attempted to give a catalogue of active volcanoes, distinguishing linear from central groups. Every succeeding author who has referred to original documents, or made personal investigation, has added something to what was done by that illustrious geologist. But when we review the labors of these authors, the want of agreement between their conclusions is sufficient to prove the existence of a great mistake either in the estimate of numbers or in the definition of the objects to be numbered. This is evident enough if we only turn to the pages of a few books believed to give correct reports of the present state of scientific knowledge. Humboldt has compiled a catalogue of all the known points where a communication exists between the interior of the earth and the external atmosphere; and there are, he says, four hundred and seven volcanoes, of which two hundred and twenty-five have been in eruption "within very modern times." In Johnston's Physical Atlas the number is said to be two hundred and seventy, Gerardin calculates three hundred and three, and Huet five hundred and fifty-nine. The want of accordance between these authors may be

in part accounted for by the doubt which hangs over every attempt to separate the volcanoes which have been active in recent times from those which have been long quiescent—the extinct volcanoes of one author being classed among the active of another.

"The result of my laborious investigation is," says Humboldt, "that, out of four hundred and seven volcanoes, two hundred and twenty-five have been in activity within very modern times. Earlier statements have given the number of still active volcanoes thirty or fifty less, because prepared on different principles. I have here restricted myself to volcanoes which either emit vapors, or which have had historically assured eruptions within the nineteenth, or the later half of the eighteenth century."—Pp. 406.

"Of the two hundred and twenty-five orifices through which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the molten interior of the earth is in volcanic communication with the atmosphere, seventy (less than a third part therefore) are on continents, and one hundred and fifty-five (or fully two thirds) are on islands. Of the seventy continental volcanoes, fifty-three (or three fourths) belong to America, fifteen to Asia, and one to Europe, and one or two to the portion of America with which we are acquainted. It is the South-Asiatic Islands (the Sunda Isles and the Moluccas) and in the Aleutian and Kurile (East-Asiatic) Islands, that the greatest number of island-volcanoes are congregated within the smallest space. . . . Taking the earth altogether, it is the region comprised between the seventy-third west, and one hundred and twenty-seventh east meridian from Greenwich, and the parallels of 47° south and 66° north, extending from south-east to north-west in the more western part of the Pacific, which is the richest in volcanoes."

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes and dome-shaped elevations is important to science, chiefly because their number and position supply the evidence and measure of the activity of the volcanic force. There has been during the present century a more extended investigation, and a more correct record has been kept of the observations; but many countries are still unexplored, and the discoveries of former travelers require confirmation. The deficiencies of our knowledge, however, are not more evident in this than in the correlative subjects of physical inquiry, and the facts of which we are possessed are sufficient to support some generalizations of importance. To a few of these we shall briefly refer.

In the Pacific Ocean and on its shores there are no less than one hundred and ninety-eight active volcanoes—seven

eighths of all the communications still open between the surface of the earth and its molten interior. In the island of Java alone, which is only five hundred and forty-four geographical miles in length, there are forty-five mountains, and of these twenty-eight are active volcanoes. Although generally inferior in elevation to the mountains of South-America they are not in this respect unimportant, for Gunung Semeru, which was in eruption not long since, is twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-five feet high. In Kamtschatka fourteen volcanoes are known to have been in eruption in historic periods. Of these, Kintschewskaja Sopka, fifteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet in height, is the most lofty. In the Aleutian Islands, within a range of nine hundred and sixty miles, thirty-four volcanoes are known, nearly all of which have been recently in eruption. "Within the range of the Kurile Islands, a length of seven hundred and twenty geographical miles, eight or ten volcanoes are known, and the majority are still burning." "The historians of Japan," says Von Siebold, "mention only six volcanoes as having been active, two in the island of Nippon and four in that of Kinsin. In addition to these, European navigators have observed two small islands with smoking craters." In Sumatra there are six, in Celebes eleven, and in Flores six. If we turn from the islands of the Pacific to the new Continent, we find in Central America, within a distance of six hundred and eighty geographical miles, twenty-nine volcanoes, of which eighteen are active; in Peru and Bolivia fourteen, three of which have been recently in eruption, within a distance of four hundred and twenty miles; and in Chili twenty-four, of which thirteen are active, within a distance of nine hundred and sixty miles.

From this great development of the volcanic force in the Pacific Ocean and on its coasts, are we prepared to assert that the distance of the surface from the intensely-heated nucleus is there less than in any other part of the earth's crust? We believe not. The greater display of power may arise from the greater intensity of the volcanic force, and not from the weakness of resistance. If the thickness of the solid crust of the earth governed the eruption of volcanoes, low craters should be more numerous than high ones. But it

may be said that as the force required to lift or project the products of eruption must be in proportion to the elevation of the crater, the number of eruptions should have some relation to the altitudes. The ratio, however, between the number of eruptions from relatively high and low craters does not favor the assumption that from them may be determined the relative thickness of the solid crust at the places where those eruptions occur. The reason is obvious. Let us compare the relative activities of the two island volcanoes, Kosuna and Teneriffe, one being one thousand feet above the sea, the other twelve thousand. The difference of relative heights between these two active cones is considerable; but if to the relative heights we add the probable depth of the molten mass below the sea level, (estimated, from Mitscherlich's experiments on the fusion temperature of granite, at one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred feet,) the difference between the sums is small. Suppose the tension of confined vapors to raise a flood of liquefied rock one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred feet up to the level of the ocean, what is the probability of the force being sufficient to raise it one thousand feet higher, and not twelve thousand, taking into consideration a probable motion in limited channels? "The graduated scale of volcanoes," says Humboldt, "beginning with the low Maars of the Eifel, (nine funnels without external framework, which have thrown out balls of olivine, surrounded by half-fused schistose fragments,) and ending with the still active Sahama, more than twenty-two thousand feet high, has taught us there is no connection between the maximum of elevation and a less degree of volcanic activity." The same author says: "If in one small group the comparison of Stromboli, Vesuvius, and Etna might mislead us to suppose that the number of eruptions is inversely proportional to the height of the volcano, we soon find other facts which are in direct contradiction to this supposition." Etna is in eruption, on an average, once in six years; Hecla, which is five thousand seven hundred and fifty-five feet lower, once in seventy or eighty years; Sangay, near the city of Quito, seventeen thousand one hundred feet in height, is in a state of more constant activity than the little conical hill Stromboli, the ancient Strongle. Sebas-

tian Wissa visited it in 1849, and counted two hundred and sixty-seven eruptions in an hour, each eruption being on an average 13.4 seconds, and ejecting black ashes, rapilli, and scorix, which for twelve miles round form a bed of from three hundred to four hundred feet thick. It is not, then, from any greater development of activity upon one part of the earth's surface than upon another that we can venture to affirm a proportionate want of thickness in the solidified crust, and we will not venture to guess what those conditions are which have caused such an unequal distribution of the phenomena which prove the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth.

Among the unsafe generalizations, we may include the assumption that the larger number of volcanoes are insular, because the access of the sea or large bodies of water to the interior of the earth is necessary for the production of eruption. The numerical fact is indisputable, but the induction is an unsupported hypothesis. In Europe, the Mediterranean is the principal site of volcanic activity; in the southern hemisphere, the Pacific; and the few active cones found on the continents are so near the shores of the ocean as to suggest a probable internal connection between the waters of the one and the internal fires of the other. These facts, however, may be admitted without advancing a single step towards the explanation of the distribution of active volcanoes. Dr. Daubeny employs them as convenient crutches for the support of Davy's ingenious, hasty, and afterwards discarded theory of the production of volcanic activity by the access of water to the unoxidized metals composing the nucleus of the earth. Upon this subject, Humboldt is entitled to an attentive hearing:

"We may readily represent to ourselves the probability that, at the margins of the upheaving continents, whose coasts now rise with more or less abruptness above the waters of the sea, simultaneously occasioned subsidence of the ocean-bed, might cause the formation of fissures tending to promote communication with the molten interior. In the inland parts of elevated continents, at a distance from the oceanic areas of subsidence, there would not be the same occasion of fracture. Volcanoes follow the coast-lines in single, sometimes in double, and even triple, ranges. Short cross-ridges, elevated over cross-fissures, connect these ranges, forming mountain-knots. Frequently, but by

no means invariably, it is the outer range, nearest to the sea-shore, which is the most active, while the more inland ones are extinct, or appear approaching extinction."

The grouping of volcanoes, that is to say, their positions in relation to each other, must be carefully observed, for the present distribution indicates the probable process of formation. We have no reason to anticipate the discovery of any persistent plan; but some similarity of arrangement must result from a common action of the volcanic force, and we detect it in the grouping of active cones round a central elevation, and the arrangement of volcanic mountains in lines, suggesting their elevation over fissures.

Lofty mountains are not unfrequently the centers of volcanic activity, and a number of cones, or simple volcanic openings, are grouped round them, forming clearly-defined systems, in which the relation of the subordinate parts to the principal elevation is more than indicated. Thus Vesuvius, Etna, and the Peak of Teneriffe are to be regarded as so many distinct centers of volcanic force, each controlling its own area, and having little or no influence beyond. This is their known condition, for the activity of one does not disturb the repose of the others. Vesuvius is the outlet of power for the Phlegrean fields of Puzzuoli and the neighboring islands; but its most violent eruptions have not the power to excite Etna. We do not mean to assert that the eruptions of neighboring volcanoes when forming distinct centers of volcanic force are never simultaneous; but such events are rather exceptional than ordinary, and far less frequent than they would be if an open communication existed between them. We are not now entering upon the discussion of the origin of volcanic cones; but we may observe that the disposition of isolated volcanic mountains, surrounded by secondary cones and the minor effects of disturbance, would result from the upheaving of rocks and the formation of fissures radiating from a central point of action, the form and altitude of the principal mass being modified by the products of eruption.

The linear arrangement of volcanoes is a more frequent disposition than that of groups round a central mountain. Von Buch suggested that they are thus placed because they are formed over fissures which open a communication between the

surface and the deep, highly-heated interior. If we turn to the physical history of Iceland we shall obtain evidence of the probability of this conjecture, for in modern times such clefts have been formed by the volcanic force. One is still to be seen from which lava flowed for a period of six weeks without ceasing, and at the close of the discharge the stream of melted rock covered an area sixty miles in length, and in some parts nearly twelve in breadth. May not this be regarded as a sufficient illustration of the probable origin of the linear arrangement of volcanoes in the same island? A similar position of volcanic mountains is exhibited on the American continent. The volcanoes of Orizaba, Popocateptl, Toluca, and Colima, for example, are ranged over a fissure three hundred and sixty miles long; and in the same east and west line the volcano of Jorullo was upheaved between those of Toluca and Colima, at a distance of one hundred and sixteen miles from one and one hundred and twenty-eight from the other. In the Asiatic Islands the same arrangement is observed.

"From the volcano of Kliutschewsk, the northernmost one on the east coast of the Kamtschatkan peninsula, to the southernmost Japanese island-volcano of Iwogashima, in the strait of Van Diemen, the direction in which the igneous activity manifests itself from the fissured crust of the globe, is exactly from N. E. to S. W. This direction is maintained through the island of Jackuno Sima, on which a conical mountain rises to the height of five thousand eight hundred and forty feet, separating the two straits of Van Diemen and Colnet; through Stebold's Linschote Archipelago; through Captain Basil Hall's Sulphur Island, (Lung-Huang-Schan;) and through the small groups of Lieu-Khlew and Madjiko-Sima, which latter approaches within ninety-two geographical miles of the great island off the Chinese coast, Formosa, (Thaywan.) Here, or at Formosa, in 25° and 26° N. lat., we may recognize the important point at which, instead of the N. E. and S. W.

lines of elevation, those of a N. and S. direction commence and prevail almost to the parallels of 5° or 6° S. lat. The N. and S. lines may be found in Formosa and the Philippines through fully 20° of latitude.

"To the south of Celebes and Borneo, a new fissure-system commences. The greater or lesser Sunda islands, from Timor Lant to west Bali, follow for the most part the mean parallel of 8° S. lat., through 18° of longitude. In the west part of Java, the middle axis already turns rather more towards the N., running almost E. S. E.-W. S. W.; but from the Strait of Sunda, to the southernmost of the Nicobars, the direction is S. E.-N. W. The entire volcanic fissure of elevation (E.-W. and S. E.-N. W.) has, according to this, an extent of about two thousand seven hundred geographical miles: of the whole distance, if we disregard the slight deviation in Java towards the N., one thousand six hundred and twenty miles belong to the E. and W., and ten hundred and eighty to the S. E. and N. W. direction. In this manner, geological considerations, on form and arrangement, conduct us uninterruptedly through the islands of the eastern coast of Asia, over the enormous space of 68° of latitude from the Aleutian islands, and the northern sea of Behring to the Moluccas, and the greater and lesser Sunda Isles."

The want of space prevents us from alluding to many other important questions connected with the formation of volcanoes, and the effects, products, and theories of volcanic action, the volcanic condition of the earth during the several geological epochs, and the influence of the force in the establishment of the present physical conditions. These are subjects of great interest to the geologist, and on some there is a difference of opinion; but the reader who is willing to extend his inquiries to them will, if wise, thankfully accept Humboldt as a guide. The translation which General Sabine has provided is accurate and elegant, and places the *Cosmos*, one of the most remarkable books of the age, within the reach of every English student.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MUSIC OF ANASTASIA.*

WE had just returned from a visit to the Dargle. As the train swept off into the country, the November fog began—not quite to melt, but to grow thinner—until we stopped at Bray, and saw the ships looming through the fog, like thoughts through a sentence of a Germanizing philosopher. A pleasant hour's walk with a pleasant companion, and we were in the woods. As we ascended the path, the trees hung in the deep hollow beneath and on the opposite steep, discolored not divested. Here and there were pale yellow tints, like penitential dust and ashes, sprinkled on some bowed-down head; while in some places a rainbow richness, a crimson melting into purple, floated round great masses of leafage, seared as if by a furnace. Nor were folds of sombrous green wanting to give variety. Down below, the pellucid greenish water rippled into gleaming white from bend to bend; and a perpetual murmurous music of sad monotonous sweetness droned through the autumnal trees. We were content that the sun remained shrouded; the quiet gray harmonized with the soft melancholy of the landscape. The drone of a fiddle, played by a poor old man, was the only disturbing element as we ascended to the Irish Leucadia, and faced the beauties of Powerscourt. It was like the squeaking versification of a bad poet, troubling one's spirit, whilst the noble music of life is making the air grand with its echoes, and a rich sadness is to be felt around us and above.

All day long, and all the evening, that autumnal woodland haunted our imagination. *Anastasia* for the first time, fell into our hands that night. It supplied the music which the poor old minstrel had so rudely attempted. Here in this fine anguish of a noble human heart, wailing out in song what it would never dare to

speak in another shape; here in these gleams of poetic fancy shooting along the masses of philosophic thought, like golden fingers of sunlight ever and anon playing upon the gray and withered trees, was the interpretation of the dream. We present to our readers a few of the thoughts which occurred to us in perusing *Anastasia*. In doing so, we have to apologize to Mr. Starkey, (we need not affect to maintain a disguise which the world has penetrated,) for the haste with which our task has necessarily been executed. It is true, indeed, as a great writer has reminded us, that we have no right to rush abroad in a confusion in which we should be ashamed to be detected at home; but we esteemed it disrespectful to leave any longer unchronicled the appearance of so remarkable a contribution to our literature by an Irish poet.

The argument of *Anastasia* is simple. The leading thread of the poem is a contrast between a beloved Isaura in heaven and Alexis among various scenes in life. After his agony upon the grave, we find Alexis first in a college. The description of the place, and the analysis of the collegiate character, are exquisitely happy. To a professor Alexis applies for guidance. This gentleman out-Puseys Dr. Pusey, and gives the mourner some remarkable advice. To fast in a fashion very different from the Cardinal's Dundalk *blanc mange* and "surprised ham," and to pray like a Thibetan machine, are of course salient points. Then enters a long discussion on apostolical succession and other light subjects. Here, we think, Mr. Starkey rather fails; and his loose blank verse for several pages stands out in unfavorable contrast to the muscular elasticity and pointed music of Dryden's rhymed polemics. Again we have Isaura in heaven. It is a noble thought, this grand recurring chorus, as it were, relieving with its lyric bursts the heavier and more earthly masses of the composition. Yet we are

* *Anastasia*. Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts. London. 1858.

not sure but that we have too much of it. Heaven to our thinking, is not to be mapped out into details. It is to be seen far off under a sunlit mist of symbols. St. Paul's "inheritance *in light* of the saints;" Tennyson's—

"To lie *within the light of God*, as I lie upon
your breast."

Why is it that they tell us so much? Because they are so grandly and sublimely general.

"Pink-lipped flowers;
—Leaves and odors scattered o'er and o'er,
From chalices of bloom,
Whence aye *the atar* of a fresh perfume,
Humectates life, and laps me evermore,"

are unpleasantly minute. To make heaven like a green-house or a boudoir as described by Disraeli in his novels, is not worthy of the genius of Mr. Starkey. The succeeding section shows Alexis in his library. This is a most powerful and sustained argument, and might well be published separately as a philosophical poem. The various speculations on the Infinite and Absolute, and the Kantian supersession of Revelation from the nature of independent morality, are answered in a style which would do no discredit to Mr. Mansel, while the poet is never lost in the philosopher. After another glimpse into heaven, Alexis, having wrestled down infidelity, goes into the world. The spectacle of a poor girl clinging with noble and self-denying tenderness to a drunken hog of a father elicits his sympathies, and is useful to his grief. Moreover, he visits a noble mansion, whose lady is an old friend and relative of his own, and whose fair young daughter, Isaura, awakens strong emotions in his bosom, by the mere identity of her name with that of the object of his affections. The descriptions of rides and drives, of the house and park, afford a striking instance of the versatility of Mr. Starkey's powers. As was said by Swift of one of Berkeley's contributions to polite literature, as elegant as it was pious: "Methinks he prays with a good grace, and goes to heaven very much like a gentleman." "Alexis in solitude" is long, and we fear, a little heavy. But "Alexis in church" is almost a perfect gem. The way in which poetry is made to run, like an electric spark, from link to link down the long chain of the church service, from the introductory sentences

to the close of the communion offices, is novel and delightful; and the conviction and comfort, the almost conversion, which is brought to his soul by the sermon is not less instructive than it is beautiful. "Alexis in life" follows. We do not quite see why, under this heading, we should have that strange and not very satisfactory lecture on Predestination, addressed to some children, which occupies several pages. It seems to come under the old Scotchman's definition of metaphysics; "When the yin disna' ken what the tither says, and the tither disna' ken what he means, that ye ken, is metapheesics." Mr. Starkey, (we beg pardon, Alexis,) however, soon shakes off this prosaic bondage, and prepares to write a great poem. Finally, we have Isaura in a vision. She sums up the life of her beloved with exquisite penetration and tenderness. A singular passage follows, describing the society of heaven, amongst whose ornaments are Heber, Warburton, and Vickers. Isaura makes known her new and heavenly name, Anastasia, declaratory of her resurrection hope and glory. And the whole poem concludes with a species of dramatic grandeur.

Anastasia, (in the air)—

"To thy throne, my husband!"

Fragment of the hymn of heaven—

"Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!"

Alexis, (in death)—

"Perfect day."

That this poem has faults, it is impossible to deny. A grief so enormously voluminous must be diluted at times into the morbid and hysterical. We are tempted to wish many an affluent sentence away. We long for the compressed pathos of Wordsworth's Lucy—

"She has left the earth—and oh!
The difference to me;"

for the unutterable desolation of the Scotch ballad of Fair Helen—

"I wish my grave were growing green,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!"

that we might lift up our voice and weep, and have done. Painters who have undertaken to make pictures of those whom they have only seen in death have often suffered intensely. The necessity of studying the frozen and rigid features, of

striving to invest them with the hue and expression of life, imprints them on the imagination with terrible accuracy. The poet's mind seems to suffer somewhat similarly in this monotony of dolefulness, this prolixity of weeping. We do not mean to imply that there is a shade of affectation in *Anastasia*. It is evidently—too evidently—such a picture as that of which we have spoken. Nor, again, do we consider that pathos is Mr. Starkey's forte. His genius is eloquent and exuberant, pouring out word after word in the restless fertility of its resources—never content with a stroke or a hint, but covering the canvas with impetuous haste. But all the great masters of pathos, from the prophet Hosea to the plowman Burns, have been concise and concentrating. Mr. Starkey is essentially a philosopher; but gifted also with a brilliant fancy, and a magnificent rhetoric.

The versification of this poem is in places careless:

“As they rushed up, all narrowed to
A point—

All
The fondest fancy had preferred of
Most awful—
Charge yourself with my induction to
All sacred visitation—

That
Doth not invalidate her title to
All Christian privileges—
Their very souls become symphonious to
Nature.”

We could cite fifty other instances of blank verse lines concluding in this way with little prepositions and conjunctions. Now, this is a liberty which has never been conceded to writers of blank verse, except in the freedom of dramatic versification. And even Byron has been severely censured by so competent a critic as Heber, for his indulgence in this privilege in *Cain*. Nor is this all. The variety of cadence in blank verse renders it the most expressive of measures. It bends like a graceful rod in the hands of a well-skilled angler; it breaks in the mutton fist of a bungler. What shall we say to such lines as these, descriptive of *Ætna* and *Stromboli*:

“A pulse of one beats—then straight throbs
the other.

Beat for beat, gleam for gleam, trembling for
trembling.”

What, again, of the convulsive jerks

from blank to rhyme, and from rhyme to blank? The exuberance of Mr. Starkey sometimes betrays him into extravagance, and his taste is by no means in proportion to his riches. Thus in a description of heaven—

“*O'erbowing Alamedas, thronged with shapes
Of faultless finish . . . grassy plains
Spread like the Pampas of immensity
For the young blood of happiness.*”

Fancy an immortal and glorified spirit saying:

“And lo! I've but to plunge into a harebell
To extricate the honey of what is
From the exuberance of what hath been,
For sweets that are to be.”

Strange, long words are quite a weakness of his—

“In *cataleptic* trances of awful trust—
Martyrizing steel,”

are but a few specimens. Grammar sometimes suffers in the fervor of his inspiration:

“What once was *me*,
Ere I had blossomed into what I am.”

We have stated our opinion of the defects of *Anastasia* with a freedom which is the best guarantee of our perfect honesty. Let us throw off in turn our critical *Faddedeenship*, and cite some passages whose power and beauty have at once delighted and astonished us. The description of the sorrow of Alexis is terrible, and the awful allusions in it are carried out with a sustained consistence which indicate a master's hand:

“Here am I,
Not like a saint, who shrinks from rivalry
Even in martyrdom with that he worships,
But crucified head-upwards! I am here,
Isaura! face to face with Destiny,
My withered wintry hands this way and that,
Outwards and upwards, pierced with partings
through,
As with relentless nails; remembrance fixed
Spearwise within my bosom, and the crown
Of blasted hopes thrusting my brain with
thorns.”

The characteristics of collegiate architecture, the tolling of the heavy bell, the monastic shapes enfolded in academic gown, are skillfully thrown into this magnificent delineation:

“These arches draw their brows
Darkly together, as though this man's speech
Had set them thinking. Heaven hath dried its
eyes.”

The roof-drip ticks more slowly down. The west
 Hath dropped the sun out of its wearied hand,
 And looks down pale at that extinguished lamp:
 Whereat the flashes in these courts grow pale.
 Shadows have climbed upon light's throne, and
 thence
 Look furtively about. The evening grows.
 Toll goes the bell, slow rocking in its tower
 Over some grief that it doth ponder on—
 Like one that beats his breast. Across yon
 courts
 Flit figures, with the floating backward black
 Of robes like flags of crape, which they've as-
 sumed
 In memory of a parent home that's dead
 For them. Against the shore of this huge rock
 Thrown up by Science in the shifting sea
 Of human life, how melancholy makes
 The wave-break of the world! A confused roar
 Of happiness shattered into foam upon
 The sullen barrier, sounds like ruth, or rage,
 And rings its ceaseless dirge within mine ear."

There is a power of imagination in the
 description of the music of heaven which
 can scarcely be surpassed. The lines—

"As a hand
Rips from an organ, with its thunder-stop,
 The very heart of harmony at a stroke,"

are worthy of Tennyson when his blood
 is up. But why, oh! why, Alexis, did you
 put into the mouth of Isaura, in the same
 breath, that "aortal chord"? What
 meaneth it? The lower extremity of the
 windpipe, as some lexicons have it? No;
 you mean the great artery which pro-
 ceeds from the left ventricle of the heart;
 as Aristotle hath it. And do you suppose
 that the blessed in heaven discourse in
 the esoteric language of doctors at a con-
 sultation? We have often remonstrated
 with our young botanico-psychological
 poets and poetesses against the introduc-
 tion of the terminology of horticulture
 into the language of poetry. We protest
 with more vehemence against the intru-
 sion of vocables, redolent of purgatives
 and emetics, into the delicate dialect of
 musical passion. Poetry disdains the
 slang of science. She does, indeed, gaze
 on the passionate expression which is on
 the face of science. She inhales the
 aroma of wisdom; she listens to the ac-
 cents of her speech; but when she can not
 translate it into words that are "simple,
 sensuous, and passionate," she no more in-
 corporates into her lines than she would
 the jabberings of the aborigines.

We proceed with our quotations. Let
 us not forget one great thought:

—"The dim wheels
 Of Destiny in their silence fly beyond
 The compass of my sight. They roll, and roll,
 And go their rounds; and as they roll, events
 Grind into meaning. Such is Time—a sail
 Turned by the breath of God, and standing on
 The mountains of eternity. When things
 Have their accomplishment, the breath will
 cease,
 The sails will stop, and then eternity
 Will stand alone."

The weariness of Alexis with collegiate
 existence and modes of thought, is admir-
 ably represented:

—"To mine eyes
 The dismal structure took the semblance of
 The mausoleum of free thought, in life
 Dreaded, and left to pine within the schools;
 And then magnificently marbled, when
 It could not move a finger."

Excellent is this reflection upon the as-
 pect of an old library:

—"Here is a book.
 What power is prisoned in these gloomy tomes!
 Fire in antiquity's black dust. Behold,
 Grimly as catacombed dead, whole shelves of
 thought,
 Wisdom, and wit, broad-fronted doubts, and
 hints
 Of doubts close-veiled, with intense speculation
 Look upon me!"

The mechanical theory of the universe;
 the speculations which would freeze the
 beautiful *anthropopathy* of the human
 heart, and of the Bible, into the rigid
 conception of general law; the intellec-
 tual fallacies of men like Mr. Greg, who
 would bid us transfer the findings of the
 "serene astronomer" in the regions of
 space into the grander world of the hu-
 man spirit and the divine nature, and im-
 prison our hopes and yearnings in the
 chains of a preëstablished harmony or an
 eternal necessitation; are treated by Mr.
 Starkey with a sublime contempt, which
 melts into a beautiful emotion:

—"He made the world,
 Such as it is—so argue or assert
 These sophisters—by that same measuring reed
 The angel stole to mete Ezekiel's dream:
 Got the contours; stretched out the plan; con-
 trived
 The fortress of the universe, as one
 Skilled in the art; then left the inhabitants
 To garrison the place for evermore,
 And passed within the curtains of himself.
 —From such a God may God deliver me!
 Small chance for mortals, with their little wants
 Evermore craving, tugging at the breasts
 Of spirit-tenderness, with sweet instinct, drawn
 Out of the nature whence they suck their life!"

With all their million wants, and weaknesses,
And hopes, and prayers, and aspirations!

Whither

Shall the indignant heart of sorrowers turn
For real sympathy? To far-swung laws,
Vast wheels, the toothed machinery of Fate,
Ready to grind the interpleading hand?
To a mute image of insensate power,
Sphinx-like, above a wilderness of wants?
Small chance, indeed! The heart, the heart is
here
Oracular."

The combined witness of the science of
ontology, of the "categorical imperative,"
and of nature, to God, is thus summed
up:

———"Be it Nature's page,

As she is written, like the oracles,
Upon the leaves of trees; or metaphysics,
Traced on the silent clouds that cross the mind;
Or ethics, graved upon the tablet-stones
Of individual hearts, though broken there;
All, all converge to God."

*The impossibility of ascending to God
by constructing a science of the Absolute
and Infinite, and the force of the proof
from our moral nature, is traced in a pas-
sage of the loftiest eloquence:

———"God, who sits throned

Upon the summit of the loftiest Alp
Man ever scaled, in white austerity
Ruling the regions of eternal ice,
And thrusting the adventurous, gasping wretch
Who has intruded on his presence, down—
With cold, impenetrable silence, down—
To huddle over any spark he finds
With touch of comfort in it—that very God
Descends upon the humbler world in streams
His love hath sunned out from his solitude,
So soft, clear, and refreshing, that all souls
May stoop and drink of the translucent wave,
Yet see the source reflected in that wave,
A feature of far loveliness. No—God
Is but an icicle, if sought in realms
Above the limit of man's speculation.
The living waters are a frozen rock
Except at consecrated wells."

We must cite a few more lines, in which
Alexis states the unsatisfying nature of
mere academical, or library training,
were it only for that most original touch,
"as flowers through flagstones:"

"The College thrust me in a donjon-keep;
These would expose me in a wilderness.
As that to the four corners of a rule
Would have me squared, though all my nature
pressed
Outwards, as flowers through flagstones—so
would these
Draw me, like wire, interminably out."

Of a very different tone, but most love-
ly in its way, is that picture of "a laugh-
ing blonde:"

"She sits a picture: from the billowy silk
A little foam of lace just ripples by
Upon the beach of that resplendent neck;
Failing to reach the gems bestranded there.
In fine, broad shadows sweeps that sea of silk,
Over the modeled mystery of her form,
Heaving with under life—yet surfaced so
That the most daring fancy were o'ertasked
In diving for the nymph beneath the wave—
In short, she's a fair woman."

"Alexis in a church" is one of the
finest things in the volume. We wish, by
the way, that the milliner touch "*yach-
mash* crape of recent widowhood" were
removed. If reconstructed, in parts ex-
panded and in parts contracted, and made
into a separate poem, we can fancy its
taking place on the same shelf with *The
Christian Year* and Wordsworth's *Ec-
clesiastical Sonnets*, as a poetical expon-
ent of the spirit of our church.

———"Forth roll the chords,

The great strong stormy chords, in whirl-
winds up
The winding-stairs of harmony to God!"

"——Again, that brazen serpent of a Psalm
Turns its great spiral into heaven; and I
Can only sing in silence! Oh! so wild,
So desolate a strain: 'Thou sweep'st us off
As with a flood! We vanished hence like
dreams!'

These psalms go home too straight—these
great old psalms,
Familiar as my mother's face, but grand
As is the countenance of heaven with stars!"

"——Now for Queen and Prince,
And royalty in general. How they're thrust
Against us at the very communion-rails.
These prayers, like buffetiers, reminding us
That we're in church on sufferance! I do
yield

To none in loyalty—no envious breath
Hath questioned the allegiance of my heart
To her who wears the crown, and dignifies
The crown she wears; but if a passing gleam
Of disaffection ever lights my soul,
It is when I'm required to turn about
From the east window, and the Decalogue,
To make obeisance towards the royal pew."

"——A murmur of low words
Keeps its monotonous note, and separates,
As by a hand uplifted to the heaven,
The sacrament from silence. Mutes succeed
Retiring mutes. Old Palsy looks at me,
And fidgets with her staff. A throb goes
through

My heart. On, on before, good soul! thou
art

The worthier—I follow—

In the dust!

Thou'rt weak, poor woman! let me help thee
forth—

Here lay thine hand upon my arm—now
come,

There's time enough for getting out of church.
No need for haste; they will not shut us in."

"Isaura in Heaven" we think in every
way the feeblest part of *Anastasia*. The
rhymed ode at the commencement is quite
unworthy of Mr. Starkey—

"Thou hast, we know, a heart for all
The souls that in life's ordeal,"

is one of the inaccuracies which a poet
should never allow himself.

"Words are but shadows; oh! wings! wings!
To franchise the abyss,"

is the most spasmodic form conceivable of
saying a thing which is not very well
worth saying after all. But we must
quote a few sweet lines:

"——Ah! me!

I shall have much to move me! Hearts so knit
And hands so clasped in old acquaintanceship,
Like ivied oaks, could not but have been hung
With mosses of old memories, caught and
clasped

In bends and branchings known but to our-
selves,

And thus more dear. Familiar growths like
these

To disentangle will be sweet, but sweet
As when one smiles and sighs."

When "Alexis in life" contemplates a
poem, what can be finer than this:

"Rather let me take

A present theme; or, better, weave the past
Into an epic. Ay! that might do good.
Assert high truths; expound the arrowheads
Of providence; interpret them upon
The alabaster of one life."

Few contemporary poets have ever
more grandly sung the work of suffer-
ing—

"Madly I strove for fame; too fiercely strove;
Till of pent thoughts the Florentine fierce test
Bedewed my brow with sweat-drops, which
alas!

I took for pearls, and dreamed that I was
crowned.

I had forgot that I must suffer first
Before I could be musical; and that
Sorrow and song are not twins, but are sire
and son."

What a delicate touch is this—

"This hair; yes, thou hast still a treasured
tress
Of what it was; silvered before its time
With moonlight of earth's nights."

The practical conciliation of free-will
and election is handled with magnificent
philosophy in these lines:

"There is the martyr for free will; and there
The martyr for election; martyrs each
To an eternal truth: both taught at last,
In the large light of life, how far beyond
The compass of their brain it was to grasp
The full circumference of Almighty mind,
Moving in its immensity."

There breathes a calm round the follow-
ing passage like the hush in an old cathed-
ral, when the organ notes have just died
away, and one stands by the effigy of an
old crusader:

"——Compose thy hands
Upon thy breast. Be marbled into peace!
Lie like the effigy of one who hath
Gone pilgrimage; done battle for the cross,
And bears the palm. Go down to death again
In silence, to be ready for thy life!"

"Alexis in his chamber" reviews his
life with a tender and noble wisdom:

"——Long studious years!

How quietly ye've passed upon your way!
Passed, like a lapsing stream; yet leaving me
These peaceful shadows! Naught like grass
Upon—or under. How mine eyes revive to
rest

On its green freshness, from their life-long
march

Across the arid parchment of old books—

Across the blank white sheets on which they've
left

Thought-marks; across the cloudier phantasms
which

Are miscalled life; across the aqueduct
Of over-arching days, by which these tears
Traversed the gloomy valley!

Let them rest

A little longer—I—ah! that will do!"

We have concluded our task of that
pleasant November evening. Henceforth
the music of *Anastasia* will mingle its
noble melancholy with our memories of
the autumnal woods of the Dargle. It is
possible, indeed, that the poem, taken as
a whole, may be considered unsuccessful.
It is certain that it would gain by com-
pression and correction. It is probable
that, if the poem were to be considered
by its author as a quarry from which his
future works were to be shaped, the mar-

ble which was to supply the stuff for a multitude of future creations; if he were to distribute its riches among several shorter pieces, philosophical and sacred—he would gain not only in present popularity but in future reputation. But the varied learning, the fine philosophical analy-

sis, the directing but not obtrusive psychological insight, the occasional bursts of poetry, the repose, above all, of the wounded heart of the man, and the wearied intellect of the thinker, in simple faith upon the cross, combine to make *Anastasia* emphatically a remarkable book.

From the London Review.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

WE congratulate Mr. Merivale on concluding a second stage in his admirable history. The present volume embraces the reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and that of Vespasian, down to the destruction of Jerusalem—a period of no less interest than any of the preceding portions of the work, and treated with equal, if not increasing, ability. Most sincerely do we trust that the accomplished author will be permitted to complete the course which he has marked out for his labors. It is supposed that “two more volumes will suffice to embrace the whole sphere of the imperial civilization; but the labor required will be out of all proportion to the space to be filled, and a considerable period must be expected to elapse before they can make their appearance.” We make no apology, then, for not waiting for the completion of the whole series; but at once direct the attention of our readers to the last installment.

The opening chapter has a peculiar interest for ourselves; it is occupied with the affairs of Britain. Not that Mr. Merivale is able to throw much new light on the relations between this country and the earlier Roman Emperors. We all know that Roman civilization in this coun-

try is still an impenetrable mystery; that the inaccuracy of authors, or the changes which eighteen centuries have effected in the features of the soil, make it impossible to trace with certainty the scenes of action, and that antiquaries have defended their own theories with a vehemence in strict proportion to the obscurity of the subjects discussed. Mr. Merivale shows an adequate acquaintance with what has been written on these points; but thick darkness still overhangs the true character and the results of the first expeditions against this country. And no wonder. Our only testimony on the subject is from the Romans themselves. The island was remote, the people barbarous: there was much to risk and little to gain by hazarding an invasion. The questionable success of Cæsar’s attack (as evidenced by the fact that the tribute which he imposed remained for years unpaid) was exaggerated into a triumph by the conqueror’s vanity, whilst the ignorance of the inhabitants of Italy about the country prevented them from correcting the accounts which they received. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is a principle of very wide application: and the childish stories of the horrors of the place and the superstitions of the people which were carried to Rome, and apparently believed, find their counterpart only in the monstrous narratives of Eastern lands which were current in Europe during the Middle Ages. One

* *A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. Vol. VI. London: Longmans. 1858.

fact is worth a thousand hypotheses in so obscure a matter. So little confidence was felt in Caesar's success, and so great was the terror caused by the prevailing accounts of Britain, that, a hundred years after the first descent of Julius, a Roman army forgot its habitual fidelity, and broke out into open mutiny, on being commanded to prepare for an invasion of the dreaded island.

Internal dissension, that common cause of the introduction of civilized nations into the affairs of barbarians, first gave the Romans a permanent footing in Britain. The petty chieftains quarreled among themselves, and the worsted party sought for aid to bind about their enemies' necks a chain, which they found speedily to press upon their own. The whole story of the Roman conquest of Britain is one protracted narrative of treachery and deceit, committed against one another by those who should have made common cause against the strangers. Adminius sought to secure the aid of Caligula; Bericus solicited that of Claudius for his restoration to a share in his paternal inheritance. The valor of Caractacus, and his eventual defeat, with his supposed address to the Roman Emperor, are among the first of our school-boy recollections: it was in this reign that any lasting impression was first made. But this was not effected without a struggle. Claudius visited the island in person, and is said to have gained some inglorious successes over an enemy who every where retreated before him. But the legate whom he left in command did not come off so easily; and thirty battles fought between the Isle of Wight and Dartmoor Forest testify to the obstinacy of the resistance. "Many a fosse and mound, many a tumulus of heroes' bones, on the hills of Wilts and Dorset, still bears silent testimony to these obscure and nameless contests: and the narrow gorge of the Teign, deeply scarred with alternately round and square intrenchments, was the scene perhaps of the last desperate struggles for the garden of Britain." Even then it is conjectured that domestic treachery facilitated the victory of Vespasian, who learned in Britain the first elements of that generalship which was destined to conduct him to the imperial throne.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's pages to learn with what vicissitudes of fortune the Trinobantes, the

Iceni, and the Silures were successively subdued; how the Roman proconsul advanced to the borders of Wales, and pursued the Druids to their last retreat in Anglesey, from which they were finally swept, and the whole race annihilated. According to the usual tactics of Roman military occupation of a hostile territory, a colony was established in one of the conquered districts; but in its altered conditions we may trace the signs of decay even in the midst of seeming prosperity. Here is Mr. Merivale's account of the character of the Roman colony in Britain.

"Under the republic, the colony was a direct offshoot from the parent city; a number of citizens were told off by lot, to occupy like a swarm of bees, to which they were commonly compared, their appointed station: and the soil of the conquered land was appropriated to them as their *field*, or national territory. As an offset from a nation of soldiers, the colonists were themselves all soldiers, and their new city, founded on the principles of the old, was in fact a stationary camp, furnished with the same civil and military appliances as the metropolis itself; not only with the streets and houses, the walls and ditch, but with the temples and tribunals—above all, with the sacred Augural, or spot on which the auspices might be duly observed. But the citizen had now lost most of his military traditions. When he migrated to a foreign settlement, it was generally as a private trader or adventurer. The civilian could no longer be induced to relinquish his peaceful indulgences, and go forth armed and booted, in prospect of a slender patrimony, to be cultivated with toil, and defended with his blood. On the other hand, the paid defenders of the state—the military profession, as it had now become—were no longer fit to return, after numerous years of service, to the staid habits of the municipium from which they had been levied; they retained no taste for the amenities of civil life, and might even be dangerous in crowded streets, and among the mutinous rabble of a vicious city. The colony was now merely a convenient receptacle for the discharged veterans of the camp. Transferred from active duty in the field or the parade, to which they were no longer equal, they were expected to maintain, as armed pensioners of the state, the terror of the Roman name on the frontiers, by their proud demeanor and habits of discipline, rather than by the strength of hands now drooping at their sides. The lands of the Trinobantes were wrested from their ancient possessors and conveyed to the new intruders; the veterans established themselves in the dwellings of the unfortunate natives, desecrated their holy places applied to their own use their goods and chattels, perhaps even their wives and daughters; and, if they left to them any

rights at all, set up tribunals of their own to decide every matter in dispute with them."—Pp. 32–34.

But other circumstances aggravated the worst features of this annoyance in the case of the Britons. Despising the foes by whom they were surrounded, the Roman colonists neglected the ordinary precautions to secure their position, and thus seemed to promise success to the attack which their constant oppression kept provoking. In the midst of their security a storm broke over them, from the quarter whence they least of all expected it. Among the native tribes none had been more compliant than the Iceni, none so willing to desert the cause of their fellow-countrymen and to welcome the Romans with open arms. On the death of their King Prasutagus, that monarch, "in the hope of propitiating the provincial government to his family, had bequeathed his dominions to the republic. He expected, perhaps, that his wife and his children, who were also females, if not allowed to exercise even a nominal sovereignty after him, would at least be treated in consequence with the respect due to their rank." He was horribly disappointed; stripes, torture, and the last indignity were the lot of the ill-fated women, who were suspected of having concealed a part of the royal treasures. Now once more the long-quelled spirit of the natives awoke and burst forth with terrible energy. Taking advantage of the absence of Suetonius, the Iceni fell upon the Claudian colony. Thunderstruck by the unexpectedness of the attack, a superstitious fear seized the invaders, who read in every accident that befell them some stern portent of their inevitable doom. For a time the tide of victory seemed to have turned, and atrocities with which our own ears are but too familiar were inflicted by the frenzied barbarians. But the madness of the attempt, forgotten in the first outburst of passion, became more and more manifest as the return of the legate and the collection of the legions brought the native hordes once more face to face with the discipline of Rome. And the appointment of a lenient pro-prætor made lasting the peace which the victory of Suetonius had for a time secured.

The events which occurred during the reign of Nero derive their interest from their own intrinsic importance, and from

the influence they exerted upon the course of the world's history, not from any dignity possessed by the leading persons of the epoch. Even amongst the names, so infamous for every vice, that are found in the list of the Roman Emperors, it would be hard to find one with so few redeeming traits as the successor of Claudius. He came, indeed, of a race who were conspicuous for their crimes; and Mr. Merivale makes this fact the foundation of an acute remark on

"the precision with which we can trace the character of Roman families, descending often with the same unmistakable lineaments from father to son for many generations. We mark the pride of the Claudii, the turbulence of the Lepidi, the cool selfishness of the Pompeii. There is no more striking analogy between Roman and English history than this; it is only an aristocracy that can present us with a family history of public interest. The great men of democratic Athens stand out alone: no one cares to ask who were their fathers, or whether they left sons. Had they sprung every one from the earth, as they fancifully boasted of their nation, their career and character could not have been, to all appearance, more independent of family antecedents. So strongly, however, were the features of the Roman family traced by the hereditary training of its members, that, though the descent of blood was often interrupted by the practice of adoption, the moral aspects of its character were still broadly but clearly preserved."—Pp. 60, 61.

In no instance is this principle more clearly discernible than in the line of the Ahenobarbi. Descended from an ancient family, the list of their crimes was longer than their pedigree. Of one scion of the house, it had been said by Crassus: "No wonder that his beard is of brass; for his mouth is of iron, and his heart of lead." Ferocity and faithlessness combined were the hereditary features of their character. The father of Nero had been notorious for every crime—for murder and treason, adultery and incest: he made a jest of his own enormities; "and it was reported at least, that, on the child's birth, (the mother was Agrippina, the sister of Caligula,) he replied to the felicitations of his friends by grimly remarking, that nothing could spring from such a father and such a mother but what could be abominable and fatal to the State."

We have neither space nor inclination to enter into a minute account of the various stages by which Nero passed from a timid hypocrisy to open and unblushing

crime. His love for night-brawls in the streets might be passed over with deserved contempt, and the foul practices of his shameless wantonness might seem to have affected but himself and his immediate associates; but cruelty, as usual, followed in the train of lust, and no man's life was secure at Rome. In our own days, when the excesses of a petty sovereign cause such burning indignation throughout all Europe, it is difficult to comprehend how the chief nation of the world could have so long submitted to the dominion of such a monster. The King of Naples does not easily restrain the subjects of his circumscribed and petty tyranny; but the misrule of Nero extended far and wide beyond the walls of Rome; and if even Italy were content to serve him, it may still be asked, How was it that the vast outlying empire did not break off from his authority?

To this question Mr. Merivale has replied by suggesting, as we believe, the true key to the enigma. He reminds us, in the first place, that enormities which are so patent to us, were comparatively unknown to the mass of the citizens; that the leniency of the earlier years of Nero's reign had established a claim to their gratitude which the people were unwilling to forget; and that although the sentences and deaths of Nero's victims were publicly disowned and recorded, yet their execution was generally anticipated by suicide, so that the actual murder was hidden from the public eye. But a deeper reason lies beneath all these modifying circumstances.

"Had the Romans been more conscious of the cruelties thus perpetrated in the midst of them; had they felt more keenly the pain and shame of the wretched victims of the tyranny which overshadowed them, they would still have borne it with an apathy which it requires some effort in us to understand. For they were hardened against the sense of wrong and suffering by the viciousness of their own institutions, by their own personal habits and usages, by the daily practice of every household among them. Whenever the Roman entered his own dwelling, the slave chained in the doorway, the thongs hanging from the stairs, the marks of the iron and the cord on the faces of his domestics, all impressed him with the feeling that he was a despot himself; for despot and master were only other words for the same fearful thing, the irresponsible owner of a horde of human chattels. When he seated himself in the circus, and beheld the combats of men with beasts, or of men with their fellow-men, when he smelt

the reeking fumes of blood which saffron odors could not allay, heard the groans of the wounded, and, appealed to with the last look of despair, gave ruthlessly the sign for slaughter—he could not but be conscious of the same glow of pleasurable excitement at the sight of death and torture which is ascribed to the most ferocious of tyrants. Again, when he invaded a province as quæstor or proconsul, and set himself assiduously to amass a fortune without regard to duty or humanity, he felt, not without pride, that if among citizens he was a citizen, he was himself a king or an emperor among the subjects of the State. *His own conscience would not suffer him to be indignant at any tyranny he witnessed.* He had done as much or more himself. *Tyranny was his own birthright: how could he resent its exercises in another?* Unless it immediately touched himself, what interest had he in resenting it? And for all the iniquities he himself practiced, he had no doubt a salvo in his own breast. Slavery he firmly believed to be an eternal law of nature. The free races were, he was assured, as gods to the servile races. He confessed the more readily, perhaps, that Cæsar was in some sense divine, inasmuch as he claimed to be himself of superior nature to the prostrate herds at his feet. But, if Cæsar was divine, must he not acquiesce in Cæsar's sovereign authority? An old tradition pronounced that the massacres of the circus were politically expedient. That men should be hardened against fear by the frequent spectacle of death was a fixed principle in the moral creed of a Roman. Lastly, that Rome should rule the world seemed to him the final cause of creation."—Pp. 222–224.

What a striking example have we here of the workings of a retributive Providence, and how pregnant a theme for a statesman to study! We believe that this theory can not be invalidated; that the family is indeed the foundation and type of the State; that those who, by early judicious training, are taught at home to govern themselves, will become fit subjects to possess and maintain freedom; that lawlessness or tyranny at the domestic hearth will beget its like in the prevailing form of government; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, that the family, and the form of government, act and react upon each other. Such thoughts tempt one to speculate upon certain phenomena of our own political condition and that of our neighbors. They provoke inquiry as to how far the present state of France may be due to the avowed weakness of domestic ties in that land, and as to what influence the existence of a depotism at home has had in the reintroduction of slavery into their colonial possessions—a

step which, we fear, is but too clearly decided on. In our own case, it suggests an investigation into the deficiencies of our system of mental training which have led to the indifferentism and eclecticism which prevail in almost every department of thought; evinced as it is in the world of politics by the utter disruption of party and seeming abandonment of principle, and in the church by the presence of a negative theology, and the absence of distinct dogmatic teaching. These lines of thought we can only indicate in passing. Our subject recalls us to the second part of our question, as to what preserved the sway of Rome over her more distant dependencies.

The old Roman spirit, which seemed extinct at home, still proved its existence among the rulers of the provinces. There was little to attract, and much to disgust, a man of character in a residence at the capital. If he took any part in public affairs, he must either share in a servility to the despot, which could not but be loathsome to him, or become obnoxious by acting an independent part. If he abstained from business, and retired to privacy, he was at once suspected of being disaffected to the Emperor. The insular position of Italy, and the favor in which Nero was held by the populace, whom he won by shows and largesses, made the Empire secure at home; but constant wars on the German, or Parthian, or British frontiers, called for the presence of firm and able proconsuls. In these commands, then, the Roman noble found his fitting employment. Surrounded by friends of his own selection, intrusted with unlimited command throughout his province, unfettered by the presence of even a council, the proconsul found, in the exercise of his office, both scope for his talents and an opportunity of increasing his wealth. Such a position was not reviewed by a bad emperor without jealousy; but, up to the period of which we are speaking, there was no precedent on which his fears could be grounded. Corbulo, the most eminent and successful military commander under Nero, unhesitatingly obeyed the command to commit suicide, and plunged into his own breast the sword that might have been turned successfully against his master. Vespasian repeatedly refused the solicitations to declare himself emperor, even when avowedly master of the situation. Galba

only acquiesced in the requirement after much hesitation, and when too deeply committed by others to recede with safety to himself or them. In turning from the details of palace intrigue and debauchery to the sketches of such men, we feel that we are once more occupied with the history of the fourth monarchy.

"The men who governed the provinces, nobles by birth, senators in rank, judges and administrators as well as captains by office, represent the highest and largest training of the Roman character; for they combined a wide experience of men and affairs with the feelings of a high-born aristocracy, and the education of polished gentlemen. Long removed from daily intercourse with their more frivolous peers in the city, they escaped, for the most part, contamination with the worst elements of society at home; they retained some of the purity together with the vigor of the heroes of the republic; they preserved in an era of ideologists or sensualists the strength of character and manly principle which had laid the deep foundations of the Roman empire. They were conquerors, but they were also organizers; and so far, with respect at least to subjects of inferior race, they deserve to be reputed civilizers. They impressed on the mind of the Orientals a fear, upon that of the Occidentals an admiration, of Rome, which taught them first to acquiesce in the yoke, and afterwards to glory in it. These were the representatives of her moral power, of whom Rome should have made her idols, alike for the glory of their exploits, and the influence of their will and character; not the Claudii and Domitii, whom the chance of family adoption had raised to the lip-worship of courtiers and time-servers. We are tempted to gaze, again and again, in the decline and decay before us, on the legitimate succession of true Roman nobility, to renew our admiration of its sense of duty, its devotion to principles of obedience and self-control, unshaken by the cavils of the schools, serving the Emperor as the Genius of Discipline, worshiping all the gods after the custom of antiquity, but trusting no god but its country."—Pp. 396, 397.

Important commands could, however, fall into the hands of but a few; and it may be inquired, What resource had the vast mass of Romans, who were obliged perforce to remain unemployed? Mr. Merivale warns us on this point not to confuse ancient with modern despotism. The censorship of the press, and jealousy of all literary ability, which are the accompaniments of a modern autocracy, were unknown at Rome. Nero evinced even to a late period of his reign a laudable disregard of satirical attacks upon himself, and, with the exception of con-

temporaneous history, all branches of literature were allowed full scope; so that "the license, which was extended to writings at this period, was undoubtedly accepted by the great mass of the rising generation of educated men, as compensation for the restraints imposed upon them in active life." Literary acquirements became the fashion; and no person, with pretensions to rank as a gentleman, was without his *ephemerides*, or commonplace book, into which he copied extracts from distinguished authors, or wrote his own observations on men and things. There are constant allusions in Juvenal to the mania for writing, to the inflictions to which the clients and debtors of long-winded and prosy authors had to submit, to the public recitations at the baths of all the new publications. Measured by the standard of our own days, the activity of some Latin authors is appalling. We smile on reading that Nero himself proposed to write a history of the affairs of Rome, and that a flatterer suggested that the work ought to extend to at least four hundred volumes; but the vast compilations of the Emperor Claudius, of Servilius Nonianus, and Aufidius Bassus, were not only written, but found readers. The elder Pliny, besides composing his celebrated encyclopædia and other works, made extracts, and notes of conversations, which extended, at his death, to one hundred and sixty volumes.

In estimating the influence of this oppressive mass of information, we must be careful not to exaggerate the effect of the modern invention of printing. Some of our readers may be astonished to learn that "curious calculations have been made, to show that the rapidity with which copies could be multiplied by hand from dictation, was little less than that of printing. It is not impossible that a limited number of copies, a hundred for instance, could be written off quicker at the librarian's workshop, than a single one could be set up in type by the printer." The labor employed was, of course, that of slaves; but so abundant was it, that a book of Martial, containing seven hundred lines, "smoothed with pumice, and elegantly bound," could be had for 3s. 4d., whilst inferior copies were sold for 1s. 6d., and some even as low as 4d. These prices caused a demand for literature even in the provinces, and the younger Pliny was agreeably surprised to find a booksel-

ler's shop at Lugdunum, and, no doubt, still more gratified at seeing his own works among the books which had most recently arrived from Rome. The influence of philosophy over a people who have not received the light of revelation, is always a deeply interesting study; and, in this branch of literature one name stands prominently forward at this period: it is that of Seneca. No writings, perhaps, of a heathen author breathe a more genuine spirit of philanthropy; no others, perhaps, can be found to contain like indications of a political liberality and largeness of view. "*Virtue*," he says in one place, "*embraces all men together—freedmen, slaves, and kings. We are born to a common inheritance; wisdom invites the human race to live together in amity.*" But his practice was strangely inconsistent with his principles. Although the clemency of Nero, at the outset of his reign, is generally attributed to the influence of the philosopher, it would have been well for Seneca's reputation if he had never been associated with the imperial court. It is, indeed, impossible fairly to balance all the difficulties by which he was beset; we can never know how great was the danger that Agrippina would recover her sway over the mind of her son, or how far the disposition of the prince rendered compliance to some extent with his vices the only means of maintaining any hold upon him. But we are unable to trace in Seneca any high objects, to attain which he might have deceived himself into the necessity for doing evil that good might come. He supported, indeed, the authority of the Senate, as a counterfoil to the intrigues of Agrippina; but not with the intention of raising up a firm and legitimate check on the power of the Emperor. We are hardly able to reconcile Mr. Merivale's estimate of his character with the accounts which he has given us of his conduct.

"The only mode," says our author, "in Seneca's view, of tempering tyranny is to educate the tyrant himself in virtue. His was the self-denial of the Christians, but without their anticipated compensation. It seems impossible to doubt that in his highest flights of rhetoric—and no man ever recommended the unattainable with a finer grace—Seneca must have felt that he was laboring to build up a house without foundations; that his system, as Caius said of his style, was sand without lime. He was surely not unconscious of the inconsistency of his own position, as a public man and a minister,

with the theories to which he had wedded himself; and of the impossibility of preserving in it the purity of his character as a philosopher or a man. He was aware that, in the existing state of society at Rome, wealth was necessary to men high in station; wealth alone could retain influence, and a poor minister became at once contemptible. The distributor of the imperial favors must have his banquets, his receptions, his slaves and freedmen; he must possess the means of attracting, if not of bribing; he must not seem too virtuous, too austere, among an evil generation; in order to do good at all, he must swim with the stream, however polluted it might be. All this inconsistency Seneca must have contemplated without blenching; and there is something touching in the serenity he preserved amidst the conflict that must have perpetually raged between his natural sense and his acquired principles. Both Cicero and Seneca were men of many weaknesses, and we remark them the more because both were pretenders to unusual strength of character: but while Cicero lapsed into political errors, Seneca can not be absolved of actual crime. Nevertheless, if we may compare the greatest masters of Roman wisdom together, the Stoic will appear, I think, the more earnest of the two, the more anxious to do his duty for its own sake, the more sensible of the claims of mankind upon him for such precepts of virtuous living as he had to give. In an age of unbelief and compromise, he taught that truth was positive, and virtue objective. He conceived, what never entered Cicero's mind, the idea of improving his fellow-creatures: he had, what Cicero had not, a heart for conversion to Christianity."—Pp. 293, 294.

Now we are obliged to admit that none of Mr. Merivale's decisions have puzzled us so much as that just quoted. It should be remembered that he believes Seneca to have been privy to some of Nero's most unnatural crimes—to have approved of the murder of Agrippina by her own child—to have not only approved but even planned the viler enormity of giving poison to the youthful Britannicus, and the detestable hypocrisy with which upon his brother's death Nero claimed the sympathy of the Senate as the sole remaining offspring of the Cæsars. In all this Mr. Merivale traces the hand of a master in state-craft, and can only ascribe it to one man. Nor was Seneca's character free from disgraceful stains in a private capacity: and the revolt in Britain is said to have been due to his rapacity, and to his sudden calling in of the sums which he had put out at an enormous rate of interest. In these respects, at any rate, Cicero will contrast favorably with the

Stoic philosopher. And even if he had a clearer conception of what was true, to what purpose was it to proclaim that virtue was objective, except that he might be the better able to comprehend and obey its demands? By all the greater amount of conviction with which he was endued, the heavier should be our condemnation of Seneca's crimes. Nor can we comprehend in what sense he can be said to have had "a heart for conversion to Christianity." There have been men amongst the Heathen who seemed to desire, above all things, the knowledge of truth, and to have hearts to follow it, when known, at all risks: to such men these words might be applied—but such was not Seneca.

Whilst it was becoming more and more manifest that the heathen philosophy was powerless to regenerate mankind, the providence of God was preparing the soil of Rome for the reception of the seed of Divine truth. An elaborate account of the state of religion at Rome, exhibiting combined research and accuracy, is a feature of the present volume. There is a masterly sketch of the growing influence of the Jewish residents. We seem to see their marked features, their strong national enthusiasm contrasting strangely with the prevailing indifference, their proud exclusiveness in a land where they were regarded as inferiors, forming a large and widely mixed, but still a separate, element in Roman society. "They thronged together in particular quarters of the city, which they almost made their own; their numbers soon amounted to many thousands; and the turbulence which was early remarked as characteristic of them, caused the Senate to regard them with jealousy, its orators to denounce them as dangerous subjects." But they secured the patronage of Julius and Augustus; they were permitted to exercise their own form of worship; and the mysteriousness of their faith, and the earnestness of its followers, made a great impression upon the Roman mind. To dally with Judaism became a fashionable excitement; "the Emperor's palace itself seems to have been a nursery of Jewish usages and opinions. The *Columbaria* of Claudius, recently discovered, reveal a number of Hebrew names among the imperial freedmen." We may be sure that those who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte did not neglect the oppor-

thorities, I crave a fair consideration for another suggestion: that the suspicions of the Roman mob were directed against the turbulent Jews, notorious for their appeal to the name of Christ, as an expected prince or leader: that these fanatics, arrested and questioned, not so much of the burning as of their political creed, sought to implicate the true disciples, known to them and hated by them, however obscure and inoffensive in Roman eyes, in the same charge: that the true Christians, thus associated in the charge of Christ-worship, avowed the fact in their own sense, a sense which their judges did not care to discriminate: that the believers became thus more or less sufferers, though doubly innocent, both of the fire and of political disaffection: finally, that our historians, misled by this false information, finding that the name of Christ was the common shibboleth of the victims, too readily imagined that the persecution was directed against Christians only."—Pp. 280, 281.

It was in vain, however, that Nero endeavored to divert the suspicion that he himself caused the destruction of the ancient city. It had been the boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; but Nero was still further to beautify the city, and dignify it with his own name. It was confessed that the plans of the emperor for the rebuilding were carried out with a vigor and decision that was amazing. The construction of the new city involved portions of the metropolis, and the enormous palace of the emperor was to have been completed in the heart of the city. The whole appearance of the city was changed. The long, narrow, crowded streets disappeared, the old Italian life was every where supplanted by the Grecian style, marble and gold replaced the place of brick or wood, at the expense of the ancient stories, even of the old Subura, whilst open spaces were laid out every block of the new city. The new city was more splendid than that which it superseded. The misers of the good old times regretted the loss of the old narrow lanes had the blaze of an Italian life. Improvements were made in accordance with which Mr. Merivale has justly suspected of the emperor. About the golden age of the palace of the Sabine, and the Esquiline, re-

mained comparatively uninjured, the *Domus Transitoria* by which they were connected fell a prey to the flames. This building seems to have been composed of a series of galleries built upon open arches, which allowed a free circulation of the traffic below them: the new colonnades are said to have been three in number, and each of them a mile in length.

"But the epithet of 'golden,' which this palace obtained, was derived from the splendid decorations which distinguished it. Externally it was adorned with all the luxury of art and taste at their highest eminence, with gilded roofs and sculptured friezes, and panels of many-colored marble. Within, it was a rich museum of painting, precious stones, and statuary; amidst the rubbish of its long-ruined chambers some of the choicest works of ancient art have been discovered, and the modern frescoes which we most admire seem to have been copied by stolen glimpses from walls unveiled for a moment and again shrouded in darkness. The grand entrance from the Forum and the Sacred Way was adorned with a marble statue of the Emperor, one hundred and twenty feet in height, the colossus which afterwards gave its name to the amphitheater of Vespasian. When Nero at last took possession of this gorgeous habitation, he remarked complacently that now he was lodged as a man should be."—Pp. 175, 176.

Had the despot, however, been possessed of foresight, he might have seen the natural result of his extravagance. To carry out such huge undertakings, vast sums of money were required, and the provinces groaned under the weight of taxes, although disguised with the name of free gifts. A deeper wound still was inflicted by the violent seizure of works of art which had long been the pride of the subject States, and were the last mementoes of more glorious days, whose memory was pleasant, though their fruits were lost; and they had hitherto been spared or even restored to them by former Emperors. When once the storm began to gather, there was but little power in the government to allay or to resist it; and although the reign of Nero lasted yet a few years, its ultimate overthrow might probably be traced to the Golden House, as that of the Bourbons to the building of Versailles.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's pages for an account of the closing years of Nero's reign. At his death the sacred family of Julius, the god-sprung race of Venus and Anchises, was extinct: but the character of his suc-

tunities which were thus afforded them, to tell to listening ears the wonders of Sinai, or to dilate upon the glories yet to be revealed at the coming of Messiah. But at length the "strangers of Rome," on returning from the Penecostal feast at Jerusalem, proclaimed that Messiah is already come, has suffered for sin and risen again; that the long line of prophecies has been fulfilled in a Child of the house of David; and they found those who were prepared to believe the testimony, and to rejoice in an inward witness vouchsafed to them of its truth.

Most interesting is it to be able to trace in the remote past any point in which the lines of civil and religious history cut one another, or are for a time united. Such a point of contact we have in St. Paul's journey to Rome. With our knowledge of the eventual success of his mission, what a profound importance attaches to the visit of the Apostle of the Gentiles to the capital of the Roman world! And yet the wildest dreamer could not have pictured a conqueror in more unlikely guise than that of the Jewish prisoner. But contrast him for an instant with the master of heathen philosophy of whom we have spoken above. None knew better than St. Paul—witness the opening of his Epistle to the Romans—how widely the flood-gates of iniquity had been opened, and how universal was the spread of the contamination; but no thought of the least compromise with evil ever influenced his mind: none knew better than he—for he was well acquainted with heathen learning—what difficulties beset the introduction of Christianity; but he was confident that it would yet prevail. If we can trace in his words, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," a sense of the contumely by which it would be met, his conduct proved the full conviction that it was the power of God unto salvation. But we must not linger over a tempting theme. Some acute remarks will be found in the work before us on the character of the Church in Rome, as gathered from St. Paul's letter addressed to it. We pass by with the remark, that if the logical and argumentative form into which it is cast proves that it was intended for well-educated readers, the whole line of argument, and the numerous allusions to Jewish customs, proved that, if not mainly of Hebrew extraction, the Church at Rome was at least composed

of persons who were fully instructed in the system of the law.

The persecution of the Christians in the reign of Nero has long been a subject of difficulty to historians. That the sect was deemed to be inoffensive, is proved by the release of St. Paul after an imprisonment of two years' duration: and the suddenness of the storm which broke over them the year following is unaccounted for by any historical facts. We are told, indeed, in the well-known words of Tacitus, that the Emperor denounced them as the authors of the fire which consumed the city, "in order to propitiate the popular feeling; for none others were so detested for their strange and mischievous superstition, or so generally held guilty of the most abominable crimes, of the crime, indeed, of hatred towards the whole human race;" but no facts are alleged to account for this hatred. Nor is there any thing in the known habits and teaching of early Christianity which can explain the existence of such a disposition. On the contrary, it is matter of history that the first converts quietly pursued their customary avocations, that their teachers carefully inculcated obedience to the existing authorities, and that in all external rites; not involving the worship of idols, they followed the customs of the people amongst whom they dwelt. Christianity, indeed, up to a later period, attracted but little attention at Rome; and when "the offense of the cross" began to be experienced, and the lives of the disciples were felt to be a reproach to those who came into contact with them, their antipathy found its vent in far milder language than that which Tacitus and Suetonius employ. Such being the case, it was suggested by Gibbon that the Roman authors were mistaken in applying the name of Christians to the sufferers, and that the fury of the populace and the Emperor fell, not upon the Church, but upon the Jews. We know not how much weight should be attached to the supposition of Dr. Milman, "that the popular fury against the Christians, and the belief in their guilt, were caused by their vaunts of an impending conflagration of the world." Mr. Merivale has started a theory which fairly meets the necessities of the case, and may at least lay claim to much ingenuity.

"For myself," he says, "perplexed by the received accounts, yet scrupling to admit such entire misapprehension on the part of our au-

thorities, I crave a fair consideration for another suggestion: that the suspicions of the Roman mob were directed against the turbulent Jews, notorious for their appeal to the name of Christ, as an expected prince or leader: that these fanatics, arrested and questioned, not so much of the burning as of their political creed, sought to implicate the true disciples, known to them and hated by them, however obscure and inoffensive in Roman eyes, in the same charge: that the true Christians, thus associated in the charge of Christ-worship, avowed the fact in their own sense, a sense which their judges did not care to discriminate: that the believers became thus more or less sufferers, though doubly innocent, both of the fire and of political disaffection: finally, that our historians, misled by this false information, finding that the name of Christ was the common shibboleth of the victims, too readily imagined that the persecution was directed against Christians only."—Pp. 280, 281.

It was in vain, however, that Nero endeavored to divert the suspicion that he had himself caused the destruction of the ancient city. It had been the boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; but Nero was anxious still further to beautify the city, and dignify it with his own name. It must be confessed that the plans of the government for the rebuilding were carried out with a vigor and decision that are to us amazing. The construction of the destroyed portions of the metropolis, including the enormous palace of the prince, seems to have been completed in four years. The whole appearance of Rome was changed. The long, narrow, tortuous streets disappeared, the old Italian architecture was every where supplanted by the Grecian style, marble and stone took the place of brick or wood, at least in the basement stories, even of the dwellings of the Subura, whilst open colonnades round every block of the new houses completed the alteration. We may suppose that the new city was more convenient and sightly than that which it replaced; yet the praisers of the good old times naturally lamented the loss of the shade which the high, narrow lanes had afforded against the blaze of an Italian sun. But all these improvements were eclipsed by the magnificence with which the palace was rebuilt. Mr. Merivale shows, indeed, a natural suspicion of the exaggerated statements about the golden house; he believes that whilst the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine, and the villa of Mæcenas on the Esquiline, re-

mained comparatively uninjured, the *Domus Transitoria* by which they were connected fell a prey to the flames. This building seems to have been composed of a series of galleries built upon open arches, which allowed a free circulation of the traffic below them: the new colonnades are said to have been three in number, and each of them a mile in length.

"But the epithet of 'golden,' which this palace obtained, was derived from the splendid decorations which distinguished it. Externally it was adorned with all the luxury of art and taste at their highest eminence, with gilded roofs and sculptured friezes, and panels of many-colored marble. Within, it was a rich museum of painting, precious stones, and statuary; amidst the rubbish of its long-ruined chambers some of the choicest works of ancient art have been discovered, and the modern frescoes which we most admire seem to have been copied by stolen glimpses from walls unveiled for a moment and again shrouded in darkness. The grand entrance from the Forum and the Sacred Way was adorned with a marble statue of the Emperor, one hundred and twenty feet in height, the colossus which afterwards gave its name to the amphitheater of Vespasian. When Nero at last took possession of this gorgeous habitation, he remarked complacently that now he was lodged as a man should be."—Pp. 175, 176.

Had the despot, however, been possessed of foresight, he might have seen the natural result of his extravagance. To carry out such huge undertakings, vast sums of money were required, and the provinces groaned under the weight of taxes, although disguised with the name of free gifts. A deeper wound still was inflicted by the violent seizure of works of art which had long been the pride of the subject States, and were the last mementoes of more glorious days, whose memory was pleasant, though their fruits were lost; and they had hitherto been spared or even restored to them by former Emperors. When once the storm began to gather, there was but little power in the government to allay or to resist it; and although the reign of Nero lasted yet a few years, its ultimate overthrow might probably be traced to the Golden House, as that of the Bourbons to the building of Versailles.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's pages for an account of the closing years of Nero's reign. At his death the sacred family of Julius, the god-sprung race of Venus and Anchises, was extinct: but the character of his suc-

cessor seemed to promise the vigor which might be anticipated with the infusion of new blood. Galba, with many sterling good qualities, was wanting in the tact that was necessary to secure his seat on the throne. His first care should have been to gain the army; but he refused the expected donative, when a trifling largess would have sufficed to conciliate their favor. Instances, too, of his parsimony—and no vice is more hateful to the common people—were reported, and no doubt by his foes studiously exaggerated. "He had groaned aloud when a rich banquet was served him. He had rewarded the diligence of his chamberlain with a dish of lentils. He had marked his content with a distinguished flutist by presenting him with five *denarii*, drawn deliberately from his own pocket. Such was the successor of the refined Augustus, and of the magnificent Nero." The stern soldier passes away from the scene without having lost our respect, even though we hesitate to admit the dictum of Tacitus, that "if he had never reigned, all men would have deemed him fit to bear rule."

The period from the fall of Galba to the firm establishment of Vespasian on the imperial throne lacks that unity of interest which has hitherto been a marked feature of the empire. The mind is distracted by accounts of pretenders in different parts of the Roman world, and the scale seems for some time to tremble in the balance. No sooner has Otho removed Galba than he has to contend against the claims of Vitellius, and the latter finds that to dethrone the reigning monarch is not to secure an undisputed title to the sovereignty of the world. Through all these disturbances, the Senate, whose best members had fallen victims to Nero's cruelties, plays a most undignified part, hastening with eager adulations to vote all the imperial honors to the victor for the time being, and as rapidly transferring their allegiance when fortune leaves the man whom they have sworn to obey. A whole chapter is devoted to the narration of the successive stages by which Vespasian raised himself from the obscurity of his birth to the high place in public esteem which he enjoyed when appointed to the scepter of the Cæsars. Another chapter is occupied with the suppression of the revolt of the Germans and Gauls, who took advantage of the ex-

isting disturbances to raise the standard of rebellion. So subtle was the conspiracy to attempt—under pretense of siding with Vespasian—to shake off altogether the Roman yoke, so wide-spread was the combination amongst those who had long been hostile to one another against the common enemy, and so critical was the position of the legions, that the expectations of a Gallo-Germanic empire seemed on the point of fulfillment. Rarely had such terrible reverses befallen the Roman arms. The dismemberment of the empire appeared inevitable, but the old fortune of the State prevailed.

The last division of this volume embraces the wars in Judæa and the final destruction of Jerusalem. The prophecies which had prefigured this event—the portents which are said to have heralded its coming—the warning which enabled the Christians to withdraw—the unabated enthusiasm of the people in a hopeless struggle—the confident expectation of a Divine Deliverer even in the moment of defeat—the terrible scenes of internal dissension and violence which aggravated the horrors of a starving population—the repeated refusals of proffered mercy, and the stern doom which finally overwhelmed the unhappy people—the measure of their iniquities now full, and the vengeance of Heaven so unsparingly inflicted on the chosen race of Abraham—all these circumstances have combined to cast an interest about the destruction of Jerusalem, which does not flag because we know all its details, and which makes us turn eagerly to the terms in which it is described by a fresh narrator. We confess to feeling a something like disappointment in the perusal of Mr. Merivale's account. The circumstances are fully detailed, due prominence being given to events of importance, and proper subordination to less weighty items; but the power of expression hardly rises to the thrilling effect which the hand of genius would produce out of such materials.

We have passed the contents of this volume rapidly in review, and have occasionally drawn in nearer to examine its details with minute particularity.

In no age, perhaps, of the world's history has it been so necessary that men should turn at times from the cares of the present to meditation on the past. Never has the activity of the human mind been

advanced to such a pitch ; never have the events which are passing before our eyes been more engrossing than in the present day. We all feel that the progress of civilization has produced an almost unhealthy rapidity of growth ; that we are under a system of forcing which hurries us onwards without sufficient time for reflection. To the evils which are likely to be engendered from this cause, we have a kind of antidote in turning back to by-gone ages. The stream of history flows in circles, which are so vast that we do not comprehend their circuit ; but which are circles still, and find their completion when the period of decay is reached. And if we dare not but expect that, in its course, our own season of decline will come, we may hope, by learning from the experience of others, and by avoiding mistakes which were fatal to those who

went before us, to extend the radius, and so increase the space embraced in the circumference of our own era. To trace the hidden influences by which other empires have been founded or overthrown, to investigate the secret causes of palpable effects, and thus to learn the principles by which nations are established, is the lesson taught to statesmen by the study of history : to see in all the hand of God, guiding the world to accomplish the purposes of his grace, is the delight of the Christian in the same pursuit. In no case are the characters written so plainly and intelligibly as in that of Rome ; in none are there such broad and marked features as are stamped indelibly in the iron empire ; nor do we recollect many instances in the whole range of modern historians in which they have been traced with an abler and firmer hand than that of Mr. Merivale.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

RABY VERNER; OR, A BLOW TO THE FEELINGS.

I.

It was the hight of the London season : not now, but years ago : and a drawing-room, all sun and light and heat, looked out on a fashionable square in an exceedingly fashionable locality. At the extreme end of the room, away from the sun's rays, a yet young and very lovely lady reclined in any easy-chair, a feverish flush was on her cheeks, but otherwise her features were white as the pillow on which they rested. The house was the residence of Mr. Verner : this lady was his wife, and she was dying.

It was said of spinal complaint—of general debility—of a sort of decline : friends and doctors equally differed as to the exact malady. None hinted that care

—disappointment—crushed feelings—could have any thing to do with her sinking : yet it is probable they had had more, by far, than all the other ailments ascribed to her. Somewhat of remorse may have been added also.

Once, when very young, she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Mair. She thought she liked him ; she did like him ; but one, higher in the world's favor, came across her path. His dashing appearance dazzled her eyes, like the baron dazzled fair Imogene, in the old song ; his position dazzled her judgment ; and Maria Raby would have discarded Arthur Mair for him. Her parents said No ; common justice said No ; but Mr. Verner exerted his powers of persuasion, and Maria yielded to her own will, and clandestinely left

her father's house to become his wife. Very, very soon was her illusion dissolved, and she found she had thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. Mr. Verner had speedily tired of his new toy, and she lapsed into a neglected, almost a deserted wife. He lived a wild life, dissipating his fortune, tinging his character, and wasting his talents. Meanwhile, the despised Arthur Mair, through the unexpected death of a man younger than himself, had risen to affluence and rank, and was winning his way to the approbation of good men. He had probably forgotten Maria Raby. It is certain that his marriage had speedily followed upon her own: perhaps he wished to prove to the world that her inexcusable conduct had not told irretrievably upon him. Thus, Mrs. Verner had lived for many years, bearing her wrongs in silence, and battling with her remorseful feelings. But nature gave way at last, and her health left her: a few months of resigned suffering, and the grave drew very near. She was conscious of it: more conscious, this afternoon, than she had yet been. Her first child, a girl, had died at its birth; several years afterwards, a boy was born, and as she lay, now, sadly thinking of him, her husband entered. He had come home to dress for an early dinner engagement.

"How hot you look!" was his remark, his eye carelessly noting the unusual hectic on her cheeks.

"Things are troubling me," she answered, her breathing more labored than common. "Alfred, I want to talk to you."

"Make haste, then," he replied, impatiently pulling out his watch. "I have not much time to waste."

To waste! On his dying wife!

"Oh! yes, you have if you like, Alfred. And, if not, you must make it. Other engagements may give way to me to-day, for I think it will be my last."

"Nonsense, Maria! You are nervous. Shake it off. What have you to say?"

"I think it will be," she repeated. "At any rate, it can be but a question of a few days now, a week or two at most. Alfred, do you believe you could ever break an oath?"

"Break an oath!" he echoed in surprise.

"You are careless as to keeping your word; promises you forget as soon as made; but an oath imposes a solemn ob-

ligation, and must be binding on the conscience. I want you to take one."

"That I will not marry again," he responded, in a tone of suppressed mockery. "Calm yourself: it is not my intention to do so."

"Not so," she sadly uttered; "that would be an obligation I have no right to lay upon you: my death will leave you free. I want you to undertake to be a good father to the child."

"And you would impose such obligation by oath!" cried Mr. Verner. "It is scarcely necessary. Of course I shall be good to him. What is running in your head, Maria?—that I shall beat him, or turn him adrift? The boy shall go to Eton, and thence to college."

She put out her fevered hands and clasped him, with the excitable, earnest emotion of a dying spirit.

"O Alfred! when you are as near death as I am, you will know that there are other and higher interests than even the better interests of this world. If the knowledge never comes to you before, it will too surely come then. It is for those I wish you to train him."

"My dear," he rejoined, the mocking tone returning to his voice, and this time it was not disguised, "I will engage a curate at a yearly stipend, and he shall cram Raby with religion."

A cloud of pain passed across her brow: then she looked pleadingly up again to urge her wish.

"There is no earthly interest can be compared with that: we live here for a moment, in eternity forever. I want you to undertake that he shall be trained for it."

"So far as my will is good, he is welcome to grow up an angel," observed Mr. Verner, "but as to my taking an oath that he shall, you must excuse me. We will leave the topic: it is one that we shall do no good at, together. The boy will do well enough; what is there to hinder it? And do you get out of this desponding fit, Maria, and let me find you better when I come home at night."

He turned, and was gone from the room, like a shot. She called to him in an imploring voice, but he did not, or would not hear her, and just then her little boy peeped in.

"Raby, dear, you may come."

Raby Verner, a child of seven, who had inherited his mother's beauty, drew to-

wards her on tiptoe. He was too intelligent for his years, too sensitive, too thoughtful. His large and brilliant brown eyes were raised to hers with a sweet, sad expression of inquiry. Then the long, dark eyelashes fell over them, and he laid his head on her bosom, and threw up his arm lovingly to clasp her neck.

"Raby, I was just thinking of you. I must tell you something."

As if he had a dread presentiment of what was coming, he did not speak, but bent his face where she could not see it, and slightly shivered.

"Raby, darling, do you know that I am going to leave you—that I am going to heaven?"

The child had known it some time, for he had been alive to the gossiping of the servants, but, true to his shy and sensitive nature, he had buried the knowledge and the misery within his poor little heart. True to it now, he would not give vent to his emotion, but his mother felt that he shivered from head to foot, as his clasp tightened upon her.

"I read a pretty book, Raby, once. It told of the creed of some people, far, far away from our own land, who believe that when they die—if they die in God's love—they are permitted to become ministering spirits to some one whom they leave here—to hover invisibly round them, and direct their thoughts and steps away from harm. My dearest, how I should like to find this to be really the case! I would come and watch over you."

His sobs could no longer be suppressed, though he strove still, and they broke out into a wail.

"Raby, dear, you have heard this is a world of care: all people find it so: though some more than others. When it shall fall upon you hereafter—as it is sure to do—remember God sends it, only to fit you for a better world."

The child looked up, his large eyes swimming. "Mamma, have you had much care?"

"A great deal; more than many have. But, Raby, that care has taken me home, it has shown me the way to get there. It will show you. I shall be there waiting for you. Carry always with you, through life, the hope to come there, and you will be sure to come."

What more she would have said is uncertain. Probably much. The child was

not like a child of seven, he was more like one of fourteen, and he understood well. It was Mr. Verner who interrupted them.

"Raby! crying, sir! What for? Has your mamma been talking gloomy stuff to you, or saying that she fears she is worse? It is not true boy, either of it: dry up that face of yours. Maria, you are *not* worse: if you were, I should see it. Run away into the nursery, sir."

The boy drew away choking, and Mr. Verner continued:

"It is not judicious of you, Maria, to alarm the boy. I can not think what has put these ideas into your head. He will be in tears for the rest of the day."

"He is so sensitive," she whispered. "Alfred, something seems to tell me he will be destined to sorrow. It is an impression I have always felt, but never so forcibly as now. Shield him from it wherever you can. Oh! that I could take him with me!"

"You are growing fanciful," answered Mr. Verner. "Destined to sorrow, indeed! Is there nothing else you fancy him destined to? Whence draw you your deduction?"

"I do not know. But a timid, sensitive, refined nature, such as his, with its unusual gift of genius, is always destined to what the world looks upon as adverse fate. It may be deep sorrow, or it may be an early death."

"All mothers think their child a genius," interrupted Mr. Verner, in his slighting tone.

"Well—if he lives, time will prove," she panted. "I fear you will find my words true. When the mind is about to separate from the body, I believe that it sees things with unusual clearness; that it can sometimes read the future, almost with a spirit of prophecy."

"I am not given to metaphysics," remarked Mr. Verner, as he again escaped from the room.

Mrs. Verner died. Raby, in due course, went to Eton, and afterwards to college. A shy, proud young man—at least, his reserved manners and his refined appearance and habits gave a stranger the idea that he was proud. He kept one term at Oxford, and had returned to keep a second, when a telegraphic dispatch summoned him to London. Mr. Verner had died a sudden death.

When Raby went back to Oxford, it

was only to take his name off the college books, for Mr. Verner had eaten up all he possessed, had died in debt, and Raby must no longer be a gentleman. A "rentier" the French would say, which is a much more suitable term: we have no word that answers to it. Raby Verner must struggle now to get a living. How will he be able to do it? His mother had said he possessed genius, and he undoubtedly did, a genius for painting. He had loved the art all his life, but his father had been against his pursuing it, even as an amateur—had obstinately set his face and interposed his veto against it. Raby determined to turn to it, with a will, now.

II.

A GENTLEMAN stood one morning in the studio of a far-famed painter, the Great Coram, as the world called him. The visitor was Sir Arthur Saxonbury, one of those warm patrons of art, all too few in England. Rich, liberal, and enthusiastic, his name was a welcome sound, not only to the successful but to the struggling artist. The painter was out; but, in a second room, seated before an easel, underneath the softened light of the green blind, was a young man, working assiduously. Sir Arthur took little notice of him at first; he supposed him to be an humble assistant, or color-mixer of the great man's; but, upon drawing nearer, he was struck with the exceeding and rare beauty of the face that was raised to look at him. But for the remarkable intellect of the high, broad brow, and the flashing light of the luminous eye, the face, in its sweet and delicate symmetry, in its transparency of complexion, might have been taken for a woman's. Sir Arthur, a passionate admirer of beauty, wherever he saw it, forgot the pictures of still life around him, and gazed at the living one. Gazed until he heard the painter enter.

"Who is that in the other room?" inquired Sir Arthur, when greetings were over.

"Ah! poor fellow, his is a sad history. When did you return to England, Sir Arthur?"

"But last week. Lady Saxonbury is tired of France and Germany, and her health seems to get no better. I must look at your new works, Coram: I sup-

pose you have many to show me, finished or unfinished."

"Ay. It must be three years since you were here, Sir Arthur."

"Nearly." They proceeded round the rooms, when Sir Arthur's eye once more fell on the young man.

"He has genius, that young fellow, has he not?" he whispered.

"Very great genius."

"I could have told it," returned Sir Arthur. "What a countenance it is! Transformed to canvas, its beauty alone would render the painter immortal. I presume he is an aspirant for fame. Will he get on?"

"No," said Mr. Coram.

Sir Arthur Saxonbury looked surprised.

"It is the old tale," proceeded the painter. "Poverty, friendlessness, and overwhelming talent."

"Talent has struggled through mountains before now, Coram," significantly observed the baronet.

"Yes. But Verner's enemy lies *here*," touching his own breast. "He is inclined to consumption, and these ultra refined natures can not battle against bodily weakness. His sensitiveness is something marvelous. A rude blow to his feelings would do for him."

Sir Arthur had looked up at the sound of the name. "What did you call him? Verner?"

"Raby Verner."

Raby Verner! Middle-aged as he was, years as it was ago, now, since his dream of love with Maria Raby had come to an abrupt ending, Sir Arthur Saxonbury, once Arthur Mair, positively felt his cheeks blush through his gray whiskers. He glanced eagerly at Raby's face, and memory carried him back to its spring-time, for those were her very eyes, with their sweet, melancholy expression, and those were her chiseled features.

"I saw Verner's death in the papers," said Sir Arthur, rousing himself, "two—three years ago, it seems to me. What is the son doing here?"

"Verner felt nothing behind him, but debts: the son sold off all, and paid them, leaving himself, I believe, about half sufficient for the bare necessities of life. So he turned to what he loved best, painting, and has been working hard ever since. He expects to make a good thing of it. I let him come here to copy, for he has no convenience at his lodgings. Poor

fellow! better that he had been a painter of coach-panels."

"Why do you say that, Coram?"

"A man, whose genius goes no higher than coach-painting, can bear rubs and crosses. We can't. And Verner is so sanguine! Thinks he is going to be a second Claude Lorraine. He is great in landscapes."

At that moment they were interrupted by Verner. He came into the room in search of something wanted in his work, and Sir Arthur Saxonbury saw that the beauty of the face was not extended to the form. Not more than the middle height, and slender, his long arms and legs looked too long for his body. He stooped in the shoulders, he had a sensitive look of physical weakness, and his gait was uncertain and timid. Coram laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is Sir Arthur Saxonbury, of whom you have heard so much," he said.

Raby Verner was unacquainted with the episode in his mother's early life, therefore the flush that rose to, and dyed, his face, was caused only by the greeting of a stranger: with these sensitive natures, it is sure to do so, whether they be man or woman. The bright color only served to render him more like Maria Raby, and Sir Arthur, in spite of the sore feeling her treatment had left, felt his heart warm to her son. A wish half crossed his mind that that son was his—his heir; he had no son, only daughters. Verner was astonished at the warmth of his greeting: Sir Arthur clasped and held his hand; he turned with him to inspect the painting he was engaged on. It was a self-created landscape, betraying great imaginative power and genius; but genius, as yet, only half-cultivated.

"You have your work cut out for you," observed Sir Arthur, who was an excellent judge of art, and its indispensable toil.

"I know it, Sir Arthur. I ought to have begun the study earlier, but during my father's lifetime the opportunity was not afforded me. It is all I have to depend on now, for, with him, died my wealth and my prospects."

"He had great wealth once. How could he have been so reprehensible as to dissipate it all, knowing there was one to come after him?"

"These are thoughts that I avoid," replied Raby. "He was my father."

"Do you remember much of your mother?"

"I remember her very well indeed. She died when I was seven. All the good that is in me, I owe to her: I have never forgotten her early lessons. Did you know her, Sir Arthur?"

"Once, when she was Miss Raby," answered the baronet, in an indifferent tone, as he turned again to the painting. "Where do you live?" he suddenly asked.

"I give my address here," answered the young man. "Mr. Coram allows me: though indeed it is never asked for. I have only a room in an obscure neighborhood. I can not afford anything better."

Sir Arthur Saxonbury smiled. "You are not like most people," he said: "they generally strive to hide their fallen fortunes: you make no secret of yours."

"There is no disgrace in being poor," answered Raby: "the disgrace lies in paltry attempts to conceal that we are so."

"Have you retained your former friends?"

"Not one. Perhaps it is, in some degree, my own fault, for my entire time is given to painting. Few would care to know or recognize me now: Raby Verner, the son and heir of the rich and extravagant Verner, who made some noise in the London world; and Raby Verner, the poor art-student, are two people. None have sought me since the change. Not one has addressed me with the kindness and sympathy that you have now Sir Arthur."

In the evening, Raby Verner returned to his home—if the garret he occupied could be called such. Coram had spoken accurately: not half sufficient, for what would generally be called the bare necessities of life, remained from the wreck of his father's property; but it was made to suffice for his wants. It would seem that surely his clothes must take it all, and none could conjecture how he contrived to eke it out. He was often cold, often hungry, always weary; yet his hopeful spirit buoyed him up, and pictured visions of future greatness. He never, for one moment, doubted that he was destined to become a world's fame: those who possess true genius are invariably conscious of it in their inmost heart: and he would repeat over and over again to himself the words he felt must some time be applied

to him — "The great painter, the painter Verner."

He sat down that evening to his dinner-supper of bread and cheese. It tasted less dry than usual, for his thoughts were absorbed by the chief event of the day, the meeting Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He attributed, in his unconsciousness, the interest which Sir Arthur had betrayed in him, to admiration of his genius: he knew how warm a supporter of rising artists Sir Arthur was, and he deemed the introduction the very happiest circumstance that could have befallen him. Could he but have foreseen what that introduction was to bring forth!

III.

THE golden light of the setting sun was falling on a golden room. It is scarcely wrong to call it such, for the color prevailing in it was that of gold. Gold-colored satin curtains and cushioned chairs, gilt cornices, mirrors in gilded frames, gilded consoles whose slabs of the richest lapis lazuli shone with costly toys; altogether the room looked a blaze of gold. The large window opened upon a terrace, where rose an ornamental fountain, its glittering spray dancing in the sunlight, and beyond that terrace was a fair domain, stretched out far and wide, the domain of Sir Arthur Saxonbury.

Swinging her pretty foot to and fro, and leaning back in one of the gay chairs, was a lovely girl budding into womanhood, with bright features and a laughing eye, the youngest, the most indulged, and the vainest daughter of Sir Arthur. She was in a white lace evening dress, and wore a pearl necklace and bracelet on her fair neck and arms. They had recently come home after the short London season, which had been half over when they returned from the Continent, and were as yet free from visitors. Lady Saxonbury was in ill-health, and Mrs. Ashton, the eldest married daughter, was staying with them while her husband was abroad.

In a chair, a little behind Miss Saxonbury, as if conscious of the distance between them—for there *was* a distance—sat Raby Verner. We have said the house was free from visitors, but he was scarcely regarded as such. Sir Arthur, in the plenitude of his heart, had invited him to come and stay a couple of months

at Saxonbury; the country air would renovate him; he could have the run of the picture-gallery and copy some of its *chefs d'œuvre*. And Raby came. Sir Arthur's early secret was safe with himself, and he could only explain that his interest in Verner was but that which he would take in any rising artist. So the family, even the servants, looked upon him with a patronizing eye, as one who had "come to paint." Raby had accepted Sir Arthur's invitation with a glow of gratification—the far-famed Saxonbury gallery was anticipation enough for him. He forgot to think where the funds could come from, to make a suitable appearance as Sir Arthur Saxonbury's guest; but these the painter Coram delicately furnished. "It is but a loan," said he: "you can repay me with the first proceeds that your pencil shall receive."

Thus Raby Verner went to Saxonbury, and there had he been for half his allotted time, drinking in the wondrous beauties of the place and scenery—and other wondrous beauties which he ought not to have done. The elegance that surrounded him, and to which he had been latterly a stranger, the charms of the society he was thrown amongst, once again, as an equal for the time being, the gratification of the eye and mind, and the pomp and pride of courtly life; all this was but too congenial to the exalted taste of Raby Verner, and he was in danger of forgetting the stern realities of life, to become lost in a fool's Elysium.

He was thrown much with Maria Saxonbury—far more than he need have been. The fault was hers. A great admirer of beauty, like her father, and possessing a high reverence for genius, the exquisite face of Raby Verner attracted her admiration as it had never yet been attracted; whilst his eager aspirations, and love for the fine arts, were perfectly consonant to her own mind. His companionship soon grew dangerously pleasing, and she gave her days up to it without restraint, absorbed in the pleasure of the moment: nothing more: of all people in the world, Maria Saxonbury was the last to think seriously of one beneath her. So, leaving consequences to take care of themselves, or be remedied by time, she dwelt only on the present. She would flit about him when he was at work in the picture-gallery, she would linger by his side in the gardens one or other of

the little Ashtons generally being their companion: in short, it seemed that the object of Maria's life, just now, was to be with the artist-visitor. Even this night, when her father and sister had gone out to dinner, she had excused herself: she would stay at home with her mother, she said: but Lady Saxonbury was in her chamber, and Maria remained in the drawing-room with Mr. Verner. It is probable that Lady Saxonbury, if she thought of him at all, believed him to be painting then. Was it in remembrance of some one else that Sir Arthar had named his youngest child "Maria"?

"Do you admire this purse?" she suddenly inquired, holding out one of grass-green silk, with gold beads, tassels, and slides; a marvel of prettiness.

Raby rose and took it from her, and turned it about in his white and slender hands: those remarkable hands, feeble to look at, elegant in structure, always restless; so strongly characteristic of delicacy of constitution and of genius.

"It is quite a gem," he said, in answer.

"You may have it in place of your ugly one," continued Miss Saxonbury: "that frightful porte-monnaie, of grim leather, I saw you with, the other day. I made this for some body else, who does not seem in a hurry to come for it; so I will give it to you."

A rush of suspicious emotion flew to his face, and her eyes fell beneath the eloquent gaze of his. "How shall I thank you?" was all he said. "It shall be to me an everlasting remembrance."

"That's in return for the pretty sketch you gave me yesterday," she went on. "One you took at Rome, and filled in from memory."

"You mistake, Miss Saxonbury. I said I drew it from description. I have never been to Rome. That is a pleasure to come."

"As it is for me," observed Maria. "I was there once, when a little girl, but I remember nothing of it. A cross woman, half-governess, half-maid, who was hired to talk Italian to us, is all my recollection of the place. Last year and the year before, when we were wasting our time in Paris and at the baths of Germany, doing mamma more harm than good, I urged them to go on to Rome, but nobody listened to me. I have an idea that I shall be disappointed whenever I do go; we always are, when we expect so much."

"Always, always," murmured Raby Verner.

"I long to see some of those features I am familiar with from paintings," added Miss Saxonbury. "The remains of the Cæsars' palaces; the real grand St. Peter; the beautiful Alban Hills, and all Rome's other glories. I grow impatient sometimes, and tell papa there will be nothing left for me to see: that Sallust's garden will be a heap of stinging-nettles—I dare say it is nothing else; and Cecilia Metella's tomb destroyed."

And thus they conversed till it grew dark, and the servants came in to light the chandeliers. Miss Saxonbury remembered her mother then, and rose to go to her; to see why she had not come down.

When Maria returned, the room was empty, and she stood in the bow of the window and looked out. It was the custom at Saxonbury House to leave the curtains of this window open on a favorable night, for the moonlight landscape, outside, was indeed fair to look upon. Mr. Verner was then walking on the terrace: his step was firm and self-possessed, his head raised: it was only in the presence of his fellow-creatures that Raby Verner was a shy and awkward man. He saw her, and approached the window.

"I have been studying the Folly all this time," he said; "fancying it must look like those ruined Roman temples we have been speaking of; as they must look in the light and shade of the moonlight."

"Does it?" she answered laughingly. "I will go and look too."

Miss Saxonbury stepped on to the terrace, and he gave her his arm. Did she feel the violent beating of his heart, as her bracelet lay against it? They walked, in the shade cast by the house, to the railings at the end of the terrace, and there came in view of the fanciful building in question, "Lady Saxonbury's Folly." It rose, high and white, on the opposite hills, amidst a grove of dark trees.

"I do not like the building by day," he observed; "but, as it looks now, I can not fancy any thing more classically beautiful in the Eternal City, even when it was in its zenith."

"It does look beautiful," she mused. "And the landscape, as it lies around, is equally so: look at its different points showing out. You have not seen many scenes more gratifying to the imaginative eye than this, Mr. Verner."

"I shall never see a second Saxonbury," was the impulsive answer. "Take it for all in all, I shall never see—— But look at this side," he abruptly broke off, turning in the opposite direction.

"Oh! I don't care to look there. It is all dark. I only like the bright side of things."

"Has it never struck you that these two aspects, the light and the dark of a moonlight night, are a type of human fortunes? While some favored spirits bask in brightness, others must be cast, and remain, in the depths of shade."

"No. I never thought about it. My life has been all brightness."

"May it ever remain so!" he whispered, with a deep sigh: but Miss Saxonbury turned to the pleasant side again.

"What a fine painting this view would make!" she exclaimed. "I wonder papa has never had it done. One of *your* favorite scenes, Mr. Verner, all poetry and moonlight, interspersed with a dash of melancholy. Some of you artists are too fond of depicting melancholy scenes."

"We depict scenes as we find them. You know the eye sees with its own hue, and there may be a gangrene over the gladdest sunshine."

"Artists ought to be always glad: living, as they do, amidst ideal beauties; nay, creating them."

"Ideal! O Miss Saxonbury! that was a fitting word. We live in the toil and drudgery of the work; others, who but see the picture when it is completed, in the ideal. When you stand and admire some favorite painting, do you ever cast a thought to the weary hours of labor which created it?"

"No doubt the pursuit of art has its inconveniences, but you great painters must bear with you your own recompense."

"In a degree, yes," answered Verner, the expression "you great painters" echoing joyfully on his ear. "The consciousness of possessing that rare gift, genius, is ample recompense—save in moments of despondency."

"And yet you talk of melancholy and gangrene, Mr. Verner, and such like unpleasant topics!"

"The lives of great men are frequently marked by unhappiness," observed Raby. "In saying 'great men,' I mean men inwardly great, men of genius, of imaginative intellect. Look at some of our dead poets; at what is said of them."

"I think their fault lay in looking at the dark side of things, instead of the bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself at present; you will keep turning to that gloomy point, where the scenery is all obscure, and nothing bright but the great moon itself, and that shines right in your face."

"They could not look otherwise than they did," he argued, his own tone sounding melancholy enough.

"Well, well, I suppose it is the fate of genius," returned Maria. "I was reading lately, in a French work, some account of the life of Leonardo da Vinci; he was not a happy man."

"He was called Da Vinci the Unhappy. And too many of his brethren might also have been called so."

"Were I you, I should not make up my mind to be one of them, but just the contrary," cried Maria gayly. "Fancy goes a great way in this life. And so," she added, after a pause, "you think some of the queer old temples in Italy must look like that?" pointing to the Folly. "How I wish I could see them!"

"How I wish *we* could see them!" he murmured—"that we could see them together."

Perhaps he wondered whether he had said too much. She did not check him, only turned, and began to move back towards the drawing-room, her arm within his.

"We may see them together," she said, at length. "You will, of necessity, visit Italy; I, of inclination, and we may meet there. I hope we shall know you in after-life, Mr. Verner: but of that there will be little doubt. Every body will know you, for you will be one of England's famous painters."

They reached the window, and he took her hand in his, though there was no necessity, to assist her over the low step; he kept it longer than he need have done. Not for the first time, by several, had he thus clasped it in the little courtesies of life. O Raby Verner! can you not see that it had been better for you to clasp some poisonous old serpent? He did not enter, but turned away.

Lady Saxonbury was in the room then, in her easy-chair, which had its back to the window. The tea was on the table, and Miss Saxonbury began to pour it out.

"My dear," cried Lady Saxonbury, a

simple-hearted, kind woman, "where's that poor painter? I dare say he would like some tea."

"He was on the terrace just now," replied Maria.

"He must feel very dull," resumed Lady Saxonbury. "I fear, child, we neglect him. Send one of the servants to ask him to come in."

The "poor painter," lost in anticipations of the time when he should be a rich one, was leaning against the railings, whence he had stood and gazed abroad with Miss Saxonbury, the purse she had given him lying in his bosom. In the last few weeks his whole existence had changed, for he had learnt to love Maria Saxonbury with a wild, passionate love. To be near her, was bliss, even to agitation; to hear her speak, set his frame trembling; to touch her hand, sent his heart's-blood thrilling through his veins. It is only these imaginative, unearthly natures, too sensitive and refined for the uses of common life, that can tell of this intense, pure, etherialized passion, which certainly partakes more of heaven than of earth. He stood there, indulging a vision of hope; a deceitful, glowing vision. He saw not himself as he was, but as he should be—the glorious painter, to whose genius the whole world would bow. Surely there was no such impassable barrier between that worshiped painter and the daughter of Sir Arthur Saxonbury!

Alas! for the improbable dream he was suffering himself to nourish—alas! for its fatal ending! Three or four weeks more of its sweet delusion, and then it was rudely broken. Arthur Mair, the nephew and heir of Sir Arthur, arrived at Saxonbury. Raby Verner recognized him, for they had been at Christ Church together, but he had not recalled him to his memory since, and had never known him as the relative of Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He was a tall, handsome, empty-headed young fellow: but ere he had been two days at Saxonbury, a rumor, or suspicion, (in the agitation of Raby's feelings he hardly knew which,) reached the artist that his visit was to Maria, that she was intended for her cousin's wife. That same evening, calm and lovely as the one when they had looked forth together at the Folly, the truth became clear to Raby Verner.

They were seated in the drawing-room, all the family, when Maria stepped on to the terrace, and the artist followed her.

Presently Arthur Mair saw them pacing it together, Verner having given her his arm. Mr. Mair drew down the corners of his lips, and stalked out.

"Thank you," he said to Raby, with freezing politeness, as he authoritatively drew away Maria's arm and placed it within his own, "I will take charge of Miss Saxonbury if she wishes to walk."

He strode away with her, and Verner, with a drooping head and sinking heart, descended the middle steps of the terrace. He stole along under cover of its high wall—any where to hide himself and his outraged feelings. That action, those words of Arthur Mair's, had but too surely betrayed his interest in Maria. He came to the end of the terrace, and found they had halted there, right above him. He was to hear worse words now, and he could not help himself.

"Then you had no business to do it, you had no right to do it," Maria was saying, in a petulant tone. "He was not going to eat me, if I did walk with him."

"Excuse me, Maria, I am the best judge: Verner was in the position of a gentleman once, but things have changed with him."

"Rubbish!" retorted Miss Saxonbury. "He is papa's guest: and he is as good as you."

"Well—I don't care then to put my objection on that score. But it is not agreeable to me to see you walking and talking so familiarly with any one."

"Just say you are jealous at once, Arthur. If you think to control me, I can tell you——"

"Hallo, Arthur! Step here a moment."

The voice was Sir Arthur Saxonbury's. Maria paused in her speech, and Mr. Mair unwillingly retired towards the drawing-room. Raby Verner, in the frenzy of the moment, darted up the end-steps and joined her.

"Miss Saxonbury! will you answer me?—Forgive me," he panted, as he laid his hand upon her arm, in his painful eagerness—"forgive me that I must ask the question! Has Arthur Mair a *right* to take you from me, as he did but now?"

"Of course he has not, Mr. Verner. How can he have?"

"I mean—pray forgive me—the right of more than cousinship?"

She was half-terrified at his parted lips, his labored breathing, his ghastly face

from which suspense took every vestige of color, and she saw that she might not dare to tamper with him: that the kinder course, now, was to set his ambitious dream at rest,

"Well, then," she whispered, "though of course he had not the right to interfere now, and it was very bad taste, and I will not submit to his whims, yet, yet—the time may come when he will be to me more than a cousin."

His hand unloosed its clasp of her arm, and Maria Saxonbury hastened towards the drawing-room. He watched her in, and then, when no human eye or ear was near, his head sunk upon the cold railings, and a low wail of anguish went forth on the quiet evening air. Too surely, though Maria Saxonbury might never know it, had the iron entered into his soul.

CHAPTER IV.

IN December, business took Sir Arthur Saxonbury to London. He paid a visit to the artist Coram, but he did not see Raby Verner. His easel and chair were there, but the former had no work in its frame, and the chair was empty.

"Has he abjured the art, or found another studio?" inquired Sir Arthur.

The great painter shook his head. "He has not abjured it, but a different art—or power—is claiming him now, one to which we must all succumb—Death."

"Death!" echoed Sir Arthur.

"He has gone off very rapidly, in a decline, or something of the sort; I saw him two days ago, and I did not think, then, he would last till now. I wonder I have not heard of his death."

"What can be the cause of its coming on so suddenly? He was remarkably well when at Saxonbury. I saw no symptom of decline, or any other illness, about him then."

"Do you remember my telling you, Sir Arthur, that a blow to the feelings would kill him?"

Sir Arthur considered. "I think I do."

"He has had it, unless I am mistaken. He got it at Saxonbury."

"What do you mean?" inquired the baronet.

"I do not understand it, and indeed it is no business of mine; but when he came up from Saxonbury, he had certainly received his death-blow. A suspicion has

crossed me whether your lovely daughter had any thing to do with it. Pardon me, Sir Arthur, we are old friends: it is a thought mentioned only to you."

"I should like to see him," said Sir Arthur. "Will you go with me?"

They went. Raby Verner was still alive, but it was his last day of life. He lay panting on his humble bed, *alone*. A hectic flush, even then, lighted up his wasted cheek at sight of *her* father. Sir Arthur, inexpressibly shocked, sat down by him, and took his poor damp hand.

"What can you have been doing to yourself," he asked, "to get into this state?"

"I think it was inherent," he murmured. "My mother died in a decline."

"You have had the best advice, I hope?"

Raby made a movement of dissent. "A medical student, whom I know, has come in sometimes. I could not call in good advice, for I had not the means to pay for it."

"O my boy!" uttered Sir Arthur, in a tone of anguish, as he leaned over him, "why did you not let me know this? Half my purse should have been yours, for your mother's sake."

"All the skill in England would not have availed me," he earnestly said. "Sir Arthur, it is best as it is, for I am going to her. She has been waiting for me all these years. She told me my lot would not be a happy one! But it will soon be over now," he added, his voice growing fainter, "for earthly pain of all kinds has nearly passed away."

Curious thoughts were perplexing Sir Arthur Saxonbury as he quitted the scene. If a rude blow to his feelings had indeed caused Verner to sink into bodily illness, and thence to death, and that blow had been dealt by Maria Saxonbury, how very like it was to retribution for the blow Maria Raby had dealt out to him! He was a strong man, and had weathered it, but it had left more permanent traces on his heart than he had suffered the world to know. Sir Arthur lost himself in these thoughts, and then shook them off, as a disagreeable and unsatisfactory theme.

On Christmas-eve he returned to Saxonbury. After dinner, his two daughters only being at table, he told them of the death of the artist, Raby Verner. Mrs. Ashton expressed sorrow and surprise.

indicative more of fear or dislike than love. In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the servant, announcing that my apartment was ready. Conducted to it, I found it even more dismal than that which I had just left. It was spacious: the old-fashioned heavy doors were of massive oak; the tables were covered with dark cloth; the hangings and curtains were black as ebony, as also all the wood-work in the room. I lighted two pair of candles to chase the gloom; but it was like the mere illumination of a vault, the narrow circles of radiance only making the darkness more visible.

I sat down at a small table near the fire, and placed my candles upon it, to impart some air of comfort to my black palace—but even that failed. I had determined at once to write down the particulars of the case I was attending, and get to bed. I must mention, that one particularity of Dr. W——'s was, that each of his pupils should give him in writing, a most circumstantial account of every case they attended; to accomplish this now, and resign myself to sleep, was all my desire.

I had just finished my medical technicalities, when I was called to attend Lady Theresa; she had awakened much worse, and the Count sent to beg that I would go to her without delay. I dressed, and hastened after my attendant. We arrived, through various winding passages, at the chamber of the young lady. Never shall I forget the scene that there presented itself.

No one could doubt the Count's affection for his sister; yet now he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of her bodily sufferings, and only stood near her bed to listen with eagerness to the words she occasionally uttered. She herself, wretched creature, was sitting upright, staring as if her eyes would start from their sockets. I approached her: she turned from me, sheltering herself beside her brother, and pointing wildly at me, she whispered.

"Did he see it?" "Did he hear it cry?" "Did he see the ring?"

I sought to calm her, having often seen people affected by visions in similar circumstances, but there was no quieting her. She sprang from her bed, and clung to her brother, still uttering incoherent sentences till at length she cried out:

"I feel its little arms; there—there—it is clinging to me to save it. I can not

bear the glare of its eye. I can not—I dare not touch it. That fatal ring."

Then, exhausted, she fell senseless on the floor. I called the Count to assist me in replacing her in bed; but when I looked round he was leaning against the wall, pale and motionless.

I rang the bell violently. As footsteps approached, he started. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "let not mortal enter here."

"I must have assistance," I said.

"I can do any thing you require," replied he, making an effort that I saw cost him a great deal. But his will seemed, nevertheless, so strong, that, when he walked to the door and gave some orders, to account for the bell having been rung, I looked in astonishment. Turning to me he said: "Doctor, it is so strange and fearful to hear the ravings of delirium. How invariably they led the poor sufferer to imagine scenes they never witnessed. A medical man of great eminence told me that this was always the case."

After a short interval, Lady Theresa revived; but no longer in her former state of excitement. She lay quiet, with her eyes closed. I tried to smooth her pillow, and bathed her hands. On a sudden she looked up, with a bright smile, and said softly, two or three times, "Rudolph." Then wandering among scenes afar off, gently fell asleep, and from that passed into the sleep from which there is no awaking.

I turned to the Count and said: "Lady Theresa is dead."

"Dead!" he cried; "dead; she can not, she must not die, and leave me. I had but her in the world; she would not leave me alone."

"It is no use," said I, drawing him from the body.

Sobbing like a child, he caught her beautiful golden tresses, in a vain attempt to sever a lock; but his trembling fingers refused their office, and again sinking beside her lifeless body, her fair hair covering him as a veil, he lay motionless. Much as I disliked the Count, this outburst of genuine feeling completely overcame me, and with tears I looked at the heart-broken man, all his hardness and repulsiveness quite forgotten. He seemed as if clinging to the fair angel whose bright spirit had fled.

After some little time he recovered himself, and rose to leave the room. I

Auerbach. "With contemptuous silence, as they deserve."

I can see him now, with his head resting on the back of his chair, his pipe in his hands, his hair thrown back, and his deep-loving eyes looking fixedly before him, as if he was then holding communion with the invisible. "But," said I, "who can believe the nonsense that is put forward in that paper about the appearance of Gertrude?"

"Only account, then, for all that is related," said my friend eagerly. "Either the facts have taken place, or the author is guilty of falsehood; and I think even you would be slow to acknowledge that Gualfredo would state a thing for a fact that had not occurred. Believe me, you can not know, and have not the opportunity of knowing what we medical men learn, coming in contact as we do with the caprices of nature. What she can or can not do, is not for us to say."

"I never met with any one," said I, "who had *himself* seen a spirit; and though, as you say, I have every confidence in Gualfredo, still he does not say that Gertrude ever *appeared* to him. It seems, from the whole tenor of the story, to have been *related* to him; neither does he pledge himself for its veracity, except in the negative way of repeating the story. Now, be honest," I continued: "have you ever spoken, face to face, with any one who saw a spirit?"

He remained silent for a time; and at last, having taken a turn up and down the room, and drawn a whiff from his pipe, and a sip from his glass, he turned full upon me, and said: "I *have* seen a spirit. Mind, I don't pass for a Geisterseher; but I have indeed seen a spirit *once*—a time never to be forgotten, for it made a change in me that I have never recovered. And, strange enough, the room with which it was connected was called the 'black chamber.'"

Much as I had vaunted my disbelief of ghost stories, I must confess that as we were then sitting in the dim twilight in that still summer evening, with the shadows lengthening through the deep recesses of the window, my companion's enthusiastic nature quite carried me with him; and with rapt attention, and an undefined feeling of pleasure mingled with fear, I prepared to hear the horrors of the "black chamber," which I now relate in his own words.

I had concluded my university education, and to finish my studies in medicine, became, for some years, the in-door pupil of the famous Dr. W —, who at that time enjoyed the most extensive practice in Blenheim. My progress in my profession was so great, that in a few years my old master made over a number of his remote country patients to my care, his advanced age rendering it impossible for him to take long journeys. One evening I was hastily summoned to the country residence of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein, who had lately returned from Italy, with his second wife, a beautiful young heiress, whom he had just married: his first, it was said, had died at Milan, only a few months before the second marriage. It was, however, to attend the Count's sister that I was summoned; she was dying of nervous fever. I could render but little assistance, as I saw she was beyond earthly help; but I ordered some sedatives, and left written directions, to be followed till my return next day. I was preparing to take leave, when the Count rushed in, and begged of me, as I valued his friendship, not to leave the house that night. He was devotedly attached to his sister; and, as I had no particular engagement, I consented to remain. The Lady Von Silberstein gave orders to have a room prepared for me, and begged me to take rest while my patient slept, as she knew the Count would require my attendance the moment the Lady Theresa awoke. Saying, this, she wished me good night, and left the room.

When left alone, I could not help reflecting on the aspect of that gloomy castle, with its dark heavy towers, frowning, as if in anger with its inmates. It had not even a cheerful prospect, situated, as it was, in a barren flat country, more like the stronghold of a tribe of banditti than what one would expect to see as the dwelling of a nobleman. The interior was not one whit more inviting or cheerful. The room I was in was fearfully somber; it was a long narrow chamber, only half-lighted by the small loop-hole windows; the furniture and drapery old and faded.

What could have induced the Countess to marry that man, thought I—she so young and lovely, he so dark and gloomy. I also noticed, during the short time I saw them together, a shadow pass over her, whenever her husband addressed her,

indicative more of fear or dislike than love. In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the servant, announcing that my apartment was ready. Conducted to it, I found it even more dismal than that which I had just left. It was spacious: the old-fashioned heavy doors were of massive oak; the tables were covered with dark cloth; the hangings and curtains were black as ebony, as also all the wood-work in the room. I lighted two pair of candles to chase the gloom; but it was like the mere illumination of a vault, the narrow circles of radiance only making the darkness more visible.

I sat down at a small table near the fire, and placed my candles upon it, to impart some air of comfort to my black palace—but even that failed. I had determined at once to write down the particulars of the case I was attending, and get to bed. I must mention, that one particularity of Dr. W——'s was, that each of his pupils should give him in writing, a most circumstantial account of every case they attended; to accomplish this now, and resign myself to sleep, was all my desire.

I had just finished my medical technicalities, when I was called to attend Lady Theresa; she had awakened much worse, and the Count sent to beg that I would go to her without delay. I dressed, and hastened after my attendant. We arrived, through various winding passages, at the chamber of the young lady. Never shall I forget the scene that there presented itself.

No one could doubt the Count's affection for his sister; yet now he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of her bodily sufferings, and only stood near her bed to listen with eagerness to the words she occasionally uttered. She herself, wretched creature, was sitting upright, staring as if her eyes would start from their sockets. I approached her: she turned from me, sheltering herself beside her brother, and pointing wildly at me, she whispered.

"Did he see it?" "Did he hear it cry?" "Did he see the ring?"

I sought to calm her, having often seen people affected by visions in similar circumstances, but there was no quieting her. She sprang from her bed, and clung to her brother, still uttering incoherent sentences till at length she cried out:

"I feel its little arms; there—there—it is clinging to me to save it. I can not

bear the glare of its eye. I can not—I dare not touch it. That fatal ring."

Then, exhausted, she fell senseless on the floor. I called the Count to assist me in replacing her in bed; but when I looked round he was leaning against the wall, pale and motionless.

I rang the bell violently. As footsteps approached, he started. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "let not mortal enter here."

"I must have assistance," I said.

"I can do any thing you require," replied he, making an effort that I saw cost him a great deal. But his will seemed, nevertheless, so strong, that, when he walked to the door and gave some orders, to account for the bell having been rung, I looked in astonishment. Turning to me he said: "Doctor, it is so strange and fearful to hear the ravings of delirium. How invariably they led the poor sufferer to imagine scenes they never witnessed. A medical man of great eminence told me that this was always the case."

After a short interval, Lady Theresa revived; but no longer in her former state of excitement. She lay quiet, with her eyes closed. I tried to smooth her pillow, and bathed her hands. On a sudden she looked up, with a bright smile, and said softly, two or three times, "Rudolph." Then wandering among scenes afar off, gently fell asleep, and from that passed into the sleep from which there is no awaking.

I turned to the Count and said: "Lady Theresa is dead."

"Dead!" he cried; "dead; she can not, she must not die, and leave me. I had but her in the world; she would not leave me alone."

"It is no use," said I, drawing him from the body.

Sobbing like a child, he caught her beautiful golden tresses, in a vain attempt to sever a lock; but his trembling fingers refused their office, and again sinking beside her lifeless body, her fair hair covering him as a veil, he lay motionless. Much as I disliked the Count, this outburst of genuine feeling completely overcame me, and with tears I looked at the heart-broken man, all his hardness and repulsiveness quite forgotten. He seemed as if clinging to the fair angel whose bright spirit had fled.

After some little time he recovered himself, and rose to leave the room. I

was only too glad to follow. I felt sick at heart. The wretched death-bed I had witnessed, and the feeling of dislike I had felt to the Count, combined to make me long for a quiet hour in my own room.

We descended to the saloon; the Count, making some apology that he had letters to write, left me. I hastened back to my own chamber, but not to sleep. I piled wood on the fire, and sat down in a large chair opposite to it, recalling minutely every word that Lady Theresa had uttered. I could think of nothing else—what could have befallen that young girl? That she was implicated in some dark deed there could be no doubt; the awful visions that haunted her were not the raving fancies of delirium. Her brother—he too shared her secret. I had a dim recollection of a tale that I had heard when a child, of some heavy curse which hung over the Count's house. One of his ancestors had treated his wife with cruelty, and she on her death-bed left their wedding-ring, with a bitter curse attached to it, and that it should cling to the family till a dead bride claimed a husband with it; but what could that poor girl have to do with a child and a ring? It was all mystery, and the incoherent story furnished little solution to the problem. I thought again and again of all that I had ever heard about Lady Theresa, but that was not much. She was very young, had latterly not appeared abroad in the world. Some said her engagement to an officer had been suddenly broken off; others that she had become ascetic. Be this as it may, she certainly shunned all society, even her sister's; her only companion was her brother.

I tried to turn my thoughts into other channels, but to no purpose. I felt a great wish to see her again, and yielding to the temptation, crept back to her room and gazed once more on those features which had made so deep an impression upon me. All was hushed; every thing had been arranged. Morning had just dawned, and the gray light streamed through the open casement. I turned to look on the beautiful creature before me. There she lay in the stillness of death; a smile seemed to rest on her features. It may be that the recollection of some happy hour of childhood had visited her wearied spirit before it went forth on its solitary journey. I felt I was polluting a sanctuary by harboring for a moment the

thought that *she* could be implicated in any crime, and pressing a kiss on her cold cheek, I took away one of her bright curls.

The next day Lady Theresa was buried. The Count asked me to stay that night, which I gladly did, as I was worn out with my vigil of the night before. Just as I was about to consign myself to rest, I was interrupted by the jager, who knocked at my door to inquire if I had any commands. He was a lively, pleasant fellow, and inclined to be communicative. We sat talking for awhile, when he rose to leave the room, he looked around with a shudder, and asked, "If I felt lonely, or would wish him to remain all night."

I smiled at the idea, for he seemed really afraid; and although I did not think the place cheerful, yet I had no fear. I was as skeptical then as you are now. My talkative companion related many stories connected with the chamber, to which I eagerly listened, in hopes I might find a clue to Lady Theresa's ravings, but all were connected with events that had occurred years before. However inclined I might have been to have kept this young man with me, I now determined to place no obstacle to my spending a night in a haunted chamber. The very idea gave me a thrill of pleasure. I left no portion of my apartment unsearched, so that I could not by possibility be played upon. I secured the door and the windows, and having made all my arrangements with the view of practically overthrowing the theory of apparitions, I went to bed, and much sooner than I expected fell asleep.

After some time I was aroused by hearing a sound like the dropping of a heavy weight, as it fell step by step. I could not account for the noise, for it seemed to proceed from the other side of the wall, which I knew was an outside wall, and there was neither room nor stairs beyond. I looked around, but all was dark. Thinking I must have been mistaken, I settled to sleep again, when the sound was repeated even more distinctly than before. I began now, indeed, to feel nervous, and sat up. A slight wind, like a breath, passed over me, but still I saw nothing. I strained my eyes as though I could penetrate the darkness. The sound had greatly decreased, yet I was conscious there was something, be it mortal or spirit, in the room with me. After watch-

ing with a beating heart, I argued myself into the idea that the noise must have been at the other side of the *inside* wall, and that it was occasioned by some of the servants who had perhaps been up late, and so, turning on my side, tried again to compose myself. I had not been settled many minutes, however, when I perceived a faint light, coming from the same direction in which I had heard the sound. I looked up, when, to my horror, I saw a tall female figure advancing steadily towards me. She had long bright hair, falling over her shoulders, and her drapery was pure as snow. She stood still in the center of the room, gazing about her. I was paralyzed with terror; I held my breath, dreading to make the least movement, lest I should attract her attention, but I could not for one moment withdraw my eyes from the figure. At last it perceived me, for it hastily advanced towards me, and extending its long icy arm, seized my hand.

I fell back insensible. How long I remained in this state I don't know; but I awoke before it was light. I sprang from my bed, lighted a candle, and looked every where to see had my supernatural visitor left any trace behind, but I could find no clue to the mystery. I thought I must have had a frightful dream, till my eye fell on a ring upon my finger that I had never seen before. What could this mean? Who could that mysterious being have been? I tried to recall the features. They seemed familiar to me. I had seen them previously, but when or where? Yes—yes—I remembered they were none other than those of the Lady Theresa. Now it was, too, that I recollected distinctly the same beautiful hair. The eyes, though wild, still had the same loving, melancholy expression. That look that none but she could have! Could her troubled spirit have come to reveal to me the secret of her dying agony? Perhaps it was to ask me to bear a message. Oh! that I had been able to question her! how I cursed my trembling timidity, that had prevented me from speaking to her!

In this excited state of mind I sat down, listening intensely in fear of hearing her footsteps. I took off the ring to look at the gift of the dead, when oh! horror more terrible than words can express—too terrible even for imagination—I saw engraved upon it the heraldic bearings of Count Von Silberstein's family.

The Legend of the Fatal Ring burst, as it were, upon my mind; the whole thing seemed only too clear. It had been the Lady Theresa, but not come for sympathy—no. She had removed the fatal curse hanging over her brother's house—that brother she loved so dearly—and I was selected out of the whole world to carry the dreadful weight with me to the grave. I clasped my hand over my eyes, for it seemed to be written in blazing characters round the walls that I was wedded to a dead bride! I felt as if voices of thunder were shrieking the fearful secret into my ears. I flung myself on the floor, howling in the madness of despair, and calling down fearful imprecations on the head of the being whom a moment before I almost revered as an angel of light. At length nature exhausted itself, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake till the bright beams of the sun showed me that the morning was far advanced. I looked round in surprise at finding myself stretched on the ground, though an indescribable weight pressed me down. I could not at first recollect what had occurred. By degrees the truth flashed across me. I sprang on my feet, examined the door to learn whether any one had entered the room and seen my delirious frenzy. All was as I had left it, doors and windows barred fast. My secret was my own. No mortal knew what had happened, and no one should ever know.

I dressed myself with scrupulous care, arranged the furniture, so that no trace was left of my impotent fury; and the ring—the hateful ring—should I fling it out of the window, or bury it deep in the earth? No, I dare not part with it; throw it where I would, send it to the most distant part of the world, it would still come back to me, and perhaps in a way that would expose me to the whole world. I knew its power; it fixed itself on its possessor. Had I not but now seen the truth of this; for years, it may be for centuries, it had clung to Count Von Silberstein's name; and now by *her* means, I dare not mention her name, fulfilling the prediction, it would cling, fasten, eat into my very life; and for how long? There was no second removal, no hope, no dawning of morning in that black *forever*.

I seized the ring and hid it in my bosom. Why should I indulge the feeling,

it was a childish fancy? I would never think of it again. I ought to marry; I had no worldly cares, and my mind was liable to be infected with strange delusions. In this way I argued to myself, knowing, ay! feeling from the bottom of my heart, bound body and soul to a spirit. I hastened to the saloon—none of the family had made their appearance. Again I was alone; the solitude I had fled from above, pursued me here. I examined the pictures, which I had seen many times before; wondered who they represented; had they a secret to hide; were they pursued by a specter, to whom they belonged without hope of release. Again, at that terrible thought, I turned from them, and reckoned the panes of glass in each window. Did *she*, the Countess, who left that fearful legacy, ever stand here where I was standing. Perhaps it was in this spot that thought first presented itself to her mind.

I looked at the breakfast-table, it was laid for four, the Count, his wife, and myself: who could the fourth be? the Countess' sister? ah! here was a chance, I would marry her! I walked to the mirrors, thought I was good enough looking. I was in good practice, and very highly educated; many a girl would be only too glad to have me; but I had not money enough. In the midst of these reflections a pretty young woman with a child passed the window, just opposite to me; they stopped, and she gathered flowers and played with the little boy; I watched her for some time; oh! that I knew who she was—that I could get acquainted with her. She seemed an upper servant; what matter, I would marry her; yes, she should be my wife. I would love and protect her; she was poor, I would make her rich, I would make her a lady. She would never refuse me; and once married, I should be safe, and could defy the spirit. Without a moment's hesitation I hurried along the corridor and down the terrace; a turn in the path suddenly brought me before the girl. I knelt at her feet, caught her dress, told her I adored her, would live but for her, would guard her as a tender flower, if *she* would but unite her fate to mine. The poor creature thought I was mad; she screamed, caught the child in her arms and ran into the castle. I saw what I had done, she would give the alarm, they would all consider me insane; I should be shunned

by every one, and left alone with my dreadful secret. Fearful of meeting any one, I left the terrace and hurried down the steps into the thicket. I saw servants out looking for me, and the young woman I had been speaking to pointing out to them the direction I must have taken. I lay hid under a bush, not moving a limb lest they should see me, and when they had returned, I left my retreat and ran, almost flew home. Those I met on the way looked at me with a vague glance that might have been sympathy. My first thought was to secrete the ring; this accomplished, I lay down and longed, oh! how earnestly, for death! From that hour I was ill three months of the very same disease that Lady Theresa had died of. When I left my sick-bed I was another creature; I no longer strove to shut out the hateful truth from myself, but humbly submitted to my fate.

"Now, what do you say to this; for I can testify on oath all I have stated?"

"I can not but allow it is most strange," said I; "and had you not assured me you had examined every part of your room so carefully, I should have had some doubts."

"As I stated," replied Auerbach, "deception here was impossible. I was as wide awake as you are now. And, besides, the fatal ring; what else could that mean?" And he relapsed into a state of abstraction.

"Well," said I, more with the idea of rousing him, than for any real obstacle it presented to my mind; "the ring is the stumbling-block to me. If the appearance was not a deception, it must have been a spirit; but I can not understand a spirit having any thing to do with the fading things of this world. It leaves all that behind."

He interrupted me:

"You first deny the existence of spirits; then you must define the exact way they ought to appear; such inconsistency! But perhaps you will not be so skeptical if I show you the ring. I have never worn it since that fatal night, now years gone by; but something urges me to look at it to-night. Who knows but it may be a warning that I am soon to join my spirit-bride?"

Saying this, he took from his breast a curious-looking box, and handed it to me to open.

I can hardly describe the sensation with

which I raised the lid, and took out a very old-fashioned ring, with strange characters engraved on it; and, true enough, the heraldic bearings of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein's family. I felt a nervous, creeping sensation; the perspiration hung in drops on my forehead. As to Auerbach, he seemed ready to fall.

Just then I heard a footstep; trembling, I let the ring fall on the floor, and ran to assist Auerbach, who had fainted, crying out:

"I come—I come."

Immediately I heard a voice, exclaiming:

"Where in the world are you? What is the matter?"

To my infinite relief, I recognized Ferdinand's voice, and calling him to my aid, we got poor Auerbach to bed, where, after administering some remedies, we succeeded in restoring consciousness.

When I related to Ferdinand what had passed, he started convulsively.

"I have been," he broke forth, "kept at court all day, on account of that identical Black Chamber."

I urged him to relate his story, and he began:

"You both know Fritag," said he. "Count Von Silberstein lately invited him to a large ball at the Castle of Silberstein. The night proved a tempestuous one; thunder and lightning, and torrents of rain; so they pressed Fritag to remain. He said he would willingly, save that he had an appointment early the next morning in town. The Count said that he also had an early engagement, and that they could go together. Under these circumstances, Fritag was very glad to remain beneath so good a shelter. The next morning, it seems, the jager knocked at his door to tell him the Count was waiting; but receiving no answer, concluded he had left the Castle. So the Count departed without him. When the party assembled at breakfast, one of the domestics announced to the Countess that Herr Fritag had not gone with the Count. She immediately sent to let him know they were waiting breakfast; but there was no answer. After a delay of a couple of hours, they broke open the door, when they found poor Fritag insensible, lying across the bed. They thought at first he was dead; but perceiving he still breathed, they used the usual remedies, and he soon showed signs of returning conscious-

ness. They then entreated him to say what had happened, when he stated that the night before he noticed the gloomy appearance of the room to his attendant, who said it had hardly been used since the late Countess' death. It was the room that she and the Count had occupied; and since her demise it had the reputation of being haunted.

"Fritag was not afraid of spirits, and settled himself for the night without any apprehension. He had been in bed about a couple of hours, when he was awakened by a noise proceeding from the further extremity of the room; he sat up, and was terrified by seeing a tall female clad in white, with glaring eyes, and bright golden hair hanging over her shoulders. Stalking up to the bed, she silently beckoned to him, and he mechanically rose and followed her through a long narrow passage, when she turned aside into a room, quite brightened by the moonlight streaming through the window, but so covered with dust that it seemed as if no mortal had been in it for years. She raised the lid of a chest, and with a wild scream, held towards him the skeleton of a child. At this moment he descried all changing and becoming black as pitch. The next thing he was conscious of, was the buzz of voices round his bed.

"All the listeners to this mysterious story were struck with amazement. The old housekeeper said the room was frequented by a spirit, and so said all the credulous. The skeptical portions of the household tried to persuade Fritag that he must have had a bad dream.

"The Countess, a woman of strong mind, insisted on sending for the magistrate, and having a thorough inspection of the room. Accordingly a carriage was dispatched for that functionary without delay. It was some time before he arrived, as the distance from the castle to his residence is about ten miles. The Countess resolved not to leave the room for one moment till he came.

"Herr Saltag was only too glad to undertake the commission of investigation. He had often pressed the Count to allow him to inspect the apartment, and so put a stop to the reports circulated about its being 'haunted;' but somehow the Count always contrived to put it off. His absence now prevented any further obstacle, and without delay Herr Saltag, accompanied by the Countess and Fritag, search-

ed every part of the room, but without any result. It was all in vain that they shifted the bed, took down the curtains, changed the position of the furniture—there was no trace. Fritag showed the exact place of the spirit's entrance and exit. The wall was next sounded—it was solid masonry. There was not a panel that could slide up or down. The Countess declared there was no passage connecting that room with any other in the tower. Still Fritag persisted in his story; and the magistrate said he would not leave the place till he could account satisfactorily for it.

"Accordingly he ordered a ladder, and mounting it, passed his hand carefully over the wall, if by chance he might discover a hidden spring. After about an hour spent in this way, he exclaimed suddenly, 'I have it, I have it!' and by pressing hard with his finger, he moved a heavy door sliding into the wall, so as not to be perceptible outside. This led to a flight of steps also made in the wall; then another spring-door opened into a set of rooms in the tower that belonged to a superannuated nurse of the family who lived in these apartments. The room into which Fritag had been led the night before was to the left of this narrow passage, before coming to the steps. Into this the magistrate went. It was as Fritag described, covered thick with dust; but they perceived the trace of a naked foot. Following this foot-print they came to the window-sill, but no chest was visible. After examining all around, the Countess suggested that the window-sill itself might be raised; but there neither seemed hinge or lock. However, the planks were lifted, and awful to relate, the skeleton was found there.

"Herr Saltag would not allow the Countess to proceed any further; and giving the body of the child to one of his attendants, he proceeded with Fritag. They descended the steps, and going to the door which was easily opened, there they saw the identical white figure crouched in a corner, her beautiful golden hair hanging disheveled over her; and the witch-like nurse, with her arm raised about to strike her wretched victim. Fritag caught the woman's arm before it fell, when, to his utter consternation, he beheld in the ghastly misery of madness, the Count's *first wife!*"

This fearful tragedy is soon elucidated.

Count Von Silberstein and his wife, a beautiful but portionless girl, whom he had married, were traveling abroad, when they met with Mademoiselle Clara Dugué, the daughter and only child of a wealthy merchant.

The Countess was near her confinement, and the Count saw, if he could only get her out of the way, he might easily obtain the hand and fortune of Mademoiselle Clara. The fiendish thought no sooner presented itself to his mind than he hastened to put it in execution. He traveled back in disguise to his Castle of Silberstein, near Blenheim, carrying his wife with him; but causing it to be reported in Rome, that they had gone to Milan. Shortly after the birth of his child, he himself strangled the new-born babe in the mother's presence: the sight of her murdered infant deprived the poor Countess of reason. He then placed her under the care of the old hag with whom she was found, thinking, perhaps, she was as safe there as in her grave; and by this means tried to quiet his conscience by not having deprived her of life. The only being to whom he confided his secret was his sister, but she was in no way partaker of the deed, not having heard of it till after his second marriage. The weight of this dreadful secret broke her heart.

Count Von Silberstein hastened back after this foul deed to Rome, and there caused it to be circulated that his wife and child were dead. A few months after he sought from Monsieur Dugué the hand of his fair daughter; the ambitious old merchant was dazzled by a glittering coronet, and forced his reluctant child to marry the Count. The poor maniac had always occupied "the Black Chamber." The first night I have introduced her as making her appearance there, her nurse had gone to a feast in the lower stories, and thinking she had left her charge asleep, ventured down the private passage I have described, the existence of which was only known to herself. The wretched creature missing her guardian, and seeing the door open, hastened down the steps; pushing the other door back, she instantly recognized her own room; and, thinking she saw her husband in bed, in the frenzy of the moment, put the fatal ring on his finger, and then returned, before she was detected, into her own apartment. The next time she was not so fortunate. The second visit was when her

nurse was engaged in a similar manner as before, and she gave, as she thought, to her husband his murdered child. It was just then the woman discovered her, and bore her away.

My poor friend Auerbach's health improved only for a short time; the solution

of the mystery came too late. The shock his constitution had received from that strange visitant, and the indissoluble contract by which he had supposed himself to be bound to a supernatural being, were too much for his strength, which gradually gave way, and in less than a year he died.

From the National Review.

FALSE MORALITY OF LADY NOVELISTS.*

It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of novels, whether we regard the influence they exercise upon an age, or the indications they afford of its characteristic tendencies and features. They come, indeed, under the denomination of "light literature;" but this literature is effective by reason of its very lightness: it spreads, penetrates, and permeates where weightier matter would lie merely on the outside of the mind, *rudis indigestaque moles*. We are by no means sure that, with reference to the sphere and nature of the impressions they produce, prose works of fiction do not constitute precisely that branch of the intellectual activity of a nation which a far-seeing moralist would watch with the most vigilant concern and supervise with the most anxious and unceasing care. The highest productions of genius, it is true—great national epics or lyrics, works of pure reason that revolutionize a philosophy or found a school, histories that become classical and permanent—the writings of the Shakspeares, Bacons,

Descartes, Lessings, Dantes, Voltaires, and Goethes of all lands—have unquestionably a wider and a grander range of operation, and leave more profound and enduring traces of their influence: but their effects are less immediate and less direct; they work deeper, but they work slower; they work upon the few first, and afterwards through these upon the many; they affect the present age probably much less, but future ages infinitely more.

There are many reasons why we should look upon novels in this serious point of view. They are the sole or the chief reading of numbers; and these numbers are mainly to be found among the rich and idle, whose wealth, leisure, and social position combine to give to their tastes and example an influence wholly out of proportion either to their mental activity or to their mental powers. They are the reading of most men in their idler and more impressionable hours, when the fatigued mind requires rest and recreation; when the brain, therefore, is comparatively passive; and when, the critical and combative faculties being laid to sleep, the pabulum offered is imbibed without being judged or sifted. They form, too, an unfortunately large proportion of the habitual reading of the young at the exact crisis of life when the spirit is at once most susceptible and most tenacious—

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain;"

* *Mildred Vernon: a Tale of Parisian Life in the last days of the Monarchy.* Colburn. 1848.

Léonie Vermont: a Scene of our Time. Bentley. 1849.

Kathie Brande. By HOLME LEE. Smith and Elder. 1850.

Ruth: a Novel. By the Author of *Mary Barton*. Chapman and Hall. 1853.

Framleigh Hall. Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

when the memory is fresh, and has a greedy and by no means discriminating appetite; when the moral standard is for the most part fluctuating or unformed; when experience affords no criterion whereby to separate the true from the false in the delineations of life, and the degree of culture is as yet insufficient to distinguish the pure from the meretricious, the sound from the unsound, in taste; and when whatever keenly interests and deeply moves is accepted and laid to heart, without much questioning whether the emotion is genuine and virtuous, or whether the interest is not aroused by unsafe and unwarrantable means. Finally, novels constitute a principal part of the reading of women, who are always impressionable, in whom at all times the emotional element is more awake and more powerful than the critical, whose feelings are more easily aroused and whose estimates are more easily influenced than ours, while at the same time the correctness of their feelings and the justice of their estimates are matters of the most special and preëminent concern.

There are peculiarities, again, in works of fiction which must always secure them a vast influence on all classes of societies and all sorts of minds. They are read without effect, and remembered without trouble. We have to chain down our attention to read other books with profit; these enchain our attention of themselves. Other books often leave no impression on the mind at all; these, for good or evil, for a while or for long, always produce some impression. Other books are effective only when digested and assimilated; novels either need no digestion, or rather present their matter to us in an already digested form. Histories, philosophies, political treatises, to a certain extent even first-class poetry, are solid and often tough food, which requires laborious and slow mastication. Novels are like soup or jelly; they may be drunk off at a draught or swallowed whole, certain of being easily and rapidly absorbed into the system.

A branch of literature which exercises an influence so considerable on men of leisure at all times, on men of business in their hours of relaxation, on the young of both sexes, and on the female sex at every age, assuredly demands the most thorough study and the closest censorship on the part of those who wish to compre-

hend, or who aspire to modify, the causes which mold humanity. We incline to think that a far larger number of persons receive the bias of their course and the complexion of their character from reading novels than from hearing sermons. We do not, indeed, hear of sudden conversions and entire and enduring changes of life and temper consequent on the perusal of romances, such as are occasionally said to follow the stirring eloquence of some great divine; though we believe that more analogous cases might be found than is usually supposed, were there any missionary enthusiasts to chronicle them, and were the recipients of the new spirit skillful and careful to trace back the healing influence to its source. But we are convinced that the instances are numerous beyond conception in which souls trembling and hesitating on the verge of good and evil have been determined towards the former by some scene of fiction falling in their way at the critical moment of their mental history; in which minds have been sustained in hours of weakness and strengthened in hours of temptation by life-like pictures of sorrows endured and trials surmounted in virtue of some great principle or some true sentiment; and in which sinners, fallen indeed, but not lost, have been induced to pause, to recoil, and to recover, by seeing in some work which they had opened only for amusement the hideousness of a crime whose revolting features they could not recognize except when reflected in a mirror. Numbers have first, not *learned* perhaps, but been actually brought to perceive and realize with practical result, the attractions of "whatsoever things are pure, holy, lovely, and of good report," by seeing their vivid delineations in the pages of "an owre true tale." Numbers who *might* no doubt have acquired their estimates of the relative gravity or excellence of favorite faults or difficult virtues from authorized Bibles or accredited moralists, have in reality learned them—often, alas! blended with a fearful degree of error—from fictitious histories; and seek their personal code of laws in Scott, or Bulwer, or Victor Hugo, or George Sand, or the Countess Hahn-Hahn, or Manzoni, in place of drawing it direct and pure from the Catechism or the Gospel. And far larger numbers still, as we may all of us be conscious from our own experience, owe it to the novels with

which they occasionally refresh their way-worn spirits along the world's hot and dusty thoroughfare, that the perception of the beautiful, the enthusiasm for the grand, and all the finer sentiments and gentler and tenderer emotions which soften and embellish life, are not utterly dried up, or crusted over, or trodden out, amid the fatigues and conflicts and turmoil of this arid and weary existence.

There is yet another consideration which points in the same direction. Prose fiction furnishes not only the favorite reading of the young; it is also the line in which young writers most incline to try their powers. A few of the more enthusiastic make their first essay in verse, but the large majority prefer novels. These are easier, they require less sustained effort, and they are incomparably more certain of an audience. Again, women, as we have said above, are the chief readers of novels; they are also, of late at least, the chief writers of them. A great proportion of these authoresses too are *young ladies*. There are vast numbers of lady novelists, for much the same reason that there are vast numbers of seamstresses. Thousands of women have nothing to do, and yet are under the necessity of doing something. Every woman can handle a needle *tant bien que mal*: every unemployed woman, therefore, takes to sewing. Hundreds of educated ladies have nothing to do, and yet are tormented with a most natural desire, nay, are often under a positive obligation, to do something. Every educated lady can handle a pen *tant bien que mal*: all such, therefore, take to writing—and to novel-writing, both as the kind which requires the least special qualification and the least severe study, and also as the only kind which will sell. The number of youthful novelists, and of young-lady novelists, extant at this moment passes calculation, and was unparalleled at any former epoch. Indeed, the supply of the fiction-market has mainly fallen into their hands; and it speaks well for the general taste and cultivation of the age, that, under such circumstances, so many of the new novels that pour forth weekly from the press should be really interesting and clever, and that so few should be utterly poor or bad. But it is in the nature of things impossible that productions of such a character, from such a source, however able or however

captivating, should not be radically and inherently defective. The plot may be exciting, the style may be flowing, the sentiments may be pleasing and even stirring, and the characters may be natural, interesting, and well sustained; but the views of life and the judgments of conduct must be imperfect and superficial, and will often be thoroughly unsound. These things can not be surely deduced, as is too often fancied, from certain fixed rules and principles which may be learned *à priori*; they depend in a great measure on observation and experience, on knowledge of the world and of the characters that move and act there, and on the ascertained consequences of actions and influences of qualities. Now here the young are necessarily wanting. If the writer be a young man, his experience of life must be brief, imperfect, and inadequate. If the writer be a young lady, her experience must be not only all this, but must be partial in addition. Whole spheres of observation, whole branches of character and conduct, are almost inevitably closed to her. Nay, even with respect to the one topic which forms the staple of most novels, and a main ingredient in all, namely, love, and its various phases, varieties, and developments—her means of judgment and of delineation must be always scanty and generally superficial. She may have felt the passion, it is true; but she will have felt it only in one form—the form congenial to her own nature; she will be able, therefore, in all likelihood, to depict it only under one aspect, and will estimate its character and consequences from a personal point of view. She may possibly have enjoyed (or suffered) opportunities of observing the workings of the sentiment in some one of her friends; but its wilder issues and its fiercer crises are necessarily and righteously hidden from her sight. She may, by dint of that marvelous faculty of sympathy and intuition which is given to those who have felt profoundly and suffered long, be able to divine much which she can not discover, and to conceive much which she has never seen or heard; and the pure and God-given instincts which some women possess in so rare a measure may enable her to distinguish between the genuine and the false, the noble and the low; but many of the saddest and deepest truths in the strange science of sexual affection are to her mysteriously and mercifully veiled;

and the knowledge of them can only be purchased at such a fearful cost, that we can not wish it otherwise. The inevitable consequence, however, is, that in treating of that science she labors under all the disadvantages of partial study and superficial insight. She is describing a country of which she knows only the more frequented and the safer roads, with a few of the sweeter scenes and the prettier by-paths and more picturesque *détours* which lie not far from the broad and beaten thoroughfares; while the rockier and loftier mountains, the more rugged tracks, the more somber valleys, and the darker and more dangerous chasms, are never trodden by her feet and scarcely ever dreamed of by her fancy.

In youth, moreover, and in the youth of women more especially, there is a degree of exaltation of mind and temper which—beautiful as it is, and deeply as we should grieve over its absence—partakes of, or at least has a strong tendency to degenerate into, the morbid and unsound. It may add to the interest of a tale, but it renders it unfaithful as a picture of life, unsafe as a guide to the judgment, and often noxious in its influence on the feelings. In short—and to sum up in a single sentence the gist of all that we have said—that branch of the literature of our day which exercises the widest and most penetrating influence on the age—from which the young and the impressionable (nearly all of us, in short, at one period or other) chiefly draw their notions of life, their canons of judgment, their habitual sentiments and feelings, (so far as these are drawn from literature at all,) and their impressions as to what is admirable and right and what is detestable and wrong—is in the hands of writers whose experience of life is seldom wide and never deep, whose sympathies have not yet been chastened or corrected, whose philosophy is inevitably superficial, whose judgment can not possibly be matured, and is not very likely to be sound. The result is, that we are constantly gazing on inaccurate pictures, constantly sympathizing with artificial or reprehensible emotions, constantly admiring culpable conduct, constantly imbibing false morality.

It is chiefly with reference to this last point that we are moved at present to bear testimony. A large proportion of the novels we have recently perused appear to us to inculcate principles so

essentially erroneous, and to hold up to admiration characters and actions so intrinsically culpable and mistaken, that we should consider ourselves wanting in the discharge of our duty as ethical critics if we neglected to enter our protest, and to record the grounds of our dissent. The unsound and immoral doctrines which we wish especially to signalize, may be classed under four heads: false notions of honor; egotistical notions of self-sacrifice; sinful notions of compassion; and distorted notions of the relative enormity of various failings and offenses. And we propose to draw our illustrations from tales, all of which are remarkable for merits of no trivial order, and are written with the best intentions.

Mildred Vernon is a novel of more than ordinary excellence. It is unusually well written; the characters are well sustained; the conversations are natural and lively; the plot is one of great interest and is skillfully developed: and although much of the society into which we are introduced is, both socially and politically, as bad as need be—the scene being laid among the higher ranks in Paris towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign—yet the tone and feeling of the book are good throughout, and the morality, while neither narrow nor severe, is on the whole pure, correct, and even high-minded. The life painted is corrupt and profligate to a startling degree; but the author steers perfectly clear of the too common and most heinous faults of exciting dangerous passions by delineating scenes of temptation and of sin, or of enlisting the special interest of the reader on behalf of the splendid or voluptuous sinner. But this prevalent healthiness of sentiment and *justesse d'esprit* throw into still stronger relief the false notions of honor which are described and inculcated in the main *dénouement* of the story.

Mildred Vernon is the beautiful, proud, pure, but somewhat puritanical and rigid wife of a baronet of strong passions, weak principles, ample wealth, and deep-rooted but not ostentatious selfishness. She loves him as an ordinary English wife loves an ordinary English husband—that is, it was a love-match—and she is most dutifully devoted to him in all points; but her deeper feelings have never been awakened, and she has no more notion that she could ever be tempted than that she could

ever sin. Sir Edward brings her to Paris, finds access into one of the best circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and establishes his wife therein; and then himself falls under the influence of one of the most fascinating and vicious of the *lionnes* who infested the higher ranks in that profligate capital at that most profligate epoch. He becomes utterly bewitched, and all his bad qualities are brought out by the corrupting and degrading connection. He neglects Mildred, insults her, outrages all her sensibility of feeling, and all her ideas of virtue and decorum, unpardonably offends her dignity as a wife, and as she is very strict and very proud, irretrievably alienates her affections. She had loved him for being what she had believed him; she now despises and dislikes him, because she sees him as he really is. During the whole of this period she is constantly with the Duchesse de Montévieux and her family. The son, Gaston de Montévieux, a cultivated and superior man, with all the French agreeable politeness and too much of the French laxity of morals, becomes ardently attached to her, sees her daily, and shields her as much as he can from a knowledge of her husband's misbehavior. She, who is innocence itself, and cold not from nature but from habit and education, is for long wholly unconscious both of his devotion and of the degree in which her own feelings have become involved; but as soon as the truth flashes upon her, she acts as an English matron should and will. She has never the least notion of weakly yielding; but she perceives that her sentiments towards the young duke are such as ought not to be indulged, and that deserted as she is by her husband, she would be more fitly and safely situated among her friends in England. Thither accordingly she returns—learning too plainly from the separation that Gaston has now become all in all to her. After an interval of some months he follows her; circumstances bring about a mutual *éclaircissement*; she does not deceive him as to the state of her affections, but compels him to be generous and to respect her. His love and character become purified by the purity and elevation of hers; she reminds him of all he owes to his family and his country, and at length induces him to show himself worthy of a love of which neither need be ashamed, instead of hankering after one which could only be successful by becoming sinful, and to return to

France, and seek in the noble duties and excitements of public life either strength to forget or patience to await. In consequence, contrary to all the principles and traditions of his family, who had hitherto held scrupulously aloof from the Orleans *régime*, he enters the Chamber, and becomes a distinguished senator and speaker.

Meanwhile Sir Edward Vernon is pursuing in Paris and at Baden a course of dissipation which is rapidly wasting his fortune and undermining his health, already shattered by a wound received in a disreputable duel. His wife's generosity, and the aid of her friends, rescue him from prison; but he declines to reunite their lives, and leaves her formally and finally. Mildred, who has returned to Paris in order to make her benevolent arrangements for Sir Edward, is now daily in Gaston's company: all that is innocent in their love is gratified—all that would be culpable and unworthy is banished, even in thought, far from them; and both, though in different measure, grow wiser, nobler, tenderer, and stronger, alike from the permitted happiness and the enforced control. All this is beautifully painted. But now comes the crisis of the story, and the occasion of the false morality. Gaston had been betrothed, as is customary in France, to a young cousin of his, Olympe, then only about fifteen and in a convent. He had scarcely seen her; he had no feeling for her: the affair was a contract, a plan, a family arrangement. She was very pretty and very rich. The idea of marrying her was of course, in Gaston's new circumstances and under his new and purer notions of morality, rendered simply impossible to him by his absorbing and resolute attachment to Lady Vernon; and on one pretext or another, all consideration of the affair had been postponed. Gaston waited for some occurrence or reason which should avowedly release him from his engagement. While matters were in this position, near the whole of Olympe's fortune was invested by a speculative guardian in the scrip of a railway, the bill for authorizing which (the *concession*, as it is there called) was then passing through the Chamber. The success of this bill would double Olympe's dowry; the rejection of it would sweep it nearly all away. Gaston, wholly unconscious of this complication, carefully examines the railway project on its merits, decides against them,

and makes so convincing a speech in the Chamber, that the *concession* is refused. (All this, be it said, is absurdly improbable in France at such a time. But let that pass.) That very day he had written to the mother of his cousin, to decline fulfilling his engagement with her; but Madame de Montévreaux had intercepted and delayed the letter, and Olympe's ruin, caused by Gaston's speech, made it apparently *impossible* to send it now. The painful and difficult character of the dilemma is visible at a glance, especially when we add that, to complete it, and before the sacrifice is consummated, Sir Edward Vernon dies suddenly and as disreputably as he had lived, and leaves Mildred free.

The solution of a difficulty such as this is as good a test as could well be devised of the soundness of the moral philosophy of the author, and the principles and resolution of the actors involved. In this case, it is solved according to the radically immoral notions of "honor" prevalent in the highest ranks of most countries. Gaston at first is determined to be true to his instincts and his love; but his mother and the pious and holy confessor (the Abbé de Nangis) and poor Mildred—whose somewhat *exalté* disinterestedness and generous concern for Gaston's reputation Madame de Montévreaux is cruel enough to enlist for her purposes—all decide against him; and he yields. He marries his cousin, whom he does not love; and sacrifices Mildred, whom he does love, and whose devoted fondness he has gained by years of passionate promises and vows, and more recently by daily intercourse of the most intimate and confiding sort. And all parties concerned are regarded as having done not only what was right, but what was most eminently and sublimely virtuous. Now what are the motives which decide them, and the arguments to which Gaston yields? That "the world" will attribute Gaston's breaking off the match to the loss of Olympe's fortune, and that the irreproachable good fame and sacred "honor of an ancient and noble family" will be in consequence irreparably tarnished. "The Duc de Montévreaux" will *be thought* to have acted meanly. It is true, the mother urges both to Mildred and to her son that Lady Vernon's reputation would be in danger of being compromised—(again the eyes of "the world")—as she would be considered the cause of Gaston's hav-

ing taken such a step; but this is only thrown in as a make-weight, and is clearly of little real influence, inasmuch as if the first explanation would be so sure of adoption by the censorious public, the second need not have been sought for. What, then, is the plain English of the whole? Gaston commits a *lâcheté* and a crime to avoid *being thought* guilty of a baseness. He behaves cruelly to Mildred lest the world should believe he has acted shabbily to Olympe. He breaks his faith, lest he should be supposed to have stained his honor. With his whole heart and soul bound up in one woman, he goes to the altar with another, and plights to her his exclusive devotion and his eternal tenderness. He prefers the reality to the appearance of doing wrong and acting falsely. A saintly priest blesses and applauds the hideous falsehood and the barbarous sacrifice; and all the four participators in this sin fancy they have risen to the very zenith of martyred virtues.

This error is the more to be deplored because, in one most touching episode in these volumes, the writer has instinctively seized upon the true moral view, where merely conventional thinkers would have missed it. The story of Madame de Bois-lambert is one of the most touching we ever read. Pure, noble, and tender, with all the mingled softness and intensity of feeling due to her Spanish and Moorish origin, and brought up by her mother in the doctrine that a promise, to whomsoever and under whatsoever circumstances given, is to be sacredly fulfilled, she in early youth yields her affections and plights her troth to a remarkable young man named Lionel Chavigny. He is *bourgeois*; and her family, therefore, would forbid the match had they ever dreamed of its possibility, and had they not designed their daughter for the Marquis de Bois-lambert, a fine dignified general, but now in middle life. The poor girl consults her confessor, the Abbé de Nangis, who, finding how irrevocably her heart is fixed, at last consents to aid her so far as to persuade her mother to postpone the proposed marriage with the general for a year or two. Lionel is summoned to Spain: in about six months a report of his marriage, false, but so corroborated as to leave no room for question, reaches her; and in the revulsion of grief and despair, she consents to marry M. de Bois-lambert whenever her parents wish it.

With him she enjoys seven years of such modified happiness as a heart so deeply wounded can obtain; for her husband, though somewhat formal, and too dignified to manifest the true and deep affection which he feels, is an excellent and noble friend, full of kindness and indulgence; and she has two sweet children, on whom she lavishes all the boundless tenderness of her nature. Suddenly Chavigny reappears; she learns the mistake which has lost her to him forever, and sees how fearfully the bitterness of her supposed faithlessness has changed him. Her self-reproach is deep and dangerous; she mourns over and would fain redeem the moral ruin she has wrought. Lionel, whose knowledge of the world and cool consummate science make him one of the most formidable of men, takes advantage of her mood, and in a moment of wild and passing delirium she is lost. It was but a moment; the revulsion was immediate; her shame and grief were overwhelming. She leaves her husband's house, *alone*; for Chavigny declines to ruin her reputation as well as her peace by accepting the sacrifice she offers; but she will not deceive the husband she has betrayed, and refuses to return home. The story soon becomes known, and even in Paris excites deep regret and sympathy; for Louise is universally worshiped and beloved. Every one—even her husband—feels it impossible to attach the idea of *guilt* to the momentary frenzy of one so pure; and M. de Bois Lambert, when, after the lapse of a year, he has discovered her retreat, allows her to see her children, and, conquered by his own love and her deep contrition and intrinsic excellence, offers pardon and reconciliation. The scene which ensues is one of the most affecting in any work of fiction. The poor, afflicted, humbled wife, overcome by her husband's attachment and generosity, and yearning more than words can tell to be back with him and with her children, yet fears that she ought not to accept a forgiveness of which few could comprehend the grandeur or the beauty, and which, therefore, would expose him to ridicule and evil tongues. So far all is sound and genuine feeling. But now comes in that fascinating notion of self-sacrifice, so fatal when perverted and *sentimental*; and Louise, feeling that she has "no right" to be so happy, determines that duty compels her to make all connected with

her as unhappy as she can. Two considerations finally, after a fearful struggle, decide her to decline her husband's love, and to leave him forever because she had left him for an hour. *First*, she says that she has "the sins of two souls upon her conscience," and her life must henceforth be devoted to an expiation for them both: so she becomes a *Sœur de Charité*, and deserts the duty of consoling and cheering the husband and the children whom God has given her, for that of consoling and cheering the miscellaneous poor whom she may find in hospitals! And *secondly*, she argues that she must not expose her husband to the ridicule which "the world" attaches to the husband who forgives; and, to clench the argument, when one of the most outrageous *lorettes* of Paris, in passing her, lets fall a remark about "improper persons," she turns to M. de Bois Lambert, and says, (as if this practical proof admitted no rejoinder,) "You see, Ferdinand, it *can not* be!" If this be not deplorable weakness and distortion, our notions of right and wrong must be far astray.

Léonie Vermont is, like *Mildred Vernon*, a picture of love abandoned and happiness trampled under foot in obedience to misty and crooked notions of what honor and dignity enjoin. The Comte de Briancour, a legitimist noble of the true old incurable type, adopts and brings up with his own children the son and daughter of a comrade of inferior rank—in fact, a sergeant of his regiment—who had saved his life in battle. The brother and sister receive a good education, but grow up as different as it is possible to conceive. Philippe Vermont, who proves to have considerable talents as an artist, is a type of every thing that is mean and revolting in the French character. Ambitious, envious, treacherous, and malignant, without principles as without convictions, an admirer of sensual beauty and caring only for sensual enjoyment, he adopts republican views in their worst and lowest form, goes to the metropolis, and there leads a life of alternate political intrigue, profligate pleasure, and pictorial success. His sister Léonie—an ardent and enthusiastic republican; a true daughter of "the People," and believing above all things in the people's nobleness; grand, beautiful, and haughty, full of elevated sentiments and commanding courage—reads her brother's

character to its very depths, and distrusts, despises, and dislikes him. Ferdinand de Briancour, the only son of the Count, is a young poet of honorable and refined sentiments, considerable ability, and liberal though decidedly monarchical in his political opinions. Brought up with Léonie in the retirement of a country-house, he, as might be expected, falls in love with her; and she after a while returns his affection, with all the concentrated strength of her vigorous and unsophisticated nature. But she is too proud to dream of marrying Ferdinand without the Count's consent, and the Count's consent both the lovers well know will never be given to a *mésalliance*. So they resolve to love on, and wait patiently for better days. In the mean time the whole family go to Paris, and the Revolution of 1848 breaks out. Philippe Vermont, who has been a leading member of those secret societies where socialism was preached as a creed and assassination enjoined as a duty, and which so largely contributed to the fatal success of that most deplorable outbreak, becomes a great man, and is represented as holding the position actually assigned to Louis Blanc. He revels in all the joys of luxury and power; his selfishness, meanness, and the utter insincerity of all his ultra-liberal professions, become daily more manifest; and ever fresh instances of his profligacy unvail his character more and more to his disgusted connections. With the establishment of regular government his post is taken from him; he fails (while Ferdinand succeeds) in being elected a member of the Chamber, and sinks down into one of the most desperate and dishonest of the insurgent conspirators of June. The dreadful scenes of that three-days conflict are well described. Philippe is there, but in safety, and adds cowardice to his other vices. He is on the barricades at last; and when the gallant and saintly Archbishop of Paris appeared amid the combatants, cross in hand, towards the end of the third day, to prevent further bloodshed, Philippe's was supposed to be the hand which fired the fatal shot which slew that venerated prelate, whose death struck both parties with horror. Philippe escapes to England; but is burnt in effigy by the populace, and condemned *par contumace* by the authorities.

And now comes into play the paltry, distorted, fanciful morality which we de-

nounce. As soon as this catastrophe and Philippe's reported share in it become known, Léonie, though heart-broken by the conviction, determines that her engagement with Ferdinand must be broken off; that their union thenceforth would be a crime in her and an infamy to him; and not only his saintly sister, Madame Isabelle, and the saintly priest, the Abbé de Lavergne, but Ferdinand himself, while wild with grief at the decision, at once accept it as obviously and indisputably inevitable. The marriage from that moment becomes in the eyes of all a guilty *impossibility*. The author's mind here seems to grow as muddy as those of her heroines and heroes; and her development of this, the *dénouement* of her story, is singularly weak and inconclusive. Observe: The engagement between Ferdinand Léonie was entered into with the full knowledge on the part of both of Philippe's utter lowness and unworthiness of nature; neither of them dreamed that the brother's vice could tarnish or obscure the sister's inherent nobleness, or render her union with a high-minded and long-descended gentleman other than an equal and a righteous match; and both Madame Isabelle and the Abbé sanctioned and blessed the project. They subsequently discover that Philippe's seduction has ruined a poor girl in whom they were deeply interested, and that his desertion has driven her to suicide; but their pain and indignation lead to no ideas menacing their love. They learn that he is the leader of a band of secret conspirators, whose object is anarchy and pillage, and among whose means is murder; yet this even raises no barrier between the lovers. They know him to be infamous in every way and by every title; yet never dream that the infamy of the brother disgraces or implicates the sister, or makes her a thing whom an honorable man may not take to his bosom and cover with his name. But no sooner do they see him burnt in effigy amid the curses of the mob whom he had abandoned and misled—no sooner do they learn that he (like so many other insurgents) has been condemned to the galleys *he had all along deserved*—no sooner do they hear that his is said to have been the hand which slew the Archbishop (though no evidences of the fact can be obtained, and though the tenor of the narrative implies that the fatal shot, if fired by him at all, was not designed for

the martyred prelate, but for a personal antagonist with whom he was struggling in a mortal conflict)—than the mask falls from their eyes at once, and they perceive, as by a flash of lightning that “a name” so infamous as that of Vermont can never mingle with a name so noble as that of Briancour! What hollow selfishness, what cruel pride, are here decked out in the rich plumes of “Honor!” What a poor and unreal passion comes in to claim the crown of martyrdom, and calls upon Religion to cast her halo round the shallow fallacy! For, of course, the abbé applauds, and even urges the self-sacrifice; and sends Léonie, with “up-turned eyes” and broken heart, into a convent. Observe once more, (that we may tear away the vail completely from this *exalté* and high-sounding sophistry :) Philippe Vermont has committed crimes and meannesses *worthy* of the galleys, yet Léonie, indignant and disgusted as she is, feels no dishonor recoiling upon her, nor does Ferdinand shrink from the sister on account of the brother’s abject and alien nature; but as soon as he receives (though in his absence) the legal recompense of his deeds, *then* all must be ended between them. He is already so infamous, that no condemnation, however public, can make him more so: his condemnation teaches *them* nothing new, but it proclaims all to the world; and herein lies the sting, the difference, the damning and deciding fact! Léonie renounces her affianced husband, and Ferdinand accepts the renunciation, not because Philippe is a cowardly and blood-stained ruffian, with whom the remotest connection is inherent shame, but because he has been discovered and denounced as such. And finally, to complete the distortion of view manifest throughout: All the blood which Philippe has indirectly shed, all the ignorant assassins whose hands he has armed and whose fury he has whetted, raise no dividing cloud between Léonie and her betrothed; but in a civil conflict he *accidentally* slays an archbishop who is bearing the emblem of peace to the insurgents, he is believed to have undesignedly imbrued his hands in the blood of a venerated prelate; and forthwith the avenging angel, who has connived at all the *lay* slaughter for which the same criminal is accountable, stands with his flaming sword between the innocent lovers, and drives them from their common paradise!

Once for all—on this subject of “self-sacrifice,” we would exhort sentimental and ethical romance-writers to clear and purify their fantastic and flatulent morality, and substitute healthy strength for morbid and unnatural excitement. The power of surrendering and renouncing the dearest hopes and happiness of life at the clear command of DUTY, whether that duty be religious, political, or linked with the affections, is the divinest of human faculties, and its exercise affords the sublimest spectacle that can be witnessed on this earth; but to make this sacrifice to family pride, to the world’s breath, to the wrong passions or the shallow prejudices of others, is a spurious and histrionic imitation. It is building an altar to a false god; it is endowing with your dearest wealth the shrine of a mistaken faith; it is enthroning and worshipping a weakness which, however amiable and unselfish, is a weakness still. And when, as in almost all these instances is the case, the sacrifice made involves the happiness of another person as well as our own, and entails, as usually happens, deception practiced on a third, the deed becomes a wrong and a cruelty as well as a mistake. And considering the tendency, so prevalent among all moralists and most scrupulous and sincere minds, to imagine a course of conduct to be especially virtuous simply because it is especially difficult and painful; and the probability therefore that these heroic sacrifices of ourselves and others will generally be made in those moods of exaggerated generosity and feverish enthusiasm which are always dangerous, often artificial, and almost inevitably transient—it is especially incumbent on all who venture to paint such scenes and describe the feelings they excite, to beware lest they confound and misapply the fundamental principles of duty and of *justice*, and lead those who are guided by them to mistake idolatry for piety, and rush into misery at the dictate of an unsound and inflated sentiment when they fancy they are obeying the solemn voice of a divine decree. Frequent errors on this subject bring discredit on the grandest virtue possible to man. We ought to be able to admire not only the courage of martyrs, but their wisdom likewise, and not be perpetually condemned to the demoralizing task of lamenting that the power of acting right should be so often divorced from the faculty of seeing straight.

That "diversity of gifts," which assigns strong sense and sagacity to one man, and purity and disinterested purpose to another; that apparent poverty of the moral nature, which seems as if it could not afford to endow the same person with excellence and talent, which makes the good so often feeble in intellect and the sensible so often frail in conscience—is one of the gravest trials to our faith; and novelists have done much to make it heavier still.

Kathie Brande is another tale of injudicious and unkind, because self-considering, self-sacrifice. The story is one of uncommon beauty, full of exquisite and gentle sentiment simply and charmingly expressed, and distinguished by a sustained elevation wholly free from exaggeration. Kathie's mother is a widow, in narrow but not uncomfortable circumstances, with four or five children, of whom Kathie is the eldest and the most important. She is betrothed to a sensible and exemplary young curate, and they are to be married in the spring. But her only brother, Stephen, is an idle, selfish, and utterly ignoble creature, caring for nothing but his own pleasures, and careless of his family, of which he is the chief burden, instead of being its chief support. He has plenty of ability; but he has no sense of decency, duty, or affection; and he will not work. His mother strains her slender means to send him to the university; where he disgraces himself, incurs debts to the amount of more than a thousand pounds in two years, and ends by getting himself expelled. In addition to this, he is mean enough to sponge upon his sister, whom he has impoverished, to supply his own luxuries and fancies. His family, in place of letting him meet the penalty of his wickedness and cruel folly, and forcing him to support himself, submit to the greatest privations to satisfy his creditors, and allow him, without a word of reproach or exhortation—without even pointing out to him his obvious duty, which he does not even think of seeing—to remain idly and expensively at home. Here was the first moral error; any one so selfish, insensible, and abject, could obviously be brought round only by the heavy pressure of personal suffering, and should have been forced to meet his own difficulties and atone for his own sins. But this was not all. In order to

pay Stephen's debts and support Stephen's idleness, the small dowry which was to have enabled Kathie to marry Felix Mayne had to be surrendered, and the marriage had to be indefinitely postponed. Here was the second error—one more serious and patent than the first. This was not self-sacrifice alone; it was sacrificing the happiness of *another*, who ought to have been and was dearer than herself, to her own views of what was right and fitting. It was sacrificing a noble lover, whom she might have blessed, to a wretched brother whom her generosity could not redeem, but could only harden and confirm in his evil ways. Still, something might be said in defense of her disinterested error, for she was her brother's main stay; and when once the resolution to pay Stephen's debts had reduced them to poverty, her presence at home could scarcely have been dispensed with.

A few years pass on. Stephen, for whom so much had been endured and foregone, pursues a course of worthlessness ill-fitted to recompense those who had so loved and served him; Kathie grows thin and worn with toil, waiting, and soreness of heart; and Felix Mayne becomes soured and saddened by his loveless and solitary life. At last Kathie sees that it is wrong and selfish to retain a love which it may be years before she is able to reward, so she absolves Felix from his engagement. But Felix has become prosperous and famous. He refuses to be set free, declares he has enough for all, and urges her to bring her mother to live with them; for to this mother the family is now reduced. It is impossible to assign any sober or valid grounds for her refusal. But she *does* refuse: given over to this distorted notion of self-sacrifice, she is deaf to his entreaties, cruel to his enduring love, tells him that her mother could not bear dependence, sends him empty away; and then sinks back broken-hearted upon her desolate and darkened life. Now we do not say that a woman—and a noble and tender-hearted woman too—might not have acted thus; but we do say that the author ought to have represented this refusal as a deplorable error and not a sublime virtue, and to have pointed out how far the want of sound judgment detracted from the value of the noble impulse. The grander the moral faculty, the more important is it that it should be enlisted in a righteous cause.

Framleigh Hall is a novel of much interest and of many faults; but of great promise also. It is evidently the production of a lady, and of a young lady, who has read and thought more than she has seen or felt; but of whose powers, when they have been developed and enriched by the experience of life and a more wide and varied knowledge of the world, we are inclined to augur very highly. The characters are all distinctly conceived, and their individuality is preserved throughout the tale—a sure sign of clear thought and careful workmanship. The writer is evidently worthy of guidance and of warning, and we feel certain will take neither ill; and therefore we have selected her romance as an example of wrong notions on a subject on which it is peculiarly important for women to have right ones. Her two heroines—one singularly attractive, and the other singularly excellent—set about committing a great sin under the delusion that they are obeying a solemn duty, and exercising a most virtuous and generous self-denial; and the authoress seems almost wholly unconscious what an ethical enormity she is holding up to admiration.

Grenville is a young man of good property and considerable talents, handsome and elegant in his person, and, when he pleases, agreeable in society; but without one single amiable or estimable quality. A tyrant at home and at school; cruel, passionate, and brutal while a child, and through all subsequent stages up to finished manhood; utterly selfish, and incapable of affection, tenderness, gratitude, or any generous and gentlemanly sentiment, though sometimes putting on an external varnish of good manners; rude and even ruffianly, not only to his school-mates, but to his mother, his sister, and his betrothed—he is about the most unredeemably bad and detestable character ever drawn. Maurice Delamere is just the reverse of all this: of a delicate, nervous, and susceptible organization, physically timid, though morally and conscientiously courageous; refined, cultivated, generous, and affectionate, but too irresolute to make his way in the world, and too shrinking and too conscious of his own defects ever to do himself justice in the eyes of others; not fitted to win the hearts of ordinary women, but sure to make any woman happy who could understand and appreciate him, and sure to

be eternally grateful for such appreciation exactly because he felt it was what he could expect from few; just the man also to be Grenville's victim; as accordingly he is, from infancy to death. Grenville has a sister, Isabella, in all respects his opposite—somewhat sickly and not at all attractive, but a woman of strong principles and warm affections, thoroughly amiable, and attached even to her brother, though painfully and reluctantly conscious of his unworthiness, and long a sufferer from his hard and brutal selfishness. With her and her mother lives the heroine, Eugenia, a portionless cousin, beautiful, vivacious, uncultivated, and untamed; but with all a woman's best instincts native and unspoiled within her. While very young, and incapable of estimating character, she attracted the fancy of her cousin Grenville, who was charmed by her grace and beauty, and longed for her as a plaything and an ornament; and, pleased with his attentions and ignorant of his vice, she thoughtlessly consented to engage herself to him. He entered the army, and was some time absent. Even when at home he paid her scarcely any attention, yet exacted from her the amplest devotion and incessant compliance with his whims. She had no real affection for him, and began to weary of his selfishness; but still continued to consider herself as pledged some day or other to become his wife. Meanwhile she met Maurice in society, and gradually grew intimate with him. His conversation and character opened a new world to her. She grew to be conscious of her want of culture, and to be anxious to supply the want. Maurice aided her; not only developed and aroused her dormant sensibilities of mind and spirit, but supplied from the riches of his own nature the pabulum needed by the newly-awakened want. There is no influence so profound or irresistible as that exercised over an intellectual woman by the man who first stirs that intellect into conscious life, and can lead it to the treasures which it longs to rifle, and guide it through the flowery and starry pathways which it yearns to tread. Eugenia—whose heart has never been touched—becomes unwittingly attached to Maurice; and Maurice, who is quite unaware of her engagement to his enemy and evil genius, loves her with intensest fervor. She soon becomes aware of this; and a visit which Grenville pays

to his home, wherein he displays all the coarseness and violence of his bad and ungovernable nature, makes her feel forcibly the contrast of the two men, and determine that she can never give herself to so unbearable a master.

But Isabella, the suffering and affectionate sister of this domestic wretch, perceives the growing attachment; and aware how fatal it will be to her brother's hopes and happiness, sets resolutely to work to counteract it. She knows that her brother is wholly unworthy of a heart like Eugenia's; she is *dimly*, but refuses to be *clearly*, conscious that he will maltreat her and make her miserable; yet still she believes that the loss of his betrothed will not only disappoint him into fury, but drive him irretrievably into evil courses: for though as incapable of appreciating Eugenia as of deserving her, he undoubtedly loves her with a passion which is compounded of artist admiration and animal desire. Accordingly Miss Grenville, though cognizant of the true and faithful mutual tenderness of Maurice and Eugenia, forgetting how sacred such affection is, determines to make these two wretched that she may make one man imperfectly and transiently happy, and to immolate two noble and loving hearts to the pleasure of gratifying and the hope of redeeming her bad brother. She will blight their lives and mar their souls rather than that he should lose his plaything and his sweetmeat. She persuades and almost compels Eugenia into the conspiracy against herself, by representing to her what she owes to Grenville's father, to her own youthful promise, and to the prospect of reclaiming the irreclaimable; and, strange to say, her cousin yields to these wretched arguments, and consents to abandon Maurice, whom she loves, and to marry Grenville, whom she dreads, despises, and is fast learning to abhor.

Now, according to our reading of the moral law, such conduct is foolishly and scandalously wicked; and no self-suffering involved in it can make it otherwise. To marry one man while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a decent woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy—against purity even—against justice, against kindness, against truth. It involves giving that to legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to any thing but reciprocal affection. It involves a double treachery

and a double cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting the life and soiling the soul, of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment and the bitter disappointment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom of a soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and night, at our down-sitting and our uprising; deception in every relation—deception in the tenderest and most out-speaking moments of existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, difficult, degrading, unrewarded lie. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation. For Woman, in very truth, this is the sin against the Holy Ghost—the “sin unto death”—the sin which casts a terrible darkness over both worlds. Yet here are two pure and virtuous maidens preparing and persuading to commit it out of mere disinterested tenderness; and a third describing the Suttee, and, with applauding gestures though with streaming eyes, encouraging the human sacrifice.

Novelists err grievously and habitually in their estimates of the relative culpability of certain sins, failings, and backslidings. It must be admitted that the church and the world too generally err as grievously, and in the same direction. Frailties, which often indicate nothing worse than too much tenderness and too little strength, are spoken of and treated with a cruel harshness which should be reserved for, and might fitly be lavished on, the bitter, selfish, or malignant passions. The grasping and cruel man is gravely rebuked; on the feeble and erring woman is poured forth a flood of virtuous indignation. The weak flesh is beaten with many stripes; the wicked spirit is gently told to go and sin no more. The tyrannical and selfish temper, that makes every one around it miserable, is blamed as an unamiable fault; the yielding folly, which can refuse nothing to one it loves, is denounced as an unpardonable sin. Provided a man is strictly honest, decorous in demeanor, and what we call “moral”—that is, not impure—in conduct, he is accepted by the novelist, he passes current in the world, he appears unre-

buked before the altar; though he be a tyrannical husband and a brutal father, though he be an abject flatterer, a cold hypocrite, or a haughty Pharisee; though he never hesitates for an instant either to gratify his own feelings or to trample on those of others. But provided a woman, however young, however ignorant in the world's ways, however desolate and sorely tried, has unloosed for one moment the girdle of her maiden innocence—though the lapse may have been instantaneous, delirious, instantly repented and resolutely retrieved—though in her essential nature she may still be all that is noble, affectionate, devoted, womanly, and unstained—she is punished without discrimination as the most sunk of sinners; and, what is more especially to our present purpose, all writers of fiction represent her as acquiescing in the justice of the sentence.

Now we say unhesitatingly that these are not righteous, as most assuredly they are not Christian, judgments. Far be it from us to say one word calculated to render less strong, less lofty, less thorny, or less insurmountable, the barrier which protects female chastity in our land, or to palliate untruly that frailty which is always a deplorable weakness, and often a heinous sin. Its gravity can not easily be overstated; and, God knows, the penalty exacted is always most terrifically adequate. But we do say that truth and justice are both violated by those writers who persist in representing sins of frailty in *all instances* as either inherently so grave in their consequences to happiness, or so surely indicative of lost or absent excellence—and therefore calling for such fierce denunciation—as those sins of malignant passion, selfish spirit, and bitter temper, which are so usually accepted as natural, venial, and normal. The indulgence of the bad passions is surely worse than the indulgence of the soft ones; though it is guilty, because weak, in both cases. Yielding to temptation must be always sinful; but yielding to wishes not in themselves nor at all times wrong, can not justly be condemned so sternly as yielding to passions inherently and invariably violent and criminal. In this direction, at least, lay the judgment and the sympathies of Jesus, as the whole tenor of his words and deeds proclaims; for while he denounced the hard and cruel rulers of the land, the grasping lawyer and the supercilious Pharisee, with

an indignation that is refreshingly human, he comforted and pardoned the frail wife and the weeping Magdalen with a grave tenderness that is unmistakably divine. He who spake as never man spake, he who saw what few other men could see, knew that, in the woman who has gone astray through the weakness of an ill-placed or thirsting affection, there might yet lie untouched depths of purity, self-devotion, and capacity for the loftiest virtue, which it would be vain to look for in the man whose cold and selfish bosom no tender or generous emotion had ever thawed, or in the man "who trusted in himself that he was righteous, and despised others."

These remarks have been suggested to us by the re-perusal of a most beautiful and touching tale, wherein the erroneous moral estimate we are signaling appears in a very mild form; and which, indeed, would appear to have been written with the design of modifying and correcting it, though the author's ideas were not quite clear or positive enough to enable her to carry out boldly or develop fully the conception she had formed. Mrs. Gaskell's novel of *Ruth* is too well known to lay us under the necessity of narrating the story in detail. Ruth, innocent and beautiful, left an orphan and without connections, is turned out of doors at sixteen by a harsh and hasty mistress, in whose establishment she had been placed to learn dress-making; and not knowing whither to turn in her despair, is persuaded by a gentleman, who had already half-engaged her youthful fancy, to accept shelter and assistance from him. She goes astray, scarcely, if at all, knowing that she is doing wrong, but from a gentleness of nature that never dreams of resisting the influence or the persuasions of those she loves. After a while her lover deserts her; and the remarks and behavior of the world, and the teachings of an excellent dissenting minister and his sister, awaken her to a perception of the error she has committed and the light in which that error is regarded. The process by which her character is purified and elevated, and her fault redeemed, through the influence of Mr. Benson and her passionate attachment to her child, is described with a fidelity to the deeper and truer secrets of our nature which is as beautiful as it is unique. Among the members of Mr. Benson's congregation is a wealthy and

influential merchant, Mr. Bradshaw—the very distilled essence of a disagreeable Pharisee; ostentatious, patronizing, self-confident, and self-worshipping; rigidly righteous according to his own notion, but in our eyes a heinous and habitual offender; a harsh and oppressive tyrant in his own family without perceiving it, or rather without admitting that his harshness and oppression is other than a sublime virtue, yet driving by it one child into rebellion and another into hypocrisy and crime, and arousing the angry passions of every one with whom he comes in contact; having no notion of what temptation is, either as a thing to be resisted or succumbed to, for the simple reason that all *his* temptations, which are those of pride, selfishness, and temper, are yielded to and defended as virtuous impulses; prone to trample, and ignorant of the very meaning of tenderness and mercy. This man, reeking with the sins Christ most abhorred, turns upon the unhappy Ruth, (who after six years of exemplary life, has become a governess in his house,) as soon as he accidentally learns her history, with a brutal savage violence and a coarse unfeeling cruelty which we need not scruple to affirm constituted a far greater sin than poor Ruth had committed, or would have committed had her lapse from chastity been willful and persistent instead of unconscious, transient, and bitterly and nobly atoned for. Something of this very conviction was evidently in Mrs. Gaskell's mind; and we can scarcely doubt that she placed Mr. Bradshaw's hard and aggressive Pharisaism in such strong relief and contrast by way of insinuating the comparative moral we have boldly stated. In any case, such is the resulting impression which must be left upon the reader's mind. But what we object to in her book is

this: that the tone and language habitually adopted throughout, both by Ruth herself and by her friends when alluding to her fault, is at war with this impression and with the true tenor of the facts recorded. Mrs. Gaskell scarcely seems at one with herself in this matter. Anxious above all things to arouse a kinder feeling in the uncharitable and bitter world towards offenders of Ruth's sort, to show how thoughtless and almost unconscious such offenses sometimes are, and how slightly, after all, they may affect real purity of nature and piety of spirit, and how truly they may be redeemed when treated with wisdom and with gentleness—she has first imagined a character as pure, pious, and unselfish as poet ever fancied, and described a lapse from chastity as faultless as such a fault can be; and then, with damaging and unfaithful inconsistency, has given in to the world's estimate in such matters, by assuming that the sin committed was of so deep a dye that only a life of atoning and enduring penitence could wipe it out. If she designed to awaken the world's compassion for the ordinary class of betrayed and deserted Magdalenes, the circumstances of Ruth's error should not have been made so innocent, nor should Ruth herself have been painted as so perfect. If she intended to describe a saint, (as she has done,) she should not have held conventional and mysterious language about her as a grievous sinner.

We have more to say upon this subject, for it is a very wide and a very grave one; but our space is exhausted, and we have probably drawn as largely as is wise upon our readers' attention. But the faulty religion, which disfigures modern novels nearly as much as false morality, may perhaps tempt us to take up the subject once more on some other occasion.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GEORGE SAND ON PRINCE TALLEYRAND.*

A GRAPHIC AND POWERFUL PORTRAITURE.

Two names more thoroughly antipathetic to each other than those which stand at the head of this article could not be brought together. But as it is from antipathies or sympathies that characters are almost invariably drawn, there is not, perhaps—according to this rule—very much more than the usual exaggeration in the picture we are about to exhibit of Prince Talleyrand, sketched, colored, and set in a rich background, by George Sand. What surplus exaggeration there is, may be attributed to the fact, that the renowned diplomatist portrayed, was one of the very few—thank God—illustrious men filling the historic portrait-gallery, who excite no sympathy. Had he even been a Machiavel, a Rochefoucauld, or a Montaigne, the case would have been different. However our most cherished opinions and feelings might be outraged, we should then see, at least, the intellect at work, the mind strongly moved by questions which agitate or have agitated at one time or other, all who think: some human entrails within him; in doubt, there would be earnest thought—in the conclusions which most revolt us, curious and profound investigation; and we should feel attracted towards him by the very vehemence with which we should oppose his doctrines. But we never get a glimpse at all of the inner man of the Voltarian expriest, and consequently fairly presume that he had none that was not intensely and exclusively diplomatic. If he had, he contrived to shroud it so carefully in silence and in mystery—his ways were so subterranean—his tread so stealthy and noiseless—his agency so potent, and his means

so invisible—if we saw his hand, we saw nothing but his hand—that what appears of his character is, to say the best of it, enigmatical, and forms a background (as acts which shun the light, we very naturally conclude belong to darkness) from which only a dark portrait can fittingly stand out. Such at least was the opinion Frenchmen entertained of the Prince whilst he was alive. Owing to the secret and unaccountable influence he was supposed every where to exert, a sort of superstition was attached to his name, and the mingled dread, respect, and abhorrence it was wont to inspire in France, especially after the downfall of Napoleon, are well depicted in the brilliant little fragment we are now about to translate, that is, to transfuse, if possible, into English.

The preceding remarks having prepared our readers for the strain in which the supposed dialogue which follows is written, we have only further to say, by way of preface, that it was originally published in a newspaper, and has never yet been inserted, we believe, among the collected works of its highly gifted but very graceless authoress. Its opening passages put one in mind, by their tone of sensitive and thoughtful morality, of the two shepherds in Virgil musing and moralizing on the manners of the great city, Rome. As to the vials of burning wrath which the fair lady has thought proper to pour on the head of the hoary diplomatist—that certainly is in another spirit. But to commence just as abruptly as she commences.

“Wherefore, then, do we live?” exclaimed he, seating himself, with a sudden movement, on the stone bench in front of the chateau. “What profit is there in our lives? What noble use do we make of our faculties? What, then, is virtue? Is it a stagnant marsh or an impetuous river: the buried diamond, or the bursting lava, shrouding its brilliancy from the light, or

* We once stood near this renowned man, and gazed with intense interest at his white hair, swarthy face, piercing, dazzling, diamond-like, snake-like eyes, club-footed, short statured, leaning on the arms of two attendants—the great diplomatist of Napoleon.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

shedding intolerable splendor over the world?"

"In none of these things is virtue imaged," I replied; "I would rather liken it to a little rivulet, proceeding from the peaceful grotto, giving moisture to verdant meadows, to plants which embalm the air, and to flowers which enamel the earth. Virtue, mind you, is not genius, it is goodness. You who are so ambitious, look at that palace, think of him who inhabits it, and tell me, are you not reconciled to your lot?"

"Hideous consolation!" responded my friend.

"Patience, patience," I resumed, "do not believe it is apathy which makes me counsel contentment. When one can prevent crime, it is mean and cowardly to wash one's hands like Pilate. But, tell me are you not seized with an invincible disgust, a secret horror for active life in front of that chateau, where so many unclean projects, so many compact scoundrelisms, brood and germinate in the silence of the night? Know you not that the man resides there who, for sixty years, has been playing with crowns and nations, as at a game of chess? Who knows but that this man, the first time he sat before a table in the public service, had an honest resolution in his head, and a noble sentiment in his heart?"

"Never," cried my friend; "profane not integrity by such a thought. That lip, like a cat's, drawn up, and clinging to the gums, that other lip, like a satyr's, large and falling: a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness; those soft and well-rounded lineaments, marking suppleness of character; that dangerous fold on a prominent forehead; that arrogant nose, with that reptile look; so many contrasts on a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vice and little actions. Never has the heart of this man felt the warmth of a generous emotion; never has a frank idea traversed his laborious head; that man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, even in despising him, has contemplated him with a stupid admiration. I will defy you to abase yourself even to the most extraordinary of his talents."

Here my friend stopped with an air ironically joyous, and after a few moments' silence, resumed:

"Contemplate a moment the pale, immovable face of this old palace! Listen

and look; all is somber and silent. It seems as if we were in a burying-ground; yet fifty persons at least inhabit that wing. There are but some few of its windows barely lighted. Not the slightest noise betrays the whereabouts of the master, his society, or his suite. What order, what respect, what gloom presides over his little empire! The doors open and shut without noise. The valets come and go without awakening an echo by their tread under these mysterious arches. Their service seems to be done by enchantment. Look at that window, a little better lighted than the others, through which you may see the uncertain specter of a white statue: that is the dining-room. There are assembled sportsmen, artists, brilliant women, men of fashion, and all which France possesses, the most exquisite in elegance and grace. But do you hear from this assembly a song, a laugh, or the raised sound of a single voice, attesting the presence of man! I would wager even that they avoid each other's looks, lest a thought should circulate under ceilings which canopy silence, mystery, and secret dread. Not a valet dares sneeze, not a dog dares to bark, in this place. Does it not seem to you that the air around these Moorish towers is more sonorous than in any other spot of the earth? But hark! I think I hear the roll of a carriage over the fine sand of the court. It is the master returning. Eleven o'clock has just struck. It is impossible to conceive a life more regular, a diet more strictly observed, an existence more avariciously distributed, than that of this octogenarian fox. Go and ask him if he believes himself so necessary to the conservation of the human race, that he so anxiously watches over his own. Go and tell him that twenty times a day you are on the verge of despair, from the fear of remaining unprofitable to your fellow-creatures, and that you are alarmed and care-stricken at the idea of living without virtue, and you will see him smile like one abandoned, to whom a pious virgin might confess the languidness of her prayer, or her inattention during the divine service. Ask by what occupations, by what good actions, his day is filled up? His people will tell you that he rises at eleven o'clock, and gives four hours to his toilet, in the vain attempt to impart some appearance of life to his marble face, which dissimulation has petrified even more than age. At

three o'clock you will be told he takes the air in his carriage, attended by his physician, driving up and down the solitary alleys of his immense park. At five o'clock the most scientific and succulent dinner which can be prepared in France, is served up to him; and his cook is, in his own sphere, a personage as rare, as profound, and as much admired as himself. After the repast, of which every course is announced by a flourish of trumpets, the Prince gives a few minutes to his family and his little court. Every exquisite word, emanating in pity from his lips, has the effect of bending the person to whom it is addressed double. A canonized saint would not inspire more veneration in a community of *devots*. As the night falls the Prince again enters his carriage with his physician, for a second promenade. He has just now returned; you see the light just appearing in his window in that retired apartment, which is guarded by his lackey in his absence, with an affectation of mystery as solemn as it is ridiculous. He will now be deeply at work till five o'clock in the morning. At work! Oh! moon, rise not yet, hide thy timid ray behind the black horizon of the forest; river, suspend thy course, slow and feeble as it is; leaves, tremble not on the foreheads of the trees; all nature, be mute and motionless, like the stone of a sepulchre, for the genius of man awakes; the most skillful and important of the princes of the earth is about to bend over a table, and, by the light of his lamp, in the depths of his cabinet, like Jupiter, from the height of Olympus, to move the world by the contraction of his brows!

"But what, then, has this astonishing man produced by sixty years of assiduous vigils and unremitting labors! What has brought the representatives of all the powers of the earth into his cabinet? What important services have all the sovereigns who have possessed and lost the crown of France, for half a century, received from him! Wherefore that unaccountable terror on which he walks, as on a soft carpet, through a host of difficulties and dangers? What revolutions has he effected or paralyzed? What sanguinary wars, what public calamities, what scandalous exactions, has he hindered? How has he been so necessary, this voluptuous hypocrite, to all our kings, from the haughty conqueror to the bigoted *devot*, that they have imposed upon us the shame and the

disgrace of his elevation? Napoleon, in his contempt, branded him with a soldier's metaphor, full of energetic cynicism; and Charles X., in the days of his orthodoxy, said—in a whisper be it understood—'*After all, he is a married priest!*' But has he staid them in their terrible falls, these masters whom he has alternately flattered and betrayed? Where are his benefits? Where are his works? No one knows. No one can, will, or dare, declare what titles this inevitable statesman possesses to power and glory: his most brilliant actions are enveloped in impenetrable clouds. His genius exists only in silence and imposture."

"And what do you say," cried I, "to the imbecility of the nation which suffers this infamy, and allows its name, its honor, and its blood, to be apposed to shameful contracts which it is completely ignorant of? Do you still desire to act a part on the political theater?"

"The more my fellow-men are abased," replied my friend, "the greater desire I feel to exalt them. I am not discouraged. But let me indulge in my indignation against this impenetrable man, who has moved us all about at his will, like pawns upon his chess-board, and would not devote the great power he has possessed to our advancement; who has had possession of the world only to heap up a fortune, satisfy his vices, and impose upon his despoiled dupes the debasing esteem of his iniquitous talents. The benefactors of humanity die in exile and on the cross, but thou, old vulture, bald and gorged, wilt die in the nest slowly and unwillingly; and, as death crowns all men with a mild, forgiving halo, thy vices and basenesses will be quickly forgotten, and thy talents and seductions alone remembered."

"But see! a window is opening; it is the Prince's."

"How," said my friend, lowering his voice, "do corpses feel too warm? Do marbles need to respire the evening air? What are those two white heads which advance, as if to regard the moon? It is the Prince and his—how shall I call him? for I will not profane the name of friend on which M. de M. prides himself before servants and subalterns. Besides, it is a title which he would not permit himself to assume in the presence of his master; for he would sneer at all expressions which represent sentiments. To make use, then, of a term of their calling, I will denomi-

nate M. de M. an *attaché* of the Prince, although his functions consist merely in admiring and writing down in an album all the *bon mots* which for forty years have issued from that incomparable mouth. I will give you one as an example: *Distrust always a first impulse, and never yield to it, for it is almost always good.* But listen to that sepulchral note! Which, then, of the two philosophers has spoken? But, no; I am wrong: it is the cry of the screech-owl flying from the forest. Good! Scream louder, bird of ill omen, proclaimer of funerals. . . . Ah! Monseigneur, there is a voice which you can not frighten back into the throat of the insulter. Do you hear that brutal burthen of churchyards, which respects nothing, and which dares to tell such a man as you that all men die, without adding the *almost* of the court preacher?"

"Your indignation is bitter," said I, "and your anger cruel. If this man could hear us, this is the way in which I would address him: May God prolong your days, unfortunate old man! Meteor on the point of returning to eternal night, light which fate has launched over the world, not to conduct men to good, but to lead them astray in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition! In impenetrable designs, the Almighty has even refused you that mysterious ray which men call the soul: that pale but pure reflection of the Divinity; that lightning which brightens at times before our eyes, and gives us intimation of immortal hopes; that soft and penetrating warmth which reanimates from time to time our flagging spirits; that vague and sublime love; that holy emotion which melts with delicious tears; that religious terror which makes us hate evil with all the energies of our nature. Being without a name, thou wert furnished with an immense brain, and with senses greedy and delicate; the absence of something unknown and divine which makes us men, made thee greater than the first among us, and more little than the lowest of us all. Infirm, thou hast trampled upon men healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the strongest organization, were before thee only as a fragile reed; thou hast domineered over beings more noble than thyself: that which failed thee of their grandeur made thine own, and now thou art upon the border of the tomb, which will be as hollow and cold as thy petrified heart. Be-

yond this gaping sepulcher there is nothing for thee, not the hope, nor perhaps the desire, of another life. Unhappy old man! thine approach was fatal, thy look fascinated, it was said, like that of the viper. Thy breath was like the breeze of an April morning, which withers buds and flowers, and scatters them at the feet of the attrited trees. Thy words beshamed hope and innocence from the foreheads of the men who approached thee. How many spring promises hast thou blasted; how many holy confidences and lovely chimeras hast thou trodden under foot? How many honest men hast thou depraved? How many consciences vitiated or destroyed? Well then! If the pleasures of thine old age are confined to the satisfactions of vanity, or to the rarest enjoyments of a pallid epicurism, eat, eat, old man, and respire the incense of flattery with the odor of thy repasts! Who can envy thee thy lot, or wish thee a worse? For our parts, we pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die: and we pray that on thy bed of death the farewells of thy family, or the tears of some faithful servant awaken not, at the last moment, a movement of sensibility, and that no spark of affection, till then unfelt, be struck from that stone which has served thee for an heart. We pray that thine eye moisten not, nor thy pulse beat quick; that love, hope, regret, or grief, may not impart a first and last flutter to thy frame; and that thou mayest be consigned to the humid bowels of the earth, without having felt on its surface the warmth of sensibility, or the inspiration of life."

We shall neither attempt to censure nor to justify, more than we have already done, the above rather bitter invectives against one who was certainly perfectly insensible to them himself. We have, however, formed a somewhat different appreciation of Monsieur de Talleyrand's character from Madame Dudevant. To us there appears in it nothing mysterious and unaccountable. Brought up to a calling in which forms are essentials, and in which the art of imposing stands in the place of truth, thence plunged into a revolution which professed to tear away all imposition and disguises, and to bring naked realities alone into action—and finding this also illusion, it is no matter of wonder that he should have come to the conclusion, that what men call truth and virtue

are mere phantoms, and exist not; that life is a great game, and that the best player is the best man. Thinking thus of him, we think M. de Talleyrand holds a high place only in a very second-rate order of mind. He had sagacity enough not to be deceived by the sanguine credulity and generous hopes which delude others. He saw through these, and saw them to be vain. And this exemption from the influences which move the multitude, gave him his superiority over them. This impassibility was the secret source of his clear-sightedness and his power. But he had *not* sagacity to perceive that shows and illusions of good, the wildest and most extravagant that ever made men act like madmen or idiots, could not exist if they had not their deep sources in truths which agitate before they are apprehended. These are the indicators of truth's whereabouts, and vibrate, like the diviner's rod, over the spot where the secret treasure lies buried. Thus the absurdities and horrors of superstition proved the existence of religious verity, and preceded its manifestation. To be arrested, however, by such a consideration as this, supposes in the mind an abstract love of

truth; and this M. de Talleyrand had not. He saw only, and that with the acutest perspicacity, what was palpable and above ground, and denied the rest: but denied it with so perfect a faith, that he became a privileged being, out of the influence of delusion, and also out of the sphere of truth, duping others, yet still more deeply duped himself, by denying the *ultimate* aim and tendency of those very delusions which enable him to dupe them. Such characters as his are the natural product of a revolution, which put all crude, but in a metaphysical sense true, ideas, rudely to a violent test. The experiment failing, men inevitably fell into unbelief, and became cold, selfish, disenchanted beings, regarding nothing as important but their own personal interests, because believing in nothing but material existence. Of all the effects such a revolution accomplished, this, perhaps, is the worst—that it blasts hope, and meets every moral and spiritual truth with constant negation. Out of it arises the denying friend, "*der Geist der stets verneinet*." It makes Talleyrands of every grade of intellect, and calls forth such indignant invectives as proceed from outraged believers in virtue.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE YOUNG QUEEN - WIFE.

HOW MARGARET OF NAVARRE DISPORTED IN THE BOUVRE GARDENS.

THE fountain-gods in marble strength,
Struggle through mists of silvery water;
All round the yellow blossoms press,
Turning the crystal gold. O daughter
Of France, the darling of the sun,
Thou Valois, royal, proud, and fair,
See how the swan, with arching neck,
Casts snowy shadows every where.

Ha! when they hear her satin rustle,
The golden shoals of Indian fish
Leap to the surface, lover-like,
Anticipating beauty's wish.
She shakes her jewel-glittering fan,
They disappear beneath the lilies,
Turning as quick as dragon-flies,
As fickle-swift as Arab flies.

To see with what a sweet caprice
 Queen Margaret runs to race the swallow,
 By courtly nodding poplar-trees,
 Or through the laurels in the hollow;
 And now with pretty angry haste
 She flies her little Persian hawk,
 Gold jesses on, at butterflies
 That skim the level terrace-walk.

Then throws herself with witching grace
 Upon the mossy violet bank,
 And laughs to swooning at the page
 Claiming the jester's bells and rank;
 Now mounts her dappled palfrey, which
 She governs with a silver thread,
 A rope of pearls about her breast,
 A Venice tiring on her head.

A flight with rushes! How she swerves
 In madcap caracoles, and turns
 Around the pompous Chamberlain,
 Until his flap-ear tingling burns;
 Then strikes, with wanton page's whip,
 The piebald jester Bobinel,
 Or at the snowy rings of doves
 Fires off her Milan petronel.

The fair young wife! her merry blood
 Rose effervescing like champagne;
 She laughed when sullen Coligny
 Told her how hard it was to reign—
 How hard to share a monarch's joys,
 And yet escape a monarch's sins;
 She, mocking says: "Our Admiral
 Thinks much too crabbedly of things.

"Be this Queen Margaret's decree:
 I will, throughout our sunny France,
 In every pot a capon boil,
 To light the fire break pike and lance—
 I banish ever sullen face—
 Let all who love their Margot smile—
 Perpetual sunshine I command,
 Believing melancholy guile."

To humor her, a herald page
 Blew three times on a silver horn;
 And all cried, "Viva Marguerite!
The Rose, the Rose without a thorn!"
 She, laughing, bowing, stroked her hawk,
 And bade them saddle for the chase,
 Trying her crossbow lock—serene
 Her candid brow, her happy face.

She was the gayest, maddest thing,
 As full of gambols as a fawn—
 Born some May morn, and sunbeam fed,
 Child of the sunshine and the dawn.
 To see her, when the poet took
 His pen to write a canzonet,
 Lean languidly against the vase,
 Over the Psyche grandly set!

Even the Chancellor grew glad
 When she would call him to the dance,
 Or with a blossom, playful tossed,
 Awoke him from a moody trance.
 Her laugh was good as book and bell
 To scare all evil things away;
 Whene'er she came, she seemed to chase
 One half the shadows from the day.

A living carmine dyed her cheek—
 Her bosom was the sunniest snow—
 A lily, summer-tinged, her neck—
 Ivory white her swelling brow.
 Oh! she was beautiful!—her skin
 Was soft as rose-leaves—fie! her hand
 Was white as April's purest cloud—
 She was fit queen for Dian's band!

Blue eyes she had, so soft, and filled
 With such a swimming, dancing light,
 They shed a glory when they beamed,
 Starlike and excellently bright.
 A Venice tiring, edged with pearls,
 Arched o'er her forehead like a wreath;
 What lapidary's angled stone
 Could match the eyes that shone beneath?

Just now—eyes sparkling with fun—
 She bade them shower the flower-leaves
 o'er her;
 A Flora crowned, she stood to hear
 Old Ronsard touch his mandagora—
 The *Sleep Song*, that he made to lull
 His mistress, whom his serenade
 Had woke too rudely—sweet it was
 To hear a lute so deftly played.

And now this Juno, still in bud,
 Proud gathers up her satin train,
 Laughing to scorn old Coligny
 Telling a Valois how to reign;
 Maulevrier passing through an arch
 Of flowers still dripping with the dew,
 Whispers, "*The Admiral will know more
 By next year's St. Bartholomew.*"

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

M Y G H O S T .

A BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE STORY.

I AM not superstitious. Whatever leanings I may have had in the days of my youth towards spiritualities and mysticalities, and absurdities of that nature, I am now practical enough—a man of middle-age, a married man. Still, as I write the heading of this page, a thrill shivers through me; and, as my wife (bending over me) reads the same, I feel her little hand tremble sympathetically upon my shoulder. She knows the story, and I know the story; and the story is *true*!

On this cold winter night, when the wind is rushing with shrieks against the window, like some homeless ghost begging to be let in; when the snow stands adrift under the hedge where the dead child was found, and under the church-yard-wall, where the vagrant who died in the work-house was buried yesterday, stands adrift like a specter—the more horrible that it is motionless; when the furniture is cracking in the room, and the curtains stir tremulously about the window, and the whole house shakes, and the latchless attic-door creaks continuously on its rusty hinge—to-night, though my wife is beside me, and I can almost hear the low breathing of our baby in the room above, and can catch sounds of Christmas merriment from my household servants in the kitchen—to-night I will tell you this said *true* story of my earlier life, the history of “My Ghost!”

I was scarcely nineteen; I was reading for Cambridge. These were the circumstances: The place was Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. At Ventnor I fell in love—this confession is foolish, no doubt. All boys of scarcely nineteen do fall in love, reading diligently in the pages of fair living faces some scraps of knowledge whereby they matriculate as sons of the universal *Alma Mater*. “The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square” hold Aphrodite (the Uranian particularly) in

holy horror; but, nevertheless, she *will* rise from the troubled seas of young souls: the Muses have no chance against her. One day, according to my custom, I sauntered into the Landslip—that curious little bit of chaos which, if it were only on a larger scale, would be sublime. I had with me a volume of Shelley, (I liked Shelley in those unpractical days, and thought I understood him,) my pipe, and my sketch-book—pleasant companions all, on a glorious July morning; there being a cool, steady breeze out, and above a blue sky, looking bluer by contrast against a flock of fleecy clouds which pastured on it far over the sea. Through the hazel-thicket by a tangled path, jumping a mimic ravine, climbing a few rock-steps, and so to a higher level—a little terrace of emerald velvet-grass, shut in on one side by overhanging rocks; open on the other, and overlooking a gradual declivity bristling with miniature crags and precipices, waving and rustling with tiny forests of hazel. Beyond a distant hillock which rose again from the bottom of this declivity gleamed the Channell. As I threw myself upon the grass, its level cut against the sea, emerald-green against steel-blue. I never saw such green grass any where else: it looked as if it were a special dancing-place of the fairies, whether they flocked in such multitudes that their rings were inscribed one within the other, and so covered the whole turf. I lighted my pipe; Shelley opened of himself at the “Witch of Atlas;” and I lay gazing idly on the emerald-green and the flashing steel-blue, and the sheep-clouds sleeping on the steep of the sky, with the line running in my head:

“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there;”
“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there.”

I was too idle to think of sketching, I was too idle to read. Oh! that luxurious

idleness of the days before I became practical! What can be the good of staring up into a void of sky? Do you suppose it was made to be looked at? I watched a hawk quivering on such rapid wings that he seemed motionless: he swooped half down to earth, and then rose again, poising over exactly the same spot. Three rooks crossed the sky, and forthwith proclaimed battle with the hawk, chasing him hither and thither with hoarse war-cries. A steamer came in sight on the strip of sea, casting a long horizontal line of smoke behind it, as straight as if it had been ruled. There was a rustle in the grass close to me: a golden, dark-spotted snake glided along, leaving the grass-blades trembling in his wake. My pipe was out: I turned for my tobacco-pouch to refill it, when there was a voice—"Oh! don't move, please!"

I thought the snake had spoken: but no, it was not the serpent; it was Eve. There, seated in the hollow between two of the over-slanting rocks, "half-light, half-shade," like Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter," was a lady—no, not a lady; a little girl—no, scarcely that: a young lady, we will say. She was drawing, and had evidently been quietly putting me in as a fore-ground figure to her sketch when I had moved, and thus interrupted the sketch, and startled the sketcher into that strange exclamation: "Oh! don't move, please!"

She instantly apologized—"I beg your pardon, I am sure!" and then laughed a little laugh at the absurdity of the scene. She half-rose, blushing, and smiling, and apologizing; while I with bashful volubility besought that she would continue her sketch, resuming my former position as nearly as I could.

"Is that right?"

"Your head a little higher, if you please. Thank you."

There was silence again. My back was towards the lady, as it had been at first. I felt uncomfortably angular, and had a nervous twitching in my legs. I longed to look over my shoulder, that I might realize and verify my momentary vision. A tiny figure dressed in white; a small, thin face, almost lost between two torrents of brown hair which swept down from a brown gipsy hat; eyes of the first magnitude, and a blush rose-red. The moments passed slowly by. My vision was getting more and more indistinct.

Was the hair brown? What was the expression of the eyes? Was she a girl or a woman? This last question puzzled me the most. She was too self-possessed for the one, too frank for the other. She was very quiet. Why should we not talk? She had seemed to have a pleasant voice; I was not sure that she had; but I could satisfy myself on that point; I would speak to her.

"I hope I have not spoiled your drawing." No answer. "Tell me when I may move." No answer.

I was silent, having some misgivings. There was no sound but the sawing of the grasshoppers, and the faint rustling of the hazel-bushes lower down.

"May I move now?" I asked, waited a moment, and then sprang to my feet. The little lady had disappeared. The grass was slightly pressed where she had sat; other sign of her there was none!

This was my first sight of Daisy Mainwaring. Of this little flower, whom I thus saw bedded in the emerald-grass, I soon learned more, much more than was good for my subsequent peace of mind. Three days after, she and her father came to call on the clergyman with whom I was reading. I recognized her at once, chiefly by her luxuriant hair. She evidently recognized me too, but would not acknowledge that she did so. Impelled by that bashful impudence which often dares more than settled *nonchalance*, I said suddenly as I stood beside her: "Did you finish your sketch?"

The blush rushed to her face; she trilled out a treble laugh, and answered: "I was ashamed of myself, and so I ran away."

A strange little person was this Daisy Mainwaring: not a child, and yet scarcely a woman, having all the frank innocence and unspoiled originality of the child, with the gravity and self-possession of the matron. I learned what she was, little by little. She startled me often, outraged all my pre-conceptions, following an orbit of her own which I could not at all calculate. Her inexplicability lay in this: that she was *herself*. She had not been molded into the conventional pattern: her natural angles and erratic curves had not been pressed and tortured into the conventional line of beauty. It takes one's breath when untaught nature dares to appear openly in the midst of this artistic world. She was not beautiful:

thin and small, with a child-face, always drooping, it seemed, under the weight of her brown hair; eyes which defied you, their language was one that had died out of the earth long ago; but this language I learned, and could at length read them. She was as variable as an April day, abandoning herself to joy or grief like a child, and for causes unimaginable to any but herself. She always needed a strong, tender hand to guide and quiet her. This need endeared her to me most. Her education and manner of life had been unlike that of girls generally. Her mother died when she was very young, and she was an only child. Her father was a literary man—a laborious student, shut up always in a fog of psychological problems and metaphysical enigmas. Margaret had never left him; had never been to school, had never had any feminine home-companionship except that of the one servant. Her father had educated her: and this education had been a kind of compromise between coming out of his fog to her and taking her into the fog to himself. He had experimentalized on her as psychologists must, and where he should have taught had often questioned, guessing at the riddles of human nature in her as if she had been a Sphinx. The effect of this education was that she was ignorant of most things which girls usually know, and had acquired an amount of heterogeneous erudition which would have puzzled most men. She had read numberless strange, heavy, antique books which seemed to lie as a weight upon her, and from which she had gathered dialectical subtleties and mystical beliefs which frightened one. Ever since she was a child she had begun to be her father's amanuensis, and now this labor of love had increased until it fell somewhat heavily on her. It was not the brown hair alone that weighed down the weary little head.

Some such anomaly as I have tried to sketch was this Daisy Mainwaring, and with her I fell in love. We soon became great friends. One good influence at least of her education was that she had none of that silly prudery which most young ladies affect towards young gentlemen. She liked me, and, when I used to go into their lodgings towards the afternoon, to drag out the old man and her for a walk, would rise from her writing, run to me, and put her little ink-stained

fingers in mine, saying: "Oh! I am so glad you have come!" Then, her father would take the spectacles from his dim abstracted eyes, and put his book under his arm: her brown hat was in a moment tied over her brown hair, and we sallied forth for the Landslip. Arrived there, the old man was soon absorbed in his book; and Margaret and I, having chosen an effective "bit" of scenery, sat down to sketch. She drew very incorrectly, but had an eye for color and an intuitive perception of the *spirit* of nature, which was marvelous. Solemnly the little face used to peer over my shoulder as I altered her outlines; and then she would dash away at the color with a success of effect which made me half-envious. Our sketch finished, we talked—in what manner rested with her. Sometimes she was so childishly wild and mischievous that she had made me angry. She teased "papa" until he came out of his fog; she teased me, blurred my wet sketch, hid my pipe; then climbed up inaccessible rocks, or crept through the hazel-thickets which closed behind her and swallowed her up. At other times she would be silent and grave, and then pour out a torrent of small imaginary troubles, looking most disconsolately at the past and the future, prophesying evils and wretchedness, accusing herself of unheard-of crimes and selfishness. Again, she would start some airy supernatural theory, enforcing it by keen arrows of borrowed dialectic which sounded strangely enough in her treble voice. Thus she would talk of preëxistence, and argue that in dreams came our reminiscences thereof; that sleep was the intermediate state between life and death; that birth and death were the same—mere gate-ways leading into a new state of life, and so would fall to wondering how far it was possible to retroject ourselves again through these gates, to reënter the world before this life, to reënter this world after death. Thus again, she would retail to me Berkeley's doctrine of Idealism colored by her own poetic imagination, and would prove that I who sat beside her did not exist, save as an impression on her mind; that the grass around us was not really emerald-green, did not wave and tremble in the wind, was not grass at all: in fact, was nothing. In the truth of which theory, modified, I agreed; for was I not addicted to Shelley? The old man, hearing metaphysical words

and idioms, would arouse himself from his book, and we would find his spectacles fixed upon us. He regarded us purely in a psychological light, and would busy himself for a moment in noting the effect we had on each other—how each acted sympathetically on each.

Those were happy days. Even with my good wife seated near to me by the roaring winter-fire, I can not help looking back with a reprehensible fondness on those idle summer-days. Still, I can remember that they were not altogether happy. There was a certain Sir Hercules Lowther, a huge stolid young gentleman, of whom I was at that time very jealous. He was an old friend of the Mainwarings; had known them in London long before I had known them; was a sort of benefactor to them, in that he was assisting the father pecuniarily in the bringing out of a grand psychological history which had been the work of his life. This Lowther was the very antithesis of Margaret; large in body, small in mind; slow, both corporeally and mentally; and yet for Margaret he had a decided and unmistakable liking. To my discomfort I found him often in the Mainwaring lodgings when I made my daily visit there. Sometimes he would even accompany us to the Landslip, speaking little, but watching Daisy, with wide, wondering eyes, paying her clumsy attentions and helping her awkwardly. I felt she could not like this man; and yet, had she not often told me that we in this world—imperfect—sought out that which was unlike ourselves, to perfect our own imperfection? What if this stolid mass of flesh and muscle was the make-weight to sober down Daisy to a proper earthliness? This Lowther was gall and wormwood to me; the more especially that I saw that Margaret knew her power over him, and rejoiced in it. What woman has not a touch of coquetry in her? Would not the lack of it unsex them? If they were not gifted by nature with this *desire of pleasing*, where would be their magical power over us men? Daisy with all her innocence—her innocence by no means less immaculate thereby—soon learned her power over Lowther and over me; and used that power, sometimes tyrannically.

However, before the summer was over, Margaret and I were engaged. I had no jealousy of Lowther then; but pitied him sincerely. Happy times those! My dear

little wife that was to be grew daily more womanly and natural; her childish willfulness and petulance became softened and harmonized by love, her fragmentary abstract speculations gravitated towards a concrete center, and so widened and purified our affection. Mr. Mainwaring was surprised at the turn which our "acting sympathetically each on each" had taken. There was little difficulty in arranging the matter on this side. My worldly prospects were moderately good; sufficiently so if he had been urgent on that point, which he was not. I firmly believe he looked on the projected marriage as a foolish and inconsequent conclusion to his psychological theory of our mutual attraction. On another side the difficulty was much greater. I was an only son, as Daisy was an only daughter—I had but one parent, as she had; but mine was a mother. To my mother I wrote about my engagement—foolish, fervid letters, which made the affair look more boyishly romantic than it really was. However, the engagement was made, and to it she acceded perforce, giving her consent in cold and sarcastic phrases, and hinting vaguely at cunning fascinations and artful entrapments. I told Margaret nothing of this. If it chilled me in one way, it but served to make my affection for her the warmer and more tender. Sir Hercules Lowther, with his large estates, would have been a much richer quarry to fly at than myself. She had given up him for me. I had no doubt of her, and I was sure that it would be the same with my mother when she came to see and know her.

Autumn came; the last roses died out of the gardens; the leaves of the sumach began to turn blood-red; our green platform in the Landslip had become sere and yellow under hot harvest-suns. The time had come when I was to leave Ventnor for Cambridge. I walked with Daisy to our first trysting-place for the last time. She was grave and sad, and then broke out into one of her old fits of misery, which I had not heard for a long time. She threw herself on the sodden grass, and hid her little face on my knees. She foreboded all kinds of evil. We should never see each other any more; she should die; I should die; I should cease to love her. She ended with childish sobs as if her heart would break. I stroked her luxuriant hair, and chided and soothed

her. Then she seated herself quietly at my feet, and after a long silence began to speculate dreamily on what we should do during the separation. We were to think of each other at a certain time every day; we were always to think of each other at night before we went to sleep, and so try to dream of each other. It was not impossible, she thought, that in dreams we might actually meet. Such things had been; why should they not be now? The old philosophers could separate their souls from their bodies by intense thought. She believed firmly it might be done. Again, there were strange sympathies often between twin-brothers—each knew when the other was ill—each felt the joy or sorrow of the other. We loved each other better than twin-brothers did, why should it not be the same with us? She was sure she would know if I were ill; she would feel happy when I was happy, sad when I was sad. Supposing she was to die suddenly, would it be possible for her to come to me to say good-by or to summon me to her death-bed? If either of us died, would it be possible for the dead to come and see the living?—to make its presence known?—to appear visibly as it used to be in the flesh? Agreements had been made between dear friends that the one who died first should come from the future world and visit the other: would I make this agreement with her? She was pertinacious on this point; she would have this agreement made. To satisfy her I acceded, and ratified the promise with a kiss. This seemed to comfort her, and I scolded her for her foolishness. It had been arranged that she was to come and stay with my mother during the Christmas vacation. There were but two months of separation, and I talked to her of this, and tried to cheer her by the prospect of so soon meeting again. Still this our last meeting in the old place was very sad—as different from the first as was the yellow from the green grass, the gray sky from the blue, the bitter east wind from the soft west.

Daisy came to us at Christmas, and that Christmas saw the end of our engagement. It is useless to detail all the petty words and doings which led to this rupture. My mother is dead (God rest her soul!) and the wrong that she did was done for love of me. She would have been jealous of

any one whom I loved better than herself—for whom I meditated leaving her; and to Daisy she had taken a strong dislike before she even saw her. They were the opposites of each other, and could no more sympathize than fire could mingle with water. My mother was of cold temperament, precisely bred, looking upon surface properties as vital matters; never suffering a wave of passion or strong feeling to disturb the visible level of her nature, proud of her good blood and of her competent wealth. Daisy was what I have sketched her; and, moreover, she was poor, and neither knew nor cared about her pedigree. My mother's orthodoxy was shocked at her rambling speculations; it was a sin, she thought, for any girl to have a deep thought beyond her catechism, her creed, and the established interpretations thereof. She was shocked at her undisguised fondness for me: when Daisy on my first arrival ran up to me and hung about my neck, my mother blushed scarlet. I had dreaded their coming together, and the event I soon saw would prove worse than my forebodings. The first symptom of my mother's aversion was a rigid silence about Margaret, when alone with me: then came the old hints about cunning entrapments, and, in addition, allusions to want of modesty and religion; then plainer sayings; and the issue was hard words between mother and son, and consequent quarrel and estrangement.

"Your mother does not like me," said my poor little betrothed to me continually, and looked in my face with her solemn eyes, and read the truth there, though my lips evaded it. It was soon plain enough. Greater familiarity emboldened my mother's tongue, and cruel innuendos and relentless sarcasms became broader and broader day by day. My mother is dead, (God rest her soul!) and I will write no more of this, for I can not write forgivingly even now. One morning my darling came to me, and said quietly, "You shall not marry me;" and then she threw herself into my arms and kissed me passionately, and she was gone. I stormed and raged in vain. That episode of my life was over. O Daisy! Daisy! if hearts do bleed—do, in their agony, wring forth bitter tears of blood—then my heart bled when I lost you!

"Did I cry out 'Daisy'?" No wife, you have fallen asleep over your work and

dreamed it. Do not come to look over me. You shall read the story when it is finished."

I sowed a plentiful crop of wild oats at Cambridge, which bore their mingled produce of good and ill. When I came home after degree, for a week, before I set off for Italy, I was much more cynical and stoical than in the days of my matriculation. The old heart-wounds had cicatrized long ago, and the heart had become more callous in the cicatrization. It would have taken much to make me fall in love now, and if I had done so I should have stifled the weakness before I had confessed it even to myself. That past quarrel was made up between my mother and me; but we generally, by mutual consent, fenced round that ugly pit with a wall of silence. I had lost all sight of the Mainwarings; I never heard their name, never suffered myself to think about them. Only in my dreams little Daisy would sometimes rise up, her head drooping beneath the weight of brown hair, and her solemn eyes fixed always tenderly on mine. Lowther had been my fellow-collegian; but he, the rich man, did not stay to take his degree as I did, to whom the prestige of that ceremony would be serviceable at the Bar. So of Lowther I had lost sight also, for a year or more.

On the last morning of my sojourn at home before my departure, I sat reading my letters at the breakfast-table—reading aloud a scrap here and there which I thought might interest my mother. Suddenly I became silent, as in a letter from a college friend I came upon this passage: "You remember old Lowther. Did you ever think it possible that that stolid Hercules would find his Omphale? Yet none the less found she is, and Hercules is a slave, and only all his wealth will ransom him. He is going to be married. The affair is to come off immediately. Omphale is not precisely a queen; in fact is a poor little devil of a milliner, or a governess, or something of that sort; her name Mainwaring. People talk with horror about the *mésalliance*. I do not see it in that light. A man might do worse than marry a milliner. You see I am reading for ordination, and so getting moral."

I turned white, and gasped for breath. The old wound burnt like fire, and throbbed as if the cicatrice would break.

"What is the matter?" said my mother. "There is bad news."

All my cynicism rose to help me. "Not at all so," I said. "You remember a little person whom you never would call Daisy? Well, the said little person is about to be married to a friend of mine. It is a good match. The pearl is a pearl of great price, and has sold itself for fifteen thousand per annum."

Shame on me for that sentence; but all my old jealousy had sprung up within, more acrid than it had ever been before.

"And who is the purchaser?" asked my mother, in a low voice, but flushing to her temples. The wall of silence was down, and the air from the pit was unwholesome with fire-damp. I read her face. As the old love had awakened in my breast, so the old fear had awakened in hers. She guessed what my pale face meant, and I knew the meaning of the flush on hers. She should not read my weakness thus.

"The purchaser—happy man be his dole," I answered, "is a Sir Hercules Lowther. A certain person and he were rivals long ago; but what mere mortal man can strive with a Hercules, particularly when that Hercules has a handle to his name and fifteen thousand a year? Really," I said, changing my tone, "I am glad that Miss Mainwaring is about to make so good a match. Notwithstanding your antipathy to her, my dear mother, she was a very good girl in her way."

I went to Italy, and remained there and about the coasts of the Mediterranean for a year. Do what I would, Daisy still haunted my dreams—always the same, sometimes even to the small ink-stained fingers cramped with long holding of the pen. I laughed savagely about the marriage. This was woman's constancy. Not three years, and she was married, and to Lowther too, who from reminiscences of old days, must constantly remind her of me. I confessed now that I still loved her—confessed it as a penance to myself, pressing it down on my sore heart like a cauterizing iron, and writhing under the pain of my own self-contempt. Still from week to week I was not sure that the marriage had taken place. I always hoped that it was not yet consummated. Not to-day, not to-day; let it be to-morrow. Some six

months after I had left home there was a sentence in one of my mother's letters, which settled the matter.

"Your friend, Sir Hercules," she wrote, "was married last week. I have seen the announcement in this morning's newspaper." Certainty is better than uncertainty; the fall of Damocles' sword is more bearable than its suspension. I need not narrate here how by degrees I regained peace of mind—a peace of mind truer and healthier than had been my former cynicism. I learned to look on Daisy's marriage in its true light. What right had I (dog in the manger that I was) to dream of monopolizing her who could not marry me—whom my kin had injured beyond redemption? Without marriage a woman's life was incomplete in this world. Lowther would make her a good and loyal husband—better than I should. Lowther had never been nearly so wild as I had—had never so hardened and debased his better nature. I forgave Daisy—*for-gave!* Could she have forgiven me?

My mother died before I reached England again. Nevermore could that sad quarrel be renewed. Now I felt how that great wrong she had done me, she had done solely through love. My soul hungered after love, and turned and gnawed itself in its desperate cravings. I can understand how friendless people in their loneliness gathered dumb animals about them.

I settled down to my profession, and worked hard. My miseries passed away, and the acuteness of my feelings became numbed under the influence of close study. Ambition awoke within me. The more I succeeded the more I wished to succeed: the further I advanced on the road, the longer grew the road before me. Aided by favorable circumstances, my progress was faster than usual at the bar. At the age of thirty-five my practice was large. If ever I looked back to that love-dream of my romantic boyhood, it was as upon some childish toy. I smiled as I recollected the old passion, the soreness of heart, the bitterness of spirit, the weariness of life. I scarcely believed it could all have been true; I wondered at my former self—half regretted that I was so utterly changed. I was not sure that I had a heart now. If that mysterious organ still existed within me, it slept quietly enough. To have awakened it for a moment; to have felt the wild tumultu-

ous struggle, of which I had a vague remembrance; to have felt even one twinge of the sharp pain, this would have been a luxury to me now. My pulse was steady and regular: the blood-mechanism beat strongly and calmly in my left side, my head was cool and clear. I had over-lived the age for that heart-fever. We came through those diseases as children through their childish complaints, and our moral constitutions were the healthier that we had passed through them and were rid of them.

About this time I determined to marry. I was rich, I had many friends, but I had no home; I felt the lack of these domestic comforts, and that social position which only marriage can give. This was a very different feeling to that loneliness which had weighed me down after my mother's death. It was partly in the form of a duty that I entertained this idea of marriage, partly in the form of a sober, selfish advantage. It was desirable to change my bachelor-life, which was becoming somewhat wearisome. A mansion in the more civilized quarter of the town would be an improvement on my dusty chambers within Temple Bar. I felt that it was incumbent on me to take my stand in that station of life in which I had been called, to do as other men did, to exercise the duties of hospitality, to cultivate the household amenities, to obey the laws of Nature and Society; and, if it might be so, to rear children around me, who should succeed to my name and fortune and fill my place after I was gone. So I began to look round for a wife. My friends soon learned that I was a marrying-man, and recommendations came to my ears of So-and-so's sister, and Such-an-one's daughter. Mamma's smiled on me with increased favor, and incited their lovely offspring to display for me their virtues and accomplishments. Many a faultless filly, from model training-stables, was put through her paces for my behoof. Having decided on the expediency of marrying, I had decided too on the necessary qualifications for my wife. Soberly and quietly, as beseeemed a sensible man, I had reasoned out the whole matter. Moderate beauty, a moderate fortune, the conventional accomplishments, a good temper, a good manner, and perfect good-breeding. Surely a hundred such girls come from their nurseries into the marriage-market every year.

Very opposite was this marriage-project to the foolish engagement of fifteen years ago. Then, an insane fancy for a child like myself had nearly hurried me into the matrimonial condition for which both of us were yet unripe. We were unfitted for each other. It would have been a sacrifice on both sides. How unsatisfactorily would Daisy have filled the office which I now looked for in my wife! The woman of my search was the very antipodes to her. I was wiser since that time, and now judged of the holy institution of marriage by the light of that reason which God had given me. I saw the wisdom and the expedience of the condition, and sought to adapt that condition to my own particular requirements. Then, an impulsive passion for an individual had impelled me towards marriage; now, having syllogistically proved the desirableness of marriage, I made deliberate search for the individual who should be the fit means to the accomplishment of that end. It is by the heart only that man is misled; let him use his reason, and he is safe.

I had professional business in the North of England, and I arranged to stay for a night, on my way, at the seat of a friend in one of the midland counties. Of course this friend had a daughter. I went to view this daughter, as I should have gone to look at the points of a horse which I thought might suit me, if I had wanted a horse. I had seen Miss Dalton in London, during the last season. She had all the requisite advantages which I have mentioned above; and to this favored person I, the Grand Seigneur, felt inclined at length to throw the handkerchief. I would see her at home, and then make up my mind in the affirmative or the negative. On the railway platform I met an old friend—no other than Lowther. He was in deep mourning, and his black dress, together with the change which time had worked on him, made me at first uncertain of his identity. However, in a moment we recognized each other, shook hands, and took our seats in the same carriage. My heart gave one throb, and slept again. I had not seen Lowther since his marriage. He had broadened into a portly country gentleman, and his stolid countenance had gained a gravity which looked not unlike wisdom. His deep voice had a majestic roll in it, and his slow speech a deliberation suggestive of well-weighed words. I

was amused at the form into which his juvenile stolidity had ripened. I learned from his conversation that his wife was not long dead. Again, the throb at my heart, and a long, quivering tremor, ere it subsided to rest. Poor Daisy! Her girlish figure rose before me vividly for a moment, and then gradually faded. I noted on Lowther's finger a memorial ring of brown hair, and round it imprinted "Margaret." Lowther was bound for an estate of his in the north, not far from my ultimate destination. He made me promise to come to him for a day before I returned to London. A meeting with an old fellow-collegian is always pleasant; the sociality of those early days retains its hold upon us through life. Lowther and I, for this and for other causes, were glad to see each other, and shook hands heartily and warmly when we separated.

My reception by the Daltons was kindly, and had that domestic charm about it which is wondrously agreeable to the bachelor. It is something to be received *en famille* when one has not a home of one's own. I liked Amy Dalton better in the old-fashioned country-house than in the London ball-rooms. I liked her kindness to the children when they came down after dinner. Children can not be bribed or scolded into acting love where they do not feel love. I liked the hints which I heard of her household handiness, and of homely duties diligently performed by her. I liked her stories about the village folk, showing, *not* in the way of exhibition, how she visited their cottages and read to them. Above all, I liked her because she did not try to captivate me, did not parade her accomplishments and her virtues before me. I had seen too much of that lately. All these little favorable traits were so much thrown in over and above the essentials in the bargain which I meditated.

At night I retired to the library. I had writing to do, which must be done for tomorrow's post. I wrote my letters, and then threw myself into an easy-chair by the dying fire. Instead of Amy, thoughts of Daisy rose within me—thoughts long stifled and dead. Those summer days came back—the wanderings in the Landslip, the sketches, her childish petulance, her wild spirits, her fits of melancholy, her foolish dreams and speculations. I remembered how she used to disappear in the hazel-thickets; how her little head had

lain upon my knees; how at that last parting she had thrown herself into my arms and passionately kissed me. Now that she was dead, it seemed as if her marriage with Lowther was wiped away. She was mine once more. The old feelings rushed back in a torrent. I tried to stem them, but in vain. My heart awoke from its sleep, and proclaimed its omnipotence; and my frigid reason shrunk away before its fiery scepter.

There was a sound. The handle of the turned, and the door creaked and opened. Good God! was I mad?

There, in the door-way, stood Daisy—a little figure dressed in black, the same thin face, the same heavy hair. The same treble voice uttered my name. A moment, and she was gone. I rushed forward, and there was nothing.

A lamentable weakness this. My head was affected. My will came into action, and beat down the strugglings of my heart, and strung my nerves with its iron fingers, and brought my wild thoughts under control. This, I impressed on my mind, has been a phantom of my imagination. I am tired and feverish after my journey, and I have suffered old thoughts to get the better of me. I will never let such absurdities conquer my reason again. I have been a fool.

I lighted my candle and went to bed. Notwithstanding will and reason, there was a ceaseless whisper within, saying: "It was no trick of imagination. You have seen little Daisy to-night, as undeniably as you ever saw her in old days. Do you not remember the promise that whoever died first should come to the other?"

Broad sunlight mostly dispels the imaginative lunacies of overnight. I had feverish dreams, in which Daisy and Amy played fantastic parts, interchanging their identity—Amy dead, Daisy alive again—becoming inextricably confused in each other, until they united and mingled into one phantom, which I pursued vainly—a shadowy something, after which I yearned with a passion unquenchable and hopeless, with a mental determination unconquerable as it was fruitless. But all these clouds of darkness melted away at once before the cold light of the morning sun. When I descended to breakfast I was the same calm, reasonable person I had been the day before. The vision of the previous night had been a dream, like the

dreams which succeeded it; that was certain. I banished the trivial incident from my mind resolutely. Amy's cheerful, fresh, quiet face, as she presided at the early breakfast, had a soothing influence over me, which I accepted as yet another advantage in the meditated bargain. When we were married the constant presence of that quiet face would affect beneficially my daily life—make my head clear, keep my nerves cool.

I left the Daltons that morning, and proceeded on my journey. My business in the north was accomplished; and two days after, I arrived at Sir Hercules Lowther's, just in time to join him at his solitary dinner. He was dull and silent; the house had a mournful, deserted aspect; the servants moved about with mute lips and noiseless feet. All brought Daisy to my mind, but this time not so much in connection with my own feelings as in the character of my friend's dead wife. I pitied him for his loss. As we sat by the fire over our wine, he began to talk about his wife, speaking with a rough, simple pathos of how good she had been, and what a blessing to him.

"Poor Daisy!" I said, using the tender diminutive involuntarily. "All you say of her is true, I know. You were happy in marrying her. It is something to have had her to lose."

"Yes," he answered, looking at me meditatively. "But only those who knew her can judge of my loss. I feel that you sympathize with me, old friend, and thank you for it; but you did not know her."

"Not know her? Do you think I have forgotten the old Isle-of-Wight days? Why, Lowther, I too once loved this little Daisy of yours. I may say so now. You will not be jealous of me."

"Knew my wife! loved my wife!" he gasped out, syllable by syllable, with a slow horror and astonishment.

"Yes, you must have known it then," I said. "I was wild when you married her. But all that is past long ago; and, remembering what she was, I only feel for you the more."

"Loved my wife!" he still muttered, in a stolid sort of wonder. "Loved my wife? Daisy? What! There is a mistake," he said, and his face brightened slowly into intelligence. "There is a mistake. You surely know whom I married?"

"Yes," I cried, "certainly I do. Daisy Mainwaring."

"Never. You are wrong."

I stared at him aghast, and pointed to the ring which he wore. "Whose hair is that?"

"My poor wife's. I married my cousin, Margaret Lowther; not Daisy Mainwaring, as you call her. That was a mere boyish fancy. I would have married her at one time, but she would not marry me; and thank heaven for it. My wife only, in all the world, could have made me so happy as I have been." He sighed, and went on: "However did you come by this false notion? Where did you hear it? How on earth did it enter your head?"

By slow degrees I recalled and explained how I had heard of his marriage. It was not easy for me, having held the event for so long as an established fact, to bring to my mind the precise manner in which the news had reached me. However, I succeeded, at length, in recalling the letter from my friend, and also the confirmation of the former tidings, in my mother's letter, received in Italy. I learned (but not wholly then) what had been the true state of the case. When my friend wrote of Lowther's approaching marriage to Daisy, Lowther had been willing enough to make that assertion true. It was at that time that she had refused to marry him; and consequent upon this refusal seemed to me to have been his marriage with his cousin so soon after. Whether in pique, or whether in the way of consolation, did not clearly appear; but, at all events, the marriage had turned out hap-

pily. My mother's notification to me was substantially true: Lowther was married at that time.

Daisy, then, was not dead; but the phantom of that night—how was it to be explained? I asked for news about her, and Lowther told me that he had lost sight of her for some time; that after her father's death she had gone out as a governess; that he had offered help to her in vain; that she was too proud to accept help from an old lover.

On my way back I called again at the Daltons'. As I walked by the side of Amy, in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly: "Have you a governess here?"

"Yes," she answered, a little surprised.

"What is her name?"

"Miss Mainwaring. Here she is, coming with the children."

"Shall I go on any more, little wife? Shall I tell them how hard I found it to win you back to me? how I, the Grand Seigneur, did not get my wife by a mere throwing of the handkerchief, but was obliged to go on my knees; obliged to outrage all foregone conclusions and determinations about my matrimonial needs, and about the proper view and bearings of matrimony! Shall I tell them of all your troubles in those long years of separation; and how you are changed thereby, and yet the same? graver, soberer, wiser—equable and quiet—but Daisy still? 'No,' do you say, 'I have written enough?' Then I will write no more."

N O V E M B E R L E A V E S .

THESE gray November days
Suit well my temper; so these fallen leaves
 lying

In all the miry ways,
Part rotten, part just dead, part only dying,
Pray prayers, chant holy lays,
Preach homilies for me most edifying.

My hopeful spring is past,
My rustling summer and my harvest season
Unfruitful, and at last

My fall-of-leaf hath come; and there is treason
 Against the bitter blast
Within my heart, although I know 'tis reason.

November leaves must fall,
And hopes outworn the timely frost must sever,
 Leaving their branches tall
All gaunt and bare and black; but not forever.
 Thrice-strong to whom befall
These kindly frosts! Let such forget them
 never.

From the Eclectic Review.

COMETS: WHAT ARE THEY?

THE earth is the type of stability. As firm as a rock! As immovable as the earth! These are the highest terms of comparison to convey an idea of absolute security and unchangeableness. But let one earth-wave pass under the foot, let one tremulous motion of but an ant-hill be seen, and the unthinking confidence, created by a lifetime of security, is instantly destroyed. All the senses are at once awakened to the apprehension of a new danger; and that, which was before the type of stability, is associated with the idea of insecurity, treachery, and death. The impression received from a view of the heavens is, in like manner, that of undisturbed repose; and even when the intellect has been informed, and the imagination realizes the independent and ceaseless motion of the planetary bodies, the idea of absolute rest in the heavens is scarcely disturbed; for if in the foreground there be some moving figures, the change of place is not seen; and we look beyond them into the solemn distance, and there discover an unbroken quietude. But when a comet bursts on the scene, increasing in magnitude from a scarcely perceptible nebulous spot, till it spans a large arc of the visible heavens, rushing with inconceivable velocity to the sun, and threatening destruction to worlds should they be in its path, what wonder if men, when they forget the Hand that gave it motion, the Mind that determined its orbit, cease to gaze with complacency on the heavens, and become the slaves of unreasonable fear! The men of England, and the nations to which she has given birth, no longer believe comets to be wayless wanderers in space, or special messengers of misfortune to princes and ruin to empires; but there is a feeling of insecurity and unrest, even to educated minds, when they appear; and the heavens cease to produce the sentiment of quietude and repose while these threatening visitors remain in sight. But among the

people we discover a much stronger feeling—a fear expressed in anxious inquiries, and rude estimates of the possibility of injury to the earth, and consequently to its inhabitants. A brief statement of the results of calculation, from some known man of science, always prevents the folly and riot of popular terror; but we have seen enough of the influence of an undefined apprehension of danger gathering strength as it passes from the partially informed to the absolutely ignorant grades of society, to believe all that history tells us of the popular commotions produced by the sudden appearance of a large comet. We credit the report that Louis I. of France, to avert the evils expected to follow the appearance of a comet, in the year 837, built numerous churches and monasteries; and that the comet of 1556 induced Charles V. to abdicate his throne. But if such were the effects of fear upon the minds of kings, we can not imagine the dismay and confusion which existed among the people.

To restore confidence to any person who may be in the habit of tormenting himself with the idea that every comet comes with a commission to destroy the earth, it is not necessary to deny the possible passage of a comet over the earth's orbit in the place where she may be at the moment of transit. Such an encounter is possible, though the probabilities are almost infinitely opposed to such an event. The possibility is proved by an escape from the catastrophe.

If Biela's comet had crossed the earth one month later than it did, in 1832, the two bodies would have come into contact; and if their orbits are unchanged for a long series of ages, perhaps millions of years, a contact is inevitable. The comets of 1819 and 1823 also approached the earth; and some cometary matter may at those times have entered our atmosphere. The comet of 1770 was, on the first day of July in that year, within seven times

the distance of the moon from the earth. Another of these bodies, which had been thrown out of its orbit during its previous revolution by entanglement among the satellites of Jupiter, was brought very near the earth in 1767; but in 1779 it again visited the satellites of Jupiter, and was then diverted into a new path, which may, for aught we know, have carried it beyond the bounds of the solar system. These facts prove that the earth may come into contact with, or be immersed in, a comet; but when the probability of such a catastrophe is estimated by the mathematical doctrine of chances, all fear of such an event is immediately banished from the mind.

The interest with which astronomers have, during the last fifty years, studied cometary bodies, has not arisen in any degree from a participation in the fears to which we have alluded. The exciting motive to the study of this branch of astronomy may have been a desire to perfect the mathematical process of calculation; but that motive has now ceased; for the work has been accomplished. Amazing accuracy has been attained in determining the orbits and periods of comets, and the disturbances to which they are subject from the attraction of the planets; and we are now beginning to reap the harvest so fairly anticipated from the preliminary labor. Their physical constitution is the subject of the greatest present interest; and the phenomena already observed have opened a field of speculative inquiry of vast moment, which will hereafter guide the observer to conclusions calculated to modify many of our preconceived opinions of the physical world. The existence of unknown forces and conditions of matter is indicated by phenomena which can not be explained by known laws of material existence; and the universal diffusion in space of a resisting medium is made probable by a decrease in the time of revolution of a comet of short period. A thousand questions bearing upon the nature of comets and their purposes in the cosmos have to be answered; and, in reference to the space-pervading medium, if such there be, we shall want to know whether it is at rest or in motion; what the law of its density and state of condensation near the sun; whether it gravitates; what its influence on the members of the solar system individually and collectively; and

whether it may not be augmented from age to age by the ejected matter of comets. Intimately connected with these inquiries, is the mysterious constitution of the comets themselves—a subject of profound interest to every astronomer; not only because they are the most numerous bodies in the solar system, if indeed, they specially belong to it, but also because, in almost all their physical conditions, they differ from every other known cosmical body; and the solution of the problem of their formation would, at the same time, explain the origin of many now inexplicable phenomena. Upon these and some collateral subjects we propose to offer a few remarks; not with the hope of doing much to remove difficulties, but with a desire to represent the present state of scientific knowledge in relation to comets, and to point out the direction in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries.

The forms in which cometary bodies present themselves are more various than would be supposed from an examination of them without instruments. When naturalists are classifying the objects of their study, they refer them to, and group them round, some real or imaginary form which they speak of as a type. We may do the same, and the globular, telescopic comet will be our type. It is a body which may at first be mistaken for a nebulous star. This mistake will be corrected by the discovery of a change of place. It consists of a circular mass of nebulous matter with a nucleus, or concentrated point of light, usually placed eccentrically within it. A tail is not a necessary appendage. The comets of 1585, 1665, 1682, and 1763, were without tails. Others have shown long, streaming surfaces of nebulous light at one time, which have disappeared at another. The direction of the tail is almost constantly towards a point nearly opposite to the position of the sun in reference to the comet, and it appears to consist of two diverging beams of light, or ray-tufts, one flowing from each side of the head, and turned backward into the space the comet is leaving. The naked eye never detects the least appearance of motion in this appendage—it neither scintillates like some hot, solid bodies, nor flickers like a flame in a current of air, but retains an equable intensity of light like a subdued beam of sunlight passing through clouds

when seen against a dark background. No meteor has ever exhibited the same steady, unwavering luminosity; and the aurora has no resemblance to it if we except the luminous arch of white light with which the gorgeous display of the magnetic shower commences, or the broad patches of light with which the vault of heaven is strewn when the luminous arch breaks up, and the gorgeous spectacle is finished. Under the telescope, however, other appearances are presented. Bessel observed, that the cone of light which jetted from Halley's comet during the formation of the tail, deviated from the direct line between the comet and the sun; but, whether it was bent to the right or left, it returned to the direct line, and then deviated as far from it on the opposite side, just as a pendulum swings on its point of suspension. From this he concludes that the comet has a vibratory motion in the plane of its orbit, produced by some "polar force which turns one semi-diameter of the comet towards the sun, and strives to turn the opposite side away from the luminary." The elder Herschel observed a similar action in the comet of 1811, and attributed it to a rotatory motion. But in neither case was there any unsteadiness of the light, the same pale, quiet, immovable luminosity was always exhibited.

The form and extent of the tail, when that appendage is present, are not the same in any two bodies, nor in the same body at different times. The usual shape, as already intimated, is that which would be bounded by two lines diverging from the head, and its direction is opposite to the onward course of the comet, like the smoke of an engine moving against a current of air. But there are many exceptions. The comet of 1744 had six tails spread out like a fan, and that of 1823 had two, one turned towards the sun, the other in an almost opposite direction, or, more precisely, at an angle of 160° . The one turned towards the sun was the brighter of the two. The extent of these appendages is not less various. They are sometimes of almost incredible length. The tail of the comet, of the year 371 B.C., measured 60° ; that of 1843, 65° ; that of 1680, 70° ; and that of 1618, 104° .

The more condensed part of a comet, called the nucleus, seldom presents a definite outline; but in some of these bodies it has had a more decided form, and has

shone with the brightness of a fixed star. The comet of 1843 was visible by daylight. An eye-witness in Portland, United States, says: "The nucleus and every part of the tail was as well defined as the moon on a clear day." Of the comets of 1577 and 1744 we have a similar report. And although the body of a comet is usually cloud-like, densest near the center, and shaded off into thin semi-transparency without an edge, the elder Herschel reports that the comet of 1807 had a nucleus five hundred and thirty-eight English miles in diameter, and that of 1811, four hundred and twenty-eight miles. It may not be unnecessary to caution the reader against the association of the idea of density with the use of the word nucleus. Density is a term which can not be used in an absolute sense in reference to any part of a comet, and when used comparatively it does not exclude the idea of transparency. Many comets are sufficiently transparent to transmit stellar light. When the tail of Donati's comet, which a few months since was so beautiful an object in our heavens, passed between us and the noble star, Arcturus, the stellar light was perfectly transmitted. On the fifth of October, 1847, Miss Mitchell's comet came before a star of the fifth magnitude, which the thinnest evening-mist would have eclipsed, and its twinkling light was not in the slightest degree obscured. We have a still more remarkable instance of extreme transparency in the comet of 1835; for, on the twenty-ninth of September, of that year, a dense part of its body—only $7''\cdot78$ from the center of the head—passed over a star of the tenth magnitude, and, according to Bessel, without *deflecting* the stellar light. How are to explain this remarkable fact? Perfect transparency is a property we could not predicate of any body having a revolution round the sun; but if the fact be proved we are quite unable to explain how even cometary matter can be destitute of the power of refraction. From such evidence as is at present before us, it would be premature to suggest the possibility of the existence in these bodies of that which is not matter, in the ordinary sense of the word—of properties which are not elsewhere exhibited; but, from evidence to be presently adduced, we shall find reason to doubt whether a comet does consist entirely of gravitating matter.

These considerations lead to the inquiry whether comets are selfluminous, or reflect the light of the sun. The polariscope, in Arago's hands, answered the question. "We must confess," he says, "from these observations, that the cometary light is not entirely composed of rays having the properties of direct light, there being light which is reflected specularly, or polarized, that is, coming from the sun." In other words, a comet is a selfluminous body; but the emission of light does not destroy the power of reflection. Independent of Arago's experimental demonstration of the union of an inherent and a borrowed luminosity, the existence of reflected light might be conjectured from the existence of gravitating matter in comets; for, as they are under the same dynamical laws as planets, they must consist, in part, at least, of ponderous matter; and radiant light might be suspected from the difference of intensity in different bodies, a phenomenon which can not be fully explained by the positions of the comets in relation to the sun, or their several capacities of reflecting incident light.

If all that has been said about the transparency of comets, and the extent and rapid formation of their tails be true, their rarefaction must exceed that of any substance within the reach of physical and chemical investigation. As in all these bodies there is a nucleus, the lighter matters must, we know, be gathered round it, just as (in fact, not in similarity of circumstances) the atmosphere surrounds the earth, though the feebleness of attraction or the antagonism of some expansive power, causes a vast diffusion. A globe one inch in diameter, so Newton says, reduced to such a density as it would have at a distance from the surface of the earth equal to the radius of that planet, would expand and fill a sphere as large as the orbit of Saturn. If this be true, we shall not wonder at the rarefaction of cometary matter, for a comet may not weigh, as Herschel says, though it does fill such an ample space, many pounds or many ounces. But let the rarefaction be what it may, there must be some attraction between the parts of the body, or it could not have a spherical form. So much the astronomer knows of the physical theory of comets, but when he is asked to explain the origin of the tail, he admits the difficulty of replying, and

though he propounds a theory he invites objections, and waits for the future confirmation or disproof of his opinions.

The tail is not, as commonly believed, a continuation of the head. The nucleus is in fact inclosed in a hazy case, or a thin envelope of something, which for want of precise knowledge, is called nebulous matter, and when this is carried beyond the circumference of the head it is called the tail. A large number of comets might be described as a diffused nebulousity of a parabolic form inclosing in its vertex a nucleus. When a comet makes its first appearance in a telescope of power, it has usually the globular form already described, without any appendage, but as it approaches the sun it increases in size, and the coma is expanded into a tail. When it has moved to some considerable distance from the sun a contraction of the tail commences, and if it be not absorbed before the comet disappears, the rapidity of the process convinces the observer that it will, ere long, be completed. We may illustrate these remarks by reference to the interesting phenomena which attended the last return of Halley's comet.

When Halley's comet appeared in 1835, astronomers were at liberty to devote themselves almost entirely to the observation of its physical phenomena, for Newton's theory had been rigorously demonstrated, and the correctness of astronomical calculations had been proved by the appearance of many comets at the estimated times. It was first observed on the fifth of August, only one degree from the calculated place, as a faint telescopic nebula with a small bright nucleus. On the second of October, the shape was changed by the formation of a rudimentary tail, which rapidly increased in length, for on the fifteenth of the month it spanned an arc of 20° . After this time it began to contract, and when the comet passed its perihelion, on the sixteenth of November, all the tail had probably been diffused in space or absorbed by the solar atmosphere, as it measured only $2\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ on the fifth of that month. When the change of form commenced, the nucleus began to increase in brightness, and a series of jets were thrown out from the head of the comet. This phenomenon was observed for several days. Sometimes there was a single jet with an oscillatory motion, sometimes a number of ejections were visible, taking a fan-like

form. The appearance was such as to suggest the probability of the nucleus being so acted on by solar heat, as to cause the ejection of rarified gases, which by reaction disturbed the outer surface of the comet. The jets were thrown from that part of the head nearest to the sun and were turned backward, so as to flow into, if they did not entirely form, the tail, just as a jet of steam is thrown by a strong current of air into a direction opposite to that in which it is propelled. But as we can not attribute the direction of the tail of a comet to the existence of any pneumatic current, it is probably produced by some repellent action existing in the sun. This we admit is a strange assumption, for the effect of the sun upon a gravitating body is to collect, condense, concentrate, and attract, when heat does not interfere; but in the formation of the tail of a comet, a repulsive force exists sufficiently strong to drive the nebulous matter millions of miles from the point of ejection, into the vacated path of the cometary body. Gravitating matter there must be, for the comet has motion, orbit, and period of revolution, as consequences of solar attraction; but how inappreciable must that attraction have been upon the tail of Halley's comet to have permitted it to sweep past the great central orb of the system in an unbroken line, as though it had been an absolutely rigid rod! Solar heat may have produced the jets of which we have spoken; but if this were the mode of their production, we can not explain why they should cease before the comet had passed its perihelion, or why in such a situation the tail should disappear. Nor do we perceive how it is possible to explain the formation of a comet's tail, without admitting the existence of a repulsive or centrifugal force. How otherwise, considering the inconceivable velocity of the comet, could the momentum of the ejected nebulous matter be overcome and driven leeward, if we may use a nautical phrase, to a distance where the weak attraction of the gravitating matter in the head of the comet had probably barely power enough to hold the parts together? The comet of 1843, which moved with a train measuring 60° , and approached the luminous surface of the sun within one seventh of the radius of the luminary, was seen at Calcutta to form in one day a lateral tail nearly 100° in length. The comet of

1680, after its perihelion passage, formed in two days, as Newton informs us, a tail twenty million leagues in length. For the production of such effects a repellent force exists somewhere, but we are at a loss to imagine by what intensity of any known force such a projection of gravitating matter could be effected. But is it gravitating matter? May it not be that which men of science, for want of precise knowledge, call polarity? It is perhaps best represented by magnetism, the force which produces the aurora, and which according to recent investigations flows in luminous clouds, visible to some persons in a darkened room, from the poles of powerful magnetic batteries. More than this we should not be justified in saying; for clearer views we must wait the results of future observations. It is certain, however, as Sir John Herschel says, "that if we have here to deal with matter, such as we conceive it, namely, possessing inertia—at all, it must be under the dominion of forces incomparably more energetic than gravitation, and quite of a different nature."

Halley's comet was invisible for two months after it passed its perihelion in 1835. When it reappeared, it was seen by the naked eye as a hazy star of the fifth magnitude, but in telescopes it presented a well-defined disc surrounded by a coma. Great changes, therefore, were made in the physical condition of this body during the period it was invisible; and it passed through others still more difficult of explanation before it left our heavens. The coma surrounding it when it reappeared, quickly vanished, and the disc as rapidly increased in size, just as though a decrease of temperature had condensed and gathered round it matter before invisible; for otherwise the process of cooling must have produced contraction. In one week the volume of the illuminated space increased in the ratio of forty to one, and it was still increasing when the comet was lost in distance. Is it possible to account for this extraordinary dilatation, if we assume the absorption of cometary matter? Whether possible or not, we have as much difficulty in imagining the presence and diffusion of the cometary matter as in understanding the rapidity of its accumulation. But the marvel does not end here. A change of form was going on simultaneously with an increase in the dimensions of the disc.

As the intensity of the cometary light decreased, the comet itself was observed to lengthen in the direction of the sun, and the formation of a tail was commenced just as when it was approaching its perihelion. The jets, which had been before seen, were not again observed; but a ray of light passed from the nucleus along the axis of the paraboloid, increasing from time to time in intensity. How are these conditions and changes to be accounted for? They lie, so far as we know, out of the range of the ordinary laws of material existence, as exhibited in the conditions of the least dense of other cosmical bodies; and we know too little of polarity and its phenomena to trace its influence and effects, or to understand how the proximity, or distance of the sun, can produce or modify the phenomena we observe.

Of the orbital motion of comets we have nothing to say which has not been often said before; but marvelous facts in science, like wonderful events in history, will bear repetition.

When Newton had demonstrated the truth of his theory of gravitation, in reference to the orbits and periods of the planets, he perceived the necessity of bringing the comets under the operation of the same laws before he could assume the universality of the force. The first step in this process was taken by Newton himself, when he proved that a gravitating body may move about the sun in any of those curves known as conic sections. The comet of 1680 opportunely appeared when astronomers were most anxious to test the accuracy of the conclusions of the great philosopher; and of all the bodies of its class which have appeared in our heavens, it was, in many respects, the most remarkable. Soon after it had passed its perihelion, the tail was twenty million leagues in length. It approached the sun within less than one sixth the diameter of that luminary, and moved with a velocity of two hundred and twelve miles in a second. Its period, as calculated by Encke, is about eight thousand eight hundred and fourteen years; and when in its aphelion, which is forty-four times the distance of Uranus from the sun, it will have a motion of only ten feet in a second. The observations made on this body proved that gravitation determines and controls the motion of comets. Its orbit was truly one of great eccentricity, but the areas described about the sun

were, as in planets, proportional to the times. The universality of gravitation was, therefore, as fully proved as the circumstances permitted; and when this was acknowledged, there could be no doubt of the possibility of determining the periods and predicting the return of comets. But although the motion of planets and comets was thus traced to the same cause, the forms and positions of the orbits were not the same. The planets move in paths which, though elliptical, are nearly circular; the comets in ellipses of great eccentricity; the planes of the orbits of planets have a limited inclination to the ecliptic; the paths of comets are not thus limited; all the planets move about the sun, from west to east; a large number of comets move in the same direction, but not all; and, lastly, the planets are confined to a certain zone of the heavens, while the comets wander over the whole vault, some direct, some retrograde, some with inconceivable velocity, and some with comparative slowness. Those which move in hyperbolic curves visit our system but once. Where do they wander? and by what laws are they controlled when they pass the boundary of the solar influence?

When the elements of a comet moving in an ellipse are known, its period may be calculated, and its return predicted. Halley, confiding in Newton's discovery, was the first astronomer who ventured to announce the reappearance of one of these bodies. In 1682, only two years after the appearance of the great comet, which had engaged the attention of Newton, another of remarkable character, though not of great splendor, appeared; and Halley calculated its elements after it had passed its perihelion. Considerations, which we need not now mention, led him to believe that it had visited the sun in the years 1531 and 1607; and he boldly predicted its return in 1759. When the time of this advent approached Clairaut calculated the probable delay consequent upon the secondary attractions of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. From a careful estimate of these perturbations, he concluded that the comet would arrive six hundred and eighteen days after the time calculated by Halley; and within a month of the predicted day the comet came. In 1835 it returned again; and astronomers then knew how to calculate correctly, and what allowance to make for the delays

and hindrances of the road. Within a few days of the predicted time, on this occasion, it was discovered; and it then taught us nearly all we know, or rather, conjecture, about the constitution of comets.

In this brief essay on the nature of comets, we have scarcely alluded to the one which, in October last, attracted the attention of all persons in this country. We have intentionally avoided any reference to it. Our object has been to point out, in the most general manner, the di-

rection in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries, and the facts on which they base their belief in the agency of some occult cause best described, at present, by the word polarity. When the astronomers of the southern hemisphere have made their reports upon Donati's comet, we shall probably ask our readers to take with us a survey of some of the most remarkable phenomena attending the progress of that magnificent object, and of what it has taught us.

Selected for the Eclectic.

TANGLED TALK; OR, THE COLOR OF LOVE.

"Sir, we had talk."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"Better be an outlaw than not free."—*Jean Paul, the Only One.*

"The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and then to moderate again, and pass to somewhat else."

—*Lord Bacon.*

STREPHON TO SYLVIA.

DEAREST SYLVIA: There was, you know, an emperor—Domitian or Caligula, it does not matter—who wished that mankind had all one neck between them, so that he might decapitate the human race at a blow. Lord Byron had a wish much more genial, but quite as wild—namely, that the daughters of Eve

"had but one rosy mouth,
That he might kiss them all, from north to south."

I, too, have often a wish, as wild as either; not so genial as that of his deceased lordship, not so cruel as that of his deceased slaughterman. You will say, my dear, it is very characteristic of your Strephon's morbid inquisitiveness; and you who, by taking him out of himself, have done so much to cure him of that fault, (no merit to you, but some thanks, and much love for it,) may blame it as freely as you please. But the wish is, in brief, this—that all adult mankind could

be constituted into one accessible catechumen for him to interrogate concerning their experience. What I want for settling the psychological problems that are constantly putting themselves to me, is to know how every body else thinks and feels. Now, if I could only say to the collective Adam-and-Eve, How do you feel on such a point? and the catechumen could answer with one voice, "I feel so and so," what a psychologist your Strephon would be! "Yes," you say, "he would know too much."

That is true; profoundly true. I suppose life would be an impracticability to a man who carried so much sail. Ignorance and uncertainty are, doubtless, necessary factors in the sums we have given us to work out in our relations with each other. And my wish, if it were serious, earnest, and cherished, would amount to a sin. For, though my "views" are purely speculative when the wish in question slips through my brain; yet, inasmuch as no fact in human experience stands absolutely alone and disconnected, I could

never get the precise thing I wanted to know, without tearing away fragments of the living, sacred, never-intended-to-be-scrutinized tissue of the individual life along with it. It would be as impossible as to cut a pound of flesh without spilling a drop of blood.

After all this, you will, I am sure, wonder whatever it is I want to know next? What, my own beloved, with your strong human instincts and keen appreciation of the greatness of the harvest, and the fewness of the laborers, will you think of me for busying myself with gossamer speculations about the LIGHT and the COLOR of LOVE? "Idle boy," you say. "I had better thoughts of you; off, off to the harvest field, about the Master's business!"

But let me say my say, and then I will go and try to reap and bind as you bid me. Once, when I saw the electric light in an exhausted receiver—an imitation, is it not, of the northern aurora?—it struck me that that unutterable living blue-white brilliancy, vailing itself in a pink blush, must be the color of love. Love, to be sure, is not a stone, or a shell, or a bit of wood, or a leaf, nor can it, so far as I see, be proved to be any way capable of reflecting the sun's rays, or the congenial moon's. But if there is mournfulness in black, and sobriety in drab, and royalty in purple, and innocence in white, and freshness in green, and courage in red, and religiosity in blue—why not love in the auroral glory? "These are mere matters of fancy, symbolism, analogy." Yes, I dare say; but what is analogy? Why does the lighting upon a new one cause a thrill of joy to minds of a certain stamp, and *some* pleasure to all minds whatsoever? Is our sympathy with symbols a thing of habit and convention, or does it strike its roots deep down in the spirit, refusing to be grubbed up, or even grubbed *about*, to any purpose? I, for one, stand by the latter alternative. I think there is a positive relation between given colors and given states of being, the full significance of which we may never discover on this side the spot where we meet

"the Shadow feared of man,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds;"

though we may, perhaps, obtain a passing glimpse of it here and there, in what is called imaginative writing, especially in the writings of the poets.

From Milton we have an authoritative

utterance upon the subject of the color of love. You remember, dear, that when Adam asks the "angel guest familiar" if there is love in heaven, and, if so, what are its modes, and how the shining ones "mix irradiance," that glorious creature of God—not privileged, which, indeed, were no privilege, to be without "shame, divine shame"—blushes

"CELESTIAL ROSY RED, LOVE'S PROPER HUE"—

the line so beautifully commented upon by Keats in *Lamia*, Part I.:

"Into the green-recessed woods they flew,
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do."

Now, we have, you see, in that line from *Paradise Lost* enough to show us that the singer had his own idea about the color of love. We have "love's proper hue," the hue that absolutely belongs to it, as a property and characteristic. Then, the hue in the poet's eye is "rosy red," the true auroral flush. And, last, not least, Sylvia, it is "*celestial rosy red*." Now what, my dear, is a "*celestial rosy red*"? It is white for innocence, interfused with blue for heavenliness, divineness, religiousness, and softly veiled with pink for tenderness or desire. And this is the light of the aurora, and what I called the color of love; the color you would have in a flower if you could blend the tints of the lily, the convolvulus, and the rose, but which no flower could give as it is given in the electric aurora, for want of *light* and *motion*—two elements which, in the countenance of the bashful archangel, would be supplied by the lucid eyes, and the invisible-visible shimmering motion of the muscles of the face.*

Now comes the precise point upon which, at this present writing, I wished information from the monster catechumen of whom I just now spake unto you. Is what I now allude to a universal or a general experience? It seems to me that the human lover, at some stage of the progress of his passion, has vouchsafed to him a vision of the love-light, in virtue of which vision he sees and hears unutterable things, and is then and there presented with the freedom of the Seventh heaven; the talismanic memory of which time and which things stays by him more or less vividly all his life, and in proportion as he is faithful to the new sense which was then

* You are aware, Sylvia, that a human face is never in absolute rest.

conferred, anneals him from pain, and naughtiness, and folly all. He may see this love-light in a glory around his mistress; or in a sudden, unaccountable flash, as if

"All Heaven burst her starry floors,
And strewed her lights below;"

(that, you know, is in your Tennyson, in *St. Agnes*;) or in a more or less rapid sparkle in space—or in all three. Beautifully do I find the telling of the vision—yes, and the interpretation thereof, my own—in *The Angel in the House*, Canto VIII.: *Life of Life* is what the verses are headed, and it seems by that title as if the poet had a glimpse of something which I have often tried to say, but never shall be able!

LIFE OF LIFE.

"What's that, which, ere I spake, was gone,
So joyful and intense a spark
That, whilst o'er head the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark?
I do not know; but this I know,
That, had the splendor lived a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show
Did see, could not be now more clear."

Thus far the vision. Now the interpretation:

"This know I, too; might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;
And error from the soul would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas!
Has neither memory nor tongue."

I should like to quote the verses which follow, because they more fully bring out the poet's *consciousness* of what he was singing; they show that he believed in the "starry culmination" of love, as bringing what he here calls

THE REVELATION.

"An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."

But, Sylvia, if there is a love-light, should there not be a friendship-light? If so, it would be a light without the rosi-ness, and that would freely mingle with the common sunshine. The "rosy red" is "love's *proper hue*"—its *peculium*—its distinctive characteristic. The friendship-light must be simpler, and must not blush. Is there in any poet any hint of an experienced, or possible-to-be-experienced friendship-light, as a thing positively visible to the friendship sense? I think so; and in a shape resembling invocation, in two of the cases which occur to me. The first is from *In Memoriam*, Poem 89:

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush,
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March:

"Come! wear the form by which I knew
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplished years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

"When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe with many roses sweet
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange;

"Come! not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm;
Come, beauteous in thine after-form,
And like a finer light in light!"

To which there is a startling parallel in the closing verses of Charles Lamb's brief *In Memoriam* for "Hester"—his Quakeress friend, be it remembered; no passion of his, but simply a companion:

"My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning!"

With which quotation from the writings of the friendliest of men, I will leave off. Tell me, dear, what you think of all this. Perhaps the love-light and the friendship-light are both exclusively masculine experiences? How curious that would be, if it were so. Probe your consciousness, Sylvia, and tell me. "I never will," you say, "I hate all your probing! Go, find your sickle, and off to the harvest-field!" I go, I go, my love, like your faithful, obedient

STREPHON.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SLEEP, AND THE TWIN BROTHERS.

"DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP:" THE FIRST MAN'S FIRST SLEEP—AFFINITY RECOGNIZED BY THE ANCIENTS—MONTAIGNE—GEORGE HERBERT—GEORGE CHAPMAN—SHAKESPEARE—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY—JEREMY TAYLOR—COLERIDGE—TENNYSON—WILSON. SLEEP AND DEATH CONFOUNDED: ARVIRAGUS AND IMOGEN—HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HAL—JULIET—GRÉTRY AND HIS DAUGHTER—THOMAS HOOD AT COBLENTZ—MRS. BROWNING ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

"Jam verò videtis, nihil esse Morti tam simile, quàm Somnum."

CICERO, *de Senectute*, XXII.

"By him lay heavy Sleepe, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath. . . ."

SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST: *Induction*, st. XLI.

"For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annex."

SPENSER: *Fuerie Queene*, II. 7, 25.

"O thou soft natural death! that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber!"

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*.

"Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this captive in thy arms. . . .
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death."

PHILONAX LOVEKIN: *Andronicus*, (1661.)

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

"It was a dream. . . .
But who conducted me? That gentle Power
Gentle as Death, Death's brother."

LANDOR: *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*.

"Though Death should grimly stalk into the house,
And stand beside the slumber of a child,
Think you that gazing on its mimic self,
Sleep, beautiful and wondrous, in the crib,
His owlish eyes would not wing suddenly,
Through cycles of decay, back to the time
When he was one with Sleep, and passing fair;
Think you he would not sigh: 'Sleep on, sleep on!
Thou copy and thou counterfeit of me,
And teach the world that I was beautiful.'"

WALTER R. CASSELS: *Llewellyn*.

WHEN the first man first fell on sleep, (using that phrase in a natural not spiritual sense,) he is supposed by Milton to have confusedly identified the sensation with that of dissolution itself. Death indeed was then a thing unknown, above conception because beyond experience; but equally so was Sleep. And though

every attempt to describe sensations so unique must, more or less, involve a sort of *ex post facto* ascription of subsequent impressions, still, the Miltonic supposition is too natural not to be in accord with what men in general would assume as Adam's actual feelings. On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers, pensive he sits him down :

"There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsèd sense, untroubled, though I
thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve."

The affinity between Death and Sleep is, and ever has been, universally recognized. The Divine One, who spake as never man spake, said of a dead and buried follower: "Our friend Lazarus sleppeth." The brigands of revolutionary France—earthly, sensual, devilish—proclaimed death an eternal sleep. The image is every where in vogue, the analogy always holds good, the relationship is remarked by every age, in every clime, by saint, by savage, and by sage. Not a mortal day passes, but sleep is a familiar presence. Not a mortal life, but closes in a longer, deeper, stiller, more perfect sleep.

The epithets bestowed on death by the ancients are profusely borrowed from its living counterpart, or similitude, or foreshadow. If they call it a *dura necessitas*, they call it also a *dura quies*. It is a *ferreus somnus*. On the other hand, *somnus*, sleep itself, is *mortis imago*. It is *letho simillimus*. It is *consanguineus lethi sopor*. Death and his brother Sleep—is that an original idea of Shelley's? Not by centuries upon centuries. *Gelidæ mortis frater languidus* is an old-world paraphrase for man's nightly repose.

When considering, in that discursive manner of his, how a man may, in some measure, make death familiar to him, Montaigne pronounces it to be not without reason that we are taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death—calling attention to the facility with which we pass from waking to sleeping, and the little concern we feel in losing the knowledge of light and of ourselves. "Perhaps the faculty of sleeping would seem useless and contrary to nature, since it deprives us of all action and sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us that

she has equally made us to die as to live, and from life presents us the estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But such as have by some violent accident fallen into a swoon, and in it have lost all sense, these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural face of death." Such an accident Michael himself had experienced, and his experience he details for the use of others.

"When boys go first to bed,"

says holy George Herbert,

"They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for
death."

Which of us but has, at some time, felt a sweet thrill, and been conscious of an awe, and an earnestness, solemn as strange, when joining in the petition of England's Evening Hymn—that true national anthem—to be taught so to live that we may dread the grave as little as our bed? George Herbert had anticipated Bishop Ken in this Christian aspiration, and glorified Death as a transfigured form :

"Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust."

Shakspeare makes the Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, thus reason with life—when reasoning that it is a thing that none but fools would keep :

"Thy best of rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more."

In the same strain, only more at large, reasons George Chapman, of the same age, in his now forgotten tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey* :

"Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to
them!
If men would sleep, they will be wroth with
all
That interrupts them; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps; all friends con-
senting
In those invocations; praying all
'Good rest the gods vouchsafe you.' But
when Death,

Sleep's natural brother, comes ; that's nothing worse,
 But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—
 Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor;)
 Oh ! how men grudge and shake, and fear, and fly
 His stern approaches !”

The hunting Lord, gazing on *Christopher Sly*, who lies dead drunk before the ale-house on the heath, is moved to exclaim : “ Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !” *Paulina*, preparing *Leontes* for a view of the supposed statue of his wife, bids him expect “ to see the life as lively mocked, as ever still sleep mocked death.” We have a Shakespearean glimpse of *Lucrece* asleep, her hair, like golden threads, playing with her breath—

“ Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.”

One of the “ leading articles,” so to speak, in the *News* of Sir Thomas Overbury, describes death as “ sleep's picture drawn to life, or the twilight of life and death.” In sleeps, he says, “ We kindly shake death by the hand ; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. Often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may do it perfectly.” Elsewhere he affirms, in the paradoxical style then so much cultivated, that “ no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead.” To the same effect writes Jeremy Taylor, that “ we so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we find an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have but one name in common. Charnel-houses are but κοιμητήρια, ‘ cemetaries ’ or sleeping-places ;” and “ in sleep our senses are as fast bound by Nature, as our joints are by the grave-clothes ; and unless an angel of God waken us every morning, we must confess ourselves as unable to converse with men, as we are now afraid to die and converse with spirits. But, however, death itself is no more ; it is but a darkness and a shadow, a rest and a forgetfulness. What is there more in death ? What is there less in sleep ?”

Coleridge's *Monody* on the death of Chatterton opens with the exclamation :

“ Oh ! what a wonder seems the fear of death,
 Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
 Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
 Night following night for threescore years
 and ten !”

One section of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* opens with the hypothesis, “ If Sleep and Death be truly one ;” another, with the apostrophe, “ Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance ;” while a third, addressed to the dead friend here held in remembrance, begins with this soothing stanza—

“ When in the down I sink my head,
 Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath ;
 Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
 Nor can I dream of thee as dead.”

This twin-brotherhood is, almost every where among the poets, an acknowledged relationship. Yet Wilson utters a protest against it, when he makes the Ettrick Shepherd object that “ sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sae by ane wha suld hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life.” How this objection affects the poetical assumption it would, perhaps, be difficult to show. For the poets all along assume the sleep of death to have its dreams, its activity of spiritual life. To sleep—muses *Hamlet*—to sleep, perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come—must give him, the proposed self-slayer, pause. The good man, dying, is, in Bryant's *Thanatopsis*,

“ Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Many a time has death been taken for sleep, and sleep for death ; the dead for those that slumber, and the slumbering for those that are “ no more.” Innocent childhood looks on the face of the departed, and believes the repose to be life's common every-day rest. Anxious watchers rivet their gaze on the calm sleeper, and fear that calm to be of the sleep that knows no waking. *Arviragus* finds *Imogen* “ as dead,” thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, not as death's dart, being laughed at. . . . I thought, he slept ; and put my clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness answered my steps too loud.” “ Is he so hasty,” complains Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, when the Prince has removed his crown—“ so hasty

that he doth suppose my sleep my death?" The Prince had not removed that "golden rigol" until he had watched a downy feather by the lips of the king, which stirred not—until he had called, and there was no answer—whence his inference, "this sleep is sound indeed," the sleep that no morning will break, no fatigue renew. So, again, with the parents of *Juliet*, after she has drained the friar's draught. "Jenny, tu souffres?" tenderly asked Grétry of his eldest girl—(all Grétry's daughters died at about sixteen)—her answer was, "C'est fini;" and then, in the words of a biographer, "elle pencha la tête et mourut sans secousses au même instant. Le pauvre Grétry lui demanda si elle dormait: elle dormait avec les anges." Thomas Hood, who in his *Hero and Leander* pictures a form on which "you might gaze twice ere Death it seemed, and not his cousin, Sleep, that through those creviced lids did under-peep"—has described, in a fragment called *The Death-Bed*, with exquisite pathos and simple power, what some of us have witnessed, and having witnessed, have desired for ourselves, if the desire be lawful: so imperceptible the passage from calm slumber to calmer death, so unobserved the merging of one in the other.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
'And sleeping when she died.'"

The sight of sleeping childhood is often suggestive, to their elders, of the more solemn rest that remaineth for all the children of time. Three and twenty years ago the same Thomas Hood, being at Coblenz, and gazing on his wife and two children asleep in the same chamber, was moved to an almost wish that he and they might then and there find mortality swallowed up of life, sleep merged in death. He recognized his universe of love, all that his God could give him or remove, there sleeping, save himself, in mimic death: hence arose the half-cherished, half-withstood yearning—

"Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband,
Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life."

The aspiration—or, rather, unformed fancy—might be a strangely sad or sadly strange one. But thoughtful and suffering minds, versed in worldly trials, and already wounded in the battle of life, are not unapt to think sad thoughts, and strange, beside slumbering childhood. Watching the serenity that there abides, and remembering the awful antitype of which a placid symbol is before us, well may the wistful desire rise from heart to lips, May my last end be like *this*! Like it, in some respects, we know it will be; for is not Death, even that of wrinkled eld, the brother of Sleep, even that of babes and sucklings? Mrs. Browning's stanzas, addressed to an infant sleeping on the floor, tired of all the playing, touchingly illustrate this aspect of our theme; the minstrel is near as tired of pain as the child seems of pleasure; God knows that, she says; and then she anticipates a coming sleep for herself, after life's fitful fever, wearied with the din, and toil, and vanity:

"Very soon too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping!
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder."

The last stanza of another poem of hers, *The Sleep*, is set in the same key—a soft low minor—

"And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.'"

J A N U A R Y .

LIKE iron armor lie the lakes;
The fount no longer flows;
And not a single murmur breaks
The silence of the snows.

Upon the desolate morass
The heron seems a ghost;
Above it the dark cloud-wreaths pass,
Around it gleams the frost.

The valley hath no flowerets gay;
The copse no sunny beams;
But yet our mother Earth to-day
Is merrier than she seems:

For led by January cold
O'er wintry waste and wild,
Half-veiled in stainless snow, behold
A radiant Spirit-Child:

Life in its breath, heaven in its smiles—
A dream of future worth,

The New Year comes with tender wiles
To drooping souls on earth.

Fresh from the holy touch of God,
In all its aspects fair,
Its footsteps thaw the frozen sod:
To feel it is a prayer.

But, 'mid hopes like the Old Year dead,
And hopes whose doom is knelled,
I ask my soul, with trembling dread,
"What have I lost?—what held?"

O New Year, teach to sad hearts faith:
Life's road is rough and hard; [scathe,
When sharp thorns wound and keen winds
Point thou to One more marred.

Lead onward to the cloudless spheres,
Thou who com'st like a friend,
Where none need weep departed years,
And every grief shall end.

L O V E M E , B E L O V E D .

Love me, beloved—the lonely hours
Are passing slowly and sadly by,
I am sad in the midst of the joyous flowers,
And I feel alone though I know not why;
Unless it be that thou lov'st me not
And I have passed like a thing forgot.

Love me, beloved—the music notes,
Which from star to star in the deep sky
move,
Come down to me in those helpless boats
Called the soft night winds. And a hand I
love

Waves the deep blue ether to and fro,
That the note I love on its way may go!

Love me, beloved—that I may learn
Why joy is sparkling in every thing,
Why the pure, fair stars in the heavens burn,
And their silver circles of pale light fling
Down to the earth, like a ladder bright.
For thought to rise to the land of light!

Love me, beloved—the moonlit clouds,
Which like foam flakes drift in the endless
sky,

Which follow each other in frightened crowds,
Seem far away in immensity;
And yet the song-wreath to me comes down,
Which those wanderers weave in night's jeweled
crown!

Love me, beloved—that I may bear
The beauty in which the earth is drowned:
Love me, oh! love me, that thou may'st share
The wondrous joy of that wondrous sound
Which the soul of music to earth hath given
An echo true from the far-off heaven!

Love me, beloved—for only thou
Canst brighten the brightness of earth to me,
Canst chase the shadow which veils it now,
And make my spirit as light and free
As it used to be, when life's vision all
Was a gem-wreath and flowing coronal!

Love me, beloved—and all the past,
The sorrowful past, will have fled for ages;
The flower will lift up its head at last.
Now the terrible storm has passed away,
And the rainbow gleam of thy love shall be
Like a sunny light on the troubled sea!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE DISCONTENTED FLOWERS.

IN the depths of a beautiful wood, far away from the noise of cities, and the smoke of chimneys, is a bright clear pool of water, in which the drooping branches of the willow mirror and bathe themselves. Sweetly-scented lime-trees are grouped together near it, beneath the arching boughs of which the graceful fern and the blue-eyed forget-me-not flourish luxuriantly.

The banks of this crystal lake are fringed with moss and tall flowering grasses; and the woodland paths beyond, where the ground is not so moist, are carpeted in the early spring with masses of the delicate blue hyacinth; and no sooner has that faded than the modest lily of the valley arises, with her perfumed bells, to scent the air in that sequestered spot.

Many a wayfarer has paused in his journey through the forest, to drink from the limpid waters in that still retreat, and has wondered at the variety of foliage and blossom growing side by side in that place; and has been puzzled to account for the appearance of some plants, which, according to the botanists, had no business to be growing wild in such a locality.

But there are records handed down from tree to tree, and whispered from flower to flower, of a time when the now extensive wood was a private shrubbery, planted with taste and care, by a wealthy land-owner; and the pool, which is now the favorite haunt of the May-fly, the dragon-fly, and their kindred, was once a fish-preserve. The ancient ferns, too, now rearing their beauteous fronds as a shelter for myriads of the insect tribe, have a faint recollection of having been transplanted from a distant region in their early youth; but they have taken kindly to their present home, and are too old now to care about making another journey to the soil of their ancestors, so they cling closer and closer to the rocks that surround them, and spring up year after year more vigorously than ever. And

the forget-me-nots, as the days go round, creep farther and farther over the surface of the pool, laughing up in the sunlight with their bright eyes, as though change and trial were unknown to the flowers of earth.

It is indeed a very lovely spot, and the sunbeams and the moonbeams linger there by turns, right willingly, piercing playfully through the coy leaves, which try so valiantly to keep them out; but the zephyrs come to the rescue; and to them the leaves bow obediently at their lightest breath, and make way for them. So the shining rays, which are heaven's messengers, follow swiftly in the zephyr's path, and gleam and shimmer down into the very depths of the pool itself.

Surely if peace be known upon earth, she haunts that favored spot! And there is no lack of music either to enliven the tranquillity. It is not a dead calm which reigns there; for the song of the lark, the voice of the cuckoo, and the melody of the nightingale, are all heard there in due season; and day and night, in sunshine or in shade, there is the never-ceasing music of a rippling stream, which has its source in the sparkling pool, and goes babbling on of the beauty of its home as it wanders far away, over many a mile, to mingle its waters with those of a mighty river.

The little streamlet has no name, and is not known in the great world; but it runs its daily course with gladness, and beautifies and benefits whatever comes in its way.

Human eye gazes but rarely upon the beauty of the scene I have been attempting to describe; but it is ever present to the angels of God. And those whose mission it is to bear earth's incense of praise to the courts above, have also a tribute to collect from the dwellers in this fair valley; for surely joy and gratitude are due for the cooling dews, the gentle showers and refreshing breezes, not to mention the warm bright beams of sun-

shine which the flower-buds welcome so gladly.

But I have to tell of a time when sorrow found its way to mar the harmony of that lovely scene. No human eye could have detected the first symptom of evil. Outwardly all was fair and beauteous; but "the trail of the serpent" had passed even there, and the guardian watcher knew it all too well when the breath of praise rose not as freely as it was wont in the still hour of eventide.

There was a mist of discontent hovering somewhere, which marred the fragrance of that balmy hour; and the flower-spirit sighed sadly as he lingered on his mission and waited for the hush of night to investigate its cause.

At length the song of the birds was stilled. There was no voice save that of the murmuring brooklet. One by one the flowerets closed their weary buds; the beautiful blue forget-me-nots and the fragile veronica drooped their heads beneath the clear cold moonbeams, and the lily nestled her tiny bells closer to the sheltering foliage around her.

And then the solemn hush was broken by a sigh of discontent, which arose on the evening breeze, and was wafted to the ear of the flower-spirit. He heard an unthankful murmuring, and he knew whence it came, for he marked a solitary Forget-me-not and a single spray of Lily-bloom holding themselves aloof from their kin, and eagerly listening to the night-wind's whispering and the babbling of the tiny stream. They were discontented flowers; they did not care to live on any longer in quiet obscurity; they wanted to see the great world, about which the rivulet and the breezes had so often told them. They felt cramped and confined in that lonely, unfrequented pond. They thought themselves wiser than their neighbors; they had given more heed to what was told them of the world beyond the hills.

The brook was sorry that his babbling, which had been intended to amuse and instruct them, should have made them unhappy, and good-naturedly promised to help them in any way that he could to make their lot more enjoyable; but the breeze—false friend that he was!—counseled them to leave all their old acquaintances and relatives in the wood, and go forth together and see the world for themselves.

This the brook did not consider wise

advice; but the willful flowers were only too ready to follow it, and as his voice of dissent was drowned by the bluster of the breeze, he said no more to dissuade them, and was persuaded to join with the latter in assisting them to leave their home. So the sturdy little Forget-me-not tried more and more every day to detach its roots from its fellows, and stretched eagerly towards the bank, that the streamlet might waft her down its current; and the Lily, hour by hour, bent more away from her sheltering vail of green leaves; and though her stem began to get crooked, and her pure bells splashed with mud as the little tadpoles played about near them, she did not care for that; for she knew that before many days her friend, the breeze, would be able to snap her slender stem, and carry her off.

She was not happy; and both she and the Forget-me-not agreed that they wanted change, and would be improved by traveling.

They had not quite made up their minds when or how they should return; but of course they meant to do so one day, to display their knowledge of the world to their unsophisticated relatives.

Some of their companions, who knew of their discontent and their projected expedition, tried to persuade them that the Good Father knew best where to place his children; and the bees, who loved to nestle in the Lily's bells, and the butterflies and beautiful glossy beetles, who courted the sun, supported by the azure Forget-me-not, told them how useful they were in their own neighborhood, and how much they would be missed if they really succeeded in getting away. All to no purpose, however, the headstrong things thought they should be of far more use in a wider sphere of action. Besides, the zephyrs had told them of beautiful flower-fêtes and grand festivities in which they might take part, and have their share of admiration too, instead of being cooped up in such an out-of-the-way place.

The elder plants shook their heads sorrowfully when they saw these young things so obstinately self-willed, and prognosticated evil if they left their parent-stems; but the Lily laughed at them for croakers, and the Forget-me-not agreed with her in every thing.

They did not think theirs at all a blissful lot; and having nothing for which to be grateful, they offered up murmurs in-

stead of the incense of thanksgiving; so when their gentle watcher found the origin of the evil, a remedy was determined upon.

One disaffected member of a community makes many, and it was not right that the general harmony should be disturbed by these two unthankful murmurers.

So it chanced, ere long, that a youth lost his way whilst rambling through the wood, and lying down to rest at the edge of the pool, caught sight of the Lily and the Forget-me-not just within his reach, and stretching out his hand, he gathered them both. The Forget-me-not responded so eagerly to his touch, that he took away a part of her root as well.

Now the two flowers were supremely happy, and even rejoiced at having managed so cleverly without being under obligations either to the breeze or the brook. They smiled down triumphantly upon the friends they left behind them as, securely fastened in the youth's button-hole, they journeyed away with him.

He had a long distance to go, and at first the runaways enjoyed this elevated position exceedingly; but when the hot sun began to parch up the juice in their stems, and there were no cooling waters to refresh them, they felt faint, and drooped their heads; indeed, the Lily would certainly have died, being the more delicate of the two, if the journey had been much longer. Suddenly they felt themselves revived by the contact of cooling water, and the Forget-me-not, being the first to raise her head, saw a young fair face bending over her with a look of eager delight.

"Look here, Claire! these pretty flowers which neighbor Charlie brought me are reviving already. It is a famous specimen of the *Myosotis palustris*, with a root, too. I shall dry it in a day or two."

The little Forget-me-not did not like being called by such a strange sounding name; it had never been heard in the valley: but the Lily was not sufficiently revived to pay much attention to its displeasure.

Claire, a little dark-eyed damsel, some years younger than her sister, gazed also admiringly upon the two travelers, as her sister went on talking about them. "I hope they will keep fresh; I shall wear them this evening instead of Captain Mowbray's splendid exotics; I know he will be very angry; but I don't care for

that!" laughed the young girl: "I would rather please neighbor Charlie." And she took out a wreath of artificial flowers, also lilies and forget-me-nots, and placed it for a moment on her head. As she thus stood sportively before the glass, the wanderers—now both quite wide awake—thought they had never yet seen any thing so beautiful. Much more did they admire her a few hours later, when she was ready dressed for the ball in her simple white muslin, trimmed with sprays of the same tiny flowers to match her wreath, her only ornament a string of magnificent pearls round her neck.

"Good-by, dear Claire," said the young girl, kissing her sister: "I hear papa calling me; I must go now."

"Good-by, Edith; I hope you will enjoy yourself: but oh! wait a moment; you have actually forgotten neighbor Charlie's flowers; let me put them into your brooch for you."

So the Lily and the Forget-me-not, looking very fresh and beautiful, were securely fastened on to the dress, and felt not a little proud of their new position; in fact, could scarcely hold their heads high enough. They did not quite like being covered over with the opera-cloak; but pride must bear a little pain, and they were amply repaid for the temporary obscurity of their situation when the heavy wrapping was removed, and the fair Edith, leaning on her father's arm, entered the splendidly illuminated ball-room. But soon they began to feel the effects of the heated atmosphere, and the Lily thought remorsefully of the cool evening breezes which she knew were even then fanning her sister-flowers in the quiet valley—her distant home. Nor did the Forget-me-not feel much happier; but neither of them liked to complain. Captain Mowbray, of whom they had heard, danced with Edith once, and tried to persuade her to walk out on the balcony with him, which, to the great mortification of the poor fainting blossoms, she declined. At length neighbor Charlie led her out into the moonlight, and the Forget-me-not raised her head once more; but the poor Lily could no longer be refreshed; she had dropped from exhaustion, and had been crushed beneath the spurred heel of the mustached Captain. Neighbor Charlie noticed its loss, and his companion seemed very distressed at the discovery; but the young man told her it did not

signify, as she had preserved the flower he wished her always to treasure.

But the solitary Forget-me-not no longer felt pride in her position: a terrible feeling of home-sickness came over her, and she bowed her head in sorrow for the loss of her friend and companion, longing only for an opportunity of escape from her captivity. Fortune favored her at last. It was early morning, and the two still stood talking together by an open window, as the guests were preparing to depart, when all at once neighbor Charlie caught sight of a moss-rose bud temptingly within reach: "This will be a good substitute for the lost Lily," said he, as he gathered it.

The brooch was unfastened, but the young girl's fingers trembled as she placed the rose-bud within it, displacing the Forget-me-not. A zephyr bore up the wanderer for a while, then wafted it down, down, far away from the maiden and her lover, rendering it quite insensible from the rapidity of its flight. When it again opened its dimmed blue eyes, the little Forget-me-not was lodged upon a mossy bank, within sound of splashing water—within sound of it; but alas! not near enough to taste of its sweetness. Poor little thing; she had gained experience by her travels; but it had been dearly bought. She looked wofully altered since she quitted her peaceful home: a tiny rootlet was still hanging to it, sadly parched and shriveled: some of its leaves and blossoms were quite dead, and a bit

of its stem dreadfully bruised. How she longed to be once more in her old haunts, or just a little nearer to the refreshing water! A few more hours and death would surely come! for the breeze had lulled, and the oppressive heat of noonday was setting in. Suddenly a storm arose, and the drenching rain fell in torrents. Oh! how eagerly the languid wanderer drank the refreshing drops! And then a friendly breeze wafted it down the sloping bank, and the rivulet, already swollen with the rain, rippled nearer and nearer, and at last bathed its little rootlet: then the current became stronger, and the Forget-me-not, floating on its surface, went drifting along, it knew not whither, unable to stay its course.

Night closed in once more upon the tranquil valley, and the stars looked down rejoicingly over it; for the weary traveler had at last found a resting-place amongst its kindred. Though bowed and broken, and shorn of all beauty, there was life in it still, and a power of endurance, till then untested, had been called forth and strengthened by its wanderings up and down in "the wide, wide, world;" for the good World-Father can bring good even out of evil; and the humbled flower sighed no more for a sphere other than that which unerring wisdom had assigned to it. So the guardian Spirit wafted upwards a hymn of praise, unalloyed by regret or discontent, only the lily-bells drooped more humbly as they mourned for their fallen sister, who returned to them no more!

PHASES OF LIFE AND LOVE.*

This poem deserves special and emphatic notice. It is not one of the ephemera of the month; but will live. We shake monthly the tree of song; but, alas! young-tinted blossoms or withered leaves are all that fall. How seldom have we the rounded ruddy fruit to present

our readers; such, however, we find this poem to be. There is a delicate, musical, though varying rhythm in its versification. Its imagery is rare and splendid. Indeed, did we carp at all, it would be at the exuberance of illustration, though it is always novel and lustrous. Let our author remember—

* *Cecil and Mary; or, Phases of Life and Love.*
By JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand, 1858.

"Then doubt because they stand so thick i'
the sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy."

But, above all other excellence, the poem is religious and grandly true. He tricks out none of the world's falsehoods with the gleaming pearls of his fancy. He has not raised a beautiful sepulcher to enshrine the rottenness of death; but a temple full of strength and beauty, and alit with the light of Heaven. The form of the poem lends but little value to its worth—so far the author has yet to acquire the ingenuity of his craft, by which the very plot, combinations, and contrasts of his poem, may enhance its interest, and give, by virtue of the setting, a new and higher effect to its sentiments. The facets worked upon the diamond show its heart of golden light, send out its keen sparkles of fire again; our author *overlabors* some of his passages. His metaphors sometimes freckle the divine face of a truth, which, unadorned had been lovelier far. But a truce to criticism.

His meaning is never obscure—his lines flow along in a liquid melody; and there is a quiet penciled grace in his pictures—which, combined with the pure and earn-

est strain of his thought, make *this* poem a most welcome gift, and a sure pledge of yet nobler achievements by its author. We quote these delicately beautiful lines, so tender and true. The mother speaks of her dead boy:

“And then his winning ways! How he would
come

And lean upon one knee, and bend his head
A little sideways, like some graceful flower
Bent by a soft breeze, as he peeped to see
If you were in the humor for his play;
I feel his little arms going round my neck,
And his soft cheek pressed lovingly to mine.
Ah! how he had twined round me! and to
bear

This fairy creeper has almost brought
The prop along with it.”

And thus the aged mother advises her son on marriage:

“Sun her with your smile
When she is joyful; and when'er she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too,
Pray with, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
The spot whence one of you shall be caught up,
And landed in the golden steps of heaven.”

SLEEPING UPON ROSES.

Oh! exquisite and soothing thought—
Roses, in bright and countless numbers,
Roses, with balmy odors fraught,
Spread forth to woo us to our slumbers!
Yet fatal is their balmy breath,
The page of history discloses
How oft the still, cold bonds of Death
Stole o'er the sleepers upon roses,

My friends, the lot can ne'er be ours
To meet a similar temptation,
In modern days the Queen of Flowers
Boasts not such wily fascination:
Yet, if we court the world's sweet spell,
And own the thralldom it imposes,
Methinks 'tis easy to foretell
Our speedy slumber upon roses.

When Sloth invites our wearied feet
To tread the velvet paths of Leisure;
When lulling lays our senses greet,
Breathed from the perfumed bowers of Pleasure;

When Luxury, with subtle sway,
The soul to selfish ease disposes,
A wise observer longs to say—
“Beware of sleeping upon roses!”

Nay, Life's best gifts a snare may be:
Calm study, cheerful recreation,
The hearth of social amity,
The voice of kindly commendation,
Love's tender and enduring ties—
On these, too oft, the soul reposes,
Fondly on human props relies,
And rests contented amid roses.

Not such should be our pilgrim life;
No, we should seek our path of trial,
Prepared to meet its daily strife
With firm and patient self-denial:
Temptation waits us on our road,
And oft our progress it opposes,
No matter—Life was not bestowed
To waste in sleeping upon roses.

However lured, however tried,
Still may we bravely look before us,
Casting the fragrant flowers aside.
That strive to weave soft fetters o'er us.
May we, with fervency of heart
Pursue our course; and when it closes,
Let not our summons to depart
Reach us while sleeping upon roses!

From the British Quarterly.

REVIEW OF DR. TRENCH'S DISCOURSES.*

THE province of art in regard to religion is a very important one, and its claims in this respect can not be long suppressed. Romanism abused it, and Protestantism in consequence disowned it. But the reaction became excessive, unnatural, and was sure to give place in its turn to larger and more genial influences. There is no human capacity to which religion should not give its object—to the sensibility and to the imagination, no less than to the understanding. It is only a partially developed humanity that can be content with a partially developed Christianity. It belongs to a real manhood in these things not to suppress any faculty or susceptibility of the soul, but to assign its due place and its true object to each.

Every thoughtful man, whatever be his church connection, conforms to many lesser things which he does not approve, for the sake of the greater things with which they are connected, and of which he does approve. The adjuncts of a sect, which have come from the accidents of the past, are one thing; its great principles, which have come from inspiration, are another. God forbid that one's acceptance of the latter should be understood as implying approval of all that may be included in the former. The great error of the Church of England has been, not in requiring conformity, but in requiring the profession of approval beside. Apart from this material point, the question about conformity or nonconformity, as between the two great parties, would be simply a question of degree, for we all conform to things which are not to our mind for the sake of other things to which we attach great value.

With admirable feeling and judgment, Dr. Trench appears to have appropriated what is best in the several sections of the

Church of England, without directly identifying himself with any one of them. This is not the course to be taken by any man ambitious of notoriety in the way of party leadership. Too commonly such men buy their ascendancy at costs to which no mind possessing a high sense of truthfulness and honor could submit. In the history of parties, the leaders and the led are too often the tools and slaves of each other. There are minds which can not breathe in such an atmosphere, and the mind of Dr. Trench seems to be of this order. We must confess that this circumstance disposes us to look with interest to every thing of a religious character proceeding from his pen. We come to it expecting to find in it the fruit of retired, calm, independent, and Christian thought—not so much a theme addressed to a sect, as a truly Catholic message, designed for God's universal Church.

These five discourses, "preached before the University of Cambridge," have a consecutiveness in their subjects. The titles are as follows: I. Christ the Only Begotten of the Father. II. Christ the Lamb of God. III. Christ the Light of the World. IV. Christ the True Vine. V. Christ the Judge of all.

There is something unusually reverential and profound in the spirit with which the author approaches every track of thought having relation to "the Only Begotten of the Father." According to the view of this eminently devout and thoughtful writer, the fact of the Incarnation should not be regarded as a special manifestation of the Son of God of which nothing would have been heard in the universe if sin had not entered this world, and if man had not fallen. Revelation, he complains, is often viewed too much on the side of its relation to man's need, and not sufficiently on the side of its relation to God's glory. Our theology, accordingly, is often too much of a science about man, not enough of a science about God, thus falsifying its name:

* *Five Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo. London: John W. Parker and Son

"Let us beware, brethren, lest we allow selfishness to intrude into a region where least of all it should find place, but which yet too easily may become its especial haunt and home; so that we shall measure the value of truths, not by the utterance which they contain of God's attributes, his wisdom, his love, his righteousness, his truth, not by the glory which they bring to Him, but solely by the bearing which they seem to have on ourselves, and on our own individual spiritual life. Something of this kind may perhaps be traced among us now; when the truths for which Augustine struggled, the doctrines of grace, are still precious and dear to us, because they seem to bear, and do bear, on our everyday life, on our daily conflict with sin and temptation; while those other truths of the eternal relation of the Son to the Father, for which Athanasius strove, for which he was contented to be an exile and a fugitive, a dweller in caves and in wildernesses, to brave the extremest wrath of the world's mightiest potentate, these, with others which like them seem to lie remote from our own immediate need, awaken no lively sympathy in our hearts. We confess their importance; we should strive, it may be most earnestly, against those who should deliberately seek to rob us of them; we should probably then understand that they were the strong substructures which, however out of sight, did yet support the fabric of our faith, that would be weak and tottering without them; but they are not now in any sense dear and near to us, like those doctrines of grace, for which Augustine witnessed, or of justification, from which Luther shook the dust of ages three centuries ago. Yet surely it was not for nothing that in the early Church the word 'theology,' with more special reference to its derivation, was restricted to that portion of what we should call theology, which had to do with God Himself, with the ever-blessed Trinity, or with the Son in his divine nature; while by other words, as for instance the 'economy,' men were used to designate the appearance of the Son of God in time, his life and walk in the flesh, his directly redemptive work. Those who employed this language did feel, and rightly, that in God the root of all theology lay; that he was the subject-matter of it, and consciously or unconsciously they expressed this conviction by the limitation which they assigned to the word.

"And the dangers which beset us when we at all forget this, are indeed neither few nor insignificant. Theology, when it limits itself to the immediately practical and useful, dismissing every thing which it does not esteem such, will not long retain even that practical and useful to which it has been willing to sacrifice every thing besides. Its pastures will lose their greenness soon, its lower levels will become dry and parched and barren, if they be not fed and refreshed from the upper springs. Its conversation must be habitually in heaven, if it shall really have any thing which is worth the telling upon earth. It is a Jacob's ladder, but angels must descend upon it, no less than ascend. If there be none de-

scending, there will in a little while be none to ascend. In it we must have the story, not *merely* of man's upward striving to God; indeed, not of this at all, except as the result of God's downward looking upon men. It is not the record of a religious sentiment in man, a pathology of the human soul under certain of its higher aspects, but a record of a divine revelation from God, of what he has announced to men of his own being. In the fact that we are sometimes forgetting this, that there is so much about man, and so little about God in our modern theology, lies in great part the secret of its weakness; of the feeble hold which it has upon numbers who would gladly learn what God has declared of himself; but who care much less for any secondary notices as to the exact manner in which this message has affected others; and least of all for what others have thought and speculated about him."

If we would be delivered from such dangers, and raise theology to her true place, as "the queen-science of all," it behoves us, we are told, to look steadily to what is said of Christ in Scripture touching his existence, relations, and history, before his incarnation, as well as to what is said concerning him subsequently to that event. The preacher is aware that there is a special elevation and mystery in the subject thus approached—yet he must approach it:

"It behoves us, indeed, to speak with hesitation and modesty on a matter like this. Had there been no Fall, the conditions under which that transient manifestation of love and of honor done to man must have taken place, would of course have been infinitely different from those under which the Eternal Son did actually exchange the form of God for the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Those conditions, more glorious seemingly, would have been less glorious in reality, for they would have lacked the glory of suffering, the unfathomable wonder of that infinite self-denial which stooped to the fallen and the guilty, and shared the miseries of the one and the penalties of the other. But the thing itself, we may reverently believe, would not the less have been. They only reaffirm what has been the conviction of many theologians in all times, who are persuaded that the headship of the race of man would have pertained to him not the less, to whom all headship of men or of angels rightly appertains; all things in heaven and in earth being recapitulated in him; since only in this recapitulation could the race of Adam have attained the end of its creation, the place among the families of God, for which from the first it was designed.

"In this view, the taking on himself of our flesh by the Eternal Word was no makeshift, to meet a mighty, yet still a particular emergent, need; a need which, conceding the liberty of

man's will, and that it was possible for him to have continued in his first state of obedience, might never have occurred. It was not a mere result and reparation of the Fall, such an act as, except for that, would never have been; but lay bedded at a far deeper depth in the counsels of God for the glory of his Son, and the exaltation of that race formed in his image and his likeness. For against those who regard the Incarnation as an arbitrary, or as merely an historic event, and not an ideal one as well, we may well urge this weighty consideration, that the Son of God did not in and after his ascension strip off this human nature again; he did not regard his humanity as a robe, to be worn for a while, and then laid aside; the convenient form of his manifestation, so long as he was conversing with men upon earth, but the fitness of which had with that conversation passed away. So far from this, we know on the contrary that he assumed our nature forever, married it to himself, glorified it with his own glory, carried it as the form of his eternal subsistence into the world of angels, before the presence of his Father. Had there been any thing accidental here, had the assumption of our nature been an afterthought, (I speak as a man,) this marriage of the Son of God with that nature could scarcely be conceived. He could hardly have so taken it—taken it, that is, forever—unless it had possessed an ideal as well as an historic fitness; unless preëstablished harmonies had existed, such harmonies as only a divine intention could have brought about between the one and the other."

Concerning that humanity which has thus been manifested, and its little agreement with that worship of "heroes" and of "force" which some speculators have labored so hard to introduce among us, the preacher has expressed himself in clear and weighty terms:

"When, however, the light shining in the darkness proved ever more unable to scatter it, for 'the darkness comprehended it not,' then there followed another step in the manifestation of the Eternal Word. He who was the divine ground of man's being, himself became man: 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.' 'We beheld,' exclaims the Apostle, 'his glory.' And what was the glory which he beheld? The fullness of his grace and truth. Not in the fullness of his power, not in the mighty works which he wrought, or which were wrought on him, not in signs and miracles and wonders, not in any of these did the Apostle detect 'the glory as of the only begotten of the Father;' but in this, that he went up and down the world with words of truth, and gracious deeds of healing; that he preached the Gospel to the poor, that he stooped to every need, had a heart for every wo. In these

things shone out the glory which the beloved disciple saw.

"O brethren! what potent medicine is here for the pride and swellings of our souls! We have in *his* life of whom St. John is speaking the human when it is most godlike; nay rather, we have here man in his actual identity with God. Surely this must be man, as he most ought to be; and oh! how unlike he proves to that dream of human greatness which we sometimes would fain realize for ourselves, which we are ready to wonder after when realized in others. What a witness is here borne against that worship of force—moral or immoral, it matters little—to which some would so earnestly invite us, which is only too welcome to ourselves; as though strength, if only it be strong enough, contained ever an apology for itself, justified and redeemed its own excesses, became a law to itself, and might own no other law; the ten commandments, with their 'Love God' and 'Love your neighbor,' having been never meant for the leading spirits of the world—so that, to hear some speak, we might suppose that holiness and righteousness are only one of the many ways in which men are free to develop themselves and their own inward life; while if their taste and impulses are in another direction, they are equally free to choose that other. But here at length is the divine idea of humanity; the one man, about whom if we believe any thing we must believe that his life is normal and regulative for the lives of all other men; and that life how different from, and how far rebuking, those lives of 'the men of the earth,' the proud and strong, for whom our admiration is demanded."

Simple fidelity requires that the Christian minister should be thus out-spoken—but there are men sustaining that office whose compromisings on such topics look too much like treason against the Master they profess to serve. Our conviction has long been, that it is only through the human as presented in Christ, that man will ever be found to ascend to the true worship of the Divine—that the choice before us is truly a choice between Christian-worship and Man-worship. We are glad to see this thought put so admirably in the following passage:

"And then, as another fruit of the Incarnation, it not merely delivers us from false standards of glory and of greatness, giving us for these the true, but, much more than this, supplies us with a deliverance from the same disease of our spirits, when it has reached a far higher intensity. We have thus, a man whom men may worship, and yet not be guilty of idolatry; whom they are bound to worship, for he is also the Son of God, if they would not be guilty of impiety. Herein is deliverance from the last and subtlest form of all idolatry, the

deification and worship of man, and, worst of all, of him in all which constitutes his shame no less than his glory. The race of mankind, growing intellectually to man's estate, may outlive and leave far behind every other form of false worship. It may no longer fill a profaned pantheon with birds and beasts and creeping things. The beneficent powers of nature may no longer attract, nor the blind forces of nature extort, its homage; hero and demigod may pertain to creeds outworn and a long-vanished past; but there is an idol-worship which remains still behind, and from which there is no deliverance, except in Him in whom alone is deliverance from all idolatry, and who alone satisfies the yearnings out of which it springs. 'God is man,' or 'Man is God'—we must choose between these two statements, and accept the tremendous consequences of our choice. A time in the development of the history of our race arrives, when these are the only alternatives for every man. And if we are willing to believe St. Paul and St. John, be sure, brethren, that the question in the end will present itself to every man in a very palpable form, and one from which there shall be no escape, but that he must answer it one way or the other. Will he accept the God-man, him who was God from everlasting before he was made man; or in lieu of him, a man-god, a man that has lifted up himself, and been lifted up by the consent of his fellows, to this blasphemous height?

"Nor is it Scripture alone which declares this; he must be blind indeed to the moral signs of the times, who can not perceive this mystery of iniquity, the last and the crowning one, already working; this world-wide conspiracy, the same of which David spake in the second Psalm, spreading through an apostate Christendom, which is ripening more and more for an open revolt from its Lord. 'Man is God,' this is the new Gospel, which is seeking to supplant the old, or 'God is man.' It needs hardly be observed that this new gospel is indeed atheism, and that veiled under thinnest disguise. For 'Man is God,' what after all does it amount to but this—'Man is man?' for they who so speak, having in this very utterance evidently renounced a belief in God, in a Being, that is, greater, better, holier, wiser than man, have no right to retain and juggle with a name which belongs to another and a higher range of things than any which they would acknowledge, to deck themselves with its spoils, and by aid of these to cover and conceal their own miserable poverty; crouching, like some barbarous horde, beneath the ruins of temples and palaces which they themselves have destroyed."

These are seasonable utterances, and can not be spoken in vain. The frivolous may make light of them, the wise will husband them. The second sermon is on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world:"

"It is impossible to estimate too highly the

significance of these words, or the place which, in a true scheme of Christian doctrine, they must assume. As the Church understands them, they set forth our Lord in his central function and office, as the one perfect sacrifice, 'the Lamb of God;' they set forth the effectual operation of his sacrifice of himself, as a bearing, and a bearing away, of the world's sin. They may therefore fitly constitute our starting-point from which to consider what the Church's doctrine of the atonement, or of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the consequences which follow thereupon, may be; and this, with especial reference to objections brought against this doctrine, as failing to commend itself to the conscience, as indeed outraging that sense of right, that revelation anterior to all other revelations, which God has planted in the heart; as a doctrine, therefore, which however it may seem to be in Scripture, however a superficial interpretation of certain passages may favor this impression, it is impossible can be truly there.

"The gravity of the matter thus brought to issue none can deny, nor yet the very serious and far-reaching consequences which must follow, if, while the word 'sacrifice' should indeed be left us, all wherein the essence of sacrifice consisted, as mainly its *vicarious* and *satisfactory* character, were to be exploded from the New Testament. One of the first of these consequences would be a loosening, that I say not a dissolution, of the bonds between the Old Testament and the New. There can be no question that in the Old, the doctrine of sacrifice, of the vicarious suffering of one for another, of satisfaction resulting thereupon, every where prevails. If there is nothing of this in the New, if this is Jewish only and not Christian as well, if Christ, for instance, is only the Lamb of God because of his innocence and purity, and not because of his sacrificial death, if he takes away the sin of the world only in the way of summoning and enabling men to leave off their sins, all bonds between the New Testament and at least the Levitical sacrifices of the Old are broken. These last point to nothing. They are a huge husk without a kernel; types without their antitype; shadows, but not 'shadows of the true,' and thus with no substance following; a promise without performance; an elaborate and enormous machinery for the effecting of nothing."

Dr. Trench insists that if the sacrifices of the Old Testament be divested of their relation to the sacrifice of Christ, they not only fall down to the level of the heathen sacrifices, but they sink even lower, for the heathen offerings did possess a sacrificial significance in the eyes of their worshipers, and they would thus be of a higher moral meaning than the Levitical offerings. The preacher affirms that the doctrine for which he contends in relation to the design and import of the death of

Christ, does not offend the moral sense of men, as some assert, but rather commends itself to the approval of the moral judgment of the race. He undertakes to show that the doctrine which sets forth the death of Christ as a "*vicarious offering*," and as a "*satisfaction*" for sin, is not an unreasonable doctrine:

"The objection, then, as I take it, to Christ's *vicarious offering*—for I will first deal with this—to the assertion that he died not merely for the good of, but in the room and in the stead of others, tasted death *for* them, commonly assumes this form. Must not righteousness, it is said, be the law of all God's dealings? Most of all, must we not expect to find consistent with highest righteousness that which is the most solemn and awful dealing of God with his creatures? But how is it agreeable with this, how can it be called just, nay, how can it be acquitted of extremest injustice, to lay on one man the penalties of others, so that he pays the things which he never took, so that they sin and he is punished, on him being laid the iniquities of them all? What have we here, an adversary will insist, but in the awfullest sphere of all, and in matters the most tremendous, the same injustice which, even in least things, provokes our indignation; as, for instance, when some play-fellow of a young prince is constituted, as we may sometimes have read of, to suffer the consequences of *his* idleness; so that one neglects his tasks, and another is chastised; one plays the truant, and another bears the smart?

"But the case is not in point; and, since it has been started, it might be worth our while to make it in point, and then to consider whether it presents itself in any aspect so monstrous and absurd. To make it in point, the parts which the several persons sustain must, in the first place, be reversed. It must be that the young prince suffers for his humbler truant companions, not one of them for him; it must be that he does it, not of compulsion or constraint, but of his own free will; it must be that only such an act as this would overcome their perversity and idleness; that he offers himself to this correction, knowing that nothing else would overcome it, and that this would be effectual to do so. A submission with this knowledge to the punishment of their faults and negligences and shortcomings might be strange, even as all acts of condescending self-offering love are strange in a world of selfishness and pride; but surely there would be nothing in it either monstrous or ridiculous.

"And exactly in the same way, when we hear it urged, How can it be righteous to lay on one man the penalties of others? surely we must feel that the question, to be effectually answered, needs only to be more accurately put; that the form which it ought to assume is this, 'How can it be righteous for one man to take upon himself the penalties of others?' and none who remember the 'Lo! I come,' of the

Saviour, the willing sacrifice of our Isaac, prefigured by his who climbed so meekly in his father's company the hill of Moriah—none, I say, who remember this, will deny our right to make this change; while surely the whole aspect of the question is now by this little change altered altogether. For how many an act of heroic self-sacrifice, which it would be most unrighteous for others to demand from, or to force on, one reluctant, which indeed would cease to be heroism or sacrifice at all, unless wholly self-imposed, is yet most glorious when one has freely offered himself thereunto; is only *not* righteous, because it is so much better than righteous, because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, but only known no more because it has been transfigured into love. Wherein else is the chief glory of history but in those deeds of self-devotion, of heroic self-offering, which, like trumpet tones sounding from the depths of the past, rouse us, at least for a while, from the selfish dream of life to a nobler existence; and of which if the mention has become trite and common now, it has only become so because the grandeur of them has caused them to be evermore in the hearts and on the lips of men. Vicarious suffering, it is strange to hear the mighty uproar which is made about it; when indeed in lower forms—not low in themselves, though low as compared with the highest—it is every where, where love is at all. For indeed is not this, of one freely taking on himself the consequences of others' faults, and thus averting from those others at least in part the penalties of the same, building what others have thrown down, gathering what others have scattered, bearing the burdens which others have wrapped together, healing the wounds which others have inflicted, paying the things which he never took, smarting for sins which he never committed; is not this, I say, the law and the condition of all highest nobleness in the world?—is it not that which God is continually demanding of his elect, they approving themselves his elect, as they do not shrink from this demand, as they freely own themselves the debtors of love to the last penny of the requirements which it makes? And if these things are so, shall we question the right of God Himself to display this nobleness which he demands of his creatures? Shall we wish to rob him of the opportunity, or think to honor him who is highest love, by denying him the right, to display it?"

Such is the full tide of high thoughts and of ripe Christian devoutness which Dr. Trench can bring to discussions of this nature. He next looks to the death of Christ under the second great aspect of it, and this he does in a manner adapted to raise the conceptions and feelings of his auditory into something like a meetness for contemplating a theme so much in harmony with the world in which we live, and yet so much above it.

"But the sufferings and death of Christ were not merely vicarious; they were also satisfactory; and thus atoning or setting at *one*, bringing together the holy and the unholy, who could not have been reconciled in any other way. When we speak thus, we are sometimes taunted at the outset with the fact that the word 'satisfaction,' as applied to the death of Christ and its results, nowhere occurs in Scripture; so belongs to the later Latin theology, (Anselm being the first to employ it,) that the Greek theology does not so much as possess the word—I mean of course any Greek equivalent for it. This is true; but though the word 'satisfaction' is not in Scripture, the thing is every where there, and we are contending not about words, but things; the idea of it is inherent in ransom, in redemption, in propitiation, in scriptural words and phrases and images out of number; and just as in the Arian controversy, the Church had a perfect right to the 'homo-ousion,' careless whether the *word* were in Scripture or no, so here to 'satisfaction,' seeing that this best expresses and sums up the truth which in this matter she holds.

"But, not to tarry longer with this objection at the threshold, how, it is further urged, could God be well-pleased with the sufferings of the innocent and the holy? What 'satisfaction,' since we will have this word, could he find in these? Here, as so often, the faith of the Church is first caricatured, that so it may be more easily brought into question. Could God have pleasure in the sufferings of the innocent and the holy, and that innocent and holy his own Son? Assuredly not; but he could have pleasure, nay, according to the moral necessities of his own being, he must have pleasure, yea, the highest joy, satisfaction, and delight in the love, the patience, the obedience, which those sufferings gave him the opportunity of displaying, which but for those he could never have displayed; above all, he must have rejoiced in these as manifested in his own Son. For even we ourselves, when we read in story of those who for the love of their fellows have made their lives one long patient martyrdom, or who, witnessing for the truth, have been borne from earth in the fire-chariot of some shorter but sharper agony, do we not feel that we have a right to rejoice in these martyrs of truth and love, yea, in the very pains and sufferings which they endured? that only as the nerves of our own moral being are weak and unstrung, only as we have become incapable not merely of doing, but even of appreciating, what is noble and great, do we grudge them those pains, do we wish for them one of these to have been less; seeing that these were the conditions of their greatness, that without which it could never have been shown, without which it might never have existed?

"Even the heathen moralist could say of God in his dealings with good men, '*fortiter amat*;' there is no weakness in his love; it is love according to which he does not spare his own, but thrusts them forth to labor and difficulty

and pains, in which alone they can be perfected; even as the same heathen could affirm that God had joy in nobly suffering men; not, of course, for the sufferings' sake, but for the virtues which were manifested therein. And should not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ have pleasure in the faith, the love, the obedience of his Son? Yea, it was a joy such as only the mind and heart of God could contain, that in his Son this perfect pattern of self-forgetting, self-offering love was displayed. We do not shrink from accepting in the simplest sense the assertion of the Apostle, that Christ, giving himself for us on the Cross, became therein and thereby 'a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savor' unto God; that he was well pleased therewith, and said at length what he would never else have said: 'I have found a ransom.'

"Christ satisfied herein—not the divine anger—but the divine craving and yearning after a perfect holiness, righteousness, and obedience in man, God's chosen creature, the firstfruits of his creatures; which craving no man had satisfied, but all had disappointed, before. There had been a flaw in every other man's escutcheon; every other, instead of repairing the breach which Adam had made, had himself left that breach wider than he found it. But here at length was one, a son of man, yet fairer than all the children of men, one on whom the Father's love could rest with a perfect complacency, in regard of whom he could declare, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' in whom he had pleasure without stint and without drawback. And that life of his, the long self-offering of that life of love was crowned, consummated, and perfected by the sacrifice of his death, wherein he satisfied to the uttermost every demand which God could make on him, and satisfied for all the demands which God had made upon all the other children of men, and which they had not satisfied for themselves."

Persons observant of the thought of our time on this subject, will be aware that many who bow to the authority of Scripture as really teaching the doctrine of satisfaction for sin by the death of Christ, profess themselves at a loss to trace an intelligible connection between the one event and the other. That Christ died for this purpose, seems to them to be a clear lesson of Scripture; but how his death should lead to such a result they see not. In the last passage cited, Dr. Trench has said much adapted to meet this feeling of difficulty. But he returns to the subject, and becomes still more instructive on this point:

"But if the question is here asked, How could one man satisfy for many? how by one man's obedience could many be made righteous? the answer is not far to seek. The transcendent

worth of that obedience which Christ rendered, of that oblation which he offered, the power which it possessed of countervailing and counterbalancing a world's sin, lay in this, that he who offered these, while he bore a human nature, and wrought human acts, was a divine person; not indeed God alone, for as such he would never have been in the condition to offer; nor man alone, for then the worth of his offering could never have reached so far; but that he was God and man in one person indissolubly united, and in this person performing all those acts, man that he might obey and suffer and die, God that he might add to every act of his obedience, his suffering, his death, an immeasurable worth, steeping in the glory of his divine personality all of human that he wrought. Christ was able so summarily to pay our debt, because he had another and a higher coin in which to pay it than that in which it was contracted. It was contracted in the currency of earth; he paid it in the currency of heaven. Nor was it, as some among the schoolmen of the middle ages taught, that God arbitrarily ascribed and imputed to Christ's obedience unto death a value which made it equal to the needs and sins of the world, such a value as it would not have had but for this imputation. We affirm rather with the deeper theologians of those and of all times, who crave to deal with realities, not with ascriptions and imputations, that his offering had in itself this intrinsic value, that there was no ascription to it, as of God's mere pleasure, of a value which it did not in itself possess; for then the same might have been imputed to the work of an angel or of a saint; the whole exclusive fitness of the Son of God undertaking the work would then pass away; and another might have made up the breach as well as he. We affirm rather that what the Son of God claimed in behalf of that race whereof he had become the representative and the head, he claimed as of right—although, indeed, that right was one which the Father as joyfully conceded as the Son demanded. Without a satisfaction such as this the eternal interests of that righteousness whereof God is the upholder in his own moral universe would not have permitted him to be, as he now is, the passer by of transgression, the justifier and acceptor of the ungodly.

"Such, my brethren, is the Church's faith in respect of the atonement. That atonement is not, as some would persuade us, a one-sided act; it looks not one way only, but two; having a face with which it looks towards God, as well as one with which it looks towards man. It is no mere reconciling of man to God, as though its object were to remove the distrust, to kill the enmity in man's heart, to persuade him to throw down his arms, and yield himself the vanquished of eternal love. It is most truly this, but it is much more than this. It is a reconciling not merely of man to God, but of God to man; whose love could not have gone forth upon the children of men in its highest forms, in those of forgiveness, acceptance, re-

newal, if this had not found place. Think not then, my brethren, of Christ the peace-maker, as though he came only to *announce* peace; to say to the doubting and distrustful children of men, 'Why will ye remain at such a miserable and guilty distance from your Heavenly Father, when his arms are stretched out to receive you, when he is only waiting to enfold you within them?' No doubt Christ did come bringing this message, did proclaim that those arms were open, that Heavenly Father waiting to be gracious, but he only brought this inasmuch as he *made* the peace which he announced. 'Having made peace (*εἰρηνοποιήσας*) by the blood of the Cross,' 'He entered into the holiest of all, having obtained (or, having himself found, *εὗρησας*) eternal redemption for us.' In him and through him, through the sacrifice of his death, the disturbed, and in part suspended relations between God and his sinful creatures, were reconstituted anew; his blood being shed to cleanse men from their sins, and not to teach them that those sins needed no cleansing, and could be forgiven without one.

"And will any faith which is short of this faith satisfy the deepest needs and cravings of your souls? You may struggle against it with your understandings; though, I think, very needlessly; for it seems to me to approve itself to the reason and the conscience, quite as much as to demand acceptance of our faith; but you will crave it with your inmost spirits. There are times when, perhaps, nothing short of this will save you from a hopeless despair."

It is refreshing to meet with a mind so gifted, and so rich in various culture as the mind of Dr. Trench, thus completely at one with this great central truth in the divine message to humanity. His profound, reverential, and confiding spirit in this connection, contrasts strongly with the spirit in which the same truth has been regarded of late in some other quarters.

The most plausible objection to the doctrine of atonement, is that which alleges, that however improper it might be for a magistrate to acquit a criminal merely on a profession of penitence, it could not be so with the Divine Being, inasmuch as he must *know* where such professions are sincere; and all that any moral administration can propose in relation to offenders is to reclaim them. In reply to this view of the matter, we scarcely need say, that in the estimation of most evangelical divines, no man will ever become a penitent in the evangelical sense, except as placed under the influence of evangelical truth. It belongs to the same authority to "give repentance" and "remission of sins." But not to insist on

this point—it is clear from what we know of the Divine Government, that penalties are often inflicted as acts of pure retribution and warning, where the restoration of the sufferer is not the end contemplated. Providence is full of instances of this nature. Moreover, we venture to say, that it is not consistent with the known providence of this world, that even where repentance is real, all penalty incurred by the wrong-doer should be remitted. The spendthrift, the drunkard, the debauchee, who have brought ruin of all sorts upon themselves, may repent never so sincerely of the past, but that leaves them to struggle with all the evils in the present which that past has entailed upon it. In a few rare cases these evils may be in part counteracted, but it can never be more than in part. The scheme of divine providence accordingly, knows nothing of the doctrine—that to repent of evil is enough of itself to insure a remission of its penalty. As a rule, where the evil comes, the penalty comes; whether the evil-doer be penitent or not. Nor is this unreasonable. The lives of such men have fallen as a curse on multitudes. The effects of their vices have gone out into society in forms that can not be defined, and in degrees that can not be measured. What can their repentance do towards repairing that world of mischiefs? Next to nothing. And if the offender's penitence can do next to nothing towards removing evil from those on whom he has inflicted it, is it to be allowed to do every thing in the way of removing evil from the offender himself? Is there no pitying power, no stern moral guardianship to be exercised in behalf of those who have become the victims of his bad passions? We scarcely need repeat in this place, that the Divine mind, which is no doubt present in the relation between parent and child, is also, and as truly, present in the relation between magistrate and subject. The true ethics of family government and of national government are from the same source. God could be no God to enlightened humanity, if, while "delighting in mercy," he were not also known as making himself a terror to the evil-doer. The injured all have their pleas against such doers, and a just moral government must not ignore these pleas, but must listen to them, and, where valid, must accept them according to their due weight. Take the following passage, as

showing how the experiences of life may prepare the way, not merely for the reception of the doctrine of the atonement, but for the reception of it as a great truth which meets, and is alone sufficient to meet, one of the deepest needs of our nature :

"Let me imagine, for example, one, who with many capacities for a nobler and purer life, and many calls thereunto, has yet suffered himself to be entangled in youthful lusts, has stained himself with those; and then after a while awakens, or rather is awakened by the good Spirit of God, to ask himself, What have I done? How fares it with him at the retrospect then, when he, not wholly laid waste in spirit, is made to possess (oh! fearful possession!) the sins of his youth? Like a stricken deer, though none but himself may be conscious of his wound, he wanders away from his fellows; or if with them, he is alone among them, for he is brooding still and ever on the awful mystery of evil which he now too nearly knows. And now to all purity, the fearful innocence of children, the holy love of sister and of mother, and the love which he had once dreamed of as better even than these, with all which is supremely fair in nature or in art, comes to him with a shock of pain, is fraught with an infinite sadness; for it wakens up in him by contrast a livelier sense of what he is, and what, as it seems, he must forever be; it reminds him of a Paradise forever lost, the angel of God's anger guarding with a fiery sword its entrance against him. He tries by a thousand devices to still, or at least to deaden, the undying pain of his spirit. What is this word sin, that it should torment him so? He will tear away the conscience of it, this poisonous shirt of Nessus, eating into his soul, which in a heedless moment he has put on. But no; he can tear away his own flesh, but he can not tear away that. Go where he may, he still carries with him the barbed shaft which has pierced him; 'hæret lateri letalis arundo.' The arrow which drinks up his spirit, there is no sovereign dittany which will cause it to drop from his side—none, that is, which grows on earth; but there is, which grows in heaven, and in the Church of Christ, the heavenly inclosure here. And you too, if such a one be among us, may find your peace, you will find it, when you learn to look by faith on him, 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' You will carry, it may be, the scars of those wounds which you have inflicted upon yourself to your grave; but the wounds themselves he can heal them, and heal them altogether. He can give you back the years which the cankerworm has eaten, the peace which your sin had chased away, and, as it seemed to you, forever. He can do so and will. 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,' this will be then your prayer, and this your prayer will be fulfilled. The blood of sprinkling will

purge, and you will feel yourself clean. Your sin will no longer be yourself; you will be able to look at it as separated from you, as laid upon another, upon One so strong that he did but for a moment stagger under the weight of a world's sin, and then so bore, that bearing he has borne it away forever."

The claims of moral government are all so honored, elevated, sublimated by the homage rendered to them in the self-sacrifice of Christ, that the most injured may well be content to forgive where he is disposed to exercise forgiveness. Satisfaction for "the sins of the past," which no penitence or amendment on the part of the offender could ever make, is thus made by the Divine Mediator and Representative of the race. The vengeance that must otherwise have come on the delinquent, and to the full, is staid. Pardon exercised through the sublimest manifestation of rectitude and goodness the universe has ever seen, can not be said to have been exercised on a basis of indifference to rectitude and goodness. The divine estimate of these attributes is indicated in the cost at which they are thus manifested. It is quite true that the suffering of the innocent is accepted in

this case in the place of the suffering of the guilty; but it is not true that this is a putting of injustice in the place of justice. The being who accepts the self-consecration of the patriot and the martyr for the purposes of his providence, accepts the self-consecration of a greater than they for the purposes of his grace. It does not belong to his nature to care for nothing beyond the barely just. He attaches his highest value to the willing services of the generous. He expects us to see a majesty in rectitude, and he expects us to see also a beauty in goodness. The first of these objects awakens veneration, the response of feeling proper to the second is love. God means that his moral universe shall be a richer domain than some men seem willing to suppose.

The three remaining discourses in this brief series are rich in beautiful thoughts, but they are not characterized to the same degree as the first and second by distinctness and unity of subject. Nor do they contain the same clear and pregnant references to the phases of religious thought especially prevalent in our time. Our readers, however, will find them well deserving an attentive perusal.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

WE plucked the "last rose of summer" in the beautiful gardens of the Alhambra. The act itself was quite impromptu—the poetry of it, an after-thought. It was a few summers ago. We were on a brief and rapid summer excursion over sea—over the Pyrenees—on the wing—lighting down briefly in the chief cities of central and southern France to glance at objects of historic interest, and in the central plateau of Spain—pausing at the Capital—at the Escorial—at Segovia—at the old Moorish cities in the south of the Peninsula—Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz,

till we rested for a few days' sojourn amid the historic scenes of Granada and the Alhambra.

We had long desired to gaze at its lofty towers and battlements, tread its courts and corridors, and verify with eyesight the graphic descriptions delineated by the graceful and magic pen of the classic Irving. We frequented the apartments which he so long and so well occupied, and sometimes fancied we heard the echo of his retiring footsteps through long years ago.

It was a bright and gorgeous morning

when the domes of Granada and the towers of the Alhambra first appeared in sight, beyond the green foliage of luxuriant trees which adorn the suburbs. The city and the Palace—the last home of the old Moorish kings in Spain—and their beautiful environs, form a great chapter of memorable scenes full of absorbing interest to the stranger, and more than enough to gorge the eye and the mind with the luxuries and memories of by-gone ages.

It was early morning—the last day of summer, and the last day of our sojourn in that famed old city. The hour of our departure was at hand. We felt the spirit of sadness brooding over our mind as the thoughts of farewell to its charming scenes came hovering around us. We rose early. The air was soft and balmy. The little stars had scarcely closed their bright eyes away up in the deep blue heavens. But they suddenly hid themselves when old Phœbus came in sight driving his chariot-horses over the eastern mountains, lighting up the sky with floods of effulgence—deluging the hills—gilding the towers of the Alhambra, and pouring rivers of golden light over the wide plains of the Vega. The scene was like that of a fairyland. It was the classic ground of the Moors. In the stillness of morning there was an air of loneliness. Few footsteps were heard in the streets of Granada. The sleepers had not yet arisen from their slumbers. Morpheus was still holding them fast in his oblivious arms. We had left the hotel, and paused in the Grand Plaza, to gaze with rapt admiration upon the beautiful panorama, which rose like a vast amphitheater all around, formed and built by the hills and mountains of the Sierra Nevada, which skirt and environ the great plains of the Vega. We hurried onward through the streets and up the winding way, overarched with the rich foliage of lofty elms, made luxuriant by murmuring brooks, to the heights of the Alhambra, for a last morning gaze upon its grandeur and its glories. The keeper kindly opened to us the "Judgment-Gate" of entrance to the fortress, once so strongly watched by the Moorish guards of Boabdil in the olden times. But the haughty monarch and his guards were far away in the sleep of ages; and, unhindered by sword or glittering spear, we were soon in the gardens, plucking roses for souvenirs, inhaling their fra-

grance, and walking along the paths where walked the old Moorish kings with their black-eyed maidens centuries ago. The same blue skies arched the heavens, the same glorious sun was mounting up to high meridian as in days of yore, and the same gorgeous landscape spread out its colorings of beauty, outvying the pencil of the painter. It was the last morning in August, when we went up and stood upon the battlements and gazed long and intently, to finish up and fasten upon the indelible photograph-plates of our memory the gorgeous picture-scenes of the beautiful panorama.

Courteous reader! please to come up and stand here also. You can see better. You are looking westward over the great plain of the Vega. The city of Granada is three hundred feet below, close at hand, and you look down upon its streets and dwellings as the preacher looks down from some tall pulpit upon a vast congregation arranged along the aisles and slips before him. You may fancy that the people are listening to hear your eloquent address. The grand plazas of the city are in full view, and on gala-days you may see them thronged with the populace. You might see the long processions with silken banners waving in the breeze, as the multitudes of men and happy maidens, young men and children, move along their march through the streets to the sound of music. Had we stood here a few years ago, we might have seen through an opera-glass a young and beauteous maiden of noble blood, richly dressed, moving gracefully along in a grand procession. The portrait of that maiden, now dressed in imperial robes standing by her crown, may be seen at the head of this number of our journal. Eugenie, now Empress of France, was born in Granada, and first opened her eyes upon its scenes of natural and artificial grandeur, which you see all around, below, and above the spot where we stand.

Look you now down upon the dome of that massive cathedral edifice yonder. Beneath it, in a neat but not gaudy marble mausoleum sleep the remains of Ferdinand, and those of Isabella, the royal and renowned patroness of Columbus. We went down and stood beside the once richly covered with silk velvet coffins, a little faded, but still in excellent preservation, where they have stood for centuries,

but little injured by this dry climate. The scene and the associations were redolent of exciting interest. Above, in another apartment of the cathedral, the old padre, our attendant, brought out the ancient crown of Queen Isabella, and with amusing mock gravity placed it upon our Puritan head, placing her sword in our right hand and her scepter in our left, as the symbols of authority which we had no desire to exercise, thus making us momentarily a crowned head—as long as we ever wish to be—and which we immediately abdicated, with all its honors and responsibilities, as soon as possible, for its weight gave us a head-ache, from excitement or something else. In the same apartment the padre handed to us for examination the tapestry, mantles, and other articles of her wardrobe which Queen Isabella wove or worked with her own needle and fingers for amusement in the Spanish camp, at the siege of Granada—a good example for modern belles and ladies. But we must not linger in this old cathedral.

Look out now beyond the city over that superb plain called the "*Vega de Granada*," extending twenty-five miles in width by some thirty miles in irregular length, bounded and environed by an amphitheater of lofty hills and mountains. It is watered by fine rivers and various canals. It is luxuriant with meadows—woods of orange-trees—orchards—sugarcanes—corn—flax and numerous kinds of fruit-trees and vegetables. Near the center of the plain, see that forest of varied trees, a league in length and half a league in width. In the midst of its shades in the olden time, in the palmy days of Granada, was a beautiful palace, the loved and favorite resort of the old Moorish kings, whither they went to revel and luxuriate in the splendid luxuries of the fairy spot. Beyond, on the farther side of the Vega, almost in sight, is the famous bridge *Pinos Puente*, so renowned in Moorish annals. It spans a river as it comes rushing and roaring down from the mountains. Upon this bridge it was, that Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Queen Isabella, when on his way to the English court to urge his project for the

discovery of the New World. From this bridge he turned back, and the grand result is known to an admiring world. This was some three months after the conquest of Granada, here at our feet.

Turn you now, and look southward over your left shoulder and upward, and your eye rests upon the everlasting mountains of the Sierra Nevada rising in majestic and colossal grandeur thirteen thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean which almost washes its base upon the other side, and from the summit of which you might look far over into Africa. Those hoary-headed peaks, piercing the clouds and the skies, are mantled with eternal ice and snow, glittering in the beams of the morning sun as it mounts up to mid-heaven behind us. Those lofty peaks you may fancy are a brotherhood of giants just aroused from their night slumber, looking down upon you with grave and benignant aspect, to inquire who you are, and where you came from.

Had we stood here two hours ago before the dawn, we might have seen, far up the sides of these colossal mountains, bright lights, moving to and fro, now sparkling like stars, now suddenly extinguished, and again as suddenly reappearing. They seem to wander like will-o'-wisps over the surface. It is magical. It is the birth-place of some curious Spanish legends. The ancient populace believed these bright lights thus seen at night were none other than the convocations of the spirits of Moorish warriors, which were believed to assemble at certain seasons on these mountains, when the tramping of steeds and clashing of weapons were heard, and the shadowy masses of Moorish cavalry sweeping along were seen by the terror-stricken shepherds from the pasture heights. They were in truth only the lamps of the snow-men gathering snow for the use of the city below on the following day.

But we are detaining you, courteous reader, too long—longer by half than we intended. If you are pleased and interested, we will, if you desire it, meet here on the battlements another morning, and, facing about, look into the courts and saloons of the Alhambra. *Allons!*

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

WE hope to please our patrons by sending to them as the chief embellishment of our present number, a beautifully engraved portrait of the Empress of France, in her Imperial robes. As her Majesty Queen VICTORIA is regarded as the first lady of Europe and the world, doubtless the Empress EUGENIE may be considered the second lady-personage in rank and position among womankind. We subjoin a brief biographical sketch as a matter of interest and information.

Eugénie, Empress of France, and Countess-Duchess of Téba, was born at Granada in Spain, May 5th, 1826. She is the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Countess-Dowager de Montijos, Countess Miranda, and Duchess of Peraconda; member of the noble order of Maria Louisa and first lady of honor to the Queen of Spain. The father of this lady had been English-Consul at Malaga at the period of her marriage with the Count de Montijos, an officer in the Spanish army, belonging to one of the most ancient of the noble families of Spain. He was connected, more or less closely, with the houses of the Duke de Frias, representative of the ancient Admirals of Castille; of the Duke of Fyars, and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Arragon. The death of this nobleman, which occurred many years ago, left the Countess Montijos a widow, with a fortune adequate to the maintenance of her position, and two daughters, one of whom married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill. For Eugénie, the second, a still higher destiny was reserved. In 1851 the Countess Téba, accompanied by her mother, paid a lengthened visit to Paris, and was distinguished at the various entertainments given at the Tuileries by the dignity and elegance of her demeanor, and by great personal beauty, of the aristocratic English rather than the Spanish type. Her mental gifts were proportionably attractive; for she is re-

ported to be naturally *spirituelle*, and her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed on Spanish women, who seldom quit the precincts of their native country. Shortly after the opposition of the other Northern Powers had put an end to the idea of a union between the Emperor Louis-Napoleon and the Princess Carola Wasa of Sweden, he apprised the council of ministers of his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess Montijos; a measure which excited some disapproval among them, and even led to their temporary withdrawal from office. During the short time which intervened between the public announcement of the approaching event and its realization, the Countess Téba and her mother took up their abode in the palace of the Elysée. The marriage was celebrated at noon on the twenty-ninth of January, 1853, at Notre Dame; and the Emperor and Empress, after making their appearance some hours later on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge at the Tuileries, to receive the acclamation of the multitude, adjourned to the comparative seclusion of St. Cloud. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the magnificence of the preparation made for the ceremony, as they are sufficiently recent to be fresh in the memory of the reader. However, the one item of forty-six hundred francs, expended in Point d'Alençon lace, will suffice to give an idea of their character. Although a union which should have added to the political importance of the nation might probably have been more immediately acceptable to it, no mark of honor and loyalty was withheld from the Imperial bride. The dotation asked for her of one hundred and thirty thousand francs per annum (the same sum which had been granted to the Duchesse d'Orleans) was eagerly accorded; and the municipal council of Paris voted six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a *parure* of diamonds, as a present from the city to the Empress. It may be imagined how much enthusiasm

was excited among so impressible a people as the French by the purport of a letter which she addressed to M. Bezet, prefect of the Seine, in reply to this proposal. After warmly thanking the council for their token of regard, she declined the rich gift; alleging that the city was already overburthened, and that the sum in question would be more usefully employed in the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. In accordance with this suggestion, the money was devoted to an establishment for the maintenance and education of sixty young girls chosen from the working-classes of Paris. The life of the Empress Eugénie since her marriage has been

comparatively uneventful; made up of the ordinary routine of state etiquette; of migrations to the various royal *maisons-de-plaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; and a sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biarritz in the Pyrenees, which has peculiar associations for her, having been the favorite summer resort of her family in the days of her girlhood. On the sixteenth of April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England on a short visit to the Queen, during which they proceeded in state to the city, visited the Crystal Palace, etc., their stay terminating on the twenty-first instant.

EMPERESS MARIA THERESA.

As a companion plate to the leading print of the month, we introduce the scene portraits of Maria Theresa, the renowned Empress of Austria, and her Minister of State, Kaunitz. Thus the two plates will present portraits of two Empresses of two empires; not rivals personally, though the two empires to which, in different ages they belonged, have time and again been opposed to each other in the fiercest struggles of war. The lineaments of the two Imperial faces will be seen in strong contrast. The one masculine and expressive of self-reliant determination. The other mild and amiable as a Spanish maiden, as she was. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait.

Maria Theresa was born at Vienna in 1717. She was the eldest daughter of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, who died in 1740. The succession of Maria Theresa to the hereditary dominion of the House of Hapsburg had been guaranteed by the principal states of Europe; but, on her father's death, she found herself assailed by the kings of Prussia, France, Spain, and Sardinia, and the elec-

tors of Bavaria and Saxony. Each of these princes laid claim to some part of the Austrian territory; and Maria Theresa, at the age of twenty-three, was called on to make head against the armies of all her neighbors, except the Turkish Sultan, who alone acted towards her with fairness and good faith. Maria Theresa had been married in 1737, to Francis of Louvain, grand Duke of Tuscany, but he was a prince of little intellect or energy; and it was to the spirit of Maria Theresa herself, and the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects, that Austria owed its rescue from destruction. When driven from her capital by her enemies, Maria Theresa repaired to Presburg, and summoned the Hungarian Diet. She appeared in the midst of the martial assembly with her infant son in her arms. She addressed them earnestly and eloquently in Latin, (a language long currently used in Hungary;) and when she came to the words, "The kingdom of Hungary, our persons, our children, our crown, are at stake—forsaken by all, we seek shelter only in the fidelity, the arms, the hereditary valor of the renowned Hungarian nobility," the

Hungarian nobles, and all present, with one unanimous burst of chivalrous loyalty, drew their swords, and shouted, "Let us die for our king Maria Theresa," [*Moria-mur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa.*] This was no transient demonstration of zeal. The whole military force of Hungary was soon in the field: the current of invasion was checked, and by degrees the foes of Maria Theresa made peace with her, and ceased to reckon on their shares in the dismemberment of Austria. She was obliged to cede Silesia to Frederick of Prussia; but with this exception she was left in full possession of her dominions, when the war of the Austrian succession was closed by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1758. The loss of Silesia was a deep mortification to Maria Theresa, and the hope of recovering that province made her take an active part in the seven years' war against Frederick of Prussia. That contest, however, closed in 1763, leaving Prussia in possession of Silesia, and with no gain on either side to Maria Theresa or Frederick. Maria Theresa's husband had been elected Emperor of Germany in 1745, and on his death in 1765, their son Joseph was chosen to succeed him. But Maria Theresa retained in her own hands, throughout her life, the administration of her vast dominions, which were generally governed by her in a wise and enlightened spirit. Her private character was irreproachable, and the morals and manners of her court formed a bright exception to the gross profligacy by which the courts of nearly all the other sovereigns of the age were disgraced. She

was sincerely pious, and Botta, the Italian historian, passes on her the high eulogy, that "during a forty years' reign she always showed a love of justice and truth." Her share in the first partition of Poland is the great stain on the character of Maria Theresa. But she came unwillingly into this plot, which was urged on her by the sovereigns of Prussia and Russia, and by her son the Emperor Joseph. She is said to have left a written record that she consented to this measure out of deference to the opinions of others, and that she foreboded evil consequences to Europe from this act of injustice to one of its states. Maria Theresa died in 1780.

Her remains repose in a superb sarcophagus, or metal coffin, among about seventy other coffins of the Imperial family of Austria. Some of them are of costly workmanship. In the composition of one of them, for the Emperor Joseph I., sixteen hundred pounds of pure silver was used, as the capuchin friar who has charge of the mausoleum stated to us a few summers ago on the spot, while admiring the imperial grandeur of this silent and sad family gathering under the dome of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Every Friday for thirteen years after the death of her husband, did Maria Theresa descend into this mausoleum to pray and weep by the side of his remains. Among this confined imperial family are the second Empress, and the only son of the Emperor Napoleon I., the young Duke of Reichstadt, whose sarcophagus is of copper.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

P R I N C E K A U N I T Z.

THIS personage, who appears in the print, pen in hand, at the council-table, with Maria Theresa, as her Prime Minister, was an Austrian statesman. He was born in 1711, at Vienna, and educated for the Church. In 1744 he was appointed

Minister of State for the Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, and afterwards was sent as Ambassador to Paris. On his return to Vienna in 1753, he was appointed Chancellor of State, and made a prince of the Empire in 1764. He died in 1794.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

FUTURE LIFE; or, Scenes in Another World. By GEORGE WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." Pages 360. New-York: Derby & Jackson. 1858.

READING this book will take the mind quite away from the beaten track of common writers. It is a book of rare interest and no little instruction; it is rich in poetry, though written in prose, by a gifted pen. The author, we believe, has walked through some of the dark passages of life, and quite naturally with chastened cheerfulness of thought and feeling would look up and away from the shadows of earth to brighter scenes. The curtains are gently drawn aside, and the reader's mind is introduced to the converse of those who are semi-spiritual beings, once dwellers below, now returned to gain intelligence of the present condition of things on earth. We commend the book, and quote the first page or two, to show the author's starting-point and style.

"It was at the close of a summer's day, that a female form, arrayed in robes of light, floated in the atmosphere of a world of loveliness and grandeur. Upon her beautiful brow shone the halo of immortality, whose pure rays resembled the scintillations of stars. Her robes and vesture,

—— "Sky robes spun of Iris' woof,"

were looped at the shoulders, and fastened round the waist by a girdle studded with gems of rare brilliancy. Her eyes were lit with intense delight as she gazed long and ardently upon the varied landscape mapped out beneath her.

"On this globe were vast continents, with mighty mountain-chains, and oceans gemmed with islands, whose peaks were lifted high above the clouds. All around were scenes of rarest combinations of luxuriance and loveliness. Cities of vast size were seen, whose domes rose like gold and silver-capped clouds.

"Sweeping above the earth, like an eagle on wings of even poise, did this shining one circle over the plains below. And while thus occupied and absorbed, angel forms from the empyrean, appeared in the distance, with the suddenness of falling stars. Arrested by the vision of beauty, with a swoop high in air, they staid their flight, and floated amid the clouds.

"This squadron of angels, descending, left one of their number above. He, too, bore the flame of the Redeemed, shining like the morning star over his forehead. By a law of sympathy, as undefined in heaven as on earth, these two shining ones drew nearer and nearer, until, in immediate proximity, they awoke to the consciousness of each other's presence. After graceful salutations, as befits the courtesies of all worlds, the man, for such he was, addressed the woman thus: 'Fair sister, are you, like myself, a stranger here?'

"She replied: 'I am, and have but just reached this beautiful world. Can you tell me any thing of its history?'

"My companions in travel, who have just left me, tell me that this world is one of the centers of the Fine Arts, to which many of the redeemed of earth are sent to be initiated into the love of Music and the Arts of Design.'

"I am most happy to know this. I have never heard of such a world, but as God, our Creator, is the author of Beauty, I knew he must sympathize with the feeblest efforts of his children, in whatever scale of existence, and however rude their attempt to realize the Ideal.'

"As the woman spoke, there was a flash of mutual recognition, and with a burst of joy the friendships of earth were now renewed."

A YACHT VOYAGE, Letters from High Latitudes. Being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner-Yacht Foam, to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By Lord DUFFERIN. Pages 406. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

WHEN we take up a new book with the names of Ticknor & Fields upon its title-page, we regard it as prima-facie evidence that it is worth reading. We do not know that they have ever published a poor one. This yacht-voyage volume of Lord Dufferin, is a book rich and beautiful in description and full of exciting interest. It sparkles and "foams" like champagne all along its pages. The whole is a triplicate. The yacht is "*The Foam*." She leaps and dances like a thing of life through northern seas of "*Foam*;" and the book takes its impress of "*Foam*," scattering graphic and beautiful descriptions all over its pages, like foam before the dashing prow of the gallant yacht, as she went dashing over the waves and among the icebergs of the Northern Seas. It is worth a cart-load of sheer romance, and every family ought to have and read the book.

CHARITY GREEN; OR, THE VARIETIES OF LOVE. By THEODORE HARTMAN. Pages 600. New-York: John W. Norton, Publishing Agent, No. 447 Broome street. 1859.

THIS volume is dedicated to the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Florence Nightingale, of literary and benevolent renown in England. It comprises forty-six chapters. The story claims to "be no fiction." It may be called, however, a religious romance, in which many real personages, under fictitious names, are made to appear in the changing scenes, inculcating moral and religious sentiment in a pleasing and attractive form.

EUROPEAN LIFE, LEGEND, AND LANDSCAPE. By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blakiston. 1859.

THIS volume is made up or rather comprises graphic sketches of sea-scenes and foreign travel and sojourn in various cities of Europe, with which are mingled descriptions, stories, and legends. The artist-author seems to be quite an enthusiast, and

aims to enlist the attention of the reader and interest his mind. Graphic descriptions of cities and places in other lands, can hardly fail of being instructive, because they impart useful information to the reader.

CHRISTIAN MORALS. By JAMES CHALLENGER, Author of "The Gospel and its Elements," "Christian Evidences," etc. Philadelphia: James Challenger & Son, Lindsey & Blakiston. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1859.

This little volume is rich in thought and full of instruction. It abounds in important truths and principles of action which enter into the character and well-being of life. Books of this stamp can not be too much multiplied nor too much read by young or old in the community.

DEATH OF MR. PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.—With sorrow we announce the demise of this eminent man and historian. American Literature and the true "best society" of the New World have just lost, in Mr. William Hickling Prescott, one of their noblest ornaments; an author of large performance and yet unexhausted promise; a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word, whose many accomplishments clustered with a natural grace about the firm reality of a dignified, honorable, and well-balanced character.

Only a few days since we received a pleasant note from his pen. A few months since we enjoyed the luxury of a long interview with him at his charming country mansion overlooking the waters of the Atlantic ocean, while he spoke of Spain and its history with enthusiasm and interest. We made it the occasion of obtaining photographs of his remarkable face, which he kindly consented to have taken, from which Mr. Sartain engraved the most truthful likeness of the Historian ever executed, which may be found, in the November number of the *ECLECTIC* for 1858, with a biographical sketch.

Mr. Prescott died in Boston, on Friday last, very suddenly, upon the recurrence of a paralytic affection which had once before threatened his life. Although the senior, by four years, of his compeer in the hierarchy of American letters—Mr. Bancroft—and of the only living English historian who has attained an equal renown with his own, Mr. Prescott was still in the meridian of his powers, and he has been cut off in the midst of historical labors of a wider scope even than those by which his honorable fame has already been earned.

Mr. Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, in the same year with the French historian Mignet, whose duty it has now become, as Perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, to announce to that illustrious body the death of one of its most conspicuous foreign members, his own fellow-laborer upon the annals of Spain and of Charles V.

THE GRAVES OF THE POETS.—Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to

his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St. Paul's Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Baconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's Church at Chichester; Gray in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the church-yard St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dersham; Chatterton in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley "beneath one of the antique wood-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome," and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius." *Barker's Three Days of Wensleydale.*

THE "WHITE LADY" OF BERLIN.—Singular reports are in circulation here, (states a correspondent from Berlin,) which we relate as signs of the public feeling. It is rumored that the White Lady has appeared in the Palace. According to tradition, the White Lady is an ancestor of the house of Hohenzollern, who is never seen except when the Royal Family is menaced with some grave and disastrous event. It is said that her appearance generally announces the death of the reigning Prince, but on this occasion another signification is given to it. The present rumor is, moreover, founded on a very singular circumstance. There is living in this city, a man named John, who enjoys great popularity among the lower classes, and who occupies himself very much with prophecies and predictions. He has been several times punished by the Correctional Police for his falsehoods. Whenever any important occurrence takes place, the general cry is: "John predicted it." He is now in prison for having, it is said foretold the birth of a Prince, accompanied by a disastrous event. In popular opinion the prediction of John and the appearance of the White Lady are connected with each other, and there are many who feel uneasy as to what may happen. A lady of honor to the Princess Frederick Charles, and Mdle. de Galtz, sister of the former, are said to have been the first who saw the apparition. An inquiry has been set on foot to discover the person who, for a stupid joke, must have given rise to the report, by assuming the costume of the White Lady.

LOOKING out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

THE THACKERAY SCANDAL.—It is very unfortunate that, from the fact of Mr. Thackeray having been the subject of Mr. Yates' offensive article, and Mr. Dickens the most prominent supporter of Mr. Yates against the Committee and the Club, the original matter of quarrel should, almost insensibly, have assumed the aspect of a faction fight between the parties of our leading novelists. An amusing, though any thing but an edifying chapter might be added to a future edition of the *Quarrels of Authors* out of the materials which this affair has already supplied, or is likely to furnish, before it is finally disposed of. Talk of the lukewarmness of one's acquaintance! A man does not know how many uncommonly zealous adherents he has till he gets into a row. It is true the same occasion is apt to reveal a host of "d—d good-natured friends." Already this Garrick *fracas* has uncemented more old intimacies, divided more literary houses against themselves, and supplied more apples of discord to the coteries who gather round the skirts of literary celebrities, than quiet sensible "outsiders," ignorant of the "wraths" of "celestial minds," would conceive possible. True it is a tempest in a tea-cup, but then the tea-cup is set on a rather conspicuous table, and there is such an abundance of *spoons*—Jerrold might have said—to stir it, that no wonder it froths rarely, and gives rise to no end of scandal and speculation.

DEATH OF MRS. WORDSWORTH.—The widow of the poet Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, on Monday night last, the seventeenth. She had reached beyond the age of four-score years, and passed away tranquilly after a short illness. She was of so great assistance to her husband in all the works he gave to the public, that she was not an unimportant member of the literary world, though a silent one. Her life was long, and it was as pure, beautiful, and useful as the most ardent admirer of English domestic character could imagine. The poet could not have been blessed with a household companion more meet for him; and, better still, the poet knew and felt the blessing he possessed in such a companion:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."

For some years past Mrs Wordsworth's powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she still continued cheerful and "bright," and full of conversational power as in former days. Quiet as her life was, there are few persons of literary note to whom she was not known, and very general will be the regret for the loss of so excellent a woman.

RELIC OF MARIA THERESA.—There is a story about an elbow-chair which was put up for auction after the death of a patient in the Hotel Dieu here, as part of the poor woman's effects. It fetched five hundred francs, though not worth ten. It seems that this piece of furniture was originally presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, and it figured many years in her working cabinet up to the marriage of Marie Antoinette, who brought it with her to Paris, and it was such a favorite memento of her mother that she asked for it to be sent to her prison in the Temple. Her valet, Fleury, after her execution, carried it to England, and gave it to the Prince Re-

gent, from whose possession it got into that of the Duke of Cumberland, who brought it over to Hanover, and it subsequently found its way to Berlin, where it was given to an upholsterer to repair. In the wadding of the back a crayon portrait of a boy was found, and also a breast-pin set in brilliants—which latter was sold to a watchmaker called Naandorf, as well as some closely-written pages of MS. With the contents of the MS. Naandorf found himself in a position to personate the Dauphin, and set up as Duc de Normandie. A German, who had kept an eye on the old chair in its wanderings, has now secured it for presentation to the Austrian Court.—*Globe Paris Correspondent*.

MILTON ABROAD.—*Lycidas* was written in the autumn of 1637, and in the following April Milton set out for Paris—not to return home until such time as the disorders in England had reached a pitch when it became incumbent on every bold and honest man to choose a side, and make some sacrifices for the truth. Milton's foreign tour lasted fifteen months; from Paris he traveled through the South of France to Nice; from Nice to Florence, visiting *en route* Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa. At Florence he staid two months, where he found some valuable friendships among the Italian literati, and visited Galileo in his villa near that city. From Florence he went on to Rome, and from Rome to Naples, where he made the acquaintance of "Mauco," a name well known to the readers of Milton's Latin poems. He was now about to visit Sicily and Greece, when the English news that reached him induced him to turn his steps homewards. Still he traveled leisurely; returning by way of Rome and Florence, from thence to Venice, then making northwards for Geneva, and so through France again to England, to find the misrule which he had already denounced now bearing full fruit.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE LOCALITY OF "COMUS."—Ludlow Castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clambors or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses; but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revealed with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by an enchantment, and Sabrina arose with her water-nymphs, and the swains danced in welcome of the earl, and the spirit gloriously ascended to its native heaven. More mystic it is to leave the ruins, and descending one of the winding streets that lead from the castle into the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to castle and town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long-pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shook into the air of England.—*Masson's Life of Milton*.

THE deepest coal-pit in Great Britain, and probably in the world, has, after twelve years' labor, been completed and opened at Dukinfield, Cheshire. The shaft of this pit is six hundred and eighty-six and a half yards deep, and the sinking of it cost nearly one hundred thousand pounds.

LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.—There are in the United States *fifty* libraries containing upwards of 15,000 volumes, *thirteen* containing over 30,000, and *six* over 60,000 volumes. Massachusetts has *eight* libraries of the *fifty*, or one sixth; New-England *sixteen*, or one third; New-York *eleven*, or more than one fourth. The Harvard College Library has 112,000 volumes; the Astor Library 80,000; Boston Athenæum, 70,000; Library Company, Philadelphia, 65,000; Congress Library, 65,000; Yale College, 63,000; New-York State Library, 50,000; New-York City, 47,900; New-York Society Library, 40,000; Smithsonian Institution, 40,000; Brown University, 37,000; Boston Public Library, 34,896; Dartmouth College, 32,438; Bowdoin College, 29,920; Andover Seminary, 26,669; American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, 26,000; Georgetown College College, D.C., 26,000. The number of volumes in these fifty libraries is nearly 4,000,000. Massachusetts has 635,111; New-York, 617,484.

EFFECT OF OCCUPATION UPON LONGEVITY.—Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Boston, (U.S.,) President of the Statistical Association, has prepared a table from the mortality reports of Massachusetts, from May first, 1843, to December thirty-first, 1856, showing the average ages of men of different occupations. He divides the community into classes, and finds that in that time the average age of the cultivators of the earth who died, was about sixty-four, of professional men, fifty-three, merchants and capitalists forty-eight, mechanics active abroad forty-eight, active mechanics in shops forty-seven, sailors forty-six, laborers forty-five, common carriers, forty-four, inactive mechanics in shops forty-two. Of the particular occupations, the average age of clergymen was fifty-five, lawyers fifty-five, physicians fifty-four, coopers fifty-seven, blacksmiths fifty-two, carpenters fifty, masons forty-eight, tanners forty-eight, merchants and clerks forty-seven, shoemakers forty-three, painters forty-two, tailors forty-one.

MENAI STRAITS, PAST AND PRESENT.—It is remarkable that near the very spot where the last battle was fought, having for its object the extermination of a sanguinary and baneful superstition, there now stands a great monument of the triumphs of progress. The Britannia Tubular Bridge crosses the Menai Straits near the place where the army of Suetonius fought the Britons who had assembled to guard the Druids, whom they revered as a sacred order of men; where women ran up and down like furies; and where the Druids were burnt in the fires they had kindled to sacrifice their enemies. No longer have we need of extermination: the aim and effort of to-day is to mingle the families of the human race, and to trust to the peaceful operation of truth, to root out error and superstition, wherever they may still linger and clog the onward paths of man.—*Philp's History of Progress in Great Britain.*

ANTIQUITIES FROM CARTHAGE.—A vessel has just arrived, bearing for the British Museum one hundred cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British Vice-Consul at Mytilene. Also about fifty cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Amongst those from Cnidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons.

VORACITY OF AFRICAN ANTS.—The house which was assigned to me inside the town was spacious, but rather old, and so full of ants that I was obliged to take the greatest care to protect not only my luggage but my person from these voracious insects. They not only destroyed every thing that was suspended on pegs from the walls, but while sitting one day for an hour or so on a clay bank in my room, I found, when I got up, a large hole in my robe—these clever and industrious miners having made their way through the clay walls to the spot where I was sitting, successfully constructed their covered walks, and voraciously attacked my shirt, all in an hour's time.—*Dr. Barth's Journal of Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, Vol. iv.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INVENTED IN RENFREW IN 1745.—This wonderful invention of the electric telegraph, which we are accustomed to boast of as a proof of our progress in science, was known, (at least in principle,) and suggested so far back as the year 1745, in a letter from Renfrew, published in the *Scot's Magazine* of that date. The writer proposes to stretch twenty-five wires between two places, each wire representing a letter of the alphabet; to electrify the required wires at one end, which at the other end will pick up small bits of cork, each also representing a letter, and thus convey a message, the writer says, to any distance in the shortest time. Strange it is to think that a hint thus broadly given should have slumbered ineffectually for a century.

SURVEY OF THE ROMAN WALL.—Mr. Maclaughlan has completed his surveys of the Roman wall and of the Watling street north of Pierce bridge, in Yorkshire, undertaken by order of the Duke of Northumberland, who has also had the plans of the surveys, the castra upon the line of the wall and along the Watling street elaborately engraved in the first style of art, certainly at the cost of some thousands of pounds. Although professedly printed for private circulation only, his Grace has been most liberal in his donations to the chief scientific and literary institutions in this and in foreign countries, as well as to private persons interested in our national antiquities.

THE preparations for the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilda, are going on actively. The *corbeille* of the young bride more particularly excites curiosity. A dress and shawl of Alençon lace of great value; three India shawls of extraordinary beauty; and the diamonds of the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, which were stolen in 1815, but afterwards found or repurchased by the family, will form some of the objects composing the marriage offering of the Prince. A magnificent diamond necklace is spoken of as a present from the Empress, and some blue fox and other valuable furs from the Princess Mathilde.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something: the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves a less trace behind

EMIGRATION.—In the forty-three years from 1815 to 1857 inclusive, there emigrated from the United Kingdom, 4,683,194. Of these 2,830,687 went to the United States, 1,170,342 to British North-America, 613,615 to Australia and New-Zealand, and 68,550 to other places. Of the whole emigration more than one half, namely, 2,444,802, emigrated in the eight years from 1847 to 1854 inclusive. In 1855 and 1856, the emigration fell to 176,806 and 176,554 respectively, principally in consequence of the demand for the army and navy, and the departments connected with them, during the Russian war; in 1857 the numbers rose to 212,875.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1861.—To discover the best means of setting on foot another Exhibition in the year 1861, the Council of the Society of Arts has issued a circular requesting the coöperation of the whole of the gentlemen who, from the very fact of their being members of the Society of Arts, may be considered to have "the encouragement of arts, manufacture, and commerce" at heart. They request communications as to the best mode of representing the industry of each locality, and as to whether any and what improvement could be made on the arrangements of 1851.

TIME, the most precious of all possessions, is commonly the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone, but rarely improved when present. We know it is irrecoverable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life; and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion, and while we continually leave it fallow, we yet sorrow over our stunted harvest.

"DEATH has quitted his busy occupation in the dungeons of Naples to strike at the door of the palace. Ferdinand the Second expired yesterday. The telegram comes with a sudden shock. The King is ill—the King is dead. Such are its rapid announcements. He was but forty-nine years of age. He is struck down in the prime of life—in the plenitude of despotism—at a moment when his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, was on the point of celebrating an auspicious marriage."

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

WEALTH OF THE POPE.—It is said that his Holiness the Pope receives out of his State some \$3,000,000 a year. Of this, \$600,000 goes to his private affairs, and \$2,192,000 to pay interest. \$2,700,000 go to support the army and police, \$600,000 to maintain the prisons, \$24,000 to schools. Other expenses are in proportion. The yearly deficiency is \$1,800,000. The clergy own \$100,000,000 worth of real estate, and hold all of the fat offices. The State debt is 27,000,000.

A PELICAN GOBBLING A MONKEY.—There are a great many pelicans there, (in Damietta, Egypt,) which get wonderfully tame when caught. M. Marrietto had one which formed an attachment for his cat. It used to open its beak and take pussy into its pouch, where she would go to sleep quite contentedly. One day, Madam Pelican snapped up a monkey, who was frightened out of his wits, and screamed and shrieked till the pelican was tired and let him out.—*Sedgins*.

LOVE facilitates duty; it is like wings to the bird, like sails to the ship; it carries the soul on swiftly and cheerfully in our way to glory. Love is vigorous as well as active; it despiseth dangers, it tramples on difficulties: like a mighty torrent, it carries all before it.—*Watson*.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—James Lenox, Esq., of New-York, has presented to the New-York Historical Society, thirteen of the sculptured marbles from Nineveh, which cost \$3000. The Society passed a very complimentary vote of thanks to the donor.

MEEKNESS—A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said: "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

I NEVER knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week.—*Sir Robert Peel*.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—"As much honor as you like, my son, but as few affairs of honor as possible."

"I HAVE turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand—"away from you."



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1859.

From the London Review.

CHRISTIANITY AND ETHICS.*

At the present day much attention is devoted in the highest seats of learning to the study of moral philosophy; yet at the same time the eclectic spirit of the age seems resolved to regard that science as interesting and curious merely in the historic point of view, not as any longer affording materials for renewed systems or controversies. It will be seen in the following remarks, that whilst we cordially coincide with this eclectic tendency, we consider that it needs both confirmation and guidance. We shall endeavor to show on the one hand that while the uniform failure of all attempts to erect moral truth into the form of a science, militates against the belief in the possibility of a

satisfactory system of morals; on the other hand, moral truth has passed through so many handlings, and been placed in such different lights, that it is at least the duty of the nineteenth century to collect the various points eliminated by former thinkers. It will then appear that the fundamental facts of the different systems retain their value, although the systems themselves, founded respectively upon each of them, and which have arisen, like the palaces of the Byzantine Emperors, upon the ruins of their predecessors, must be steadily rejected.

We therefore abandon the expectation of conclusive value from any moral system; but we extol the value of the moral facts which have from time to time presented themselves to the imagination of speculative thinkers; we would seek for

* *Essays on the Ethics of Aristotle.* By Sir ALEXANDER GRANT. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1857.

the significance and worth of these facts in their influence upon the human mind; and we would hasten the conclusion, to which in our belief the thought of the age is fully tending, that all attempts to elaborate a system either moral or metaphysical must end in mere disappointment. The more truth is systematized, the more partial and one-sided it becomes, and the less vital, and the less useful in human life. A corollary to these demonstrations will be that the only safe basis for philosophizing is to be found in revelation; and that in examining and illustrating the positive doctrines of Christianity consists the safe and proper employment of the philosophic intellect. With the design of establishing and enforcing these assertions, we shall rapidly trace the ante-Christian and post-Christian history of moral philosophy.

The philosophers who prior to Aristotle pondered most deeply the mystery of being, were fraught with moral truth and insight. Every great philosopher must be so by virtue of the poetic faculty within him; as is the case with the loftiest poet, whose numbers flow to the harmonies of the universe. It was to the mind of Aristotle that Ethic, along with most of the separate departments of scientific investigation, first stood forth as a distinct science. Plato, the first great eclectic and the representative of all preceding philosophy, was, by reason of the poetical complexion of his intellect, averse from any such rigid classification of the sciences as Aristotle proposed to himself. He saw by instinct, what we who come after are compelled to enforce by precept, that nothing is of value when separated from its use in life; and that truth, when systematized and severed from the quivering mass of truth which we call life, becomes dead and infectious, decomposed and changed into falsehood. He therefore permitted speculative and moral truths to lie even as he found them, interpenetrant and intermingled; he neglected to classify them; but did not the less strongly embrace them in the wide circuit of his theoretic power and eloquence. What is observable in him is the inter-dependence of moral and metaphysical or speculative truth. The central source of light and heat in his ideal world is the idea of the good; speculative philosophy is united with moral philosophy in the identity of their object-matter, namely, "the good."

And yet we may discern in Plato the germ of all the systems of moral philosophy which since his day have vexed the world. For practical purposes he expresses the excellence of virtue and the foulness of vice by a number of metaphors, each of which has been reproduced by some subsequent theorist in the form of a system. Moral philosophy is therefore in origin a metaphor. And in very fact, it may be affirmed that every system and theory in the world is truly a metaphor, and nothing more: it is a mode of expressing the relation between God's truth and man's faculty; an attempt, always inadequate, to embrace and comprehend the incomprehensible infinite. Plato made his attempt more nobly than other men, inasmuch as he endeavored to grasp all things in one primary conception, with superadditions and compromises as vast as itself, careless of self-contradiction and lack of order. Aristotle's attempt is from another side: he too would comprehend every thing, but it must be by parts, and piece-meal, not as a whole. He divides and maps out the unknown field of the knowable; and by division of labor proposes to advance from boundary to boundary, until he complete his recognition of the whole extent. The landmarks of the sciences have been left almost undisturbed where Aristotle placed them: no man has equaled his power of classification. But it is difficult to decide whether the convenience of his grouping does altogether compensate for the distortion and unreality occasioned by it in many departments of knowledge. In Aristotle we have the universe subjected to the most intense human treatment; every thing is displaced and eliminated from its surroundings to suit the point of view. In the sciences concerned with things which we see and handle and use in common life, the treatment is of great value; but the higher mental and moral truths which lie together in the unity of the human soul, lose all their life-giving qualities the instant that they are subjected to it.

To keep to the example with which we are at present concerned, the ethical treatises of Aristotle contain many noble and true things, and a vast number of facts, regarding human nature, most carefully collected and arranged; but yet they fail to comprehend in their elaborate network the infinite of moral truth which impalpable

bly underlies every thing; and what does surrender itself, dies in the artificial inclosure on being translated from its own natural element, "the nature of things." We must be understood as harboring no desire to diminish the greatness of the Stagyræite. We wish only to place that greatness upon its true foundation. Aristotle did immense service to the human race by pointing out many of its true needs and more proximate objects of pursuit. But he destroyed, as far as his influence extended, the practical use of that vast and many-sided edifice, reared before his time, and called "the philosophy of the ancient world;" rendering it no more a temple of worship, to which resorted the good and great amongst living generations, but a huge mausoleum, with its many separate tombs of the systems of his own devising. Philosophy before Aristotle had supplied the world with a faith, since it took heaven and earth into its mighty compass, and was wrought into an enthusiasm by the spirit of a Plato. The moral teaching of Socrates, and the intuitive dogmatisms of Pythagoras and Plato, formed a real political power in the world, blending itself in wonderful adaptation with the life of the human soul. But we can trace no political influence exerted by the abstract speculations of Aristotle, unless we reckon the incredulity of the thousands of students who have lost enthusiasm in the study of truth as an object, whilst marveling at the perfection of their master's method.

There is, however, in Aristotle a sort of pseudo-practicality, just as there is a sort of pseudo-speculativism, which has given rise to the common opinion that he is the most useful and sensible of the philosophers. On the one hand he makes his *Ethics* an introduction to the wider study of politics. They are a collection of facts relating to the moral nature of man, made for the direction of the politician and economist. He abandons the insoluble questions which had occupied the more ancient philosophers, such as the inquiry into the nature of the good and the just, as principles; and is content with recording their part in human actions, as habits. This design is very good; and was much better at the time of Aristotle than we can now conceive. In ancient Greece, every philosopher was a political thinker; and it would almost be fair to say, that the ultimate problem of

the Grecian philosophy was the devising of a perfect state. Plato, indeed, was carried by the force of speculation to a point beyond this; and his theory of a perfect commonwealth is driven, in order to its realization, into another world, of the existence of which he therefore appends whatever proof he is able. But with Aristotle all hope and all fear center upon the present life: the state occupies the place of God; the duties of citizenship are instead of the duties of religion; the praises or disgraces attached by the magistrate, stand for the blessings or curses of the Final Award. It was only in a perfect state that the two ideas of the Good and of Finality were found to be concurrent, that the problem of philosophy was solved, and the golden age of human happiness resuscitated. Such were the schemes of ancient philosophy. Plato's *Republic* is their perfect embodiment. It combines every thing, and was to heathenism a very temple of truth—all the great elements of philosophy, which Aristotle so carefully sundered, political efficiency, moral truth, metaphysical boldness, and sublimity. Above all things, nothing can be more *catholic* than the spirit and manner in which it is conceived. But the Platonic Republic, though so majestic and beautiful a structure, is absolutely impracticable from its very perfection; it is a system without flexion, or joint, or bend; it allows no progress, no play or scope to individuality; it attempts to provide for each hour of the life of every man by state regulations; so that it ignores private feeling, and is without mercy to human weakness. The state stands in continuous uniformity before the individual, with a dictation and a precept for every act of life. Such a system postulates its own failures; and it remains as the most illustrious of proofs, that no impersonal principle may, with man's safety, usurp the direction and governance of the life of man, in place of Him who is the bestower and sustainer of that life.

Very different, very inferior, was Aristotle's conception of a perfect state. His ideal, could it have been realized, would have been the most tyrannous aristocracy which the world ever groaned under. He makes happiness to be the common end and final cause of all the moral actions performed by all reasonable beings; and yet he affirms that happiness can be enjoyed, not by all men, but only by a

limited and privileged class, the gentlemen of his commonwealth; it could not, in his nature of things, extend to the rest of the community; but yet the inferior grades were to spend and labor cheerfully, in order that the privileged class might have leisure to be happy. All this follows inevitably from Aristotle's most unexceptionable definition of happiness—if, with him, we limit happiness to time and space. Earth has need of heaven, and time of eternity, to fill up what is lacking: so that even what is best upon earth is turned into bitterest gall, when viewed without respect to a futurity. The errors of the ancient political thinkers arose from their demanding from the organization of a state what no such organization can for an hour perform. The state was to be always present, not merely to pronounce upon the several moral actions of each of its members—a thing of itself absolutely impossible; but it was even to weigh and deliberate upon the motives which prompted them; to superintend the entire moral life, inward and outward, of each of its citizens. On this hypothesis, ethics are certainly a part of politics, requiring the diligent study of the law-giver and magistrate. But such a view of the relations of ethics can scarcely be entertained in the present day: it carries its own refutation with it, since it pushes the analogy between the individual and the state to the extreme absurdity of supposing that there is in the state a common undivided consciousness. It may with certainty be concluded, that in the same manner as the speculative principles of the ancients were unable to rise beyond Pantheism, and could account for nothing; so the impersonal principle of the state, by which antiquity endeavored to supply the moral and political wants of the world, fails to fulfill those functions which can only be discharged by the Personal Cause of causes, revealing himself for the guidance and discipline of that freedom of will, with which he has intrusted his creatures.

We thus see that, except upon absurdly unreasonable grounds, ethics are divorced from politics: and by this stroke they are at once prescinded from the utility which the ancients claimed for them. It is a great advance to find that, in most modern theories, the two studies are held apart. It is De Tocqueville who profoundly remarks, that the course of the

state may be predicted with much more certainty than that of the individual. There is an uncertainty about ethics which should not be introduced into politics. Indeed, the one can be regarded in no sense whatever as a part of the other, if we continue to consider the two as sciences. Each, as a science, has its own subject-matter, and a method of investigation which it makes its own; yet there is confessedly an uncertainty in ethics, which led to the false analogy between the state and the individual, and from Plato downwards, continued to confuse the political thinking of the ancients. It is a great advance to find that at the present day the two sciences are kept and investigated apart from one another.

"Moral science" is, in fact, a contradiction, because moral truth is irreducible to scientific form. If ever any man thoroughly understood the nature of the scientific intellect, it was Bacon: and words can not be stronger than those of Bacon in deprecation of the intrusion of the will and the affections upon the intellect whilst it is engaged in scientific operations. The intellect is to be *lumen siccum*, not tinctured or made humid by the will and affections, which lie at the bottom of all the falsehoods and perversions of science.* But the will and the affections are the very object-matter of ethics; and therefore the ethical student, in pursuing his study in a scientific manner, must denude himself of his own object-matter, and get rid of the presence of that of which he is treating. He is in this dilemma: the "drier" and more scientific his intellect, the more ignorant is he of his object-matter; and the more importunately the will and the affections make themselves felt, that is to say, the better he is acquainted with his object-matter, the less capable will his intellect be of scientific process. The moral hallucinations of Hobbes are referable to the "dryness" of his intellect, and his consequent ignorance of his object-matter; the not less distorted theories of other philosophers are derived from some bias of will or affection which enslaved the intellectual faculty. The dignity of moral truth is enhanced by this view. Moral truths are not demonstrable principles; nor, on the other hand, are they primitive axioms in the received sense of the term. They

partake, indeed, of the universality and necessity of axioms; but they can not be made the foundations of science. They are facts, and nothing more. As facts alone can they be received. Moral philosophy, whilst endeavoring to treat them as laws of actions, has climbed only to fall. It has been uniform in failure. It has been more unfortunate even than metaphysics, and has not succeeded in inventing a name for its own object-matter.

Ethic and politic then, the two parts of the practical philosophy of Aristotle, can not be considered any longer as related sciences; nor the former of them as a science at all. In the treatment of the Stagyrite we can not but regard the practical philosophy as a failure. Politic is an impossibility upon his conception; and ethic is only useful as leading to politic. But it remains, in order to a complete demonstration of the futility of ethical science, that we should look a little more closely at the ethical structure so carefully raised by Aristotle. The world regards the *Ethics* of this great master as, next to his *Rhetoric*, the most perfect example of his unequalled method; and the defenders of the present system of education, which directs so much attention to this part of his writings, when pressed with the inutility of ethic as a scientific study, usually fall back upon the benefits to be derived from the examination of so admirable an example of methodical treatment. We must therefore at the outset say a few words in explanation of what should be meant by excellence of method. The world is very apt to fall into serious error by attaching certain unalterable significations to certain words expressing attributes. Thus, to take a notorious example, what narrow and bigoted notions have been applied to the term *accuracy*, as applied to designate the style of different writers! An accurate writer, in the truest sense of the word, is one who succeeds in obtaining the effect which he designs, and which is proper to be obtained on a particular occasion. Tried by this high standard, Shakspeare is an infinitely more accurate writer than Racine; yet it used to be the fashion to pronounce Racine a model of accuracy as compared with the undisciplined bard of Avon. If Shakspeare succeeded, it was by hazard, by the irregular force of genius; and not by rule, or the accurate adjustment of means to end. Yet even the

critics of the last century were compelled to admit that Shakspeare was greater than the Frenchman; and their somewhat unmeaning sentence amounted to this—that though Shakspeare were the better poet in fact, yet Racine ought to be so by all the rules of art. The present generation has seen through the fallacy in this case. Let our observations be extended into other cases; for the accurate adjustment of means to end implies the possession of means, and that, together with the power of choosing a worthy end, is exactly what constitutes genius. In this enlarged way of looking at things, we maintain that the method of Plato in the dialogue, with all its seeming lawlessness, is quite as accurate as the method of Aristotle in the treatise: but it is more concealed, less anatomically conspicuous, because of the more artistic character of Plato's mind. Each of them was a philosopher; and the real question in deciding their claims to superiority is, not which of the two exhibited the more elaborate method, or the greater appearance of truth; but, which of them was the greater discoverer, or contains the greater amount of the reality of truth. To think that Aristotle valued such writings as his *Ethics* either solely or principally as an exhibition of method, is cruelly to misunderstand and degrade him.

We have observed that, in spite of the eminently non-eclectic character of his mind, Aristotle derived from his predecessors a sort of pseudo-speculativism. It was his fate to exhibit that desire to trace all things to the common principle of the infinite, which is characteristic of the more ancient philosophers, without the grandeur which redeems their errors, and the eloquence which vivifies their abstractions. In his ethical writings this is particularly observable. We there see a remarkable attempt to reconcile two entirely incompatible methods—that which was pursued by preceding speculators, and that which was natural to Aristotle himself. Preceding moralists had not distinguished the *good* aimed at in human actions from the ulterior and ideal principle of good which they sought for alternately in physics and in metaphysics; and the inquiry into moral good was merged in the inquiry into the universal good. Aristotle commences his moral investigations in the same phraseology, and apparently in the same spirit; and the first

chapter of his greatest ethical work reads like the opening of an inquiry into the universal and ideal good. Yet it is soon perceived that this proem leads to something very different, and is in fact, no more than a meager imitation of the more speculative moralists, and bears little part in the design of Aristotle. The first chapter, indeed, is quite disconnected with the sequel. While adopting the phraseology of his predecessors, Aristotle limits the good in human actions to their own nature; or, as he would say himself, the essence of a moral action is in its being *an end* in itself. In this way he marks off moral philosophy as a province in itself, disconnected with other parts of the speculative field. This sounds well, and is unquestionably true; but it is one of those unfruitful truths which it were best not to deal with, after their discovery, and which can in no wise stand as the foundation of a system. In the hands of Aristotle, however, it becomes the first joint of the vast vertebrated column which has ossified the whole body of moral speculation. Moral philosophy stands at once absconded, as it never should have been, from the inherent sublimity and persuasive power of the less severely systematized speculations of the ancients. Having thus limited his object-matter, Aristotle is enabled to use in full force and frequency the argument from final causes, first rendered into philosophy by Plato. This argument has seldom been so effectually applied as in ethics. In the physical sciences, with rare exceptions, such as anatomy, the investigator can not have a compact constitution under his eye for examination; and is therefore less able to argue from the evidences of design exhibited, to the nature and good of his object-matter. Indeed, Lord Bacon went so far as to say that formal and final causes lay without the range of physical science. But in ethics the inquiry is confined to the faculties of the human creature, and the functions proper to the constitution of man; and thus the appeal can be made to the unit of consciousness, and the uncertainty of an object-matter not thoroughly cognizable is taken away.

We have dwelt the longer upon Aristotle's *Ethics*, in order to exhibit the real insufficiency of the purest and most theoretically correct moral system in the world. Aristotle is the most independent of moralists. Happiness, according to him, is an

energy of the soul according to the best or highest virtue, and is capable neither of diminution nor augmentation from other good, although by the condition of the world it stands to some extent in need of them, in order to its realization in life. His system is not perplexed by the discussion introduced into moral philosophy at a later period, as to the nature of the faculty by which we know right from wrong. It is disputed whether any word can be found in his writings to designate such faculty. He takes certain special faculties from his psychology, as those by which we perform the various kinds of moral actions, and which are to be trained into excellence; but he goes into no discussion as to the nature of the moral faculty and its object-matter. Thus it will be seen, that he conjoins a noble independence of morality with a free and unembarrassed view of the subject in hand. Yet what is the issue of this apparent practicability? Because Aristotle has committed the error of separating where he ought to have interfused, and of holding apart where he ought to have aggregated, his *Ethics* is in reality nothing more than a large collection of facts curiously arranged, chiefly interesting to those who care to observe the peculiar astuteness of the mind of Aristotle in the arrangement of *data*. Except to state and arrange them, Aristotle makes no use of the facts which he has collected; he does not deduce a science from them, but makes them fit into his own previous modes of philosophizing. There is no human interest in this discussion of human good; it is an essay on facts of every day, as facts; there is no connection with the great and absorbing topics which tax the highest intellect, as there is in the philosophic criticism of Plato, where the things which most nearly concern every man are brought into discussion, and one listens breathless to the pleading, watching with hope and fear the weights of evidence gradually accumulating on the one side and on the other. True it is that we are in the region of facts, when we are with Aristotle; but we have left that region of probabilities, in which only our spirits find excitement and motion; and we are continually led to the exclamation: 'Here Aristotle creeps, where Plato would soar.'

Moral truth is erected into a science only by the force of analogy, and it continues a science only by the might of the

name of Aristotle. Yet, to the multitude of modern students, Aristotle is better known for his *Ethics* than for his *Organon*; and it is not many generations since the complaint of Melancthon that the *Ethics* was publicly read in churches. The *Ethics* is curious rather than valuable, as illustrating upon "impossible matter" the arresting and enchainning power of the great Peripatetic.

Circling within a narrower orbit, yet exerting an influence higher and intenser, more especially in the Roman world, do we find the doctrine of the stoical Zeno, consummated in the pithy apophthegm: 'Follow, and live according to nature.' Yet this nature received a diverse interpretation, which wrought out in opposite results. If nature were interpreted to mean the nature of man, the sentiment conveyed an injunction to vice rather than to virtue; and Juvenal was acquainted with men who lived the lives of the later Romans, while their halls were crammed with the gypsum of Chrysippus. But the injunction, as expressive of the speculative creed of the Stoics, suggested a morality of a most noble, though somber cast. Nature was the relentless Zeus of the Stoical Pantheist, the soul of the world, the fate which must forever fulfill itself in entire scorn and indifference to individual life. Zeus, the undegenerate son of Cronos, and a truly iron-toothed Saturnian deity, in rotation devours his own children. Such a theory irresistibly commended itself to the creative spirit of ancient Rome.

But by far the most widely diffused, as also the purest, unsystematized morality of the ancient world was to be found in Platonism. Morality is the essence of Platonism. It would be a fair description of Platonism to call it speculative morality, or the speculation of morality. It originated in taking that profound view of what should be the scope of the master-science of philosophy which went deeper than the physical science and the unfeeling logomachy of the Sophistic era, and sought to supply the wants of the inner spirit by something loftier than had yet been grasped. The whole speculative structure of Plato arose from the deeply felt necessity of a change in the moral nature, first enounced by Socrates. It is the structural framework raised by a sublime imagination, in order to make vivid before the eyes, and firm within the grasp

of mankind, the means of satisfying those spiritual necessities of which all men are dimly and vaguely conscious. Hence the point of view is essentially moral. The idea of the good is the central idea, the chief of the ideas; and at times, in Plato, it is invested with the personality of the good and true God. "Make thyself like to God," said Plato, and was answered by the raptures of thousands of devotees, who strove even by maddest excesses of asceticism to kindle within themselves the life Divine. "Become like the perfect man," said Aristotle; "listen whilst I expound the virtues of the grave and earnest, the good citizen of the perfect state, who throughout his life acts according to the highest virtue." But the voice of Aristotle awakes no echo, no answer like itself; it fails to pierce the secret caverns of sympathy where the echo lurks. He is less potent than the stoical Zeno, who sets before mankind no progress at all; announces that evil is equally necessary with good; for without evil there could be no good; and that it is the part of the wise to look with indifference upon the alternations of these two; to submit with resignation to what can not be disannulled. The voice of the fatalist touches a sullen chord in that human nature which is silent to Aristotle; it summons a Cato to fall upon his sword, and even a milder Marcus Aurelius to extract from its teaching the principles of an austere virtuous life.

We have no design to attempt a complete historical sketch of moral philosophy, either ancient or modern. But from the preceding notices of the ancient moral philosophy, as exhibited in the enthusiasm of Plato, the humanitarianism of Aristotle, the utilitarianism of the Epicureans, and the pantheistic fatalism of the Stoics, we may gather what will next be amplified, that the course of the ancient philosophy in a remarkable manner runs parallel with that of philosophy from the time of Christ. If Plato may in some sort be called the Bible of heathenism, inasmuch as Plato exhibited moral truth in a hortative form, which influenced the lives of whole generations of noble enthusiasts; in like manner does the revealed word hold as it were in solution the moral system of the universe, meeting the prayer of humanity with the commands and promises of authority; setting before the world the new birth, and the new spiritual life to which that leads; and making faith, that prima-

ry yet compound faculty, its instrument and motive power. If Aristotle, by severely systematizing moral truth, rendered it inoperative, so do modern theorists emulate the useless labor of the Stagyrte, although the reflex influences of Christianity in general are sufficiently evident in their speculations. If we are scarcely able to afford a just parallel to the sublime melancholy of Zeno, yet to the vile popularity of the Epicureans we can offer a stinging apologue in the excesses of the French and English atheism of the eighteenth century. It is singular to remark, that England has produced a greater number of moral systems than any other country. Whilst distanced in speculative thinking by the Germans, and in political thinking by the French, we have selected this barren field as our own domain, and have produced a Hobbes, a Hutcheson, a Paley, and a Bentham; each with his hypothesis, antagonistic to one another. From the writings of such men has arisen the habit of regarding moral truths in a non-religious spirit; which habit is now, to say the least, quite unnecessitated.

The present position of moral philosophy is essentially eclectic. We rejoice to be able to affirm that although England now witnesses a reviving interest in the loftiest pursuits of the reason, no new attempt is ever to be observed on the part of theorists in moral philosophy. To grasp and to combine, as far as may be done, the opinions of former theorists, without running the hazard of original conjecture, is the sole aim of the present generation. There is a tacit, a universal consent in this as to the uselessness of erecting any more a system of moral philosophy. In the same eclectic spirit do we venture upon a cursory examination of the various modern theories of morals; but with no intention of harmonizing them one with another, or of selecting one in preference to another; rather with the design of marking their mutual repugnance, their real fatuity, as far as certainty of conclusion is concerned. Then we shall conclude that systematic morality, or ethics as a science, is an entirely fruitless, and usually uninteresting, thing, much better abandoned, and replaced in education by speculative theologic truth.

Here it may be necessary once more to impress upon our readers, that we have no intention of animadverting upon moral philosophy, except so far as regards the

repeated attempts which have been made to erect it into a science, eliminated from its recurrence in a preceptual form. A vast mass of moral truth is always inter-fused with the staple literature of every age; and with this we have no business. Such works as the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, or the *Provincial Letters of Pascal*, are cases in point, where moral truths, which might eventually be carried up to the loftiest generalizations, occur in proverbs, precepts, and antithetical remarks. A vast mass of moral truth, again, is absorbed into systematic theology; and there morality occupies its right position, since no such system does, or ought to, carry the principles of morality to any other source than the commands of God.

Morality, semi-systematized, has been of service in the cause of true religion, and possesses historic interest even after the occasion has passed away which called it into system. But it must always be recollected that it is necessarily one-sided, in order to counteract one extreme by another. Thus Hooker wrote his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, in which he bases the moral principles upon the eternal reasons of things in themselves, for the express purpose of disabusing the ignorant of certain prepossessions as to the fluctuating nature of moral obligations, which had arisen from reports, brought from newly discovered countries, of the varying practices of mankind in some things of moral significance. And a still better example is afforded in Bishop Butler, the greatest of semi-systematized, or, one might almost say, of unsystematized, moralists. Butler stood equally opposed to each of the extreme theories of Hobbes and Hutcheson, of self-love and of benevolence. As a plain-thinking and moderate man, he did in reference to those particular instances what we are endeavoring to do in general upon this subject; that is, to oppose the tendency which theorists have to generalize too exclusively, to view every thing in the light of their own previously conceived dogma. The system of Butler, so far as the refutation of other systems can be called a system, avoids one-sidedness by having to steer midway between the two repellent theories of Hobbes and Hutcheson. It also derives intrinsic value from the fact of its being drawn directly from the Holy Scriptures; and therefore, while close in argument, it is free and untechnical in its way of putting things. It re-

ceives its psychology from St. Paul, and its facts from the operations of the Divine life upon the soul of man. Butler's carelessness for presenting moral truth systematically, his freedom from all wish to exhibit a theory, is evident from his indiscriminate use of several terms to express the same thing. Your true systematizer is always very careful of his words, thinking that in an algebraic use of language he shall be able to pin down the illimitable truth. And this peculiarity, we would remark, is in some sort a confession on the part of science as to the utility and beauty of the proverbial and preceptual morality which guides the lives of men. Proverbs and precepts are an exciting hint of the truth: the definitions and axioms of science are an attempt to exhaust the truth. Truth in the one is revealed through language; in the other, it is packed up in language; but, like the imprisoned genie, it does nothing in its bonds, and, as soon as the ties and fastenings are removed, it soars in a mighty column towards the clouds, and will own no longer service. In such men as Hooker and Butler, whose primary design was controversial and not dogmatic, we are sure to meet with a noble, if a one-sided, view of the nature of moral obligation. Of themselves, they would have been content to rest satisfied with the fact, that to practice virtue was the command of Him who said: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." But the follies of other men rendered it necessary to present the truth in another guise: and they therefore abandoned the Christian point of view, and declared the practice of virtue to be not only the command of God, but agreeable to the eternal fitness of things and to the best principles of utility; in the same way, if the example be granted, that Plato at one time presents the personal God, and at another time presents merely the idea of the good, or his God divested of personality for the nonce. One more celebrated example of occasional morality may be offered in Cudworth's *Treatise concerning eternal and immutable Morality*, which, brief though it is, has exercised considerable influence upon moral philosophy. It was indirectly against Bishop Taylor's famous *Ductor Dubitantium*, which latter is the most extensive and valuable work of casuistry in our language, a vast collection of rules and cases, designed for the guidance of

Christian men in conformity with the positive and revealed will of God. "The whole measure and rule of conscience," says its author, in memorable words, "is the law of God, or God's will revealed to us in nature or revelation." Cudworth refutes this without much clearness or satisfaction of reasoning, by maintaining that the nature of nothing can depend upon the will of God alone, which is the efficient but not the formal cause of all things: a distinction which may be understood, but of which no proof is offered.

We come next to the works of the professors of moral philosophy in modern times, the systems of moral philosophy, properly so called. In the first place, we must prepare our readers to expect certain differences which will be apparent between the ancient and modern moral philosophy; the point of view, and the spirit of treatment, will be found to be altered. For example, the question in ancient philosophy was, as to the nature of the chief good, which, subjectively considered, is an inquiry into the nature of happiness; but, in modern systems, the subject of investigation is not the good, but the right; not happiness, but duty. The spirit of the world is less buoyant, more depressed, and deeper; less philosophical, more religious. The search for happiness is abandoned, because the nature of happiness is to be self-contained, and "an end in itself;" and the spirit of the human race has grown too sluggish even to attempt to realize this in the present state of things, while there is a futurity revealed in which futurity shall be fruition. The present is less cherished by modern than by ancient philosophy; it is less regarded as an end (*βίος τελείος*) than a means, leading, if well employed, to future happiness. This is the inevitable reflex influence of revelation. Then the practice of virtue assumes a somber aspect, which it does not wear in ancient philosophy. It is not the pathway to that present happiness which springs from the perfecting of man's nature, the accession of strength, the growth of the noblest powers of the soul; but as the good attainable in human action is put further off, and even lifted up altogether from the earth, so virtue becomes a painful discipline, an algebraic puzzle, of which we see no meaning, but to the rules of which we cling tenaciously, in the hope that it may

at length evolve itself. Life is a state of probation, not of entirety; the guide of life is not pure philosophy, but philosophy tintured with religious influences. The conclusion is foregone, the world no longer needs an Aristotelian painfulness of thought to reach it. Again, the change in the point of view from which the final cause is regarded, involves a change in the subject-matter. The inquiry is no longer into the phenomena of the several virtues, nor into the nature of moral virtue itself; but into the nature of the moral faculty, the power by which right is distinguished from wrong. If happiness be no longer attainable on earth as a certain effect caused by virtuous conduct, it will be no more needful to refine upon the nature of that universal which enters into virtuous acts, as virtuous; but if right be still attainable, it may still be very necessary to be certain of the nature of that faculty by which we know right from wrong, and are rendered capable of moral obligation and of the performance of duty. Thus ethic assumes a psychological complexion, which it retains until the inquiry into the nature of the moral faculty branches out, in the eighteenth century, into an inquiry into the ground of moral action, whether it be indeed an inward principle at all, or utility and self-interest. This position of moral philosophy in modern times, in which it has become more subjective and less objective, more psychological and less philosophical, more associated with the religious, and less with the metaphysical; this change, in which moral philosophy no longer stands by itself in the world, either as revealing the good attainable in human action, or as entering in the metaphysical *summum bonum*, but is compelled to bear a relation with religion, with Christianity, and to bear the irresistible pressure of revealed truth upon its philosophic forms; this alteration of the problems, this fresh disposition of forces, was compelled by the pre-mediæval and mediæval theology, which had embraced philosophy both in its Platonic and Aristotelian manifestations, and incorporated the spirit of the one and the forms of the other with Christianity itself. It will be necessary, in a few words, to give an idea of this historical discipline, to which ethic had been subjected, before it reappeared in modern times, with its fresh commencement and profounder associations.

That early transformation and perversion of Christianity, which is known as Gnosticism, had endeavored to make speculation account for the origin of evil. This attempt, which was the great central problem of all the Gnostic appliances, was made generally either by a monoism which impaired the moral perfection, or by a dualism which limited the omnipotence of God. The rejection of the orthodox explanation of the permission of evil, (in accordance with the formula, $\delta \mu\eta \kappa\acute{\omega}\lambda\omega\nu\alpha\iota \alpha\lambda\tau\iota\omega\nu$;) the denial of the only true origin of evil in the aberration of the created will, drew the speculative intellect of the first centuries away from anthropology towards theology, in the most limited sense of the word; and the determination of the modes of the self-manifestation of the Divine will occupied the attention. Several systems of theories on this point meet our eyes, each system attended by its corollary of moral practice. If the Demiurge was regarded as expressing in nature and history the designs of the Supreme Intellect, strict moral obedience to the laws of nature, and a regular course of life, was the product of the speculative creed. If the Demiurge were regarded as in opposition to the Supreme Intellect, or as an independent world-making spirit, or as, at best, only an imperfect organ of the *Noûs*, there followed a total aversion from, or indifference to, the laws of nature, which was alternately developed into asceticism, or into a wild abandonment to sensual gratifications. At the same time, even with the orthodox, Platonic forms and conceptions became the vehicle of Christian doctrine; and there was, from the time of Origen, an increasing danger in the Eastern Church, lest the symbol should hide the symbolized. We may thus mark how Christianity continued the three great moral directions of Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Platonism; and that this morality arose from a speculative contemplation of the evolution of the Divine will.

Almost contemporary with the theology of the East is the anthropology of the West, in its Augustinian and Pelagian developments. The inquiry into the origin of evil had led to profound investigation of the will of God, and to the establishment of the orthodoxy that evil arose from the revolted will of the creature; that it was creatural, and not eternal. This position opened up the inquiry

into the nature of human sin and guilt; and this again resolved itself into the question of the free will of man. So that, as theology became an investigation of the will of God, anthropology became an investigation of the will of man; and thus the true spheres of the conception of will or active power—the Divine and the human—are filled up. The freedom of the will, in these two spheres—the doctrines of necessity and of freedom—is the pronounced theological and ethical topic of discussion in the Latin age of the Church. Then follows the mediæval period, in which ethic loses, never fully to regain, its philosophical character, and becomes merged in casuistry—a period of which Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, already mentioned, is the latest and finest example: a period in which the argument from final causes is lost in the identification of moral principles with their efficient cause, the will and nature of God; and in which ethic, so long divorced from metaphysics, becomes refined in theology, not, indeed, to the ideal world, but to the personal and revealed God. It is peculiar to this period that it adopted the terminology of Aristotle; but reproduced it with a slightly altered meaning, and with the associations, or context, of Christian theology, not of metaphysics. So that ethical philosophy passes into the hands of the moderns with a philosophical dress, the same in texture and adornment as in the day when philosophy was the religion of the world, but dyed ineffaceably with the colors of revelation, having, as the standard of duty, the will of God, and, as the motive of virtue, the hope of heaven.

Ethics passed, with these inevitable modifications, into the vigorous hands of such thinkers as Hobbes and Spinoza. But the object of these men was political or speculative; and, though they produced a highly systematized morality, we have not reached in them the days of ethical science, exclusively so called. Rather, ethic with them realized its ancient fate, being united with poetical or metaphysical conceptions. Hobbes constructs his political *Leviathan* upon certain moral principles which do not appear to be such wicked distortions in his system, as when taken out of it and examined apart. Spinoza, likewise, in the fourth and fifth parts of his *Ethics*, comes to the same result as Hobbes, namely, that self-love is

the moral principle of man; but he comes to the same result by a totally different route; and he has endured much needless obloquy from the many, who are acquainted with his conclusions, without knowing how they are obtained. With the same ultimate expressional agreement, nothing can be more diametrical than the opposition between Hobbes and Spinoza. The restoration of ethics to its place, as a part of metaphysics, in such a thinker as Spinoza, is a phenomena worthy of notice; especially is his *Ethics* worthy to be contrasted with the narrower, falsely practical systems which followed it. His name is to be conjoined with that of Leibnitz as the restorer of the science of speculative morality. The works of such men enable us to state, more precisely than we yet have done, the relation which ethic bears to metaphysics. Ethic, in the highest conception of its essence, is the evolution and announcement of the laws of metaphysics; so that a metaphysical principle is an ethical rule, and an ethical principle is a law in the metaphysical world. The ethical element is that which, in the metaphysical world, governs the self-determination of real being; and, in regard to us, enables those eternal and immutable objects to sustain a relation to the thinking mind, to become the objects of science, to be known, to project a shadow, the subjective, which is the shadow of the objective. This seems to have been the import of the Platonic doctrine, that the idea of the good is the chief and soul of the ideas; the real being which enters into them, and constitutes them ideas; just as they, in their gradation, enter into individual things, and connect them with science. It belongs to the metaphysical world, that not only the self-determinations of real being, but the self-determining process also, should be eternal, and necessary, and unalterable: the procession is eternal; the communication of natures in one Divine effluence, without change, or increase, or diminution, has always been consummating; the becoming is eternally becoming. This has been expressed in metaphysical formularies, as in the Platonistic, that the ideas are eternal numbers, dyads, triads, etc., which have an existence independent of the unit, and yet do in some manner partake of it; the unity of the unit, passing into them, loses and yet realizes itself, in bestowing upon them an indivisible unity

of existence. It has not, to our knowledge, been adequately expressed and carried through in Christo-philosophic formulæ.

The partly divulged moral system of Spinoza is the finest part of his work; the least repugnant to human nature. He is compelled in this part, by the necessities of language, to allow his definitions to rest in abeyance: his meaning is still to be understood as being subject to his definitions, but he is obliged to use language more popularly. His "utility" is not pleasurable sensation, but the enlargement of the mental and bodily capacities of man. The passions, being an extrinsic force, disturb the capacities, and render the mind a less powerful agent: they must be overcome by him who would steadily pursue what is useful to himself and his highest good, namely, what reason points out as the best means of extending his capacities. Now nothing is absolutely good, says Spinoza; and, therefore, the virtuous man will seek nothing primarily except knowledge, and the highest knowledge is the knowledge of God. From this severe intellectual platform proceed most profound regulations for the passions. The more adequate the knowledge which we attain of the things that affect us, the less shall we be liable to be overcome by the passions which they excite. Every thing refers itself eventually to the idea of God. The more we know of ourselves and our passions, the more shall we love God; for knowledge leads upwards to God, and the love of God should be the chief employment of the mind. The knowledge of things in themselves is the perfection of human nature; and is accompanied with the greatest joy and contentment; it leads to a love of God which is intellectual, and fantastic, and eternal, because it springs not from passions that perish with the body, but is itself a part of the infinite love with which God intellectually loves himself. In this love to God our chief felicity consists, which is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself. Nor is any one happy because he has overcome the passions; but it is by being happy; that is, by enjoying the fullness of Divine love, that he has become capable of overcoming them.

We may all have observed the delight taken by great men, both in conversation and in writing, in flinging forth extreme assertions—saying desperate things. A

great man perceives a truth for one moment so intensely, that his words about it are pitched extremely high; and, in his generous momentary enthusiasm, he may seem to those who can not understand this peculiarity of genius, to be reckless and inconsistent. Yet there will always be purpose and meaning in this, provided it be connected, as it always will be, with some practical design; for we take it that practicality, a desire to work upon the actual lives of men, is the instinct, the mark, and the calling of the highest genius. On the other hand, your smaller man will be as extreme as the other, but will talk his versatility, inasmuch as his capacity for receiving truth is narrower; he will dogmatize as positively, but less tentatively, and his dogmatism will be hard and inflexible in comparison with the more impetuous and genial temper of the other; it will lack redundancy and grace; it will be worshiped and exalted, as the one thing which fills the vision of its proposer; it will never be abandoned. It may be that the hint is taken from the greater man; it may be that the theory is self-evolved; but the difference remains ineffaceable: the dogmatism of genius is enthusiasm, the dogmatism of the man void of genius is system. We have already observed how the metaphors of Plato became the system of subsequent thinkers; in the same way do we believe that the complete systematizing of morals, which took place in the latter half of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, arose from a misappropriation of the earlier and bolder thinkers who gave a new speculative direction to ethics. We now arrive at the history of the modern conception of ethics as a science.

The object-matter of the science of ethics has been conceived of in two ways—to investigate the nature of virtue, or to lay down a theory of moral sentiments. The former view has attracted the greatest speculative intellects of all times; while the latter is the product of the peculiarly modern era at which we are arriving. This conception of ethics as a theory of moral sentiments may be subdivided into three main branches of inquiry, according as we regard the faculty by which we discern right and wrong, the origin of our ideas of right or wrong, or the nature of right and wrong. These three branches respectively connect ethics with psychology, with metaphysics, and

with ontology. The first, or psychological branch, has been the most fruitful of crab-apples. But it will be observed that all modern systems have a psychological cast; and it is this, rather than a difference of object-matter, which distinguishes them from the system of the ancients, in which the point of view is more objective.*

The career of moral philosophy as a separate science may be said to have been begun in modern times by the contemporaneous appearance of the works of Cumberland and of Puffendorf, the founders of the Eudæmonistic school. Cumberland's *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica* was published in 1672, and in the same year appeared the more generally known treatise of Puffendorf on the Law of Nature and Nations. This school has had more followers than any other in England. It steers a middle course between the Platonistic theory of innate moral ideas sufficient to establish natural law, and such extreme generalizations as those of Hobbes and Spinoza. It is, in fact, a new mode of looking at moral questions, and its peculiarity consists in being neither altogether *à priori* nor *à posteriori*. The fundamental proposition of this school is, "the pursuit of the common good of all rational agents, which tends to our own good as a part of it." Cumberland, the founder of the school, thus comprehensively announced the axiom, which is less definitely promulgated by Puffendorf under the name of "sociableness." The "common good of nature" of Cumberland has also a latitude greater than the "happiness" and "pleasurable perception" of Paley; and Cumberland, moreover, adds the will of a Supreme Lawgiver as essential to the com-

pleteness of the law of nature. Here he is followed by Law and Paley, as well as by most English moralists of the eighteenth century. But Paley adds to his definition of virtue, that it is performed for the sake of the future enjoyment of everlasting happiness, which is a fact gained from observation of human nature; while Cumberland only very slightly alludes to a future life, and rests his argument upon the consequences of virtue and vice in the present. This school, upon the whole, is a compromise between the desire for uniformity and rotundity of system, which is innate in human nature, and simply observation upon the facts and motives which actually influence the conduct of mankind. We may perhaps consider Hutcheson as belonging to the same school. Hutcheson adopted the principle of general benevolence as the standard of virtue, which amounts to the same thing as promoting the general good; but by limiting the definition of the good to happiness alone, he incurred the censure of Butler. His chief importance in ethics, however, arises from his having been the first to give a pronounced significance to the doctrine of the moral sense.

In France the way was paved in the seventeenth century for that extraordinary application of analysis to morals, which in the eighteenth century formed part of the sensationalism of Condillac, by the important controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet, as to the objects which a Christian moralist ought to set before him. "Pure love to God, who is love," Fénelon exclaimed, "is the only legitimate object of the human spirit. Selfishness is an unnatural state; no selfish aim, here or hereafter, must be proposed by the follower of virtue." But this noble saying was loftier than the age, and haughtier than the Gospel, which holds out to virtue the reward of everlasting life. And when Bossuet, in reply, declared Christian morality to be merely selfish, his tone struck with greater congeniality, and was ratified by the feebly remonstrant Pope. Nothing can be known in physics until it is dissected; on the contrary, in logic and its kindred sciences, nothing can be known unless it be a general conception. Dire was the crash when the method of physics was applied to the mental sciences. Every generalization immediately melted away into its subordinate individuals; and in each case, where the

* Sir James Mackintosh says: "On these three principles, the moral sense, the essential difference in human actions, and the will of God, is built the whole edifice of practical morality."

(a.) The first principle is, that the goodness or badness of moral actions is determined by some faculty within ourselves, independently of the nature of the actions, which are neither good nor bad, except as tested by this criterion.

(b.) The second principle is, that the quality resides in moral acts themselves, irrespective of any determining power in the moral agent.

(c.) The third principle is, that the moral fitness of actions is in accordance with the will of God. This was the opinion of Socrates, according to whom the principles of virtue common to all mankind are laws of the Divine Being never to be transgressed with impunity, (*Xen. Mem.* i. 4.)

object-matter disappeared, the science ceased to exist. Condillac, and after him Helvetius, said at once, and dogmatically, that the feelings and faculties of preceding philosophy were nothing more than sensations; and for a time the "understanding" of Leibnitz, the "conscience" of Butler, the "moral reason" of Clarke, were alike unable to vindicate to themselves a higher origin. Such was the fate of a philosophy founded upon psychology; such was the last stage in the progress of modern psychological philosophy. The mental and moral sciences were in ruins, until it should please their destroyer, that "model of French philosophy," to reconstruct them. This he condescended to do at length; but not with a worthy skepticism, (doubt of man, certainty of truth,) and from the objective side, but with an unworthy skepticism, or disbelief in real being and truth, and from the miserable basis of empirical psychology. If every representation of the mind is no more than a transformed sensation, self-love will be the origin of mental and moral science, and self-expedience the practical morality to be deduced from it. This terrible inference was boldly drawn by the French empiric school; and it is salutary to know that the sword of Condillac still hangs over every system of a merely psychological character. This philosophic skepticism, this immeasurable use of physical analogies and material hypotheses, either generated, or at least allied itself with, the popular skepticism of the Encyclopædists and *mélange*-writers. The deification of human reason followed strangely enough upon the degradation of man into a creature of mere sensation, with a tendency to unmitigated selfishness. It was as though human reason, having debased itself, found solace, and even experienced a vile pride, in subjecting every thing else to the same indignity. Upon a national, an European scale, was repeated the history of the evil mind, which has corrupted itself, and exists only to infect the innocent with the poison in which it lives.

Modern philosophy, in the hands of Kant, assumes a new and altogether a strange, untried position. The key-note to an understanding of his movement of thought is, an attempt to bring the infinite within range of human comprehension by means of the human will. He thus made the attempt, from another side, in

which speculation had already so fatally fared. He saw clearly that the speculative intellect could never grasp the infinite, by reason of that inherent relation to time and space which we have just indicated; but his faith in human capacity remained unshaken, and he asked himself, "Can not the problem be solved by the hitherto untried potency of the human will?" The Practical Reason in his hands was to undertake what the Speculative Reason had failed to accomplish, to expand the idea of the infinite and unconditioned into knowledge, so that moral philosophy, with new meaning and destiny, was to supersede speculative philosophy. That the share of ethics in speculation could not be increased, escaped his mind. Kant's real use to the world lay in the thorough refutation of sensationalism, which his *Critique* afforded. He discovers a truth, but, when he attempts to use it, falls into an aberration, in this resembling the *grec philosophorum*.

To recapitulate, then: In the history of moral philosophy we find, in the first place, many important truths of our nature set forth in a prominent form, whilst all attempts to systematize these truths fall by the hands of one another; and we are finally left with the conclusion that moral truth can never be erected into a science. Every attempt at its scientific culture seems prejudged to failure. The world has been long in discovering this; and Lucian's jest against the philosophers is a fair one, when he describes them as wrangling at the gates of Elysium, and refusing to enter until they have determined the nature of the happiness to be enjoyed therein. For assuredly nothing can be more unlike the life of the universe than the attempts which we have witnessed, to disintricate the principles of duty and the standard of moral rectitude from amidst the actual human life, the mystery of the human will. The more complete the semblance of success, the less its reality. Aristotle alone has realized for others the conditions of an exact science. Yet he has only been able to effect this by cutting it loose from all the highest interests of human thought, by limiting its scope to the world and its end to politics, and by importing its formularies from other sciences.

Yet although moral philosophy is in one sense a failure, it is not so in every sense. That inalienable interest attaches to it

which belongs to every human effort to transcend the narrow environments of the life of every day, and to gain some insight into the great realities of things. We watch with curiosity the manner in which the same problem has presented itself to minds of the most opposite organization; and although the systems which we have noticed successively overthrow one another, yet at the root of each of them there lies some fact of human nature which we can carry away with us, to the increase of our self-respect, or at least our self-knowledge. We thank Leibnitz for informing us that we have an understanding; we owe greater thanks to Kant for dividing the speculative from the practical reason. We are not ungrateful even to Condillac, when we learn from him that man may no doubt fall into the low estate of an animal merely capable of sensation, and expiring in unmitigated selfishness.

The eclectic way of looking at the subject of morals is unquestionably amongst the characteristics of the age. The books now written upon the subject, such, for instance, as those of Bishop Hampden, are solely eclectic. The subject receives much attention, and an uppermost place

in liberal education; but the world is weary of re-opening old discussions and re-producing old theories, and refuses renewal of effort, instructed by the failure of generation after generation of great thinkers. What remains then? The consciousness of each individual amongst us is his own system and theory of morals: and though the recorded systems are as numerous as we have witnessed, yet they are as nothing to the innumerable presentations of truth to different minds, the innumerable allegories which will never find record amongst men. Meanwhile, we feel an increasing inclination to abandon those who would fain think for us what we can think for ourselves, and who only contradict one another, as we should contradict them, could we but find a tongue: we find also an increasing desire to draw near to that revelation of truth where the practice of virtue is the law of God, and receives the promise of eternal life, provided it spring from that faith which is the fulfilment of the highest function of the practical reason, the apprehension of Deity. Thus, and not otherwise, do we find that the acknowledgment of truth becomes fruitful of good works.

From the National Review.

P O E M S O F L O N G F E L L O W . *

THE actual quantity of Mr. Longfellow's writings, considerable as it is, is much less than might be supposed from the number and variety of editions in which they are to be met with. No recent poet, we

should imagine, has enjoyed so great an amount of publication. We meet with his works every where and in every form—in complete editions on the counters of the regular booksellers, in stacks of little shilling volumes on railway book-stalls, and in gorgeously bound and profusely illustrated volumes on drawing-room tables. He is unquestionably the most popular poet of the day. Country newspapers habitually adorn their columns with his minor pieces; young ladies sing his pathetic poems at the piano; and lecturers

* *Poems.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Bogue. 1851.

The Song of Hiawatha. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Bogue, 1851.

The Prose Works of H. W. Longfellow. Bogue, 1851.

The Courtship of Miles Standish and other Poems. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Kent & Co. 1858.

at mechanics' institutions invariably quote his moral and didactic verses. Not only is Mr. Longfellow's popularity extraordinarily great, it was extraordinarily rapid also. We do not doubt that it is greater now than ever, and that it has gone on increasing up to the present time; but we believe that very soon after the appearance of the first collection of his works it was greater than that of any contemporary poet. He took the public ear at once and immediately; he required no introduction from critics and reviewers; he had not to convert or educate his audience, but found it ready and responsive from the first.

The causes of this rapid and remarkable popularity are easily traceable in Mr. Longfellow's poems, especially his earlier ones. His merits certainly do not consist in any imaginative originality. The moral and intellectual quality of the *Voices of the Night*, is such as appeals to the sympathies, and falls within the comprehension, of every reader. They are written from what may be called every body's point of view; they express, always neatly, sometimes gracefully, and now and then beautifully, what nine tenths of their readers think and feel on the subject, or rather what they know they ought to think and feel. "What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist," is exactly what the heart of every good and thoughtful and laudably ambitious young man would say to him. *The Footsteps of Angels, The Reaper and the Flowers, The Light of Stars, Midnight Mass for the dying Year*, merely develop, prettily and fancifully, common ideas, and ideas, too, suggested in their entirety by the very titles of these poems. So intelligible and unobjectionable is Mr. Longfellow's thought, so obvious and universally admitted his moral tendency, that we can quite believe what we have heard, that people who neither understand nor care for other poetry buy his as a sort of thing that "deserves encouragement."

The same common-placeness of intellectual character is shown in those of Mr. Longfellow's poems in which the interest is historical. His impressions here also are those which ought to be made on "any well-constituted mind." The author of *Eothen* says: "If one might judge of men's real thoughts by their writings, it would seem that there are people who can visit an interesting locality and follow up

continuously the exact train of thought that ought to be suggested by the historical associations of the place. A person of this sort can go to Athens, and think of nothing later than the age of Pericles; can live with the Scipios as long as he remains in Rome; can go up in a balloon, and think how resplendently in former times the now vacant and desolate air was peopled with angels, how prettily it was crossed at intervals by the rounds of Jacob's ladder." Mr. Longfellow's trains of thought are exactly of this character. This is how he moralizes over some *Sand of the Desert in an Hour-glass*:

"How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

"Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

"Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

"Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

"Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms,
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

"Or caravan, that from Bussora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate
And resolute in heart."

We have no doubt that most readers would prefer a string of reflections about the past such as the above to a poetical reproduction of the past like Tennyson's *Sir Galahad* or *St. Agnes*, or Browning's *The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church* or *In a Spanish Convent*. These latter give us the essential spirit and peculiar features of the past—features unexpected perhaps, but recognized as true as soon as presented; every word of Browning's about the middle ages is, as Mr. Ruskin's observes, "vital, right, and profound." Mr. Longfellow has the abstract and generalized impressions of the past which every one derives from reading history; and where he endeavors to re-

produce it, he gives us the conventional idea and traditional costume of the period. *The Belfry of Bruges, Nuremburg*, and similar poems, are merely a fluent and musical expression of thoughts and fancies which would at once occur to any intelligent visitor of those famous towns with Murray's Hand-book under his arm. His imagination never properly throws itself into the past; but sees it through the haze of distance, and so catches only its familiar and general outline and most prominent features. The emperors are "rough and bold;" the burghers "brave and thrifty;" the monks "merry" or "holy;" in every case the regular stock epithet embodying the popular idea. Any one of his poems of this kind will illustrate this. Take the opening of the one called *The Emperor's Bird's-Nest*, in the last volume:

"Once the Emperor, Charles of Spain,
With his *swarthy* grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged through mud and rain
Some old frontier-town of Flanders.

"Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These *Hidalgos*," etc.

Every one must feel the difference between these stage Spaniards, made up out of the time-honored theatrical "properties," and the sort of picture which a poet possessed of true reproductive imagination would have given us. It may be said that the simple incident which forms the subject of the piece did not require, or even admit of, deeper and more refined truthfulness of treatment in its accessories: but that Mr. Longfellow has no historical insight, is proved both by his almost invariable and instinctive choice of such subjects—subjects in which the interest is directly moral and universal—and by his failure to give us any less generalized and more characteristic description in the one or two poems in which it is called for. In *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, for instance, the personages of the story are made up of the same cheap and ready historical material: the rugged and religious Puritan captain, "clad in doublet and hose and boots of Cordovan leather," who is introduced "striding," of course, "with a martial air;" John Alden,

"... his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine
by a window,
Fair-haired, azure-eyed"—

VOL. XLVI.—NO. IV.

a sort of small Cromwell and Milton, in fact—these, and the "Puritan maiden, Priscilla," are all lay-figures. Mr. Longfellow's poems of this class always remind us of the lithographs of our old halls and castles in popular "galleries of illustration," in which two or three well-known and most obvious characteristics of architecture and costume are seized on and brought into undue relief for the sake of effect; the oaken rafters are more massive, the window-seats deeper, the chimney-piece more prominent and more elaborately carved, the ladies have longer trains, and the cavaliers' hats are more slouched, than probably they ever were; every thing is intensely "of the period," and all is *ad captandum*, untruthful, and superficial. He has a vague poetical feeling about the past, rather than a clear poetic insight into it; not what the past was, but what has come down to us about it, forms the subject of his poems:

"Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld."

The frequent occurrence in his verses of such expressions as "olden," "eld," "quaint," etc., are sufficient to indicate his position in this respect.

As a describer of nature, Mr. Longfellow holds a higher place than as an interpreter of the life of man, either in the present or the past. He sees further into the forest than into the crowd; and his limited range of experience and of sympathy are, of course, not so directly and palpably felt. The American poets are all, as far as we have observed, comparatively strong in depicting natural scenery, while deficient in thought and culture. Man, with his passions and struggles and perplexities, plays but a secondary part in their writings; he is dwarfed and subdued in the presence of the vast and impressive scenery by which he is surrounded. Bryant's poems are mainly addressed to, or concerned with, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and mountains. And although these things do not occupy quite so large a share of Mr. Longfellow's attention, the space that they do fill is larger in proportion to the human interest than in any English poet. In the latter—even in Wordsworth, in whom this element is larger than in any other English poet—nature is, if not subordinate, subsidiary to man; there is human life, though it be but

a solitary figure in the foreground : in the former, the center of human interest is often almost lost in the wildness and vastness of the natural objects amid which it moves. To the latter, nature is humanized, so to speak, by old memories and associations ; to the former she presents the aspect of something unfamiliar, unexplored, unconquered and independent. Connected with

this is another difference between the two : in the poets of our own country the *permanence* of nature is contrasted with the transience of human life ; in the American, her extent is her most striking aspect. No doubt the latter is dwelt on in many English poets, but in none is it so unconsciously and yet so forcibly conveyed as in the following passage from *Evangeline* :

" It was the month of May. Far down the beautiful river,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
Men, and women, and children, who, guided by hope or by hear-say,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests.
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the golden coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They too swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a net-work of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous bows of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Death-like the silence seemed and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar, sustaining the arches ;
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dream-like, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that can not be compassed.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the carmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Canadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator."

It is scenery of this vast and impressive kind that Mr. Longfellow describes best. He has a true eye for its salient features, though his sight does not reach much beyond these. He is a steady and truthful though not profound or minute observer. Except in the case of some of the grander natural objects, such as forests and the sea, Mr. Longfellow describes in a fresh and unaffected way not only what would strike every spectator, but what every spectator would find little difficulty in putting into words. He never gives us any of those surprising touches which, like the scent of May blossom, place us at once in the midst of long-forgotten sights and sounds, with all their indescribable associations. He takes in just so much of a landscape as harmonizes with the thought or feeling in his mind, and apart from these his descriptions have comparatively little value. In Tennyson, and generally in poets of a high class, the thought and meaning of the poems are more profound and less obvious; the corresponding natural scenery is less consciously selected, and therefore less superficially appropriate. In that wonderful poem in *In Memoriam* beginning,

"Rise thou thus, dim dawn, again,"

though there is not a feature in the stormy landscape unrelated to the mourning mind which looks out on it, the correspondence is less complete point by point, and the description, simply regarded as a description of a certain aspect of the outer world, has greater power, freedom, and truth. We do not say that the natural scenery in Mr. Longfellow's poems is merely *illustrative*, or that his thought is merely the reflection of the natural scenery; we believe that there is in many of his poems the real fusion of the two which must take place in the minds of all genuine poets, only that this fusion is less thorough than in the case of Tennyson and some other poets. What we mean will perhaps be made more clear by taking an instance in which Mr. Longfellow has not fulfilled this condition. His works furnish several examples, but we take the following as the shortest:

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"

"Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Every one feels that this is merely a conscious and cold-blooded following out of some analogy between the moral and the physical worlds, which a poet of greater power would have condensed into a word instead of expanding into several verses. *The Rainy Day*, *Daylight and Moonlight*, and one or two others, are manufactured precisely after the same pattern. If he had not produced any thing better than such pretty and ingenious toys, he would not have deserved the name of a poet. That he has evidently a taste for such things, and that many of his pieces in their construction betray marks of this mechanical origin, is a fault so grave, that we are obliged, in order to forget it, to recall the genuine poetry which he writes in his happier moments.

In consequence of the defect we have endeavored to indicate, Mr. Longfellow is less successful in his descriptions of natural scenery in those poems in which it is introduced in combination with human thought and feeling, than in those in which it is an object of direct contemplation. His poetry of this kind has been called "looking-glass poetry;" and as regards the clearness and literalness, if not the minuteness, with which it gives back some aspects of nature, the expression is a good one. We think Mr. Longfellow's happiest efforts in this kind are those in which he describes northern or wintry scenery. One of his best touches is in an early poem, *Woods in Winter*:

"Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side."

None of Mr. Longfellow's poems show much creative or dramatic power except *Hiawatha*; in which a small germ of Indian tradition has been expanded into an altogether unique story—a strange mixture of mythology, romance, and fable, as unlike all other poems with which we are acquainted as a savage in his war-paint is unlike all civilized people, but not with-

out some vigorous pictures of forest life and scenery, and a certain soft and noiseless grace like that of the people it describes. This is undoubtedly the most original of all the author's poems; and it has a certain humor of its own—a quality not possessed by any of Mr. Longfellow's other poems. We much admire the following description of Hiawatha's victory over the ravens and capture of their king:

"Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee the king of ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.
With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"'Kahgahgee, my raven!' said he,
'You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!'

"And he left him, grim and sulky,
Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people!"

Mr. Longfellow is quite unrivaled when he has Indian demigods, beavers, sturgeons, and woodpeckers for his characters; and we think he succeeds next best where, as in *Evangeline*, the characters are about half-way between the "Hiawatha" people and educated English or Americans of the present day. His poetical faculty is well adapted for the narration of some simple story which keeps the even tenor of its way among the pastoral occupations and fireside incidents of a primitive people: and such have been the subjects he has chosen for two of his longest poems, *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; of which the earlier poem is in our opinion far better than the later one. Both the story and the characters are more interesting, the scenery is more varied and more richly colored, and the later poem contains no incident nearly as good as the passing of *Evangeline* and her lover close by each other in their boats without either being aware of it. Both of them are stories from the annals of Mr. Longfellow's own land; and with these, from the simpler and more

elementary character of the events recorded in them, he is less incompetent to deal than with the earlier stages of European civilization. The hexameter meter in which they are written is not altogether unadapted to their subject, or to the fluent garrulity of Mr. Longfellow's narrative. The effect, however, of these, and of all other English hexameters with which we are acquainted, soon becomes unpleasant. They lead one on and on, but with an increasing desire to stop. They seem necessarily to generate standing attributes and stock phrases. When a writer has struck out such a good dactyle-and-spondee epithet for *Priscilla* as "Puritan maiden," or for *Hobomok* as "friend of the white man," we must make up our minds to its sticking to them. It is not in human nature to resort to the *gradus* without absolute necessity.

In intimating that a certain commonplace and superficial character belongs to all Mr. Longfellow's poetry, we by no means imply that he is not a true poet. His mind more readily and naturally and sufficiently expresses itself in poetical forms than that of many poets whose productions contain elements of far higher quality; his poems are more harmonious, more complete as specimens of the art, than theirs. Indeed, his very success in what he aims at is greatly owing, not of course to his powers being limited, but to their being equally limited in every direction. With more thought, he might have been acceptable to a higher class of readers; but he would, *ceteris paribus*, have produced poems inferior, as poems, to his present ones. What his writings would have gained in originality and power, they would have lost in symmetry and completeness. A tithe of Browning's psychological subtlety, or Tennyson's ripened wisdom, would have checked Mr. Longfellow's facile and melodious utterance of fallacious commonplaces and popular half-truths; but it would also have deprived us of many graceful fancies, salutary thoughts, and pretty and finished pictures. The easy symbolism in which Mr. Longfellow delights, would not have served to convey thoughts derived from a profounder insight and a wider experience, or emotions of a more refined and complex character; and his employment of it is of itself sufficient to show that he is not one of those who have become wise by "deeply drinking in the soul of things."

Yet this forms the ground-work of many of his most attractive and most popular poems, and in one or two cases is employed with really beautiful and poetical effect, as in his recent poem of *The Two Angels*, in which he has transcended his usual limits in depth of feeling and force of expression. Mr. Longfellow has much genuine religious earnestness; and this has given some of his poems on slavery, the hymn for his brother's ordination, and one or two others, an unusual firmness and a fervency of tone. The following little poem, simple and quiet as it is, is in a higher strain than almost any thing he has written :

"She dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village-school.

"Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

"And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebuke;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic look.

"She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

"And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free,
And musical as silver bells
Their falling chains shall be.

"And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

"For she was rich; and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

"Long since beyond the southern sea
Their out-bound sails have sped;
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

"It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face."

It is in little poems of this character that Mr. Longfellow succeeds best; and his later ones show a great improvement on the *Voices of the Night*, which are characterized by great immaturity of thought

and a vein of very juvenile sentiment. *The Two Angels*, already alluded to, *The Warden of the Cinque Ports*, and *Victor Galbraith*, are decidedly superior to any of his earlier productions. The first three verses of the second of these are a great contrast to the weak prosaic and matter-of-fact openings of which Mr. Longfellow is so fond, such as,

"This is the place, stand still, my steed;"

or,

"In Mather's Magnalia Christi
Of the old colonial time."

They run thus :

"A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And though the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

"It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And from the frowning rampart the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

"Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over
When the fog cleared away."

There is more vigor and condensation in these lines than in any others of the author which we remember. We should call to mind, too, in order to appreciate adequately the historical force of the third verse, that a French invasion was generally dreaded, if not expected on the day of the Duke's death. Generally, we think, Mr. Longfellow rises with a really great and impressive subject. He has scarcely the materials within his own mind for furnishing forth a poem; but when his sympathies are strongly called out by a striking character or event, his verses are seldom unworthy of the occasion.

Mr. Longfellow's plays have, in our opinion, less merit even than his longer poems. He has no dramatic power; and it is impossible to take the slightest interest in the colorless and unreal personages of *The Spanish Student* and *The Golden Legend*. There are occasional descriptions in them marked by a certain weak grace and delicacy of language; and the venerable traditions of the playwright as

to the duty of breaking up the serious business at due intervals by snatches of song and that peculiar species of comic repartee among the minor characters which makes the deepest tragedy an intense relief, are all faithfully observed. On the whole, they are neither better nor worse than the general run of those plays, one or more of which so many clever and cultivated men think fit in their lifetime to publish, we suppose as a sacrifice to oblivion.

Of Mr. Longfellow's prose works, the best known, *Hyperion*, has little continuous interest; its slender thread of a love-story being altogether lost amid the profuse and gaudy descriptions and sentimental and high-flown musings. *Kavanagh* is decidedly better; there is more story, and the characters of Mr. Churchill the schoolmaster, who makes no progress with his great poem, and puzzles his wife out of the Sanscrit arithmetic-book in the evenings; of Sally Manchester; and of the mischievous school-boy "Billy Wilmerdings," who promises his mother that

if she will forgive him he will "experience religion," are drawn with a quiet humor one would scarcely have expected from Mr. Longfellow. *Kavanagh* is altogether a very pleasant and freshly-colored tale of American village-life, with its primitive conditions, its transparent and amusing affectations, its homely joys and sorrows. But prose fiction, or indeed prose or fiction of any kind, is not Mr. Longfellow's forte. He is a born poet, though not a poet of the highest rank; and his strength lies in the melodious and graceful expressions of some

"Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

We can not take leave of Mr. Longfellow without saying what it is not exactly in our province as critics to say, but what is never unfelt in forming an estimate of a writer—that his readers insensibly acquire from his writings a very strong regard and affection for their author.

From Titan.

PHASES OF LUNATIC LIFE; OR, LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.*

"THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

"ELOPEMENT in high life. Great excitement has been caused in certain circles of the aristocracy, by the flight of a lady long distinguished for her eccentricities and beauty, with a well-known gallant captain. As the latter was, it is understood, already under a matrimonial en-

gagement in another quarter, more than one disagreeable consequence is likely to result." How much misery is occasionally thus briefly summed up in the paragraph of a newspaper! To explain how I was interested in the above, it will be necessary that I should acquaint my reader with a few preliminary details. It was about three months previously that I had met in town my old and highly esteemed

* The names in the following narrative are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

friend, General Faulkner. I had known his children from infancy, and he mentioned his daughter Sybil with all a father's pride, adding, with a half-sigh, the intelligence of her approaching marriage with a Captain Daracott, "Not, Doctor, that the connection is not all we could desire; but she is my only daughter, and so like what her mother was when I first saw her." His eyes grew very bright as he said this.

"Come, come," I said, striving to ward off the regrets I saw stealing over him. "It is but the way of the world, and we old fellows must give into it. Married as well as unmarried, she is still your daughter, and not one either likely to make you forget it." The day after this conversation, I met General Faulkner and his daughter among the equestrians in the Park. She had, as a child, given promise of unusual loveliness, and was now a very exquisite girl, with the chiseled features, lithe, slender limbs, and sunny golden-hued hair, which best fulfill the artistic ideal of the old Greek beauty. By her side rode a rather handsome man, and there was a marked *empressment* in his manner, which sufficiently denoted the lover for me to imagine that he was no other than the Captain Daracott alluded to by the General. The happy girl kissed her hand to me with that sort of brilliant rippling smile which is born of the fleeting heart-joy of love. About three weeks from this time I missed an appointment on business, and followed my friend to St. James' Theater, where I knew my best chance lay of meeting with him. Rachel was playing that evening, and I was soon standing fascinated by her wonderful delineation of madness in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. I am afraid my readers will accuse me of carrying the shop about with me. But I own to it. I felt all my professional enthusiasm enlisted when I saw the accuracy and faithfulness of her acting, and felt how it was verified by the memory of my own observation and experience. So prominent was it even to uninitiated eyes, that a thousand hearts thrilled together as they listened to her words; and when this happens, we may take for granted that that which is then rehearsed has many times before been done, suffered, or endured in hospital, mad-house, or dungeon. It has been said (I am not aware whether truthfully) that Mademoiselle Rachel used to frequent the hospitals and prisons for

the purpose of watching the dying, especially when these happened to be notorious profligates, or great criminals; and that while the passing bell tolled for *les agonisants*, she would study them silently and attentively for hours, and then return home and enact the part with such terrible vividness, that her attendants would stand panic-stricken. However this may be, the power she possessed of displaying the peculiar look of hallucination common to patients subject to spectral illusions* will not easily be forgotten when once seen. It was a wonderful performance, and when this gifted woman died, unquestionless one of our greatest artistes passed away from us.

In one of the luxurious shelters of this theater sat as singularly beautiful a woman as is often seen. I used the word *sat*, but she rather lay, or crouched among the dark crimson cushions. I have justly called her beauty singular, for it was of that order which dazzled, fascinated, and repelled, like that of a snake. Her attitude was one of profound and indolent *nonchalance*, but her large glittering cruel eyes darted every where; in truth she looked all eyes, like the fabled Basilisk. There were standing near me a group of gentlemen, and the following remarks fell on my ear: "Who is that beautiful creature?" asked a dark-haired impetuous-looking young fellow. "Which?" replied a caustic-looking man, about five-and-thirty, who had apparently lived his life pretty well. The *torquettes* were in requisition. "That," in a tone of marked emphasis, "oh! that is '*La Donna Mobile*,' at least so she is called." "Well, but who, or what is she?" "Why, it is Mrs. Haveril, not quite unknown to fame. Her husband, George Haveril, married her when she had lots of money, and he had nothing but his Derby-book, and a very badly made-up book it was too. They did not hit it on together somehow, so he went to Russia, on a diplomatic mission; and he is

* Of spectral delusions there are differences to be noted in the *causes*, though not so much in their effects. One lunatic will spend hours haranguing imaginary individuals, or answering inaudible voices. Another will mistake you for an enemy, and attack you violently. In the first case he has probably morbid sensations which produce spectral illusions, while in the other he has lost the power of distinguishing and attending to that which really surrounds him. In either case, comparison is lost, so that the two different causes produce nearly the same result.—*Vide* CONOLLY.

very careful of his wife's health, so he left her in England where she amuses herself *joliment*." "She is a lovely woman, however," said the young man, emphatically. "Very, and an affectionate creature too," returned the other, sarcastically, "though her manners are cold and rather against her at times." "Could you introduce me?" "I could, but I won't have your innocent blood on my head, young Elton." "I will procure the introduction if it is ever so difficult." "It is not difficult at all; they say there is no game too high or too low for her, so that you would have an exceedingly good chance among the herd. Her talent for ruining young ones is immense." "Is that Daracott with her?" demanded a third. "Yes, I think so, though he keeps rather in the back-ground. I suppose the Faulkners are here." "Well, they say every one knows his own business best; but if I were old Faulkner, I should think twice about Daracott before I let him walk off with my daughter." "Oh! Daracott can take care of himself if ever a fellow could, even with Mrs. Haveril." "My dear fellow, that remark shows your immense ignorance of the sex. No man is safe where a woman is concerned. They are the natural enemies of men, and our life is one long struggle to get the better of them." "Then you won't introduce me?" said the first speaker. "No; I tell you once for all, Elton, you had better be dragged in any mire than in that woman's train." A move followed, and I heard no more. I knew that it was all quite true. I did not live in the gay world to which these men belonged, but it hardly needed that to be aware of Mrs. Haveril's misdeeds. Already unhappiness, caused by her arts, had been brought under my notice professionally, and far more was in store. There are some men of whom unquestionably it may be said, it were good for those men that they had never been born; and keen observers of society will also be found, who think of some women that not only had it been good for themselves never to have been born, but good also for human beings in general. Another remark I may also make: it is generally understood that when a woman is wicked, her wickedness infinitely transcends that common to men; and it is on a like principle, that though the more serious crimes are usually committed by the dark-haired bilious type of temperament, the criminals who have attained to the

greatest height of subtle and multiplied crimes, have been fair-haired; as, for instance, Cæsar Borgia; the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. Some ten years ago I first beheld Mrs. Haveril, and she then struck my imagination as personifying the *Lauria*, which poor Keats immortalized; and as she looked then, so she looked now. At the age of eighteen she was not young; she seemed not a day older at twenty-eight. She was very beautiful, a little frail, and a little faded, when she first appeared at nineteen as the somewhat ill-used young wife of a notorious *roué*; years after, her beauty was undimmed, and her health matchless. With nerves of that steely *finesse* which are often the most terrible weapons of a shameless woman, she had too little heart and too perfect a physical organization ever to be ill-humored. I suppose she never knew what shame, remorse, grief, or illness was. She had all the beauty, sagacity, cruelty, and *verve* of a demon; and was always to me a physiological and psychological marvel. It so happened that I saw her again that evening, for, as I stood talking to the Faulkners in the crush-room, she entered leaning on the arm of Captain Daracott, and I had leisure to observe the latter more minutely. He was undoubtedly a handsome man, but that was in my opinion diminished by his large heavy brown eyes, which had in their formation one peculiarity common to the brute species. The colored part of the ball was of unduly large proportions; and the white of the eye was nearly invisible, which imparted an animal and almost ferocious expression; and the dilating and *mobile* pupils betrayed the man who could dare much, but would "tremble as he dared." On seeing the Faulkners he hesitated for an instant, and then hastily resigned Mrs. Haveril to another gentleman, and advanced to Sybil Faulkner. The lady cast one calmly scrutinizing glance from beneath her drooping eyelids, and passed on; but I felt that very impassibility of demeanor to be dangerous. The General seemed ill-pleased. However, Daracott escorted them to the carriage, and so we parted. Shortly after this, Daracott's attention to Mrs. Haveril became a matter of notoriety, and hints of his profligacy in other respects having reached the General's ears, some very painful scenes resulted, and a partial estrangement followed. Then, I believe, on

Daracott's representation he was again suffered to assume the character of a lover. One night he had called at the house previous to his escorting them to a ball, and had behaved in his usual manner; he left them, only, he stated, to rejoin them. They saw no more of him, for he set out within a couple of hours with Mrs. Haveril for Italy; and the announcement at the head of this tale appeared in the evening papers. The Honorable George Haveril was in Russia, and apparently cared little about his wife's proceedings. General Faulkner was an aged man, and his only son a mere boy, so that there was in one sense no one to resent all this, even had Captain Daracott been where he could have been found. I was at that time for some weeks unavoidably in the country; but I learnt from inquiries that Miss Faulkner had behaved with spirit and dignity, that she had neither shunned nor sought society, nor betrayed by an altered demeanor what the inner struggle might be; that on one occasion, when compelled by some indiscreet allusion, she had mentioned him with calm pity. Before I was again in town the season was drawing to a close, and among the earliest to leave were the Faulknors, who returned to their romantic seat, Strathsay Castle, in the glen of —, which lay among the Scotch hills of —; and then there was a pause of some few weeks in my intelligence respecting their welfare. Before two months had elapsed, I received the following letter in the well-known hand of the General:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: I am seriously uneasy respecting the health of my dear child. Later events" (and here the letter was blurred as though an old man's tears had fallen on it) "have severely tried it. Could you manage a few days' absence from your engagements? My carriage shall meet the up-train at — station. It will be as well to say nothing of the object of your visit. My dear doctor, believe me yours,

"CHRIST. HERBERT FAULKNER."

It was a noble, large hand-writing, but a little tremulous in some passages. I lost as little time as possible in carrying his wishes into effect, musing meantime on the concluding sentence of the letter. How is it that in pestilence, fever, or any other scourge of the human race, the physician is sent for without disguise, and the case at once committed to a professional hand? But in the dread and mysterious

mental disease, where, in the first stage, time lost is far more precious than jewels; where medical treatment is valuable almost in proportion as it is early; where the most unreserved confidence to the medical man is dictated by prudence, and the utmost candor of friends and relatives is essential to his forming a correct diagnosis, then a fatal repugnance often exists to making the necessary statements, and a childish irresolution in submitting to the appropriate remedies. The name of it must not be mentioned, the visit must be disguised, the questions are to be secret. You may name almost any vice as inherent in a family with less risk of offense than the increasing plague and dread heirloom of insanity. I always feel, in cases such as these, like a detective officer; and however much the relatives may flatter themselves that their motive is unknown, I never knew an instance where the patient failed instinctively to penetrate the true object of my visit. Perhaps the suspicious temper, so often a premonitory symptom, assists their faculties in this respect. From the very absence in General Faulkner's letter of all mention of the nature of the malady which caused his solicitude, I felt sure that it was mental, and that he would not even state to himself to what his fears tended. That night I ensconced myself in the train for the North, and at break of day awoke in York. We all know the uncomfortable, chilled, unwashed feeling of that waking. A cup of hot coffee was soon procured, and little boys patrolled as usual: *Times*; *Bell's Life*; *Morning 'tiser*; *Manchester Times*, (of yesterday;) *Jane Eyre*, cheap edition; *Don Juan*, complete, for five-pence. My *vis-à-vis*, a placid-looking youth, purchased a copy of the latter, and, leaning back, devoted himself diligently to its perusal. It is a book that young men affect, and women deny; and yet what more severe lesson could a man of twenty-three read than that tale told by an experienced and unhappy voluptuary of human passion; of its fast-fleeting ecstasy, its brief duration; how impotent any one is to prolong its existence, to prevent sorrow from following it, or shame from mingling with it!

It was nearly two o'clock before I reached the little station indicated in my instructions, and then a long and somewhat dreary ride of upwards of three hours was still before me, through a rather

uninhabited tract of country. Autumn was fast fading into winter, the green fern-leaves were dyeing into orange-brown, and the purple pink of the heather had withered into a faded yellow; and its peculiar wild scent was brought on the wind, and then was wafted away by the same restless element. We crossed a moor where a gibbet still remained to tell of past days, and the chains clanked with each gust. Then we descended into a valley, and, for some miles, our route ran along by the course of a mountain torrent. A ponderous mountain reared itself over the glen, composed of a multitude of broad steps laid in strata; the rough sides glistened with the waters which fell over them from above. Here and there glittered a mass of white crystallized quartz, and behind that a deep narrow cleft in the mountain made a background of darkness. At length the night began to close in. We passed a long belt of dark fir-trees, and I was not sorry when a sudden turn revealed the welcome sight of the lighted windows of Strathsay Castle. I was received by General Faulkner and his son Basil; the latter, I think, as noble-looking a lad as I ever beheld. His slight, tall, but sinewy well-knit body; the spirited yet affectionate expression of the face; the fearless glance, and almost girl-ish sweetness of his smile, made him such a stripling as his father might well look on with pride. Rugby, Eton, and Harrow, thank God! own many a hundred such as he; and I never see them without an inward prayer, that their manhood's work may prove equal to their boyhood's promise.

Sybil did not make her appearance until dinner was announced, when she welcomed me kindly, though in a wearied and abstracted manner. I was prepared, perhaps, for a greater change than was at first perceptible, though one difference I noticed directly. She sat among us quiet and abstracted. She had forgotten all her wiles and caressing ways that used to make her so charming; they had failed her when she most needed their aid; and she had no heart for them now. Her eyes looked heavy with unshed tears, and the dark lines beneath them told of miserable thoughts and sleepless nights. She performed the duty of hostess mechanically and drearily. There was no alacrity in her movements or enjoyment in her actions, and there was evident a look of

undefined pain as though some vague yet distressing weight oppressed her. A French author has said that a woman's life has three epochs: "*La première est consacrée à comprendre; la seconde, à éprouver; la troisième, à regretter;*" and the life of Sybil seemed destined to be filled early and sadly by the last. The first shock was undoubtedly that to the affections, when the poor girl discovered how uselessly she had expended the best treasure a woman can give, and how powerless it was to retain all she most cared for; then came the second, and more deadly blow—the discovery of the worthlessness of the loved one; of the pooriness and meanness of his character. A love that has always been one-sided and unrequited, can never suffer this full agony, and a love snatched from us by death sleeps apart from our every-day thoughts, invested with a halo of purity and holiness. It has passed away from the material world, and exists only in the "grand and shadowy realms of dreams;" and that sorrow is hardly felt as pain. But in a case like Sybil's, there is no consolation of the kind; it is one bitter, miserable mortification; and it is many a long day before the poor sufferer can say, along with indignant friends and relatives, "It is well we have been severed," and that so bad a nature stands detected. Almost as soon as dessert was placed on the table, Miss Faulkner left the room, and, while we sat over our wine, the General began, evidently with considerable effort, to tell me the state of things which had caused him to summon me. Young Basil drank no wine, and once or twice rose as though to quit the room, and then after hovering about in an irresolute manner, returned to his chair. I could have wished he had left us, for in this painful recital there would, I knew, be much to sadden and irritate a young heart; and I dare say I expressed my wish in my manner, but there was no resisting the anxious pleading glance which I received in return, so the boy sat down with us again. The General proceeded to state that of which the reader is already in possession, concerning the disastrous termination of Sybil's attachment to Captain Daracott—the apparent success with which she had struggled against her sorrow—and her demeanor up to the time she left town. But here, it would appear, began the visible failure of those efforts. When unkind

eyes and criticising tongues no longer surrounded her, and the false excitement of dissipation ceased to exist, then came the steady back-current of reaction. Like a noble horse pushed beyond its strength, whose spirit overtaxed its physical power, so had she in the end succumbed. First, lassitude and weariness fell on her, and the struggles to appear cheerful had produced on her naturally highly sensitive frame a morbid exaltation of the nervous system. "How, I can not account," he added, "but my daughter has become a confirmed sleep-walker." "How long is it since you have discovered this?" "About six or eight weeks since." "And how often has it happened, and who discovered it?" "Why, Basil was disturbed one night from his sleep by horrible screams. He left his room and proceeded, guided by the sound, towards the hall. Sybil was there in only her night-dress, and her maid stood by her. The latter had heard a noise, missed her young mistress, and found her on the stairs. Then being much frightened, she took hold of her, calling her by her name. On this Sybil fell into such a paroxysm of terror, that she uttered loud cries. She appeared neither asleep nor perfectly awake, though her eyes were open. After some time she grew calmer, and became aware of her situation, and allowed herself to be conducted back to her sleeping-room. Three nights after, she wandered out about one in the morning on the lawn in front of these windows; and there, owing, perhaps, to the wet and cold of the grass on her naked feet, she awoke, and returned of her own accord. The next week we again found her proceeding down stairs in the middle of the night, and since then it has occurred three or four times every week, and on one occasion twice in the same night." *

* Somnambulism has been well defined as "dreaming carried to a pathological extent." Childhood and old age seem exempt from it, while a delicate nervous system and imaginative disposition predispose to it. It often occurs, almost regularly, and then after a time some alteration in the pursuits and circumstances of the patient takes place, and the attacks cease as mysteriously as they began. At other times it precedes disease chiefly of a nervous or paroxysmal character, and, in some rarer cases, has proved the harbinger of insanity. The general features of somnambulism are too well known to need a lengthy description. The eyes may be either shut or open, but the pupil does not contract or dilate with exposure to light, and ordi-

"It seems to have increased, then, steadily from the commencement?" "It has, indeed, Doctor." "Did you observe whether, the day after her first attack, there was any nervous tremor in her manner, or lassitude in her appearance?" "The last was very visible: but I don't remember noticing the first; did you, Basil?" "No, father," returned the boy, sadly. "I must see a little for myself, my dear General, before I can venture to judge. And now, Basil, I should recommend bed for you. You must not let your anxiety for this single symptom weigh on you too much. Remember, I see more of these things than you do. They are often merciful warnings of nature to attest that it is suffering, and must be tended and cared for. Go, my dear lad, to bed." Basil left us; we lit our segars, and the General, apparently relieved by my last words, turned the conversation on Captain Daracott, the worthless author of all this misery. He spoke of him with bitter scorn and indignation, and it evidently required the remembrance that he was a Christian gentleman, as well as a soldier, to keep his anger down. "Up to the last, Doctor, the scoundrel kept up appearances. Only the night before, he brought her a splendid bouquet of double violets, which she was actually wearing when the news was broken to her." (I remembered that I had noticed some violets on her table, but I made no remark.) He proceeded: "I seem to see her now as she turned white and faint, and then fell like a crushed flower to the earth." After a little more conversation, General Faulkner retired for the night. I went up to my own room for the purpose of fetching some papers that I wished to finish in the library. As

narily there is an entire absence of susceptibility to stimuli; and this anæsthesia, or loss of sensation, is in proportion to the intensity of the sleep and concentration of the patient in the dream which he is acting. The senses of smell and taste appear dormant, or are sometimes altered, so that water is taken for wine, or *vice versa*. (*Vide Feuchtersleben*.) They hear sound very imperfectly, or not at all; the speech is slow, but distinct. In less entire sleep, the speech is incoherent, or undistinguishable. I have known somnambulists enter perfectly into conversation with by-standers, and, in the next fit, they will remember what they did or said in the preceding one, though unable to do so in the waking state. Animals appear partially subject to somnambulism; and I think Buffon certifies that nightingales dream, and their visions have the complexion of their character, for they hum their airs with a low voice.

I passed Sybil's door I saw something dark outside, like a bundle of rugs. I bent down to examine it with my light. It was young Basil, wrapped in plaid and cloak, a silent sentry at his sister's door. He was sleeping soundly, poor boy. I wondered whether Sybil knew of that dumb watchful tenderness. I remained in the library for two hours, and then proceeded by another staircase to my sleeping-apartment, fearing to disturb Basil. All the house seemed silent as the grave. Just before I entered—indeed, as I had my hand on the handle of the door—a sound, like a sigh, seemed to pass by my ears. I listened attentively, and then heard distinctly that light rustling noise, as of a woman's dress as she descends stairs. I turned the corner, and leant over the principal staircase, holding my candle well forward as I did so. I saw a figure, attired in white, gliding rapidly down: when I say gliding, I mean that she progressed with extreme swiftness, and yet not in the measured manner of ordinary walking. I hurried instantly down the other way, so as to encounter her at the foot of the stairs. It was, as I expected, Sybil Faulkner. Her eyes closed, and her beautiful colorless features fixed in a sort of ghastly rigidity. In her hand she held firmly an *unlighted* candle. As she crossed the hall I walked by her side, and noticed then the excessive peculiarity of her movements. She never placed her heels on the ground, but rested exclusively on her toes; and her lips were set in a very singular manner. As she passed into the middle of the drawing-room I observed how dexterously she avoided the chairs and other obstacles in her way. Indeed, it is difficult to explain the unerring skill with which somnambulists, when their eyes are closed, or the sense of seeing evidently asleep, will still avoid striking against furniture, etc., unless we suppose with Reid and Humboldt, "that the nerves have a certain sensible atmosphere by which they feel beyond themselves." She advanced to the table, lifted the violets out of the water, appeared to smell at them, and replaced them; she then put the candle on the table, opened her desk, pressed a secret spring, lifted up one of the leaves, and seemed to be searching for letters. The candle was at that moment so placed, that, had it been lighted, which it was not, the light could not have fallen on the inside of the desk. She took it up, plac-

ed two books beneath it, so that it was rightly elevated for seeing. I held mine close to her eyes, and gently raised the lids; the eyes were utterly without expression, the pupils dilated, and not contracting with the light. The lids remained open, and she looked like some beautiful cataleptic. She fumbled over the letters, and then closed the desk with a deep sigh. While standing by her, watching her with the most profound interest, I caught a glimpse of a white horror-stricken face in the doorway. It was Basil with his cloak over his shoulder. I knew that if he startled her, the shock might be irreparable; so I hastily signed to keep silence, and, repeating her own name in a low voice, I tried to lead her away. At first she appeared reluctant; but soon allowed herself to be led by the hand. Basil and I conducted her to her room; for the lad had the tenderness and gentleness of a woman with his sister. She placed herself in bed, heaving a deep sigh as she lay back, as though a pent-up heart sought thus to relieve itself. I fastened the windows with a contrivance of my own, locked the outer door, saw Basil safely into his room; and then went to my own bed, in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

The next morning Sybil came down, tired and unrefreshed in appearance. We seemed unanimously silent on the subject of last night's incident. I persuaded her to ride with me, and I had then an opportunity of distinctly observing the shattered state of her nerves. Formerly an intrepid and graceful horsewoman, she now mounted with visible repugnance, and the slightest quickening of our pace seemed to terrify her. In about a quarter of an hour she turned to me with an expression of real distress, and proposed walking by the side of her horse; but this I would not permit. She shed one or two tears at my apparent unkindness; but after a few efforts to engage her attention on other subjects, I fortunately succeeded. She forgot, or appeared to forget, her fears, and before we returned, her spirits were excessively high. As we rode into the avenue, she said: "Then you do not think I have really lost my nerve, Doctor? You think I shall ride as well as ever, do you not?" "I do, indeed, Sybil. You have been a good deal shaken; and, as with all delicately-organized persons, it tells on your nerves first." "I

am very glad to hear you say so, Doctor; for it grieved papa so, the last time I rode with him, I could hardly keep from crying the whole way, I was so frightened. It mortified me sadly. I only wonder dear papa was not angry; he is a soldier, you know, and can not bear any thing like cowardice—even in a woman." That evening I joined Miss Faulkner early in the drawing-room; there was a vase on her little table containing another fresh bunch of hot-house violets. I wondered who had renewed them, and by these was placed a vacant chair. I sat down, and, while we talked, watched her closely. She gave me the idea of being in a state of expectation; and I had an undefinable idea that there was some thought connected with this chair. On some pretense I took possession of it; and observed immediately that she was annoyed by it. She rose abruptly, went to the window, and looked out earnestly into the darkness; then returned, but seemed unable to sit still. After a few minutes, not without a little effort, she requested me to leave that seat, and take the one opposite to her. I did so, of course; she then placed the door open, and sat down again; the conversation dragged on in fragments, then languished altogether. She dozed, or appeared to doze, and seemed excessively lethargic. Once or twice I thought she had dropped off to sleep. After about twenty minutes she rose; but this time her eyes were wide open, and with a strange stony stare. In crossing the room the same peculiar gait was visible that I had noticed the night before. She went to the door, and said twice, distinctly, "Edward, Edward," in a tone of earnest entreaty; then, after apparently listening intently, she sighed profoundly and returned to her chair by the fire; there was a little shiver convulsed her for a moment, her eyes gradually closed, and she seemed to repose again. I was much troubled by all this, knowing well how terribly the nervous system must be affected before such a train of symptoms could be exhibited. I thought if Captain Edward Darcott could see this lovely stricken girl, he would rue his cruel handiwork. I made a point of conversation with the General that night on this distressing subject, and told him honestly how much I disliked the present state of things, especially this continued sleep-waking. I mentioned the scene in the drawing-room. He was very

uneasy, though he tried to appear calm. "My poor child! What do you advise, Doctor?" "Change of scene; she must leave home and friends for a time, General, and all that can remind her of her grief. You must administer the tonic of separation and novelty. Her past is pain; her present is overshadowed by its misery; her future is to her mind without hope. We must make her forget the past; gladden the present; and supply her with a hope and wish for the future. Perfect and entire separation from all present associations is my first prescription." "I can not consent to that, Doctor. My darling Sybil away from her home in her present state of mind! I am convinced that such a severe measure could do no good; repose and rest surely would be better." "I can not agree with you, General, I am sorry to say." A pause ensued. "What is it you apprehend?" I almost hesitated to say; for the shock to him could not fail to be considerable. "It may subside, General, as quickly as it has arisen, or it may terminate in brain fever, or madness." He turned a little white, and then arose abruptly. "The separation would, if any thing could, bring about that result. You are too much accustomed, Doctor, to that particular form of malady, and apprehend it when there is really no danger," and he tried to smile. "I can not consent to what you propose. I will not have the stigma of insanity placed on my daughter when she does not require it. We will try a little longer. But do not urge me on this point." Poor man, as if I would have urged it unless I had discerned the sad necessity for it. I wrote a sedative prescription for her—it was all I seemed permitted to do; recommended vigilance to Basil, and instant communication with me if any change took place; and the next morning, before any one was up, I was whirled back to town. I had a very sad foreboding in my heart that I had not yet seen the worst. But, however, I had other cases equally critical there to share my attention, or, as the French say, "distract me." I do think that, but for the constant succession presented to them, medical men would succumb altogether; for variety is relief, even in pain. I have known a man welcome a fit of gout, which succeeded an acute paroxysm of tic. The winter commenced early, and before the close of November, snow had twice covered the

ground. About six weeks after I had quitted Strathsay Castle I received a few lines in Basil's school-boy hand, begging me to return there immediately: "My sister is very much changed, Doctor; we can not tell what to do." I had little doubt in my own mind what had happened; and, with the utmost expedition, started as before. I passed again the old land-marks, noticing mechanically the change that winter's mark had set upon them. The brown moors blended with the far-away blue hills, and the black leafless outline of the trees against the sky stood out in bold relief as they appeared on the brow bearing themselves with what strength they might against the wintry wind. There was the still shadow-filled tarn, and beneath the long clay furrows lay the wreaths of old snow, like the cold white remnant of an old love. As soon as I arrived, I proceeded at once to the library, but had hardly been an instant with General Faulkner when Sybil entered hastily—I thought, with the intention of preventing any private conversation. She received me with unusual gayety of manner, though I fancied she avoided catching my eye; and when I inquired after her health, she answered me with considerable asperity, as though she resented the question. Throughout the evening the same unnatural mirth was visible. She almost monopolized the conversation at dinner, and yet kept losing the thread of her discourse. She was, I saw, aware of this, and instantly started a fresh subject, evidently unable to recall the previous one, and yet anxious that her incompetence should not be perceived. Her incoherence was several times so perceptible that we all felt it most painfully. Yet the slightest interruption or contradiction irritated her extremely. At length she struck the table smartly with her little hand: "Silence!" she said, "we have talked till we are all tired, now we will rest." She was instantly aware that she had done something unusual, and began an apology which died away on her lips as she looked round at us with a smile so painful, so anxious and hopeless in its expression, that we sat as it were spell-bound. She then left the room abruptly. Basil slipped after her with the quickness of thought. That look said: My mind is slipping from its throne; do not mock me with your watchful eyes. "Poor child! this will kill me if it goes on," said Gen-

eral Faulkner, much agitated, breaking without reserve into the subject then uppermost in all our thoughts. "I perceive, indeed, a great alteration." "Yes, my poor girl is sadly altered in every respect. I thought it would pass away, but though it changes it stays, she looks so thin and haggard in the morning; it is quite terrible." (She was in fact perfectly emaciated.) "Does she shun society?" "Occasionally; while again, she is quite cheerful, indeed gay." Ominous gayety, I knew it must be. "Is her temper irritable?" "Oh! that," he said, "we think nothing of; it certainly is so, but can we wonder: Her looks are what affect me most." I said: "General, I observe an alteration, and an important one; it is that very change of disposition which is a symptom of the utmost consequence. Do you not perceive that she almost regards her own family with distrust, suspicion? Her glance is averted and furtive." "She is certainly, Doctor, less affectionate than formerly; but poor Sybil has had such sorrow as would make any of us careless and selfish, if not unkind," he continued pertinaciously. "Do you really wish for my professional opinion, General?" I said, determined to speak out. "Certainly," he replied, with an uneasy look; "it was for that I wished to see you." "Then, General, suffer me to take your daughter away for a time. It is my peremptory duty to tell you that her mind is giving way. It is, I do apprehend, insanity which impends over her." "Give me a few days to think it over, my dear Doctor; you can surely spare a couple of days." I felt I had said enough at the time; and allowed the subject to drop. He lit his segar, and smoked on in gloomy silence. After all, tobacco has its commendable side. Probably, smoking is the same sedentary soothing occupation to men that needle-work is to women; and we sat together musing, and listening to the peculiar musical dirge of the wind, which had risen greatly since my arrival, and now blew in wild eddying gusts round the old castle. I found that an attendant had been procured for Sybil, who slept in the room which communicated with that of her young mistress, and from her I learnt that the fits of somnambulism had entirely ceased; but added she: "Miss Sybil often talks to herself quite wild-like, until I grow fearsome, sir." I recommended her, nevertheless, to lock

the outer-door at night and keep the key in her own possession; and we then retired to our separate apartments. I tried to sleep, but slumber only came in broken fragments. Each time I dropped off into a doze, I awoke with a vague sensation of disquietude. At last I rose; there were still the embers of the fire; I stirred them into a blaze, and opening the window, leant out. The night was a stormy one; a light sprinkling of snow was on the ground; the moon shone bright and coldly down on the earth, while the clouds were drifting across her almost as swiftly as stars are driven from heaven. What was that? Surely a human voice was above the wailings of the wind. I listened again with intense anxiety, for some minutes I heard nothing, and then the same sound came, followed by a prolonged strange laugh. I lost not an instant, but hastily slipping on my clothes and providing myself with a light in case of need, I went as noiselessly as possible down stairs. The great door was unlocked and unchained. As I closed it after me, I noticed light footprints on the snow, and in following these I perceived also the track of the large deer-hound, Wolf. I was much relieved by this, as wherever Sybil was, I was sure the dog would also be, and would protect her. I hurried on; the footprints crossed the park, then proceeded down to the side of a little torrent which fell from the hills, on the other side of which lay a shelter of forest trees. I crossed the little slender foot-bridge, and a scene broke on me which I shall not easily forget. A group of silver birch-trees seemed to guard a little grassy glade, and spread their twisted branches partially over it. The moon fell directly on the white snow, and, crouched down, with his black muzzle resting on his huge paws, and his eyes gazing intently on the scene before him, was the hound. And there, indeed, like some pale fairy driven by strange spells to desperation, was Sybil. She had some light fantastic dress thrown over her night-dress, and in her hands was a white scarf, and this she was waving and twining around her as I have seen Hindoo girls do in their native dances. She danced with a marvelous precision and grace, but with an almost superhuman energy; the measure changed from slow to quick, but gradually, as though all were done to music inaudible to others. So powerful was the effect of

imagination that a certain wild music seemed to fall on my ears, as though it were borne away by the gale scared by my presence. She stopped and uttered the same unnatural laugh which had guided me there, and the hound raised his head and gave a prolonged howl of response; then she apostrophized the birch-trees and embraced their gnarled silvery trunks. I resolved to discover myself and walk forward. She recognized me at once, and did not evince the slightest surprise, but welcomed me as if I were a bidden but loitering guest. "Ah! Doctor! the spirits have called and mortals dance. Here they are—the pale spirits and the gnomes; there are others also in the air; they sit whispering and mocking in the trees. In that spot lives the vampire. Do not look at him, Doctor; his great eyes suck the heart's blood if we do. We were very angry with you to-day, but that is all over now; the thing necessary is to dance," she said emphatically; she almost dragged me into the circle. I thought it best to humor her, and so ensued a dance fantastic and melancholy enough indeed, had any one been there to witness our performance—a maniac dance in every sense of the word. As she whirled round I saw her eyes glittered brilliantly, but her face was deadly white, and the beautiful features were convulsed and drawn. Then she laid both hands on her breast and give a smothered scream, and then snatched up handfuls of snow, first tossing it about, and again put it on her head as though the heat of her brain was intolerable. I perceived her energy was slackening, a sign her strength was diminishing, and proposed that we should return to the house, reminding her that the dance was over, and that the music had ceased. Somewhat unwillingly she consented to leave the spot. "Farewell, farewell!" she added, waving her hand with indescribable pathos and grace; "farewell, old trees and happy spirits. It will be long before we meet again here, never till it is to part forever." She persisted in dancing all the way, and only proceeded backwards, alleging that it pleased her to face the moon.*

* Moon-madness, Selenogamia from *σελήνη* and *γάμος*, Somnambulism. That the moon exercises a peculiar influence upon the insane is unquestionably a popular superstition, as evinced by the very name of lunatic and lunacy, and it generally happens that these superstitions incrust real truths.

The hound followed us with drooping head and dejected air. We gradually approached the house, though by a most whimsical and erratic course; the time seemed endless to me, for, as may be supposed, I was most anxious to get her to her room without encountering any one. But alas! I could not prevail on her to be silent for an instant, and what I would have given almost any thing to avoid, did actually happen: the General stood light in hand at the head of the stairs. We passed him close, and as Sybil did so, she looked in his face as she would in that of an utter stranger; dancing and singing as she did so. He shrank back appalled. I signed to him to be silent, and we gained her room. No sooner had we entered, than a fresh change passed over her, and a perfect demon of terror seemed to take possession of her. She retreated to the farthest corner, to crouch down on the floor, shielding her eyes with her hand, complaining that I was killing her with "my evil eye." The least movement on my part only produced a worse effect, so I stood motionless. At last, she slowly, very slowly, removed her hand, and peered up at me with such a ghastly, hopeless, paralyzed terror, that it was months before I could forget it, so did that white face, with its parted lips and

blank misery of expression, haunt me. I heard the old clock ticking with its sad monotony in the hall, and I was wondering how long it would have to do so before I could move from my position; when Sybil raised her head, and pointed with her finger to the door, with a bitter and derisive smile. She approached the door, and at the same moment I heard the General's steps steal away down the corridor. At length the paroxysm spent itself; poor Sybil was laid white and almost lifeless on the bed; but the heavy eye, and purple blotches on the skin, were evidence what mischief had been at work. I may remark, that beneath her pillow I had found secreted the key of the bed-room door, which the nurse had by my directions generally locked. Insane cunning had already developed itself apparently. The wonderfully accurate, deep delineation of madness of Shakespeare deserves note here. "And he repulsed, fell into a sadness, then into a fast, thence to a watch, thence into weakness, thence to a lightness, and by this declension, into the madness wherein he now raves." Hamlet's simulation of what is technically termed "the incubation of insanity," must have been perfect. It needed no further entreaty on my part to General Faulkner. I administered an opiate to the poor girl, and the next day before the effect of it had ceased, she was under my own roof at —.

It is not necessary to enter into professional details in a narrative like this; it is sufficient to say that these attacks of mania continued to recur at intervals of less and less duration, and that for eighteen months I could not observe such material change as to indicate recovery. And yet from the very first, I had regarded hers as a hopeful case.*

One of my patients had formed a very extraordinary attachment for Sybil. I say extraordinary, for madness isolates the feelings to the utmost pitch. But this was a sweet-looking, gentle idiot-girl. When on board ship from India, at the age of thirteen years, some terrible fright of which I forget the exact nature, had injured her senses beyond any remedy. She had been seven years under my care, and during that time I can not remember

Yet I have been unable in my own experience to find a case in which the moon exercised any well-marked influence. With certain nervous temperaments, the rays have a lowering effect, so as to produce cold shivers, depression; in some restless, sanguine temperaments, they act as a sedative. I was acquainted once with a family, the members of which were all characterized by extraordinary talent, but combined with such extreme eccentricity, and consequent behavior, that they possessed the reputation of being "decidedly cracked." These people, both male and female, always evinced a peculiar pleasure in exposing themselves to the moon's rays. But none of these instances come decidedly within the category of insane patients. In epileptics the case is very different. The full of the moon is, I think, invariably attended by a marked frequency of the fits; some patients are obliged to be kept entirely in bed at this time. Dogs which are epileptic exhibit the same peculiarity. From the word *selenogamia*, (*somnambulism*), it is to be presumed that the moon was also supposed to influence sleep-walkers. Burdach affirms, that these, even when awake, "contemplate the moon with intense satisfaction." And it has been attempted to explain by this their propensity for walking on the roofs of houses (?) N. P. Willis has written a rather curious tale called the "Lunatic's Skate," which might well have been named the "Moon-stricken." I am ignorant whether his narrative is founded on any fact, or is simply a fiction.

* More recoveries occur in acute mania than any other form of insanity, and again, insane women recover in a larger proportion than insane men; but, on the other hand, they more frequently relapse.

that she showed pleasure in any thing, save in the murmuring sound of an *Æolian* harp. She was accustomed to spend whole days in summer crouched by an open window listening to its melancholy music, and replying to it by a singular refrain of her own. Allah, Allah, prolonging the double l, and then would follow a long low laugh. Occasionally she made the vibration more musical and satisfactory apparently, by grasping the harp with her teeth. Sybil seemed smitten by a like taste, and often one might see these two hapless beings together in the window-recess, the idiot-girl listening, and crying out her usual refrain, the other sometimes silent, and bending forward as if she expected to hear more, and then laughing and answering incoherently some invisible person. Sybil once drew my attention to that fifth chord above, which as most people know, always sounds after any given note. She told me long afterwards that she imagined these to be responsive to her music, and that Daracott, though invisible, always hovered by her at such times. Indeed, throughout her illness, she was, if I may so term it, in an attitude of expectation; either her lover was coming to seek her, or was about to prove unfaithful to her: these two ideas alternated, and betrayed themselves in a thousand little ways, touching enough to any one who knew her sad history.

May had set in this year with far more warmth and beauty than usual, and even my melancholy patients seemed cheered by the influence of all things round them; and to dream of days to come when they might yet hold hope to their poor worn hearts. I entered one of the smaller gardens assigned to a portion of my patients. Have you, reader, ever watched a set of lunatics in their recreation hours? It is a curious sight enough, and no where is the entire absorption of the feelings characteristic of the disease better observed. You scarcely ever see two together, either in company or in conversation; each one walks alone, wrapt up in his particular delusion, whether of grandeur of woe, or of joy. Here also may especially be noticed the insane gait, (which, when once distinguished, is one of our surest tests;) how in some it becomes confirmed, and how it is lost in all as they progress towards recovery. One lady was walking stolidly round and round until her feet had worn a channel in the path, but she invari-

bly stopped short at one spot, turned back and recommenced. Years ago there had been a flower-bed at that point, with rose-trees in it, and though for many a long month that had been removed, and laid down with gravel, the force of habit remained; the impression received when the brain was impressible, seemed indelible; and neither persuasion nor force could make her cross that invisible Rubicon. I watched Sybil and the idiot-girl long and attentively; the latter seemed as usual. She was fondling about Sybil, though little noticed, and her strange laugh broke on my ears as I stood. There was a slight change in Sybil. I noticed a kind of lethargic melancholy stealing over her, accompanied by a new and obstinate set expression about the face. I was in dread of her illness taking the form of melancholy, or religious fixed delusion, and decided to try what a stimulating change of air would effect.*

In a few days I removed these two girls to a retired village on the east coast. The sea had even more effect than I had anticipated on both, for a very curious fact occurred, to which I do not remember any parallel. When the sight of the ocean first broke on poor Mona, (this was not her real name, but one she had somehow acquired in the house,) she dropped to the earth in a dead, fainting fit. Here was a singular instance of the power of the laws of association. For seven years that girl had lived her harmless, silent, unconscious life; to all appearance without a memory, a hope, or a fear; then the sea is presented to her; the mysterious rule of memory for an instant reasserts itself. The sea was, doubtless, connected with that disastrous period when she was bereft of her senses. The fainting fit, though of unusual length and severity, passed off, and she never again, as far as I could observe, testified any emotion of the kind, but on the contrary seemed to find in its murmurs, as it broke on the sands, an enjoyment fully equivalent to the wails of her much-loved *Æolian* harp. With regard to Sybil, the effect I have alluded to came on later. There was a marked improvement in her bodily health within the fortnight. At the end of that time, one morning her attendant entered her room, and

* At certain times there are changes in the disease, and experience leads me to believe that just before the sixth and ninth months they may certainly be looked for.

discovered that she had broken every pane of glass and piece of furniture, torn her clothes to tatters, and was disposed to personal violence. Here was evidently a sudden paroxysm of a severe kind; and there had been little to warn us of it, except that as her lethargy seemed to pass off, and she appeared no more deaf or unconscious when spoken to—an excessive pride and exaltation of manners had been evident.

It may appear singular to non-professional readers, but this fresh outburst, coming at this time, gave me fresh hopes that her recovery was to be expected, be it sooner or later. As in death-scenes—just before the lamp of life dies out—there is often one quiver of extraordinary light, and a superhuman strength is granted to the dying one, so I could not help thinking that this might be the last fierce struggle of mania before it finally succumbed and fled. I had her of course removed immediately; and for three weeks, without intermission, she raved so as to compel me to assign a gallery exclusively to her accommodation. Oh! how she raved, night and day alike! She seemed to know neither sleep nor rest; to feel neither fatigue nor pain, heat nor cold—there was apparently a complete loss of all ordinary sensation. I administered opium and other powerful medicines in the largest quantities that durst be ventured, without the slightest effect. Worn, and wasted, and haggard, she seemed like some pale, restless shadow, for her exquisite grace and pathos never forsook her even at this time. One night, in passing her door, I heard her singing some song—I forget the words—but the burden was of the dreariness of life, and the darkness of the world, and the refrain was an invocation that Heaven might bend over her and claim her. Ah! unhappy one! it wrung my heart to hear. I almost prayed that Heaven would in mercy take her. At first I separated Mona entirely from her, but it had such an effect on the poor idiot, that I was induced to rescind my direction; and Mona derived a childish pleasure from being permitted to crouch about the corridor and by the door, listening to Sybil's voice, an unmeaning smile on her face, and then she would betake herself to her favorite harp, and between the ravings of Sybil Faulkner might be heard the wild cry of Mona.

General Faulkner received, of course,

periodical accounts of his daughter's state, though, at my urgent instance, he had never sought an interview. It has often been with difficulty that I have carried out my wishes in such cases. When an interview would do harm to the patient, of course my line is clear; but where it is eagerly wished for by the relatives, and would hardly affect the patient for good or otherwise, I still would always put my persuasion in the balance against it. And for this reason, especially where recovery is more than likely, when it actually takes place, friends will thank you that they have never seen their loved one in the horrible paroxysms of madness; that they have not been permitted to burden themselves with the memory of so ghastly a picture—and patients will, and often have thanked me for sheltering them from even loving eyes in their hour of woe and humiliation. Professionally we are so compelled to witness these scenes that they lose their natural horror; and physicians, perhaps more than any other class of men, learn to separate the material from the immaterial. But, with a great majority, the sight of a wife, a sister, or a son, to all appearance hopelessly mad, is a picture so painful and appalling, that it daguerreo-types itself on the memory.

Basil Faulkner was stationed with his regiment some little distance from town. As to Captain Daracott, I had also intelligence of him. That hollow and triumphant pleasure which is sometimes granted to sinners in this world, had been in his case more brief than usual, and his fall more shameful and disastrous. He had resided for some time with Mrs. Haveril on the Continent. She had plunged him into the maddest expenses, and he had also gambled and lost heavily. In short, he was ruined; and then, with that singularly steely cruelty which often distinguishes a woman utterly given over to a reprobate mind, she chased him ignominiously from her house, and it was understood that, goaded to recklessness, he had returned to England, there to face, as best he might, those he had every reason to fear. I think Helps has somewhere said that Judas Iscariot might have done better than to go and hang himself; and, doubtless, the greatest criminals have their chance of amendment yet. But there are some sins which have a perpetual back-flavor of remorse; and such are cowardice, ingratitude, treachery, and the

like. And when I thought of the fruit of Daracott's misdeeds, the stern words of Carlyle recurred to my mind: 'Thy work, behold *that* has not vanished; *that* is not abolished; *it* remains, or the want of it remains for endless times and eternities. All else is spent and eaten. Where is thy work? swift! out with it! let us see thy work!'

Full of this thought, I visited Sybil again, for indeed I was in a state of intense anxiety about her. I fancied that though the fire of insanity was wearing out, there were indications that the fair, frail temple in which it had wrought its havoc, was even more swiftly wearing away to the silent land—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." She was laughing, as usual, and raved on in words to this effect: "He answers only to my music. When the blue spirits dance it is beautiful, but so cold. Edward! Edward! Ah! unfaithful one. He does not hear me. I am giddy with whirling; and those old white stems choke me. The violets grow so thick over my heart that it can not beat. (A pause.) It was at the moon he howled. But the snow burnt my brain. Ah! (here she screamed as though with pain,) the tendrils are twining into my

He answers only to my music.
Edward! Edward! Ah!

Unfaithful one! he does not
hear me.

The violets grow so thick over
my heart that it can not beat.

All the tendrils are twining into my heart-
strings.

Yes, love, I am ready to go to the ball.

But do not smile on her—on her. Do not
strike him, father.

It will be seen how far the above bears the remark out.* I left her, resolved to see her every hour, for I was convinced that a crisis must be near. The night was very oppressive—one of those fierce summer storms which sometimes sweep over us with such fury, slept in the sultry air. Before long a gloomy breath of wind stirred all the trees for a moment, and

heart-strings, and the demon watcher is there. Yes, love, I am ready to go to the ball. But the spirits told me. Slyly he crept from among the trees. Howl again, Wolf. Bay at the moon. But do not smile so on her—on her. Do not strike him, father. Howl at the moon, for it makes me mad—mad—mad;" and here she danced in horrible glee.

Now the reason I have thus transcribed *verbatim* this senseless raving, is one of some little interest to the psychologist. A medical man, of very singular talent, once remarked to me that, in the ravings of mania (unlike those of Phrenitis) there was meaning but not coherence; and that, if carefully divided and compared, it would be found that two trains of thought apparently crossed each other, and that the sentences, so unconnected and unintelligible, really alternated with some regularity. I have since then repeatedly verified this observation, and I give the above, noted down on the spot, as a specimen. The two ideas, evidently, are her first attack at Strathsay Castle—the blue specters and night-music she heard there, with the vision of her lover, when he gave her the violets, and was at the ball with her. I have separated the alternate sentences, and placed them parallel:

Where the blue spirits dance, it is
beautiful, but so cold.

I am giddy with whirling, and those old
white stems choke me.

It was at the moon he (the dog?) howled,
but the snow burnt my brain.

The demon watcher is there. (This evidently
referred to my finding her in the birch-tree
copse.)

But the spirits told me (this with much empha-
sis.) Slyly he crept out from among the
trees.

Howl again, Wolf. Bay at the moon. Howl
at the moon, for it makes me mad—mad
—mad.

then all was still again. I was sitting in my study when a furious peal of the bell was heard from the front-door, and followed by another and another in quick succession. A servant entered hastily, and handed me a card, whereon was inscribed: "Captain Edward Daracott." The next instant Daracott himself strode into the room, and stood before me, a haggard, reckless, desperate-looking man. He dashed down a glazed military cap on the table, and exclaimed with an imprecation: "Miss Faulkner is confined here,

* To what extent it supports the theory of the doubleness of the brain, (*vide* Dr. Holland,) or the duality of the brain, (*vide* Dr. Wigan,) is a question of some little interest.

they tell me. I intend to see her. To-morrow I am to stand to be shot at." Here he ground his teeth together. "To be shot like a dog, by that young blood-hound brother of hers. I may as well see what I am to die for." And he gave a laugh which contrasted ill with his ashy cheek and restless movements. I looked at him steadily. I had not wronged that man in thinking he was a coward; and now his bullying, brutalized demeanor utterly disgusted me. I considered that such a thing as this might possibly have a reactionary effect on Sybil. I knew that I could hardly overrate the shock it must be to him; and I thought it fitting that this man should see with his own eyes his direful handiwork. I took up the light in perfect silence, and he followed me with the same air of dogged bravado. We traversed the corridor, gained the gallery, and I opened the door of the room, and there—cruelly worn and wasted, but perhaps as lovely in her stricken state as in her happier days—stood Sybil Faulkner. He staggered when he saw her, as if he had received a blow. She did not seem surprised, but placing her finger on her lips, retreated slowly and gracefully to the other end of the chamber, and from thence looked earnestly at him, shading her eyes with her hand. She whispered softly, but distinctly: "Ah! Edward, come at last! Come to the ball, love! I have your violets." And she drew a faded bunch of those flowers from her bosom, and made, as if in mockery, a deep obeisance. He uttered a terrible oath. The sound of that voice made her start as if she had been struck, and she stood motionless, her eyes nearly starting out of their sockets. He turned and actually fled. I heard him blaspheme in the distance, and that the cry of the idiot-girl pursued him. Then the hall-door was slammed violently. A minute after, a flash of lightning streamed into the room, so brilliant and lurid that every thing looked of blazing fire, followed by a succession of short, sharp thunder-cracks. Sybil uttered a great piercing cry, as though her very heart were rent, and then burst into a flood of tears, the first I had seen her shed. She continued to weep

without restraint, as though she were weeping out all her pent-up miseries; and I remained with her, careful not to check this salutary change, and rejoicing from my heart at its appearance, which I knew must augur good. I had been twice summoned away, but would not leave her until she slept. When I did quit her room, I had to encounter, in another part of the house, a strange and horrible spectacle. There, surrounded by affrighted domestics, sat, or rather cowered, Edward Daracott, ashy pale, scowling silent, but blind—*stone blind!* That very flash of lightning which had, as though by instinct, forced that despairing cry from Sybil's lips, had struck him thus, with the haunting picture of Sybil, as he last beheld her, indelibly stamped on to his brain. Uninjured in other respects, he was hopelessly, incurably blind.

Two years from that time Captain Daracott died, and so terminated a life dimmed by sensuality, and dishonored by treachery and cowardice. One of his relatives told me afterwards, that the singularly retributive feature of his punishment lay, not in his blindness, but that, owing to that blindness, he had never been able to change or chase away from him the image of poor Sybil as he saw her bereft of her senses.

As my readers will divine, Sybil recovered gradually and slowly, but perfectly. Whether it was that her interview with Daracott happened at the precise instant when the brain, worked up to the utmost pitch, was on the turning-point either way or no, I can not say, but I date the commencement of the favorable change from that salutary and welcome flow of tears. For many months she was, to all appearance, a gentle, silent-stricken girl, and perhaps a slight melancholy and a certain tinge of timidity always clung to her. But time is a mighty river, and bears away many a human woe on its broad torrent. And in a few years Sybil learned: in a happier love, to lose the memory of the one who had cast so dark a shadow over her early life. There is an old and very beautiful saying I have once heard: "The waters that have passed the mill grind no more."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE PRESIDENCY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE Constitution was unworkable. This is the key to the justification of Louis Napoleon the President. It is true we have to reconcile his oath to abide by the constitution with his *coup d'état* which destroyed it, but when every thing is taken into consideration, the reconciliation is not difficult. Let us at once state that we do not intend to argue the question on school-boy notions of right and wrong, but under the much more complex considerations by which the actions of statesmen must be judged. But we think we hear some indignant moralist exclaiming: "What, do you pretend to justify the means by the end? That is the principle of Jesuitism, which has long been repudiated by Englishmen!" We admit the repudiation, but we think it has been carried too far; for it is not difficult to conceive cases in which the strictest moralist will admit that the means questionable or even bad, when considered abstractly, become a duty when viewed in connection with the consequences which would otherwise follow. I meet a murderer who is in search of me, but as yet he is ignorant of my identity. He asks my name; silence or confession of the truth are the same. Am I not justified in giving a false name? But if self-preservation justifies deceit, is it less excusable when employed to save another? Shall I not indicate the wrong direction to the murderer or robber, and thus save the victim of whom he is in pursuit? All these, it will be said, are extreme cases, which do not trench upon the general rule; and this, again, we admit, for all we ask for the justification of Louis Napoleon the President is, that the abstract rule should be permitted to bend to circumstances much more urgent than those we have feigned, for it is not merely self-preservation, nor yet the preservation of one or two individuals, which can be alleged as the justifying cause of Napoleon's breach

of his oath, but the salvation of France itself.

This is the plea he stands by, and it is of course one which his enemies deny, but in this essay we think we shall establish the matter-of-fact on which the plea rests, namely, that but for the *coup d'état* France would have relapsed into anarchy.

But there is another principle on which the *coup d'état* may be justified, which, being not so general and sweeping in its nature, may, perhaps, not so much offend political purists. A constitution of any kind supposes acceptance, tacit or otherwise. In the case of an old and time-honored constitution this acceptance is implied, as to the generality, by birth, and in the case of the public functionaries, by the formal taking of oaths, which, practically, have only a formal meaning. But in the case of a new constitution the thing is different; there must be the exhibition of assent in a distinct form to the new order of things; the nation directly, or through its representatives, must give an intelligent answer to the question of allegiance, and the public functionaries must swear to an oath, which they actually read and understand. So much, at least is involved in any constitution which professes to be popular—an arbitrary constitution may dispense with such forms, and substitute the terror of military power in place of the fragile sanction of an imposed oath. But the question is, Does the oath, in whatever terms it is conceived, imply a maintenance of the constitution forever? From the nature of the case it must say so in its terms, for it is of the essence of a constitution to profess to provide for futurity, and to build up a lasting organization; but it is understood that the parties who accede to it—who take the oath—come under the promise involved in its literal terms, in a sense admitting of no relaxation? This can not be implied, for such a theory would nega-

tive all reforms; or if it be answered that the constitution itself may provide means by which changes may be introduced, these means themselves may be found insurmountable obstacles to necessary reforms, and may be the very provisions which most imperatively call for modification. It may also be the case that the constitution may declare that some of its provisions are fundamental and unalterable. All constitutions do so, but these fundamental and unalterable provisions are in general those against which subsequent opinion is most pronounced; and in all cases hitherto these are the very provisions which, with or without a *coup d'état*, suffer modification. Is, then, a constitution nothing? Yes. An old traditional constitution is the very existence of a nation, but a new constitution can be nothing else than a formulizing of public opinion—an attempt, and generally a crude one, to express by laws, and formulæ, and fiscal arrangements, what at the time are supposed to be the wants, necessities, and wishes of the nation. Any other meaning given to a new constitution implies that it is more or less an unpopular arrangement; that is to say, more or less arbitrary—more or less a constitution of force and not of opinion.

But the constitution promulgated by the Constituent Assembly professed to be a popular constitution, and that very profession necessarily involved the possibility of popular modification. Even the members of the Constituent Assembly were fallible, and the Constitution they drew up, even admitting that it did not, according to the Duc de Broglie, surpass what were hitherto considered the limits of human stupidity, was not perfect. It might therefore be altered without impiety. Emanating from the will of the nation, was it not to be altered if the will of the nation changed? Were all the functionaries which it called into existence—the President, the Assembly, and the staff of government—to combine in maintaining a constitution which the people no longer wished to be maintained? Was it their duty to employ the organized force with which universal suffrage had invested them, to impose upon the nation rules and conditions which universal suffrage, if consulted, would at once have altered?

Those who will not allow any excuse to Louis Napoleon for violating the constitutional oath, must answer in the affirma-

tive to these questions. According to them, the constitution must be maintained by the military force, and by all the energy of the executive, irrespective of the will of the people.

Such a conclusion is so evidently absurd, that of itself it demonstrates the opposite doctrine; namely, that it was the duty of official France, executive as well as legislative, to override the letter of the constitution, in order to give effect to its spirit, which was simply the national will. If it appeared that the country had altered its opinion, or, what was really the fact, if it was plain that the Constituent Assembly had altogether mistaken the opinion of the country, then it was a duty to appeal to the principle of universal suffrage, on which the constitution professed to be based.

No doubt this is a dangerous doctrine. All doctrines which discuss the limits of obedience and the rules and conditions of political morality are dangerous. It is difficult to say when public opinion has judged a constitution to be impracticable—difficult to say when the existing state of things is to be put in question. It is always dangerous to alter any thing that is established, and those who try to do so must rest their justification on the point that they have correctly guessed the national wish which they profess to consult. If they have been mistaken, they are disturbers of the peace, and must abide the punishment of rebels; if they are right, then the community at least have no title to censure their conduct. And here it may be remarked, that it is the fate of revolutionary states to be continually canvassing these difficult questions, for this amongst other reasons, that the constitutions which from time to time come out of the political fermentation, are almost invariably the expression of the opinions of a minority.

But to return to our immediate subject. The opponents of Louis Napoleon allege that the honest course for him, admitting that the constitution was unworkable, was to resign. But on their own principles this course, above all others, was shut to him; for, so far from his resignation preserving the constitution, it is certain his resignation would have destroyed it, nothing being clearer than that, whatever régime triumphed, the Republican régime—that of the constitution—had no chance. But the circumstances of the

case warrant us to go further. The chances were in favor of anarchy, and the certainty was a series of inveterate contests between the Legitimist, Orleanist, and Republican factions. Shall France, therefore, be convulsed merely that one man might say, I have kept a promise I made you, even although you did not wish me to keep it—even although my keeping it subjected you to the greatest calamities?

On any of these grounds we think that the *coup d'état* admits of an ample justification, and it is thought that the narrative which follows will leave no doubt on the subject in any candid mind.

Perhaps in the whole history of human vicissitude there is no career more extraordinary than that of Louis Napoleon. In 1847, Louis Philippe was in the zenith of his power, and Louis Napoleon a poor refugee in London, known only to the public by his expeditions to Strasburg and Boulogne, which seemed the enterprises of a madman. Who could have prophesied that before another year closed these two would have changed places—Louis Philippe the exile, Louis Napoleon the constitutional head of France, soon to be its Emperor, with a power as despotic as that of Napoleon I.? And yet there were data obtainable, which suggested that such a revolution was neither impossible nor improbable. The monarchy of Louis Philippe was rotten at the core, while there can be no doubt now that in 1847 the masses in France were in favor of the heir of Napoleon. Louis Philippe was old, and had lost much of his former energy; whereas Louis Napoleon, in the prime of life, had given proofs not only of the most fearless courage, but, what was less known, of great mental power; for his works, and especially the *Idée Napoléonienne*, indicate a mind of a very peculiar but yet of a very high order. His intimate friends, moreover, were the most original-minded men of the time. Disraeli was his chosen associate. Walter Savage Landor was nearly on as intimate terms, and always entertained a high opinion both of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor can we omit to mention a man of as great celebrity in his own peculiar way as either, and perhaps of as original genius—Count d'Orsay—between whom and Louis Napoleon there always existed the closest alliance. Certainly such men would not have made an inti-

mate friend of a man of merely ordinary abilities. But Louis Napoleon was more than a man of ability: he had a great share of that mystical endowment which Goethe calls the demoniac faculty—that inexplicable residue which alone can explain the lives of those who affect the course of history. This element showed itself in influencing the minds of those he came in contact with, in a degree out of all proportion with his personal prestige or with his apparent abilities. He maintained a position in the highest circles of London never permanently conceded to a titular prince of a *parvenu* family by the exclusive aristocracy of England, and firmly believing in his future destiny, he converted others to be zealots in the Napoleonic faith at a time when no creed appeared so visionary and unsubstantial.

The time, however, at last had come when these dreams were to be realities. Louis Napoleon had been several times elected a member to the French Assembly, and after considerable delay, occasioned by the opposition of the executive government, who attempted to maintain the laws of proscription against the Bonapartist family—attempts which gave him an admirable opportunity to put in exercise those *noli episcopari* tactics so safe and so effective when importunity can be relied on—he took his seat on the twenty-sixth of September, 1848. He was immediately the object of attack, which he dexterously used as a means of explaining his hopes and his policy. "How little," said he, in one of his first speeches, "do those who accuse me know my heart! If an imperious duty did not restrain me here, if the sympathy of my fellow-citizens did not console me for the animosity of some attacks and the impetuosity of some defenses, I would long ago have regretted my exile.

"They reproach me with silence, but there are only a few who have the gift of applying eloquent words to the service of just and healthy ideas. What France requires," he continues, "are acts, not words; she requires a firm, intelligent, and wise government, which thinks more of curing the evils of society than of revenging them—a government which puts itself at the head of true ideas, in order by doing so to repulse a thousand times better than by bayonets, theories which are founded neither on reason nor experience.

"I know they wish to sow my paths with snares and ambushes. I will not fall into them. I will always follow, as I understand it, the line which I have traced for myself, without disquieting myself, and without stopping. Nothing will take from me my calm—nothing will make me forget my duties. I will not answer those who wish me to speak when I wish to be silent."

Fully to appreciate the admirable dexterity of this speech, we must recollect the declamatory nonsense and Utopian legislation of the provisional and executive governments, which in a previous article we sufficiently developed, and we must also take into account the embarrassments occasioned to Louis Napoleon by the impetuosity of his personal adherents. Shortly afterwards the canvass of the presidentship commenced, and to the surprise of the politicians, it was discovered that this man, whose unalterable calmness nothing could move, and who knew to be silent when he did not wish to speak—qualities very rare among Frenchmen—was the favorite candidate.

There can be little doubt that the souvenir of the glories of the Empire was the secret of the sudden popularity of this almost unknown scion of the family; but other causes combined—a profound distrust of, and dissatisfaction with, the existing order of things, pervaded society. Nor did any one expect much from any combination, or even from any revolution; which it was possible to evoke out of the ordinary elements of party. Every thing known had been tried; Legitimacy and Orleanism were proscribed, Republicanism had proved its sterility, Socialism had developed its terror, there was nothing hopeful in the Known, there could be nothing worse in the Unknown, and at least the experiment was worth trying. Strange that this is the only account which history can give of the first success of Louis Napoleon. In his subsequent triumphant appeals much may be ascribed to the remarkable qualities for government which he had developed, and some allowance must be made for the fact that on these occasions he was chief of the executive; but in his first appeal all that was in his favor was the fetish-worship of France for his great uncle, and the recklessness and discontent engendered by revolution.

We need not pause to consider the parties of the nation represented by the rival

candidatures of Cavaignac, Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, and Raspail, for, in the language of the turf, these competitors were "no where." The result of the election was known on the tenth of December. General Cavaignac, "who came in second," had only 1,448,107 votes, while Louis Napoleon had 5,434,226; and let it be recollected by those who attempt to account for the success of his subsequent appeals to the people by an unfair use of the executive power, that in this his first election all the resources of government were unscrupulously used against him.

Louis Napoleon selected his first ministers from all the parties except the Republican; and as the Constituent Assembly was about to expire, he might hope that the new Chamber, to be elected by universal suffrage, would support him, in whose favor universal suffrage had so clearly pronounced.

Perhaps such would have been the result had government intervened in the elections, as any serious government must do; but the ministry professed to be constitutional *par excellence*, and seeing the great outcry which had been raised against the provisional government for their unscrupulous and excessive electoral interference, they went to the other extreme, and abstained from all interference whatever. They did not enunciate any policy, which in the circumstances might have been difficult, but they did not even indicate among the rival candidates those whom they wished to succeed. The field was thus left open to the organized action of the secret societies and the monarchical committees, and the consequence was the election of an assembly in which republican and monarchical ideas were much more strongly represented than they were in the nation.

Pending the elections, foreign affairs afforded frequent subjects of discussion to the moribund Constituent. The war between the Austrians and Sardinians had just been practically terminated by the victory of the former at Novara on the twenty-third of March, 1849, and the Assembly was vehemently urged by the Republican party to intervene in behalf of the revolutionary cause in Italy. If France had been republican, nothing could have been more natural, but the resolution actually come to, namely, to intervene, not in favor of the Italian insurgents, but in favor of the Pope, shows the violent con-

tradition between form and spirit which perplexed the councils of France.

The elections at last were concluded, and the National Assembly commenced its sittings. The Republican party naturally took up this Roman imbroglio, and Ledru Rollin formally threw down the gage of battle by moving the impeachment of the President. This was too strong a measure to begin a parliamentary session; the impeachment was thrown out; 203 members voted for it, while the majority numbered only 361. But this division at once unveiled a formidable state of affairs; the 203 consisted of a united body of extreme Republicans, whereas the majority was constituted by the coalition of the incoherent sections of that so-called party of order who entertained hardly any sentiment in common. The Republican leaders did not, therefore, lose courage. Vanquished in the Assembly, they determined to try the question in the streets. The insurrection was accordingly organized with that promptness which long practice gives; but the time had gone gone by for émeutes, for authority was in the hands of a man who was in earnest. The attempt failed, and its only consequence was to implicate some thirty members in the consequences of an unsuccessful revolt.

Such victories did not, however, strengthen the parliamentary government of Louis Napoleon; and the fact that it had no programme to oppose to the fixed creeds of Socialism and Republicanism, prevented any increase to its forces. The ministers were well-intentioned politicians, but they did not perceive or would not admit, the scope of the election of the tenth of December. Even such far-sighted statesmen as Thiers and Molé kept aloof from the President, under the impression that his power was the result of a transitory emotion—a popular freak—which would soon die out; and it is not therefore to be wondered at that his ministers were of the same opinion, and were content with carrying on the government in the mean time according to the parliamentary traditions of England.

But was Louis Napoleon under a parliamentary system? Was he bound, as in England, to select his ministers from the majority? Assuredly not, for the constitution had expressly enacted that he should be responsible, and a responsible chief must have the means of carrying out

his own inspirations. Here, however, the constitution stultified itself. He had no power of dissolving the Assembly; all he could do was to change his ministry. This step he accordingly took, and selected his cabinet no longer from the majority, but from those who were willing to carry out his personal policy. He intimated their nomination to the Assembly by a message which contains the following significant passage:

“The name of Napoleon is in itself an entire programme: it means internally, order, authority, religion, the well-being of the people; externally, national dignity. It is this policy, inaugurated by my election, whose triumph I wish to secure by the aid of the Assembly and the people.”

Doubtless, the President knew that the programme of Napoleonism involved other consequences which in time would be revealed; meantime it inaugurated his *personal* policy. But this policy was not the policy of the Assembly, and as the constitution provided neither for a new election nor for a change of the President, here was at once a political dead-lock. Which was to give way? The decision clearly depended on the question on which side did the people range? Even in aristocratic England this would be accepted as the test, and the issue tried by a new election; but it was *a fortiori* the only test in a country which had adopted universal suffrage as its basis. But this wise constitution had provided against this only safe solution of the difficulty. The President and the Assembly were reciprocally irremovable.

The Representatives comprised in the attempted émeute having lost their seats, thirty vacancies remained to be filled up. The Republicans bent all their energies to get their nominees returned, and, in order that their success might be insured, they now openly coalesced with the Socialists, whom they had so often ridiculed and repressed.

In Paris the efforts of the cabal were successful; Carnot, Vidal, and Flotte were at the head of the poll. This, by proving that the existing state of things only conduced to the advantage of the anarchists, alarmed the party of order, and induced them to attempt a coalition with the executive. Molé, Thiers, Montalembert, Broglie, and Berryer accordingly met at the Elysée with the President. But the meeting only demonstrated that these

distinguished men could not themselves agree to any common line of action, however great might be their mutual compromises, so that all which could be effected was a transitory coalition to meet the present difficulty, and even then the measures agreed to be adopted were assented to by Louis Napoleon unwillingly—the first and the last time that he yielded his own opinion.

The legislative measure which was the fruit of this conference is known as the law of the thirty-first of May, 1850. It enacted that three years' residence should be necessary to give a right to vote, excluded from the privilege all those who had come under the cognizance of the police, and made other regulations which materially trench on universal suffrage.

A union of a week's duration was all that ensued from this attempt at coalition; beyond that time old rivalries could not be repressed, and the parliamentary magnates discovered another subject on which they could join besides the repression of Socialism. This only other point of sympathy was opposition to the President. This was significantly published by the nomination of the commission to whom, during the approaching prorogation of the Assembly, its powers were to be delegated. They were selected from among the members who had made themselves most conspicuous for hostility to the President.

Louis Napoleon again turned the attempts of his enemies to his own advantage. The Assembly had given themselves a vacation—so would he; and, accordingly, he now set out on that remarkable series of provincial progresses, the echo of which soon forced on the parliamentarians a knowledge of the fact that he was the only popular power in France.

On reviewing the speeches which he made on these occasions, we do not know whether most to admire their admirable adaptation to the circumstances of the time, or the strength and elegance of their expression.

At Dijon he says: "Governments which succeed revolutions have an ungrateful task: that of repressing in the first instance, in order afterwards to ameliorate; that of dissipating illusions and of replacing by the language of cold reason the disorderly accents of passion."

At Lyons he says: "Rumors of *coup d'état* have, perhaps, come even to you, gentleman, but you have not credited

them, and I thank you for it. Surprises and usurpations may be the dream of parties who have not the support of the nation, but the elect of six millions of suffrages executes the will of the people; he does not betray them. Patriotism may consist in abnegation as well as in perseverance."

This is dexterous. *He* has no necessity for a *coup d'état*, but the opposite party may attempt to make up by violence and surprise for their want of legitimate authority; nor do these expressions absolutely foreclose a *coup d'état* on his part, for he may thereby execute the will of the people. It had been represented to him that his appearance in Lyons, one of the foci of revolution, would be attended by personal danger. In allusion to this he says:

"From a distance I might believe the Lyonnese population animated with that spirit of vertigo which produces so many troubles, and almost by an hostility to government. I find it calm, laborious, sympathetic with the authority which I represent. On your side you expected perhaps to meet in me a man greedy of honors and of power, and you see in the midst of you a man solely devoted to his duty and to the great interests of the country."

And at parting with them he says:

"On the point of bidding you adieu, allow me to recall to you the celebrated words—No, I pause; there would be too much pride in me to say, like the Emperor, 'Lyonnese, I love you;' but permit me to say, from the bottom of my heart, 'Lyonnese, love me.'"

Unmistakable was the response of public opinion to these and similar appeals; but when the Assembly again met, the effect was only to make its opposition to the President at once more irritating and more determined. It was no longer on the merit of the measures proposed by Louis Napoleon that the discussion turned, they were opposed simply and frankly because they emanated from him, and the Opposition showed they were determined to go to any extremes by avowedly selecting a military leader in the person of General Changarnier.

This celebrated chief, who has after all done less to justify his celebrity than any general living or dead, had at first espoused the President's cause with some show of devotion, but his position as gen-

eral of the army of Paris, and his supposed predilections as an African general for the Orleans dynasty, gave him a factitious prestige, which, acting on an ambitious nature, led him to assume the airs of a rival to the President, and even to dream of being the monk of a new Restoration. Certainly, so far as the Chamber was concerned, he had no right to complain of want of support; but it was the support of different factions whose union could not be depended on, and the party opposed to them was an individual who could rely with perfect certainty on his own unflinching resolution, and who probably never knew what it was to fear. By little and little the alienation between the prince and the general became more and more marked, until the latter, as protector of the Assembly, assumed a position of avowed hostility. But he was no match for the silent prince, who played his game with admirable dexterity, carefully keeping within the legal attributions of his office, and allowing his adversary, without interruption, to put himself in a false position. At last, when the time was fully come, General Changarnier was quietly superseded by the exercise of the right which the constitution gave to the head of the executive to select his subordinates, and, to the astonishment of all, that power which had been thought so formidable as to keep in check even the well-known courage of Louis Napoleon, vanished from the theater of events.

Vainly was it attempted in the Assembly to effect a coalition of the different parties so as to pass a vote which should distinctly express disapprobation of the dismissal of the great parliamentary general; the conflicting pretensions of the several factions broke out, and one by one the distinctive features of the proposed vote were abandoned as sacrifices to opposite theories. At last the very name of Changarnier, and all allusion to him, were abandoned, and a simple vote of want of confidence in the ministry was carried on the nineteenth of January, 1851. But the ministry so condemned had effected its purpose, the sword had been snatched from the Assembly, and thus any serious power which it ever had as the enemy of such a man as the President, was at an end. Henceforth it might debate, it might pass votes of censure, and even insult the President, but the question was substantially settled when once it was clear that

it could not fight, for to a combat it was perfectly evident circumstances were hurrying.

Louis Napoleon accepted the resignation of his ministry, and immediately appointed another selected *outside* of the Assembly, and which he significantly denominated a ministry of transition.

It was not long before the new ministry came to a collision with the Assembly. Louis Napoleon had, in 1850, been granted 2,161,000 fr. for his civil list, which, reduced from the imposing amplitude of French money, is a trifle above £80,000. This had turned out to be insufficient, and a supplementary sum of £70,000 was now proposed. The demand was not unreasonable. Charles X. and Louis Philippe, who had both large private fortunes, had each a civil list eight times as large, and however fond the Catos of the Assembly might be of republican simplicity, it suited neither the taste of France nor of the President. Any increase, however, was rejected by the majority of the Assembly, but a minority of three hundred who voted for the "dotation" proved that the party of the President was gaining adherents from the opposite camp; and pursuing his characteristic policy of turning the insults of his enemies to his advantage, Louis Napoleon declined the voluntary subscriptions offered to him from all quarters to make up the sum refused by the Assembly, and with a safe frugality proceeded to sell his horses and reduce his establishment.

It was quite unnecessary to take more active steps to break up this factious union of parties. They parted asunder of their own action, like clouds on a windy day. On a proposition to revoke the laws on exiles, the Orleanists and Legitimists were found on different sides. With the Orleanists voted the Mountain, with the ministry voted the Legitimists.

The so-called party of order existed no longer. Henceforth, by the confession even of his opponents, the Bonapartist party was the strongest in the Chamber, but it was always liable to be placed in a minority by a factious coalition.

And now the provinces commenced officially to verify those sentiments to which they had given tumultuous and enthusiastic utterance during the progresses of the President. Three hundred thousand petitions, signed by nearly two millions of citizens, were presented to the

Chamber through the Councils-General, and of these petitions the majority distinctly demanded the prolongation of the President's power, when only five hundred and twenty-six petitions prayed that the integrity of the constitution should be preserved.

At this time, in the beginning of June, 1851, Louis Napoleon opened a railway at Dijon, and on that occasion, as was always his custom, he delivered an address.

"France," said he, "wishes neither the return of the ancient régime, whatever be the form which disguises it, nor yet the trial of fatal and impracticable Utopias.

"A new phase of our political era commences. From one end of France to the other petitions are signed demanding the revision of the constitution. I wait with confidence the manifestations of the country and the decisions of the Assembly, who will be inspired by the single hope of the public good. If France recognizes that no one has the right of disposing of her without her own consent, she has only to say so; my courage and my energy will not fail her."

The potent truth of these words had only an exasperating effect on the Assembly; Changarnier, to whom the French word *entêté* might well apply, said from the tribune: "They will bring against the Assembly neither a battalion, nor a company, nor a squadron. If they do, they will encounter the chiefs whom the soldiers are accustomed to follow on the path of duty and honor. Mandatories of France, deliberate in peace!"

It was in this temper that the question whether the revision of the constitution should be referred to a new Constituent Assembly, came to be discussed. According to the principles professed by all parties, there ought to have been no difficulty in deciding. Universal suffrage was the power before which all professed to bow, and the constitution itself pretended at bottom to no other mandate. But with unpardonable inconsistency this clear issue was avoided by the Republicans, who formally repudiated the idea of being tried by their own principles. Cavaignac thus expressed the wishes of his party: "The revision would put in competition the republic and the monarchy; now the republic ought not to be discussed, for any government which allows its principles to be discussed is lost. The national

sovereignty is one of those primordial principles which dominate constitutions themselves, and the republic is the one and only expression of this sovereignty."

There was truth in the first part of this as a general rule. A government can not discuss its principles; but the present government of France was an exception to this as to all other general rules, for by expressly providing that it might be regularly revised, it had consented to the discussion of its principles. The last part of Cavaignac's political formula is simply untrue. But it was not the Republicans alone who opposed the revision, several of the Legitimists and Orleanists adopted the same policy. They, too, had their philosophical reasons, but the real motive with all was, the certainty that the revision would increase the power of the President. Thus, when at least nine tenths of the nation wished the constitution revised, a small section of Parliamentarians opposed it, and all the time professed a determination to uphold Republican institutions. Under the Republican banner they opposed by every means in their power the gratification of the popular wishes. They preferred that the régime which would have resulted from the action and reaction of their own sterile rivalries should direct the destinies of France. It was thus every day becoming clearer that even on their own principles the time was approaching when the Parliamentarians must be got rid of. France did not wish a régime of factions.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the majority in the Assembly were prepared to vote against their principles; 446 voted for the revision, and 278 voted against it; but this precious constitution which the majority wished to revise had attempted to secure the perpetuity of its errors, for it expressly provided against any revision unless three fourths were in favor of such a step. Strange dilemma, in which the letter of a condemned constitution sought to maintain its integrity.

But though the constitution could not be revised, it was clear it could not exist.

And now Louis Napoleon, with admirable dexterity or with the luckiest *bonne foi*, took the only remaining step to crown his position. He had as yet scrupulously kept within the legalities of the constitution; he had only to put his opponents in the attitude of parties wishing to violate it, and the moral victory was complete.

The "law of the thirty-first of May," as above mentioned, had been passed against his opinion. It was a direct attack on universal suffrage, and had gone much farther in disenfranchising than had been anticipated. It had therefore afforded a logical argument to the Republican party against the revision, for how could a restricted suffrage take cognizance of that which had emanated from universal suffrage? Louis Napoleon now proposed simply to abrogate the law.

The principal reason alleged by him in his message was suggestive.

The constitution, he argued, required that, of the ten electors in France, at least two millions, or one fifth, should concur in the election of the President, otherwise it fell to the Assembly to elect him; but the law of the thirty-first of May struck off three millions from the list of the electors, and of course a third and not a fifth was now required. The law of the thirty-first of May might therefore take the election of the President out of the hands of the people and give it to the Assembly, contrary to the constitution.

Now the "beauty" of this argument was, that when it exposed the inconsistency of Republicans restricting universal suffrage, it brought before the minds of the Parliamentarians the fact that the restriction might work precisely in the direction they wished, and that, if maintained, it increased their chance of carrying their cherished object, which was precisely this very thing which Louis Napoleon alleged to be contrary to the constitution, namely, to have the election of the President in their hands. This was the view they accordingly took of the question; they refused to repeal the disenfranchising law, and thus confessedly took the position of a party who wished to destroy the constitution, while Louis Napoleon stood forward as its champion.

Another step yet was taken by the Assembly, the effect of which was to render the *coup d'état* not simply justifiable—it was so already—but unavoidable.

The questors of the Assembly brought forward a proposition. "That the Assembly should fix the importance of the military force appropriated for its security, and should dispose of it;" the real effect of which would be to wrest the disposal of the army out of the hands of the President, and there can be no doubt it

would then have been directed against him under the leadership of Changarnier. Thus the gage of battle between the two parties was definitively thrown down, and victory by the one or the other was the sole condition of possible government. A violent scene ensued in the Chamber when the motion came to be discussed. General St. Arnaud, after having spoken against it, withdrew to the Elysée to be ready for emergencies; but the courage of the Assembly evaporated, and the proposition was negatived.

Again, however, the ministerial victory was attained by an unnatural alliance. The so-called party of order voted for the resolution of the questors, but the Red Republicans, who hated Changarnier more than they hated the President, voted with the ministry. Incompatibility of government with the existing constitution could not be more clearly established.

What was the position? The President with the nation almost unanimous in his favor, and a Chamber made up of cliques, whose adhesion, a mere matter of chance when it did take place, was sure to be against government. Was Louis Napoleon to regulate his policy, or could he regulate his policy by such a body? Could any other policy than a policy of contradictions emerge from such an instrument of government, and in what respect would such a policy be better than no policy at all? Clearly such a state of things could not go on without necessarily leading to anarchy. But if it could not go on, what was to be done? Legal way there was none to get out of the dilemma, for the absurd provision of the constitution which required the concurrence of three fourths of the National Assembly before it could be revised, shut out the possibility of redress, for a majority of three fourths in such an assembly could not be obtained. There remained, therefore, only the two alternatives—anarchy or a *coup d'état*. The time had come when the safety of the commonwealth was the supreme law.

Anarchy, then, being out of the question, by whom was the *coup d'état* to be executed? It could not be by the Assembly, for there was no coherence among its members, and unity is necessary to a *coup d'état*; and even supposing by a miracle they did unite to this end, it was one thing to determine on a *coup d'état*, another thing to execute it.

Against such a man as the President the concurrence of the army was necessary, and its sympathies were with him and not with them. But let us even suppose the concurrence of the army secured—let us grant the Parliamentary *coup d'état* successful, and the President got rid of—the difficulty was not solved, a succession of *coups d'état* would still be necessary to determine which section of the Assembly was to be supreme. Clearly, then, on principles even of economy of *coups d'état*, it was for the President—the one united power—to break the unworkable law, and bring about a workable order of things.

A *coup d'état* being therefore necessary, and the President the only party who could execute it, we have now to consider the method of its execution and the principles of government which it introduced.

There was a reception at the Elysée on the evening of the first of December, 1851. The prince met his guests as usual; the same unalterable calm characterized his manner and address; none could observe any shade of anxiety on his brow, or detect any preoccupation in his conversation. The gates were closed as usual at eleven o'clock, but General St. Arnaud, Count de Morny, M. Maupas, prefect of police, and M. de Beville, aide-de-camp to the President, remained. The plan of action had been previously arranged. De Morny was to take the initiative, to countersign the dissolution of the Assembly, and as Minister of the Interior to watch over the general safety. St. Arnaud was to direct the troops. Maupas was to arrest those Parliamentary magnates whom it was determined to keep out of harm's way; and M. de Beville was to enforce the printing at the government printing-office of the proclamations.

Every thing was completed by six o'clock of the morning of the second of December: the generals, the statesmen, and the clubbists were arrested, the Assembly closed, and Paris in possession of the troops.

The revolution was one of proclamations, and it was the army which was first addressed:

"Soldiers," said this proclamation, "be proud of your destiny. You will save your country, for I rely on you; not for the purpose of violating the laws, but to enforce respect to the first law of the country, the national sovereignty, of which I am the legal representative. . . .

"The Assembly has attempted to seize the authority which I hold of the entire nation. It has ceased to exist. I make a loyal appeal to the people and to the army, and I say to them, either give me the means of assuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place. . . . It belongs to me, responsible for my actions to the people and to posterity, to take the measures which appear to me indispensable for the public welfare.

"As to you, remain unshakable within the rules of discipline and honor. Assist, by your imposing attitude, the country to manifest its will calmly and with reflection."

Here is the keystone of the justification of the régime about to be inaugurated: "Either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place." He had already sworn to an impracticable constitution; he had of necessity broken his oath: if he is to govern again, he is entitled to name what he considers practicable conditions of government. In his proclamation to the people he tells them what these conditions are, and we therefore quote the proclamation at length:

"Frenchmen: The actual situation can no longer endure. Every day which passes aggravates the danger of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of order, has become the center of conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred of its members could not check its fatal tendencies. In place of making laws for the general interest, it forges the arms of civil war. It assails the power which I hold directly from the people; it encourages every wicked passion; it compromises the repose of France. I have dissolved it, and I make the entire people the judge between it and me.

"The constitution, you are well aware, was made with the intention of weakening in advance the power which you confided in me. Six millions of suffrages were a striking protest against it, and yet I have remained faithful to it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, have found me impassible. But now that the fundamental pact is no longer respected by those very men who unceasingly appeal to it, and now that the men who have already ruined two monarchies wish to bind my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, my duty is to defeat their perfidious projects, to maintain the Republic, and to save the country, by invoking the solemn decision of the only sovereign whom I recognize in France—the People.

"I make, then, a loyal appeal to the entire nation, and I say to you, if you wish to continue this unhealthy state of things, which degrades you and compromises your future, choose another

in my place, for I no longer wish power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for acts which I can not prevent, and which chains me to the helm when I see the vessel gliding towards the abyss.

"If, on the contrary, you still have confidence in me, give me the means to accomplish the great mission which I hold of you.

"This mission consists in closing the era of revolutions, by satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and by protecting them against subversive passions. Above all, it consists in creating institutions which survive individuals, and which may at last be the foundations on which we may rest something durable.

"Convinced that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single assembly are the permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrages the following fundamental bases of a constitution, which the assemblies will hereafter develop :

"1. One responsible chief, nominated for ten years.

"2. Ministry dependent on the executive chief alone.

"3. A council of state, formed of the most distinguished men, preparing the laws and supporting their discussion before the legislative body.

"4. A legislative body, discussing and voting laws, nominated by universal suffrage, without scrutiny of the list, which falsifies election.

"5. A second assembly, composed of the most distinguished men of the country, preponderating power, guardian of the fundamental paction and of the public liberties.

"This system, reacted by the First Consul at the commencement of the century, gave repose and prosperity to France; it will again do so.

"Such is my profound conviction. If you agree with me, declare so by your suffrages. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without power, monarchical or republican, borrowed I do not know from what chimerical past or future, answer negatively.

"Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote, fully aware of the cause, and knowing for whom and for what.

"If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages, then I will convocate a new assembly, and I will remit to it the mandate I have received from you.

"But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of 1789, and organized by the Emperor—is your own, proclaim it by consecrating the powers which I demand. Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be smoothed down, rivalries will disappear, for all will respect in the decision of the people the decree of Providence."

All was optional; they might have him or not as their ruler. If not, he would retire, having first called a constituent assembly and remitted to it the future of

France; but if the nation wished that he should rule over them, these were his conditions. And he was right: a rule less arbitrary would only have plunged France back into the régime of the factions. There might be relaxation hereafter, but it was clear that less stern conditions could not at present maintain the public peace.

We all know how unmistakably France answered in the affirmative to this clear and straightforward programme; and so large was the majority, that to attempt to account for it on any other theory than the simple one that France was in favor of Louis Napoleon, augurs a perversity of mind. But though the nation was by so large a majority in his favor, his popularity in Paris was not so decided; and here it is necessary to resume the narrative of events, in order that we may confute the charge frequently brought against Louis Napoleon, that the *coup d'état* was stained by excessive and unnecessary bloodshed.

On the morning of the *coup d'état*, the most energetic protest was on the part of the Legitimist and Orleanist députés, who, meeting together to the number of two hundred and seventeen, at one of the mairies, passed sundry resolutions condemnatory of the President, the immediate and only effect of which was their bloodless capture and seclusion in the safe precincts of Mazas, whence, with some difficulty on *their part*, they were dismissed after opposition had ceased in the streets. The High Chamber of Justice was next dissolved, after having passed a decree of "déchéance" against the President, and there remained only the Socialists of Paris to subdue. These did not yet show front, and at eleven o'clock at night Paris was tranquil.

The émeute broke out at three o'clock next morning. It kept its traditional locality. Again, as so often before, the Faubourg St. Antoine struck the first note of revolt, soon taken up by the Faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Marceau. The insurrection was composed, in a great measure, of the enemies of all government, who looked to plunder and not to social amelioration as the end in view. But now it was no *Roi fainéant*, or club of rhetoricians, with which the émeute had to contend; but with a man resolute in his object, and backed by an army acting under precise orders. The last embers of the revolt expired on the fourth of December. It

might easily have been sooner trampled out, its explosion at all might have been prevented, but time was purposely given for its development, in order that its repression might be so complete as to render insurrection in future hopeless. The actual bloodshed is stated by Cassagnac, who adduces in corroboration the report of the prefect of police, to be as follows: On the part of the troops, twenty-six killed and one hundred and eighty-four wounded; on the part of the insurrection, one hundred and seventy-five killed and one hundred and fifteen wounded.

He positively denies that there were any executions after the victory, and maintains that these figures exhibit the maximum of casualties.

This statement, which has been repeated several times by Napoleon and his organs, is in striking contradiction to the statements of Victor Hugo and the stories of the English newspapers at the time. For our own part, we believe the Napoleonic version as most consistent with the circumstances of the case, for here was an overwhelming military force, directed by unflinching resolution, and led by the most skillful commanders, in conflict with the wrecks of that revolutionary army which the cannon of Cavaignac had not so long ago so bloodily defeated. In such a case no serious or prolonged resistance was possible; and where there was little resistance there was no necessity, and hardly a possibility, of carnage.

One charge made against Napoleon at the time by Louis Blanc and the English papers, so far from being denied or extenuated, is re-stated by Cassagnac as a measure of sagacious policy, and this induces us the more readily to believe his disclaimer of the other part of the charge. It is confessed that 26,000 clubbists were on the eighth of December sentenced to banishment by the President, "répondant au vœu général des populations indignées."

The result of the appeal to universal suffrage on the occasion of the *coup d'état* was as follows: in all there were 8,116,773 voters; of these, 7,439,243 voted for the acceptance of the constitution offered by Louis Napoleon, while only 640,737 voted for its rejection.

Here we stop: the Presidency is a complete drama, the final act of which we have just recorded, for the brief period which intervened until the proclamation of the

Empire, was in reality the Empire under another name. We have, on the whole, been led to a verdict of acquittal, or at least of justification, in favor of Louis Napoleon up to this, the close of an historic epoch of his career. Certainly his régime, even although cramped and obstructed by a constitution whose normal action necessarily led to a political dead-lock, was better than that of the provincial government. Under it he had done all that man could do, and had elicited as much good as could be elicited *in spite* of its trammels. At last things had come to that pass that government was almost impossible, and the constitution only acted as an obstacle. Then it was that Louis Napoleon took the only step open to him, or to any man in such a position—namely, an illegal step, a violation of the letter of the constitution. But when he did so he paid homage to its spirit, and by leaving the issue to universal suffrage, he appealed to a tribunal which the constitution itself acknowledged, and to which his enemies could not object. Whether an appeal to such a tribunal was right or wrong is a problem which general sociology has not yet determined, and probably never will determine, for the question proposed is, Wherein consists the natural sovereignty of a nation? And this same natural sovereignty is in reality merely a fiction. But although this question thus admits of endless debate, all France had agreed that the sovereignty resided in the people, and they said that the voice of the people could only be ascertained by universal suffrage; that, then, being assumed, as a matter out of debate, it is a truism admitted by all parties that to the "sovereignty" belongs the decision of any question important to the national destiny. It had now decided in favor of the *coup d'état*.

Were we to go on with Louis Napoleon's career, we would not speak in terms of such approval of the Emperor as we have thought ourselves justified with regard to the President. We think we see an undue dread of the effect of public opinion, which has led to the virtual suppression of the right of discussion—a right which no government which thinks itself conducive to the national welfare need fear, for the institutions of such a government are parts of that universal truth which, always, in the long run, gains by freedom of discussion. We would also be inclined to animadvert on that court

funkeyism which seems to us to belie the masculine nature of the Emperor as it did that of Napoleon I.; we would have thought "the modest state of Cromwell" more in keeping with the rule of a race which at present depends on intellectual power, than the tinsel pomp of Louis XIV. Further, we would have preferred that Napoleon III. had displayed less of that egotism which is the unamiable characteristic of his race. But the Empire is yet a problem, which can only be correctly appreciated when it also is consummated.

Let us, however, say, that in spite of all the failings which, in our opinion, may be charged against the Empire, our sympathies are with the Emperor, whom we believe to be actuated by a sincere desire to promote the glory and the welfare of France, and, what is of still greater interest to us, fully determined to maintain peace with that great but often irritating country which so long afforded him an asylum.

May he long reign over a united, prosperous, and, let us hope, in due time, a free people!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

But Yesterday—ah! me, it seems no more—
Life came to me with laughter in her eyes,
Came deftly dancing where lay strewn before
Sweet flowers of varied dyes.

She flung the radiance of her magic smiles
On all around—on humblest grain and leaf;
Drew pleasure even from pain with tender wiles,
A joy from every grief.

Earth seemed a play-ground, every home a game,
All Time one holiday, where, turn by turn,
Athletic Sport and sun-burnt Leisure came
Alternate skill to learn:

The art of action, and the gift of dreams—
Reality of simplest mien and giant mold:
Romance in radiant mail, crowned as be seems
With nodding plumes and gold.

As though 'twere Prospero's isle, the air seemed
full
Of delicate sounds—ah! daintiest tones to
hear—

The Fairy Legends, that with elfin rule
Bade tinsel'd fays appear:

When from the spider's thread wee antics
swung,
Or in pale rings upon the moonlit sward
Danced to melodious chime from blue-bells rung
By Oberon's twinkling sword.

VOL. XLVI.—NO. IV.

To-day—poor handful of Time's golden sand:
The more we grasp it, glides the gold away!
Spent billow bursting on the eternal strand,
And vanishing in spray!

To-morrow—word in which the grave lies hid:
Dread, doleful, calm, and death-like term of
woe!
Sound as of mold upon the coffin lid—
Dropped on the clay below.

Echo from lips, when I can hear no more
Each dear home love that trembled on a
breath:
Powerless to pierce—so potent oft of yore!—
"The dull cold ear of Death."

Sweet sunbeams sleeping on the daisied grass,
Soft zephyrs toying with the seeded bloom—
To-morrow's disc, as in a magic glass,
Shows through its mystic bloom.

Beneath the turf, fresh air, and sunlit flowers—
Ah! well I know my moldering form shall be!
To-morrow brimming o'er with radiant hours
My sight may never see!

But Yesterday what now is, was not then—
This sense of joy and grief, of hope and fear:
To-day—an instant!—brings To-morrow, when
Earth rounds but to a tear.

From the National Review.

CURIOSITIES OF IMPERIAL LIFE.*

"WHEN the fields of ice which imprison the waters of the Neva during five months of the year begin to break, the bridge of boats is immediately taken away, and all communication between the two banks of that broad river remains intercepted for several days. During that time the blocks of ice are rolled away by the stream; and when they have disappeared, the commandant of the fortress opens the navigation by repairing in a barge to the palace, and almost immediately afterwards the bridge is replaced. The commandant crosses the river with much solemnity, and amid the roar of artillery. His barge is armed with a few pieces of cannon, and followed by a procession composed of smaller boats. He goes to offer to the head of the state a goblet filled with water from the river, which goblet was formerly given back to him full of silver coin. Next a festivity is celebrated called 'the crossing of the river;' the people, dressed in holiday attire, throng the quays of the Neva, cross the river in small boats, and go to walk upon the ramparts of the fortress. This custom is peculiar to St. Petersburg, and is traced back to the time of Peter the Great. Doubtless that monarch thought proper to employ this popular means to make his subjects comprehend the great advantage they derived from this fine river, which, when it breaks its icy bonds, gives life to the city and animates also all the empire."

So writes a historian of Russia; and the description which he gives of the an-

nual celebration of this important change in the face of nature might well serve as an allegorical representation of the great moral change which has just opened the internal condition and destiny of the Russian empire to the attention and sympathies of Western Europe. It is scarcely possible for the inhabitant of a mild "constitutional" climate to realize the intensity and continuity of that autocratic frost which chains, in a moral paralysis, the living and moving energies of an entire nation, or to enter fully into the transports of those joyful feelings with which even the temporary relaxation of this icy bondage is welcomed by all classes. In a self-governed people, even the errors and crimes of the government have some reference to the feelings and opinions of the nation, and state misfortunes and humiliations express, in some greater or less degree, the depression and demoralization of society at large. But the winter, which, during such long periods, suspends the external vitality of the great northern empire, is a thing superinduced by the cold breath of a paramount despotism alone upon the national life which is stagnating beneath. Under whatever similarity of temperature the incrustation may have commenced, this will ere long cease to exist; but the icy prison-doors continue to be firmly closed long after the waters within have begun to yearn with daily increasing ardor for the return of the bright sun-god, who is to strike off their fetters, and restore them to the liberty and warmth of open day.

The joy felt at such a release must be of a much higher degree in the moral than in the physical case; since the epoch of its recurrence is so much less definite in the former than in the latter. The life of an individual sovereign may, indeed, be calculated within certain average limits; and if the era of national reanimation depended merely on the death of the

* *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catherine II.*; écrites par elle-même, et précédées d'une Préface par A. HERZEN. Londres: Trübner et Cie. 1859.

La France ou l'Angleterre? Variations Russes sur le thème de l'Attentat du 14 janvier. Par ISCANDEK, (A. Herzen.) Londres: Tribuner et Cie. 1858.

A Handbook of the Principal Families in Russia. Originally written in French by Prince PAUL DOLGOROUKY; translated into English, with Annotations and an Introduction, by F. Z. London: James Ridgway, 1858.

particular emperor, the bondage might be more endurable, and the periodic delight more moderate. But this is not the case; for the sad experience of the last century and a half has shown that, while the changes in the sovereign authority have been frequent, the system has been strikingly uniform and continuous, and the chances of national regeneration few and far between. The captivity and exile from all hope may continue so long that the nation may feel disposed to echo the despairing cry of a Russian patriot, sent forth from Moscow during the reign of Nicholas: "As a nation, we have no future prospect. The innovations of Peter I. molded us in the worst form that can be made of man. We are the *convinced slaves* that it shall be so as it is. We are like those Poles who remained many years in Kamtschatka, and to whom, at the accession of Paul, it was announced that they are free, and can return now to their dear country. 'Thank ye,' they replied, 'it is too far and too late; we are prepared to set off to another land—it is time to die!'" Nicholas, we are told, with politic wisdom, declared the publisher of these mournful forebodings to be a lunatic; but every one else in Russia "surrounded him with the greatest respect, and listened to the man like an oracle." The hopeless spirit, indeed, manifested in his lament over the departed national life explains fully that apathetic submission of an immense population to the despotic rule of one man which arouses the wonder, if not the contempt, of Englishmen, long accustomed to the invigorating air of perpetual freedom—the *convinced freemen* of Europe. It also gives us some index of the amount of patriotic excitement likely to arise among the cultivated classes of Russia when they find that the national energies are responding eagerly to the first opportunities afforded them by the inauguration of a happier era, and that it was but a passing swoon which they might have mistaken for a premonitory symptom of national dissolution. Such we gather to be the feelings of the most intelligent of the Russian patriots at the great change which has been wrought in their country by the death of the Czar Nicholas, and the subsequent pacification with the Western Powers. "The progress which Russia has made during the three years of the reign of Alexander II.," says the Russian

exile M. Herzen, "is immense. Every thing begins to move; the muscles, cramped by a strait-waistcoat, expand again. Questions of the most vital importance are raised. Russia is entering *with tranquillity* upon a revolution in her economy."

Herein lies a great distinction between the commencement of this and of previous reigns, which have nearly all of them been ushered in by a dynastic revolution, if not by a dynastic tragedy; and the first periods at least of which have been absorbed, so far as internal administration is concerned, in the consolidation of dynastic interests, the rewarding of successful, or the punishment of unsuccessful, conspirators. To these dynastic necessities and personal animosities the internal welfare of the nation, and its real interests, have been constantly postponed and sacrificed. The stern self-compressed character of Nicholas would undoubtedly have made itself felt under any circumstances; but it is not the less true that the insurrectionary storm which he encountered at the outset of his reign never ceased to brood upon his imagination, and, exaggerating his natural defects, determined in a great measure the general character of his administration. It began with a police inquisition; and it developed itself into a vast system of police surveillance, which it remained to the end. Though it did much for the nation, both at home and abroad, it never worked through or with the nation; for it regarded nearly every individual member of it as a possible conspirator. It tasked to the utmost the capabilities of an administrative despotism in meeting the exigencies of the home government and the demands of an aggressive foreign policy; but it shrank from enlisting, either as coadjutors or the gentlest critics of its measures, those who really had the chief interest in seeing them efficiently carried out, and the best means of so doing. Then came the war with England and France, in which the natural and multiplying energies of a free people were contrasted in the face of all Europe with the concentrated but self-exhausting exertions of an artificial and irresponsible despotism. The result is recognized in Russia itself, as well as elsewhere, as a proof that even for martial glory and the glitter of external conquests, it is not a desirable thing that the voice of a nation should be reduced to the deceitful whis-

pers which lull an autocrat into false security, and persuade him that the unassisted powers of one man are equal to the task of not only giving every order throughout a vast empire, but seeing also that it is carried properly into effect. That the Russian people performed nobly every duty which was assigned or left to it throughout that severe struggle, no one entertains a doubt; but while the limited confidence inevitably placed in the national spirit was more than justified, its limitation to such an inferior rôle was condemned in the plainest manner by the failures and collapse of the imperial directory. At this very crisis the great engineer of this discredited machine was removed from his onerous post by a destiny happy for himself as well as for his country; and the crown descended without a national convulsion upon the head of a prince who was uncompromised by his father's prejudices, and was at liberty to consult the interests of the nation without feeling that he was thereby sacrificing his own. Peace had become a necessity for Russia, as incumbent on the sovereign as desirable for the subject. The memories of 1825 need no longer be kept alive by the continuance of a system which had proved itself so inefficient in the hands of a most skillful master; it might be quietly dropped without lowering the personal reputation of the Emperor, and public opinion might be as quietly invited to assume its long-suspended duties without exposing monarch or people to the trial of an abrupt and revolutionary crisis. This has in a great measure been done. General Doubelt, chief of the secret police at St. Petersburg; General Count Peter Kleinmichel, chief superintendent of bridges and highways, and a very unpopular favorite of the Emperor Nicholas, with other equally compromised dignitaries—have been dismissed by Alexander II.; and hitherto, at least, we hear of no unworthy appointments in their place. The doors have been thrown open for the return of some of the most compromised of the Russian exiles. Even M. Ivan Golovine, whom, if any one, the house of Romanoff might be justified in making an exception to its amnesty, has received permission to reënter Russia. The press has been set at comparative liberty, and cheap newspapers are starting in abundance to compete with the high-priced monopoly of those privileged by the

old censorship. Russians are beginning to speak their real thoughts to one another, and it is no longer necessary to seek a foreign soil for the luxury of breathing freely. The new Czar has made his individual action distinctly felt; but it is no longer ostentatiously self-sufficient. The nobility have been first invited, and then admonished, to coöperate in the great and difficult project of emancipating the serfs; and whether or not the completion of this undertaking be destined to equal the wishes of its author, the fact that those most interested in its just adjudication have been compelled by the voice of authority to throw aside the selfish indifference of spectators *in possession*, and to become counselors and executors of the most feasible scheme, is significant of a great change from the independent action of the old system of administration.

Will these fair prospects last; or are we to witness the return with twofold density of that moral gloom in which the history of Russia has been hitherto shrouded? This question will, of course, be differently answered according to the moresanguine or desponding temperament of the reasoner. A much more practically important inquiry remains—whether it is in the power of England to facilitate the favorable solution of the problem, and to throw any determining weight into the doubtful scales in which the happiness of her recent opponent hangs suspended. It must be remembered, that this is not an age when the life of one nation can be developed or stifled without affecting materially that of all others. There is now a general European atmosphere, which can not be prevented from entering into and mixing with the air which we ourselves breathe. And just so far as we recognize this fact, and endeavor to purify this inspiration of our common European civilization, instead of deluding ourselves with the possibility of a separate monopoly of health, will the continuance of our own strength be assured, and our permanent influence as a nation be felt and acknowledged in the European commonwealth. Russia must now seek *national* alliances.

But to secure this desirable end, it is not sufficient that we should hold out to intelligent Russians our own constitution and its history as a model of imitation or a subject of study. We therefore hail with especial pleasure the publication in

this country of any work in which English and Russians may find a common ground of interest; from which the former, as well as the latter may learn what it is which has placed Russia in her present position, and through what untoward circumstances the national spirit has struggled and survived. We only regret that in the present instance our joint historical studies have been inaugurated by disclosures which may hurt the *amour-propre* of the royal family of Russia exactly when its personal feelings are of most importance to European civilization. The truth, however, must be known at all hazards; and the lesson which the royal *house*, if not the *family*, of Romanoff should rightly draw from the mysteries of a royal court, here unfolded to the eyes of Europe, is not one unfavorable to the cause of constitutional government.

A few hours after the death of the Empress Catherine II., her son, the Emperor Paul, M. Herzen tells us, ordered Count Rostoptchine to put seals on the papers of the Empress. The Emperor was himself present at the arrangement of these papers. Among them was found the celebrated letter of Alexis Orloff, in which, "in a cynical tone and with a drunken hand," he announced to the Empress the assassination of her husband Peter III. Another ms. which was found was one entirely in the handwriting of Catherine, inclosed in an envelope bearing (in the Russian language) the address, "To his Imperial Highness the Césarewitch and Grand Duke Paul, my much-loved son." The manuscript thus addressed was the autobiography now for the first time published. It commences with the introduction of Catherine to the adopted country of her affianced husband, and terminates abruptly towards the close of the year 1759—that is to say, a little more than two years before the death of the Empress Elizabeth and the accession of Peter III. There are reported to have been additional rough notes, which might have served as materials for continuing the narrative; and it is asserted by some that the Emperor Paul threw them into the fire. However this may be, he kept the contents of the manuscript a profound secret except from the friend of his childhood, Prince Alexander Kourakine, whom he permitted to take a copy of it. Twenty years after the death of Paul, Alexander Tourgenoff and Prince Michael

Worontzow procured copies from that of Kourakine. This coming to the ears of the Emperor Nicholas, he ordered the police to seize all copies, and so for the time put a stop to the circulation of the manuscript. He also had the original brought to him, read it, sealed it up with the great seal of state, and ordered it to be kept in the imperial archives among the most secret documents.

An exception, however, was, it seems, at some time or other, made in favor of the tutor of the present Emperor, Constantine Arsenieff, who told M. Herzen, in 1840, that he had been permitted to read these memoirs of Catherine among other unpublished illustrations of the period between the death of Peter I. and the reign of Alexander I. During the late Russian war the archives were transferred to Moscow; and in the month of March, 1855, the present Emperor had this manuscript brought to him for his perusal. After that time one or two copies got into circulation in Moscow and St. Petersburg, from one of which M. Herzen informs us the present volume is printed. Of its authenticity he states there is no doubt, and a glance at the contents will fully confirm this judgment.

A more curious and interesting contribution to history it would be impossible to imagine, or one more *apropos* in many respects to the regeneration to which Russia has committed herself. Here we have, drawn by the hand of one of the leading actors in the political drama of the last century, a minute Pre-Raphaelite picture of the court of Russia when autocracy was in its glory, and the fate, not only of Russia, but of Europe, depended on the vicissitudes in the counter-intrigues of *demoiselles d'honneur* and *valets-de-chambre*. The ludicrous trivialities of this bed-chamber warfare will recall to our minds in an exaggerated form the contests of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham in the reign of our own Queen Anne. But a somber background, which was happily wanting to the English figure-piece, is supplied in its Russian counterpart by the dungeons of Schlussemburg and Cronstadt and the dreary regions of Siberia. Between these fearful scenes of torture and the saloons of the imperial palaces there was a continual interchange of inhabitants during the reigns of the successors of Peter the Great; and it is the recollection that the names which con-

stantly meet our eyes in the pages of this memoir are so many of them those of the past or future subjects or agents of these startling metamorphoses, which lends a deeper though more painful interest to what otherwise might pass as the monotonous record of the most frivolous profligacy. As it is, however, the doom hangs suspended over the heads of the revelers; and it is with breathless interest that we watch the bearing of those on whose devoted heads we know that it is destined to fall.

The character of the woman who here undertakes to write the private history of her youth and early married life is such as in itself to command an attention of a peculiar and very absorbing kind. As "*Catherine the Great*" she has descended to our own times in the records of history with a very general acquiescence in the justice of the *intellectual* tribute implied in such an appellation. The verdict, however, which the same tradition has returned respecting the *moral* stamp of the Czarina has been very different, though nearly as unanimous. A reign which was inaugurated and consolidated by the violent death of her husband, and of which the most important event of European interest is the iniquitous partition of Poland, would seem to stand in need of more than a usual amount of ingenious criticism to rescue the sovereign with whose fame it is associated from a heavy moral condemnation. The autobiography before us will not supply the foundation for any such vindication; indeed, it scarcely affects to do so in the slightest degree, and herein lies its great historic value, and one strong internal testimony to its authenticity. The Czarina seems to take for granted the existence of a large amount of moral evil in herself as well as all around her; she only suggests, sometimes directly, but still more often indirectly, by the facts which she details, some explanation of the aggravated form which it subsequently assumed, and so far supplies the only palliation of which it is susceptible. No one can glance through this *memoir* without feeling that there is the stamp of truth on the revelations which it contains, and that here, if any where, we have the history of the deterioration of a nature but ill fitted originally, in a moral point of view, to encounter successfully the trials to which it was subjected. That the proud spirit of which she frequently speaks hides from

us in many cases half the agony, and much of the sense of self-humiliation, is tolerably certain; but the important fact is, that the index-hand of her feelings is never made to point in an opposite direction to the actual mental struggle, and that if the writer has little consciousness of the true dignity of virtue, she has honesty enough not to affect the possession of what she looks on as an impracticable fancy of philosophy. In her portraits of those who surrounded her in the intercourse of daily life, she displays no bitterness of spirit; and her womanly malice, which peeps forth here and there, is rather playful than spiteful. This may result in some measure from the *memoir* proceeding from the pen of one who, having been successful herself at a comparatively early epoch of her life, can afford to smile good-naturedly at the abortive attempts from which she escaped unscathed. It is not the first time that good-humor in a successful prince has served to varnish over with an affectation of deeper feelings an inherent selfishness of disposition.

The Empress Catherine II. commences her autobiography with the following words: "Fortune is not so blind as is imagined. She is frequently the consequence of well-chosen and well-ordered measures, not perceived by the public, which have been the forerunners of the event. She is, in a still more marked degree, dependent upon natural character and personal conduct. To render this more evident, I will put the following syllogism: Natural qualities and character shall be the *major*; personal conduct, the *minor*; good or ill fortune, the *conclusion*. Here are two striking instances of this:

PETER III.
CATHERINE II."

After this singular exordium, she proceeds forthwith to detail the pedigree of her husband, and to mention the earliest traits of his character which were brought to her personal notice. But the reader of the present day may find a somewhat more general sketch of the events immediately preceding this epoch a not uninteresting, if not absolutely essential, prelude to the scenes of which she supplies us with so curious and minute a description.

The history of Russia from the reign of Peter the Great to that of Catherine II. is one succession of revolutions. Peter

himself, after reigning for a short time jointly with his nearly imbecile elder brother Ivan V., under the regency of their ambitious sister Sophia, in the year 1689 overthrew this tutelage and consigned the regent to a convent, and seven years afterwards, on the death of Ivan, became sole autocrat of Russia. On his death, in 1725, his favorite Prince Mentschikoff, originally a pastry-cook boy of Moscow, raised to the throne the Empress Catherine I., the daughter of a Livonian peasant, the Prince's own former mistress, and the mistress and second wife of the deceased Czar. Catherine died in 1727; and then something more like a legitimate descent of the crown ensued in the person of Peter II., the grandson of the Czar Peter and son of the unfortunate Czarowitch Alexis. Peter II. only survived till the year 1730. Mentschikoff, who was all-powerful at the commencement of this reign, as throughout the preceding, had intended to marry the young monarch to his own daughter; but the rival influence of the Dolgorouky family, as their present representative records, broke off the projected match, and the favorite of three reigns, invested not long before with the title of generalissimo, was exiled to Siberia, where, Prince Dolgorouky assures us, "he died as a good Christian" in the year 1729. His son was recalled from exile in the succeeding year; and his grandson, the present Prince Alexander Mentschikoff, needs no introduction to the cotemporaries of the recent war with Russia. The young Peter II. died on the very day fixed for his marriage with one of the family of Dolgorouky, who now in their turn experienced the frowns of fortune. In conjunction with the family of Galitzyne and others, they waited on the Princess Anne, daughter of Peter the Great's elder brother Ivan and Duchess of Courland, and offered her the crown on condition of her signing an aristocratic constitution. The Princess accepted their terms; but on her arrival at St. Petersburg, threw herself into the arms of the anti-constitutional party headed by Ostermann and Soltikoff. This latter party prevailed in the struggle; and Prince Dolgorouky was exiled to Siberia, with all his family. After nine years of exile, he was brought back to Novgorod, and executed there, being quartered as a traitor. During the reign of Anne the empire was governed by her lover Biren, a man

of the lowest origin, whom she raised to the dignity of Duke of Courland. To this man is assigned the responsibility of the cruelties which disgraced the government of the Czarina; but one species of torture seems to have originated in the peculiar humor of Anne herself. Peter the Great had devised the singular punishment of ordering an offender of high rank to be considered and treated as a fool by every body at court. The Empress, if the Princess Daskaw is to be believed, outdid her predecessor in the grotesqueness of her conceit. Once she decreed that a certain prince should become a *hen*, to punish him for some trifling *mi-demeanor*; and, for this purpose, she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs inside, to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit upon this nest, and to render himself to the last degree ridiculous by imitating the cackling of a hen. This Empress died in 1740; and Biren then proclaimed as her successor an infant in the cradle, by the title of Ivan VI. This unfortunate child was the eldest son of another Anne, the daughter of Catharine, sister of the Empress Anne. This second Princess Anne was married to the Duke Antonio Ulric of Brunswick, a dull vegetating German. Biren Duke of Courland governed as regent till, in the autumn of the same year, a revolutionary movement, organized and headed by Marshal Munich, sent Biren into exile in Siberia, and raised the mother of the young Emperor Ivan to the regency. Little more than a twelvemonth elapsed when another revolution, set on foot for diplomatic purposes by the French ambassador De la Chétardie, and headed by the court surgeon Lestocq, placed on the throne Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter the Great. The regent Anne and her husband were sent into exile in a foreign country; where, with the younger members of their family, they ended their lives. The child Ivan was consigned to the fortress of Schlussemburg, where he remained immured a solitary state-prisoner until two years after the accession of the writer of the memoir before us, when he was secretly put to death, on the discovery of a plot to raise him again to the throne. Marshal Munich was sent to Siberia, and on his road encountered on the Volga the man whom he had himself exiled thither,

Biren Duke of Courland, now in his turn recalled to Russia, and, at the commencement of Catharine's narrative, living in privacy at St. Petersburg. Having thus unexpectedly attained to a throne, the Empress Elizabeth looked about for an heir, and fixed upon the prince afterwards known as Peter III. He was the son of a third Princess Anne, the elder sister of the new Empress. His father was Charles Frekerick Duke Holstein, nephew of Charles XII. of Sweden. The Duchess of Holstein died two months after the birth of her son, as her son's wife somewhat maliciously suggests, of chagrin at finding herself settled in the little town of Kiel, and having made so poor a match. The future Emperor, Peter III., was born in the same insignificant capital, on the fourth of March, 1728. A year afterwards, on the second of May, 1729, a princess was born in the town of Stettin, who was a scion of the insignificant house of Anhalt-Zerbst. This Princess was the future Empress of Russia, Catherine II., whose names, on her first baptism into the Protestant communion, were Sophia Augusta Frederika.

There was a relationship between the young Prince and Princess. The mother of Catherine was sister of the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck, Adolphus Frederick, afterwards King of Sweden, who was cousin to the Duke of Holstein, Peter's father. The Duke dying when his son had scarcely attained the age of eleven, left him to the guardianship of the Prince-Bishop. The latter therefore assembled all his family around him to welcome the new addition to their circle. This was in 1739; and among these family visitors came the bishop's mother and sister from Hamburg, bringing with them the little Catherine, then about ten years of age. This, she tells us, was the first time she saw her future husband. The little girl kept her eyes and ears open during the visit, and records a family conversation which she overheard respecting the character of the young Duke: that he was already rather given to tipping, and that his attendants had some trouble in keeping him from fuddling himself at the dinner-table—that he was stubborn and unruly, and had no love for those placed about his person, least of all for his superintendent Brummer, grand-marshal of his court; that, on the other hand, he was not deficient in liveliness—that his com-

plexion was ill-favored and sickly. Personal observation confirmed these reports; but, according to her account, the management of the young Prince was most injudicious. They professed to treat him as a man, and trammelled him with ceremonial forms until he took refuge in deceit. Each of his attendants sought to monopolize his favor, by speaking ill of the others; until the result was, that the Prince arrived at a very unfavorable, though very just, opinion respecting them all. He then sought for more congenial associates in those of a lower class, and expended his stock of friendship on his valets.

He had more than his fair share of religious affliction. He was brought up by strict Lutherans; and one of the most difficult of the tasks which his instructors had imposed upon them, was that of driving the unwilling Prince to church on the proper occasions, and forcing him through the routine of a ceremonial religion. From this Lutheran purgatory he emerged only to find himself a bad Christian in the ceremonial point of view itself; for he had scarcely become a very imperfect Protestant, when his aunt, the Empress Elizabeth, ordered him to be converted to the Greek Church, as an essential preliminary to his formal adoption as heir-presumptive of the crown of Russia. The young victim revenged himself in a characteristic manner; he took to arguing gravely every disputed point; and after having driven his instructors nearly to desperation by his new-born theological zeal, all at once quietly submitted to his fate, venting his dissatisfaction in frequent intimations of his preference of Sweden to Russia. He had a professor to teach him history and the mathematics; but he made buffoons of his teachers; and the only master who really made any way in his instruction was the *maitre-de-ballet*, who taught him to dance. These might be simply the natural escapades of an odd-tempered ill-managed boy; but his drinking habit was more serious, and probably led to that evident enfeeblement of intellect which reduced him to a condition little better than that of a simpleton. He began by drilling incessantly a couple of unfortunate servants. He was ever raising or degrading them in imaginary military ranks. He was even more a child when he attained the age of sixteen than at eleven. Through the whole period

over which the autobiography carries us, we have a repetition, with very few varieties, of the same childish amusements. He had an army of soldiers, made out of wood, lead, and various other substances. To these he played drill-sergeant regularly day and night, regulating their movements by pieces of string attached to them; and at this child's game he expected his wife, and her maids-of-honor and ladies-in-waiting, to be attentive observers and occasional participators. He was equally fond of dolls and puppet-shows, and made a sort of mystery of his games with the former. During the day-time they were concealed in and under the bed; after supper the Grand Duke betook himself to bed, and seated therein with his wife, the lady-in-waiting locked the door, and then all three devoted themselves to his playthings and dolls, sometimes until one or two o'clock in the morning. On one of these occasions the lady who acted as *gouvernante* of the Grand Duke's establishment gained some inkling of the nocturnal revel, and came herself and knocked at the door at about the midnight hour. Before the door could be opened, the bed and floor had to be cleared of playthings and dolls; and the irritated *gouvernante*, tired of waiting, threatened to complain to the Empress of these late hours. He took to playing on the violin and dancing with his servants, there being the slight drawback to the one performance, that his Imperial highness did not know a note of music. He amused himself once with cracking a large coachman's whip in his room, making his valets fly about in all directions to avoid being hit by it. At last he gave himself a severe lash on the face, and then ran in the utmost distress to his wife for advice on this disfigurement. She supplied him with a salve which hid the wound, and by an ingenious evasion covered his embarrassment when the *gouvernante's* husband asked him to wipe his face. Some of his fancies were more disagreeable. He hit upon the idea of setting up a kennel of dogs in his apartments; and expended a wonderful amount of perseverance in training them properly for the chase, scouring with them full cry, whip in hand, up and down the only two rooms which his wife and himself had at their disposal. He interspersed these mock hunts with performances on his violin; and then would betake himself to the

chastisement of his unlucky dogs, on whom he expended a large amount of brutality. On one occasion, Catherine, unable to bear the cries of the animals, opened the door of her bed-room, which led to the scene of these tortures, and found a poor little dog, which the grand duke was holding in the air by its neck, and a Calmuck boy by the tail, while the former was striking it with his whole force with his whip. Her interference only increased the violence of the blows; and she retreated to her chamber, unable, she assures us, to endure the sight. Such a feeling as she then manifested, invariably, she tells us, provoked his marked contempt. The stench from the kennel was nearly insupportable, as it was only just outside their bed-room. The royal palaces appear to have been greatly infested with rats and mice, not to speak of other vermin. Once Catherine was surprised at seeing a rat hanging up in her room. On inquiring, the Grand Duke explained that the rat had eaten up two of his composite sentinels while on guard on his toy ramparts; one of his dogs had caught the delinquent, and he was now undergoing the extreme rigor of martial law, and was to hang there three days in public to deter similar offenders. She burst out laughing at this explanation; which so offended her husband, that she was obliged to excuse herself on the plea of feminine ignorance of military usages. Add to these childish imbecilities in a grown-up and married man his daily drunkenness and other delinquencies, to which we shall presently allude, and some idea will be gathered of the sort of husband whom the Empress Elizabeth had provided for the young Princess of Anhalt.

How the match was first projected and arranged does not appear; for Catherine's narrative carries us at once to the month of February, 1744, when accompanied by her mother, she arrived at the Court of Russia as the affianced of this delightful Prince. She had not quite completed her fifteenth year when she was thus carried into a strange country, at the mercy of court intrigue, and bound up to a companion whom at the best she could but pity and despise. In such a position, the person to whom the young stranger would naturally look for protection and advice would be the Empress herself. What, then was her hope from that quarter?

The character of the Czarina Elizabeth,

as set forth in the disconnected details and occasional hints scattered through the auto-biography, is not an unkindly portraiture. Taking into consideration how much more might with justice have been said, it is evident that Catherine has placed a considerable restraint upon her satirical vein in speaking of her imperial predecessor. Possibly this leniency may have arisen in part from the recollection of some kindnesses received from the Empress; but much more probably it springs from the wise reluctance of the Czarina Catherine to paint in too glaring colors those vices and foibles of the Czarina Elizabeth of which she was conscious of being herself equally guilty. It will have struck any English reader of Russian history as a remarkable circumstance that so many female sovereigns should have ascended the throne during so short a period, and that on the whole their reigns should be more cherished in the memories of Russians than those of the sovereigns of the other sex. A rather droll observation in the introduction supplied by the translator of Prince Dolgorouky's little work on the Russian nobility, may perhaps throw some light on this. Speaking of the ascendancy of the German element during some of these reigns, he remarks, that "it was easier for the gallant Russian noblemen during the reigns of women to beat the Germans, not very acceptable in love-matters." Without venturing to indorse the last part of this sentence, we may be disposed to admit that there is much truth in the former portion; and that the extent to which Russia was governed by the Russians, and in accordance with Russian sympathies, was regulated very much by the predominance or the reverse of Russian favorites at the courts of the Czarinas. The Czars had recourse to German secretaries of state, who led their sympathies into German channels; the Czarinas chose lovers out of their Russian subjects of all ranks, and often committed to them the guidance of the state. The predecessors of Elizabeth had all boasted of one or more such favorites; but this Empress carried the thing to an extent hitherto unequalled. Historians tell us that before her accession she led a life of gross sensuality, and that she was only roused to the exertion which placed her on the throne by the report that it was the intention of the regent Anne to make her an ascetic *malgré lui* by immuring her

in a convent. On ascending the throne, she established her favoritism on a regular system. There was the reigning favorite, who was a sort of premier of a staff of lovers as well as of ministers; and there would often be a sort of leader of the opposition favorites, who might hope in time to supersede wholly his rival in love and power. Each of these continually enlisted in his service fresh recruits, who under and for his interest gained in succession a share in the Czarina's favor, and employed their influence to counter-mine the other party. The ministers of state and expectant statesman found it necessary to ally themselves to one or other of these favorites, and the foreign ambassadors followed their example. There would be the favorite who adhered to the Austrian or French, and the favorite who countenanced the Prussian or English alliance. Favorites, ministers, sub-favorites, ambassadors, court-ladies, and *valets-de-chambre* intrigued together and cabaled against each other; and the Empress, the center and object of all their machinations and assiduties, swayed hither and thither according to the predominant personal fancy of the hour, retaining certain general likes and dislikes of her own, but as often as not suffering them to lie in abeyance in condescension to the wishes of a reigning favorite.

That Elizabeth was a rather weak woman, will be apparent enough from this; we can not, however, go so far as a statesman of the time, when he assured Catherine in a moment of confidence that the Empress was no better than a fool. That she was a selfish woman we should have expected from her sensual tendencies; and Catherine gives us incidentally many proofs of this being the case. When in a good temper, she was gracious and even energetically kind; when in a bad one, she was preëminently capricious and absurd. But her good-nature was apt to be wanting when most needed, and thoughtfulness and consideration for others in emergencies were never allowed for a moment to stand in the way of the selfish object of the hour. She attended carefully to the ceremonial part of religion, and took especial care that others should do so too; but practical religion was as strange to her as would have been the suggestions of pity and humanity in the cases of those whom she consigned to dungeons of Siberia. Yet she liked the

affectation of being a humane monarch, and prided herself on never having put any one to death for political offenses, though she afforded very many every opportunity of dying. She tolerated her nephew Peter—though she detested Holstein, and had a deep contempt for his intellect, and disgust for his idiotic drunkenness—being perhaps not unwilling to have the contrast of his greater moral degradation constantly before the eyes of her subjects, as an incentive to increased aspirations for the continuance of her own reign. Towards Catherine she was less favorably disposed. She had woman's wit enough to discover at an early period the superior talents and enterprising character of her new niece, however carefully and adroitly the latter sought to hide them under the affectation of being a gentle timid girl. She saw plainly enough who would be the real ruler of Russia if Catherine was the wife of her nephew when he ascended the throne; she was perhaps not sorry that she had such an adviser to look to for the future; but she was profoundly jealous of this influence and these talents being exerted during her own reign. She was conscious of Catherine's attractions of person and manners, as well as of her mental qualities, and had all a woman's jealousy of their effect on the hearts of her faithful Russian subjects. She was well enough content that Catherine should be what she was; but she did not wish the fame of her superiority to become widely spread. She therefore frequently treated her with marked contempt, and made it the fashion at court to do so. She said spiteful things to and of her, backed her husband against her, notwithstanding his transparent follies; and although she relented at times, and let her real sentiments towards Catherine be perceived, she shut her out from her confidence, kept her a sort of state prisoner, drove from her all for whom she exhibited any preference, and contrived on the whole to render young her niece's life a very miserable as well as a very dull one.

Nor was Catherine more fortunate in her other natural adviser—her own mother. She was a most absurd person, full of pretension, delighting in intrigue, political and private; greedy to such an extent that she actually pillaged her own daughter's wedding wardrobe; not utterly bad-hearted, but intensely selfish, and of a very indifferent temper. She

had a set of fixed notions—somewhat of the Mrs. Nickleby order—which nothing could displace. A brother of hers had died in Russia, and her firm impression and paramount grievance was that he had been killed by the Russian doctors bleeding him for the small-pox. Her objection to bleeding had some countenance in the prevalence of the practice in Russia at this period, of which the auto-biography gives frequent illustrations. But the absurd inference which she drew from the supposed murder of her brother was, that every case of illness was an incipient small-pox, and that the drawing of blood would consequently lead to similar fatal results. It is a pleasant sequel to this fancy of the lady, that before she left Russia she took it into her head to be bled herself; for what cause was matter of vain surmise to her daughter, whom she accused of indifference to her condition. Before her departure she contrived to injure Catherine's prospects as much as was possible by her insolence, her intrigues, and her blunders. She offended the elderly dignitaries of the Grand Duke's household by a piece of thoughtless selfishness. On one of their journeys, being tired of riding in a carriage alone with her daughter, she consulted with some young courtiers in attendance, and they fitted up one of the carriages in which the beds were transported so as to make a *char-à-banc* for eight. Into this Catherine, her mother, and the young men of their party only were admitted; and thus they performed the rest of the journey, laughing and talking together, to the great displeasure of the elderly Grand Marshal Brummer, Grand Chamberlain Berkholtz, and Countess Roumianzoff, who followed behind in stiff gloom in another carriage. She was at first on very gracious terms with her intended son-in-law; but soon there came a rupture and a singular scene between two very foolish people. One day, Catherine tells us, when "the Grand Duke had entered my mother's and my chamber, while the former was writing and had her cash-box open by the side of her, he was curious to examine it. My mother told him not to touch it, and so he went skipping through the room to the other side; but in skipping hither and thither to make me laugh, he caught the lid of the cash-box and upset it. Then my mother flew into a passion, and there were violent words between them. My

mother accused him of having purposely upset her cash-box, and he exclaimed against the injustice of her accusation; both of them addressing themselves to me, and appealing to my testimony. As for me, knowing my mother's temper, I feared being cuffed if I did not side with her; and not wishing either to tell a lie or disoblige the Grand Duke, I found myself between two fires. Still, I said to my mother that it appeared to me there was no deliberate intention on the part of the Grand Duke, but that in skipping his dress had caught the lid of the cash-box, which was placed on a little stool. Thereupon my mother took me to task; for when she was in a passion she must quarrel with some one. I held my tongue, and began to cry. The Grand Duke, seeing that all the anger of my mother fell upon me because I had borne witness in his favor, and that I was in tears, accused my mother of injustice, *et traita sa colère de furie*; on which she told him that he was a very ill-bred little boy. Indeed, it would have been difficult to push the quarrel further without their coming to actual blows. From this time the Grand Duke took a dislike to my mother, and never forgot this quarrel; and my mother also on her side retained a grudge to him." And then our auto-biographer proceeds to explain to us how troublesome this smouldering warfare came to her in her position relatively to the two. With the Empress, Catherine's mother got on still worse; for besides the selfishness which marked her treatment of her daughter, and to which the Czarina had the ordinary keen sensitiveness of one who sees her own foibles travestied by another, there was the forbidden ground of Russian politics, on which the sister of the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck was fond of trespassing. Some of her intrigues coming to the ears of the Czarina, the little household was startled by an imperial visit. One day after dinner, the Grand Duke being with Catherine and her mother in their apartment, the Empress entered suddenly, and told the elder lady to follow her into another room. Lestocq, the former court-surgeon, whose services in forwarding her elevation to the crown had procured him one of the posts of favorite and the title of Count, followed the Empress. The Grand Duke and Catherine—this was before their marriage—seated themselves in a window to await the result. The conversation lasted for

some time; and they saw Lestocq leave the place. They were laughing together at the time; and on his perceiving this, he approached the window and said: "This great merriment will be put an end to presently." Then, turning to Catherine, he added: "Pack up your things; you are to be sent off at once, back to your own home." The Grand Duke wanted to know the reason; he replied, "That you will learn afterwards," and departed on his mission. The young people were left to their own conjectures on the subject. He talked it over, she thought it over. "If your mother is in fault," said he, "you are not so." "My duty," replied the young lady impressively, "is to follow my mother, and to do what she shall bid me." She saw plainly, she informs us, that her departure would grieve him little. "For my part," continues the Grand Duchess expectant, "after what I knew of him, he was a matter of tolerable indifference to me; but not so the crown of Russia!" At length the door opened, and the Empress reëntered, very red in the face, and looking much irritated: the lady-mother followed her, with eyes red and wet with crying. Peter and Catherine hastened to descend from the window, where, as she expresses it, they had been "perched;" but this having to be effected from a considerable height, the empress's ill-temper evaporated at the sight, and smiling, she embraced them both and departed. And thus happily ended what at first looked so ominous.

The marriage of Catherine did not take place till a year and a half from the time of her arrival in Russia; and during this interval she herself had an attack of pleurisy, which her mother insisted was the small-pox, and obstinately prohibited bleeding until the Czarina herself arrived, and sitting down on the bed, had the operation performed. When Catherine returned to consciousness, she found herself supported in the arms of the Empress, who during this illness exhibited much kindness and feeling; probably through antagonism to Catherine's mother, who was so callous and wrong-headed as to seize this occasion to appropriate a piece of blue-and-silver stuff given to her daughter by her uncle. Catherine naturally set great store on it; and though she dutifully gave it up, the court-ladies were scandalized at the conduct of her mother, and the Empress sought to comfort her

by a present of *several* pieces of gorgeous stuff, one of them blue-and-silver. The young Princess, however, made political capital out of her illness; for lying still with her eyes closed, the court-ladies thought her asleep, and conversed so freely together, that she was made acquainted with a considerable amount of useful information respecting the court. She gained credit also by another piece of adroitness. When the complaint was at its height, her mother, with her usual stupidity, wished to send for a Lutheran confessor; but the cunning little girl begged to have the Greek priest to whom her conversion had been assigned. "This," she remarks, "raised me in the opinion of the Empress and all the court." The Grand Duke in his turn also sickened with the small-pox; and when he reappeared on the scene, was pronounced by Catherine, *to herself*, to be perfectly hideous. She made, however, a pleasant little speech to him on the occasion, and quite made up her mind to marry him for the ulterior prospects. Her mother availed herself of this politic resignation to assure the Empress that her daughter had no personal repugnance to the Grand Duke. So the marriage took place, and the mother of Catherine departed homewards.

The young Grand Duchess had now fairly entered on her new life, and a few additional details will show us what it was. We have seen what the Empress was; all we need add is, that she treated the heir to the throne and his wife as state prisoners, never letting them, if possible, know any thing of what was going on around them. Events of importance which took place in some other part of their own palace they only learnt by accident. Every one placed in attendance on them was expected to play the spy; and they lived in perpetual dread of some innocent word or action being misinterpreted or misreported to the Czarina. The Grand Duke passed his time among his dolls, wooden soldiers, and drinking companions. His old superintendents had departed on his marriage, Brummer endeavoring before leaving to enlist Catherine in the forlorn work of reforming her husband. This she peremptorily declined, saying she should only make him dislike her. His new attendants had fewer scruples than Brummer, and abetted every vice which did not expose themselves to the Czarina's displeasure. Peter began

his acquaintance with Catherine, on her arrival in Russia, by sedulously calling her "cousin," and enlarging on the advantage which such a relationship gave him in unbosoming himself to her. The first fact of which he made her the confidant was, that he had been in love with a maid-of-honor, who had been removed from court to attend her mother in her exile to Siberia. He would have preferred marrying this young lady; but was now content to put up with Catherine herself, since his aunt wished it. The ardor of his attentions to his *fiancée* soon cooled, and directly after the marriage he did not conceal his entire indifference to her. This was trying enough to her *amour-propre*, as she says she was good-looking enough, and engaged the affections of every one else. He rendered this distaste more unbearable by giving it the form of a constant succession of fits of passionate devotion to each of her ladies-in-waiting in turn. However plain, awkward, or unprepossessing they might be, they were ostentatiously preferred to his wife, till tears of vexation forced themselves involuntarily into her eyes. Though his brief affection had long vanished, his confidences to Catherine continued, and shaping themselves according to each new fancy, became almost maddening to a woman of her proud spirit. If at night she pretended to be asleep to avoid appearing in the degrading position of a conscious listener to his panegyrics of the latest object of his passion, he struck her violently with his fist to awake her. Still, however much he ill-treated her, he flew to her in every emergency; *Madame la Ressource* he styled her, from her ingenuity in advising him how to get out of his scrapes. He would come scampering to her room, pour forth his woes, listen to her advice, and immediately it was given, scamper off again as fast as he came. During the greater part of their interviews he was in an earlier or later stage of drunkenness, and would babble forth the most preposterous nonsense. He was not at first a liar, his wife intimates, but became so by degrees. One fiction in which he delighted was an imaginary campaign undertaken by him in his father's lifetime, at the head of an army, to chastise some "Bohemians." He would dilate on his achievements in this campaign, first of all to those who were unacquainted with the chronology of his early life; then he ven-

tured on the story in Catherine's presence, who reminded him in her quiet satirical vein that he was only eleven years old when his father died, and that such a proceeding on the part of the late Duke was as absurd as inconceivable. He flew into a passion, accused her of making him appear a liar in the eyes of the whole court, and at length grew so audacious as frequently to repeat the story in her presence. We find that this was a favorite *gasconade* on the part of Peter through his whole life. The Princess Daskaw tells us that he repeated it one day, soon after his accession to the throne, to the Austrian ambassador. The latter was utterly bewildered, not knowing in the first place whether the Czar meant by "Bohemians" gipsies or the subjects of his own mistress.

Condemned to pass her days with such a husband, the Grand Duchess took counsel with herself, and in two or three passages has recorded the results of these communings. "I said to myself," she writes, "that with such a man as this, I could not fail to be very unhappy, if I gave way to feelings of tenderness towards him to be so ill repaid; and that I should only die of jealousy, without any one being the better for it. I strove, then, to subdue my *amour-propre* so as not to be jealous of a man who loved me not; but to effect this, the only way was not to love him at all. If he had desired my love, the thing would not have been difficult for him to attain. I was naturally disposed and accustomed to fulfill my duty: but for this to be possible, my husband must at least have common-sense; and this he had not." Elsewhere she tells us that she resolved to be very careful about the confidential disclosures which from time to time the Grand Duke, who could not live without a confidant, poured into her ears. Some of these were worth listening to for the political hints which they conveyed to an intelligent mind such as hers, however little the Grand Duke himself saw in them. To foster in him this habit with respect to weightier matters, she sought to impress on his mind the idea that she was one on whom he could implicitly rely, and to whom he could tell every thing without fear of any ill consequences to himself from her want of discretion. "In this," she continues, "I was for some time successful; *au reste*, I behaved as amiably as

I could to every body, and made a study of gaining friends, or at least disarming unfriendliness in those whom I could in the least suspect of being ill-disposed towards me. I displayed no preference for any party, mixed myself up in nothing, had always a tranquil demeanor, and much courteous attention and politeness for every one; and as I was naturally very lively, I saw with pleasure that I gained daily in the affection of the public, who looked upon me as an interesting child, and one not deficient in understanding. I exhibited an unlimited obedience to the Empress, the most profound respect to the Grand Duke; and I studied most earnestly to gain the affection of the public."

The neglect of her husband had perhaps, in one respect, a fortunate effect on the future prosperity of Russia under her government. She was, as she frankly admits in many passages, naturally disposed to pleasure and trifling amusements; indeed, there seems to have been a strong vein of French frivolity and heartlessness in her from the beginning. But these tendencies were curbed and moderated by the lack of opportunities of indulging them. Left to herself, and as much as possible deprived of congenial associates, she betook herself to books, and cultivated with great ardor that stronger and more intellectual side of her character, which had already, while she was at Hamburg, induced the Swedish Count, Gyllenburg, to say that she had a philosophical turn of mind. When the Count came on a mission to Russia, soon after Catherine's own arrival, he asked her on his first visit: "How went on her philosophy in this vortex in which she lived?" She replied by giving him an account of her studies. A philosopher of fifteen, he observed, had one study yet before her—the knowledge of herself; he pointed out how necessary this was in the trying circumstances in which she was placed, and recommended to her, as a course of reading, Plutarch's lives, the life of Cicero, and Montesquieu's work on the causes of the greatness and fall of the Roman republic. She immediately set about procuring these books, (though she had some difficulty in so doing at St. Petersburg;) and as a proof to the Count that she had already made some progress in self-knowledge, she drew up her own character, and presented it to him for perusal: she entitled it, "Portrait

of the Philosopher of Fifteen." He read it, and returned it again to her in a few days with some remarks and advice of his own appended. Some years afterwards she accidentally came across this manuscript portrait, and was astonished to find how keen an insight into herself on her part it displayed. After her marriage, for some time she did nothing but read. She began with a romance entitled *Tiran le blanc*, and for a whole year she read only romances. When thoroughly tired of them, she stumbled by chance on the letters of Madame de Sévigné, which she devoured. Then she took to the works of Voltaire, and thenceforward was more select in her reading. At a somewhat later period we find her reading through, in the desperation of *ennui*, a history of Germany, by Father Barre, Canon of St. Geneviève, in nine quarto volumes. She took a week to each volume, and then settled down into the works of Plato! Besides this somewhat ponderous course of study, she did not fail to take great pains to master the Russian language: this was not merely a most useful present acquisition, but a strong bond of sympathy for the future with the Russian public. She greatly delighted in horse-exercise, and soon became a most accomplished horsewoman. There was a difference between her and the Empress arising out of this; for she liked to ride in man's fashion, which the Empress discouraged: so the Grand Duchess hit on a mechanical contrivance by which she could shift the pommel, and so follow her own fancy when once out of the Czarina's sight.

Catherine had ere long opportunities of showing how her mind had profited by the lessons of Count Gyllenburg and her own studies. Although the Grand Duke was, with reference to the affairs of Russia, sedulously kept in the dark, he had official duties of his own to perform which caused him no little embarrassment. As Duke of Holstein, the administration of that principality passed nominally into his hands on attaining his majority. He had resident in Russia a secretary of state, who transacted with him the formal part of the ducal functions. Peter was devotedly attached to Holstein and all Holsteiners, and surrounded himself with them as much as the Empress would permit. But he was not equally fond of the amount of business and occasional reflection which his being the ruler of this be-

loved Holstein entailed upon him. He would wake up his wife with glee, and make her partake of a fresh arrival of Holstein oysters; but arrivals of business from that country interfered sorely with his daily course of life. He was always getting into debt; spending his money, however, on his own gratifications, or losing it at gambling. His duchy was reported to be in much the same state of financial embarrassment; and the court of Denmark endeavored to exaggerate these deficiencies in the eyes of the Grand Duke, so as to induce him to barter Holstein for Oldenburg. It is characteristic of Peter, that notwithstanding his undoubted affection for the former country, he lent a rather favorable ear to this proposition, prompted by his desire of getting rid of an immediate difficulty. One of the most powerful statesmen at the Russian court favored the project; and it appeared not unlikely to be carried out, when *Madame la Ressource*, on the application of her husband, applied her clearer brains to the matter, and pointed out to the Grand Duke the doubts which existed respecting the extent of the financial difficulties of Holstein, and the odium which his abandonment of his native principality would bring upon him. Peter bethought himself of consulting the Count de Bernis, the Austrian Ambassador, a man whose talents and character had inspired him as well as Catherine with respect and admiration. He then begged his wife to talk over the matter with the Count herself. This she did; and after listening to her arguments, the Count replied: "As Ambassador I have no instructions on this point; but as Count de Bernis I think that you are right." He also told the Grand Duke apart that all that he could say to him on the matter was, that his wife was right, and that he would do well to listen to her. This settled the business. In another instance in which she was consulted respecting the affairs of Holstein, Catherine's advice met with less acceptance, the Grand Duke suffering himself to be persuaded by a certain unworthy Holstein favorite of the name of Brockdorf to send orders into his principality to arrest and throw into a prison a leading statesman, on the chance of persons being then found willing to come forward to accuse him of peculation. Catherine, however, found herself thrust into a still more responsible position with respect to her husband's

duchy. One day he came scampering into her room, followed by his Holstein secretary; the latter holding a piece of paper in his hand. Peter complained loudly to his wife that he had taken too much wine the night before, and had not recovered from its effects, and that he was compelled to take refuge with her from the persecutions of his minister. The latter earnestly explained that all he wanted was his highness's attention for a minute, and his answer, one way or the other, to the questions arising on this paper. Catherine interposed, and begged the secretary to read the paper, which he did; and as the questions arose, she quietly said, "Yes," or "No;" and so the whole was finished in a minute or two, to the great delight of the secretary, who held up this example to the Grand Duke. Peter was enchanted at having the trouble of making up his mind taken off his hands; and ordered the secretary in future to bring all such papers to his wife, and act on her decision. This went on till, finding Brockdorf's counsels still paramount, the Grand Duchess bethought her of appealing privately to the Empress against this pernicious influence. The Czarina listened to her detailed account of the affairs of Holstein, and then observed dryly: "You appear to be very well acquainted with that country." Catherine explained her husband's orders to her; but it was evident that Elizabeth mistrusted her growing influence, and that hostile tongues had been busy against her. Another confidence of her husband related to a project on the part of an officer of desperate character, to which Peter had been persuaded to listen, for making away with the Empress Elizabeth, and raising him to the throne at once. The plot being partially discovered, Peter remained in an agony of apprehension for some days, lest he should be incriminated in the confessions of the arrested; but these proving faithful, his joy was proportionally excessive.

Catherine herself, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the Empress to keep her in the background, had her share in the political intrigues of the court. When she came to Russia there were two political parties. One was headed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Vice Chancellor, Count Bestonjeff Rumine, who was for an alliance with the courts of Vienna, Saxony, and England. Opposed to him

was a party headed by the French Ambassador, the Marquis de la Châtardie, to which Lestocq gave his support. This faction backed the views of France, Sweden, and Prussia, and counted among its most powerful members Count Michael Woronzoff, afterwards Chancellor of the empire. He was married to a niece of the Empress Catherine I., an attendant of the Empress Elizabeth, and like her a woman of indifferent morals. The reigning favorite was the Grand Huntsman, Count Alexis Razoumovsky, originally a chorister in the court-chapel. The Empress, before her accession to the throne, took a fancy to him, and, as Prince Dolgorouky affirms, after she became Empress, married him privately in the church of a village called Perovo, near Moscow. He had several children by Elizabeth, all of whom died in childhood except a daughter, whom, in the reign of Catherine II., Alexis Orloff decoyed from her residence in Italy, and delivered into the hands of his royal mistress, who committed her to close imprisonment. At this time Catherine was favorably disposed to the Razoumovskys, the brother of the Count making silent love to her, and both brothers being, she assures us, very generally popular. We have a glimpse of the Grand Huntsman, in a brocaded dressing-gown, seated at table with the Empress and a select party of intimates in her private room. For this we are indebted to the curious ingenuity of the Grand Duke Peter, who bored several holes in the wall between this room and his own, and invited his wife and all the ladies of the household to view the party of exclusives. Catherine discreetly refused to avail herself of the offer, and thus escaped part of the storm which fell on their heads a few days afterwards, when the Czarina discovered her nephew's impertinence.

Besides the Grand Huntsman, there was the rising influence of the Schouvaloff family, three of whom rose to the post of favorite. Counts Alexander and Peter are represented by Prince Dolgorouky as cruel and avaricious men; but he says that Count Peter was a most able war-minister; he was also a correspondent of Voltaire, and persuaded him to write his life of Peter the Great, for which the Empress Elizabeth, through this medium, furnished many of the materials. The cousin of the Counts Schouvaloff, Ivan Ivanovitch Schouvaloff, who refused a title,

rose into favor a few years later. Catherine rejoiced in his rise, for she had seen him constantly with a book in his hand; and he ultimately became "the chief protector of the Russian literature, and one of the most witty and well-instructed men of his time." In the latter part of her autobiography we find all the Schouvaloffs bitterly hostile to Catherine; but at first her chief political enemy was the Count Bestoujeff. Catherine gives no very amiable character of him; but admits he was a man of great ability, and really patriotic in his feelings. Her marriage had been the work of his enemies, and the Grand Duchess was thus thrown into their ranks. After a time, however, things shifted, and friendly relations were established between her and the Count; until at last there ensued a secret correspondence between them on state affairs and the future of Russia, which caused much anxiety to Catherine when Bestoujeff succumbed to the influence of his adversaries, and was arrested and thrown into prison. He fell before a diplomatic cabal, set on foot because he would not allow Russia to become a principal in the war against Prussia. Then it was she burnt all her papers, and among them the "Portrait of the Philosopher of Fifteen." Another powerful favorite had fallen before Bestoujeff's overthrow. "One evening," writes the Grand Duchess, "when we were at the gaming-table in the Empress's apartment, I saw Count Lestocq. I approached to speak to him, when he said to me in an under-tone: 'Don't come near me, I am a suspected man.' I thought he was joking, and asked what he meant by that. He replied: 'I tell you again, with all seriousness, not to come near me: for I am a suspected man, who must be avoided.'" This was on a Friday; on Sunday Catherine learnt that the Count and his wife had been arrested and carried to a fortress as prisoners of state. Lestocq was accused of having received a bribe of 1000 roubles from the King of Prussia, and of having poisoned an accomplice who might have betrayed him. He tried to destroy himself by abstinence from food, but was compelled by force to eat. After being put to the torture, he was banished to Siberia. Such was the fate of the man to whom Elizabeth owed her throne; and the appalling suddenness of the catastrophe may well serve as an example of the vicissitudes to which those

who depended on the favor of a despotic sovereign were exposed.

Standing on so slippery an eminence, it is not to be imagined that Catherine felt very secure, or easy in her mind as to the possible conduct of the Empress towards her. We have spoken of Elizabeth's caprices with her niece. These took at first the form of lectures to her against getting into debt. She herself, she said, had never got into debt when she was a princess, in the time of the Empress Anne. Catherine was not naturally economical, and had many claims on her generosity. Her husband was always wanting presents, and never giving any in return; the lady-superintendents of her wardrobe were also extravagant; so that the Grand Duchess had more than once to undergo this biting reference to the days of the Empress Anne. This, indeed, was the Czarina's favorite theme, and every reprimand for impropriety of conduct or speech always wound up with the assurance that she (the Czarina) never would have presumed to do or say such and such a thing in the days of the Empress Anne. Sometimes this formula came in very drolly. Thus, in one of her hunts, there were no hares to be found. In a passion, she sent for the unfortunate man who was lord of the district, and loaded him with abuse. He stood before her pale and trembling. The Grand Duke and Duchess approached to kiss her hand; she embraced them, and then went on with her tirade. When she was angry, no one was safe from her remarks. Her flow of words was astonishing. Among other things, she said she was perfectly well acquainted with the management of land—the reign of the Empress Anne had taught her that; that, having but little, she had been careful in her expenditure; that if she had made debts, she would have been in fear of being damned; that if she had died then in debt, no one would have discharged it, and her soul would have gone to hell, which she by no means desired; that to avoid this, in-doors, and when she was not compelled to do otherwise, she had worn very plain dresses—which she proceeded to describe—and that she took care not to put on expensive dresses when in the country or on a journey. This was a reflection on Catherine, who had on a dress of lilac and silver. She discoursed on in this manner, no one else saying a word, for some three quarters of an hour.

Then luckily a court-fool came in and put a stop to it. He brought her a little porcupine, and presented it in his hat. She approached him to look at it; but as soon as she saw it, she uttered a piercing cry, said it resembled a mouse, and ran away as fast as her legs could carry her, "for she was mortally afraid of mice." They saw her no more that day, and she dined by herself.

There was a magic spell, however, which Catherine learnt from a court-lady, that never failed to appease any outbreak of temper on the part of the Czarina against herself. She had only to say in Russia, "I beg your pardon, madame," and the storm ceased.

We regret that our space does not allow us to do justice to the curious portraits which the Grand Duchess draws of the successive ladies of the bedchamber in waiting, at the mercy of whose good or ill offices she was to a great degree placed. The description of the doings and misdoings of Monsieur and Madame Tchoglodoff, their conjugal jealousies and infidelities, crass but generally harmless stupidity, insolence, and final docility, is worthy of the pen of Dickens, and would be as ludicrous as any thing in his works, if there were not a tragic as well as comic side to the picture. For it was under the reign of Madame Tchoglodoff, and with the encouragement of her express order on the part of the Empress, that Catherine first proved faithless to her duty as a wife. The story of her fall is told by herself in simple and undisguised language; and no one who reads her account of the conduct of her husband, and of the gross laxity of morals in this respect among all around her, will be surprised that with her natural temperament, she should have succumbed to the tempter. Her seducer, she tells us, was Sergius Soltikoff, a younger son of one of the highest families in Russia, which had been connected by marriage with the imperial family itself. Of Sergius, the Grand Duchess says that he was *beau comme le jour*; that he had no lack either of understanding, or of that *savoir-faire*, ease of manners, and versatility which a life at court brings with it. He was twenty-six years of age, and the most *distingué* cavalier in the grand-ducal and imperial courts. He knew how to put a veil over his defects, the greatest of which, she tells us, were "a spirit of intrigue and a want of principle." Elsewhere she calls

him *un démon en fait d'intrigue*. This man disclosed his passion during a concert. Catherine bade him think of his own wife, to whom he was supposed to be devotedly attached. He replied, that all was not gold that glittered, and that he paid dearly for a moment of blindness. "I did all in my power," she continues, "to make him give up his idea—I really thought to succeed in doing so. I felt wretched. Unhappily I listened to him." "In all this," she adds with bitter sarcasm, "*il n'était pas question du cher mari*, for it was a well-known and received fact that he was not one to be loved, even by those who were the objects of his attentions; these were incessant, and it might be said that he made love to every woman. It was only she who in name was his that was excepted from his devotion." Though, however, no compunction on the score of her husband held her back, her own pride gave her much uneasiness. "I was very discontented with myself," she writes. "I had thought I could govern and regulate both his (Soltikoff's) head and mine; and I found that both tasks were difficult, not to say hopeless." The Grand Duke soon surmised the truth; but though he threw out hints from time to time which some what disturbed Catherine and her lover, he cared too little about the matter to exert himself further. Possibly he guessed, what Catherine now discloses, that the Empress herself had taken more than a passive part in promoting such a catastrophe; though the direct intimation of her wishes happened to arrive a little later than the time when they had been already accomplished. Through Madame Tchoglodoff she expressed her displeasure at the Grand Duchess not having become a mother, and bade her choose between Soltikoff and another young courtier who was his bosom-friend, Léon Narichkine. No open confidences passed between the imperial personages on the subject, but it was soon tacitly understood that the Grand Duchess had made her choice. The birth of a son, of whom the Grand Duke was nominally the father, exactly met the views of the Czarina. The narrative before us, however, leaves no doubt that the real father of the Emperor Paul, and the ancestor of the present royal family of Russia, was the young nobleman Sergius Soltikoff. Beyond the original stain of illegitimacy, there is little for the so-called Romanoffs to regret in this affiliation. If they can

no longer contend against the doubts which have always surrounded their descent from Peter the Great, they can now derive their lineage from a purely Russian source of respectable antiquity on one side, and on the other they may hope to inherit some of the talents, while they avoid the vices, of her who was one of the ablest sovereigns that ever wielded a European scepter.

The birth of Paul was accompanied by a display of heartless selfishness in the highest quarter, which goes far in palliating the conduct of the Grand Duchess. No sooner was the child born than the Empress hurried away with it into her own apartment, followed by all whose services were most needed by the mother. Elizabeth detained them in attendance, she herself absorbed in attention to the new-born heir to the crown; while for three hours Catherine was left helpless and unassisted, in a thorough draught, and burning with a feverish thirst. How she ever survived this desertion is, as one of the court-ladies considered it, marvelous. This neglect was repeated during all the time of her recovery, and subsequently on a similar occasion; while of her child she obtained only a momentary glance now and then, the Empress always hurrying him away again to her room, where he was nearly suffocated in wrappings, to the serious detriment of his health. After her convalescence, Catherine seems to have become reckless under this treatment. She felt she was nobody, and that the Czarina cared little whether she lived or died, now that the line of succession had been secured. When her own father died, she had been reproved by the Empress for indulging in too prolonged a grief for his loss, as he was not a sovereign prince of Europe. On another occasion, Elizabeth had allowed her to remain shivering by her side in the cathedral, while she sent for a box of wrappings, selected one for herself, and sent back the rest, having in a marked manner shown her consciousness of Catherine's sufferings. An occasional embrace, and a flood of sensibility, as brief in duration as rare in occurrence, were poor compensation for such an habitually selfish treatment. The interest of a mother in her child, which might have interposed to check her downward career, was altogether denied to her. He was made from the first the child of the state, and of the Empress alone as its head.

As Catherine herself wrote to the Czarina at a later period, it mattered little to her whether she were thousands of miles away from her son, as she never saw him. So she plunged into frivolous profligacy; had her secret parties and her new lovers; defied the Grand Duke; drove the Count Alexander Schouvaloff and his wife, who had been appointed to succeed Monsieur and Madame Tchoglodoff on the death of the former, nearly to their wits' end by the malicious witticisms and scornful epithets which she herself, and her *coterie*, under her guidance, showered on their devoted heads. The Count had a trick of blinking with one side of his face when any thing posed or annoyed him, and this Catherine mimicked to the great delight of her partisans. Léon Narichkine, himself a clever mimic, and a man of considerable powers of wit, who degraded himself to be the buffoon of the court the better to cover his designs, followed Soltikoff as Catherine's lover; and his ascendancy sufficiently marks the downward tendency of her character at this period. Soltikoff, after a short time, had proved ungrateful and indifferent; the report of his boasting at foreign courts of her favor fully dispelled the illusion in his case. Narichkine proved equally faithless and insolent; but she now no longer wept over such conduct. Finding him one day impertinently stretched on a couch in her room, chanting forth a low song at the top of his voice, regardless of compromising her beyond tolerance, she ran to one of her most trusted attendants, procured some nettles, and, armed with these, they both assailed the recumbent lover, and inflicted so severe a punishment upon him, that he was unable to appear in public for some days, and ever afterwards kept his insolence more within bounds. Her next choice, Count Stanislaus Poniatovsky, was a more worthy and more lasting attachment. Him she eventually placed on the throne of Poland. But the die was cast, and henceforward the moral and intellectual qualities of Catherine appeal quite unequally to our sympathies; and though there are still glimpses of a better nature, and the provocatives to evil which she hourly received must still be taken into account in weighing her moral responsibility, we feel that we are losing sight rapidly of the injured young wife, and seeing more and more of the practiced *intriguante*, the future Czarina Catherine II.

The follies and infidelities of her husband assumed a more serious aspect as time went on. He worshiped the King of Prussia, and did not conceal his sympathy with him in the war with Russia. He alienated the affection of the Russian guards by making them act in a subordinate capacity to a regiment of Holsteiners whom he had introduced and equipped. "These cursed Holsteiners," muttered the guards; and Catherine heard of and made a note of the expression for future use. She herself, on the other hand, gave an entertainment to which numbers of unprivileged Russians were admitted, to return charmed with her affability, and spreading her praises every where; carrying with them, too, little trinkets gained at her lottery, which, worthless in themselves, yet coming from her, served as so many badges of their devotion. In her domestic circle things came to a crisis; for after the daughter of Biren, and several other court-ladies, had enjoyed in succession the Grand Duke's chief favor, this settled down into something like constancy on the Countess

Elizabeth Woronzow, the niece of the Chancellor, Michael Woronzow, and elder sister of the Princess Daskaw, the future favorite of Catherine. The Grand Duchess resenting this, according to her new line of tactics, Peter talked seriously of repudiating her and marrying the Countess. Both husband and wife appealed to the Empress; he complaining of her unbearable temper, she imploring (she knew with safety) to be sent back to her own country, if this neglect and ill-treatment on all sides were to continue. To obtain an interview, she counterfeited illness, and secured the services of the Empress's confessor. Peter relied on the Schonvaloffs and Woronzows. On the private interviews with Elizabeth concerning this family *fracas* the curtain drops, the autobiography ending abruptly in a conversation with the Czarina.

The page of history records the sequel. In two years the Empress was no more. In six months from that time Peter III. had ceased to reign; and a few days afterwards his assassination by Catherine's lover, Alexis Orloff, startled all Europe.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE FABULOUS IN HISTORY.

In an age somewhat remarkable for its skeptical and incredulous tendencies, it is curious to note the extent of credulity which prevailed in former generations. Our ancestors of the middle ages seem to have had an enormous capacity of belief; there was scarcely any thing, however strange or marvelous, which they did not readily accept as fact, and promulgate to their descendants without suspicion of its truth being ever reasonably entertained. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions ascribed to magic, astrology, or alchemy, or of their easy faith in all manner of omens, prodigies, apparitions, and strange

portents, there is to us something still more eminently surprising in the extraordinary stories they accredited as authentic facts of history. The mass of incoherent absurdities that have been handed down to us by the writers of those times is such as to make us wonder on what principles of investigation they could have ever appeared probable, and excite in us an unlimited astonishment at the ignorant simplicity of mankind. Attempts have accordingly been made to account for the preposterous credulity thus exhibited; and it would appear to be clearly traceable to a general looseness of thought—a

dim intellectual perceptiveness, incident to minds very imperfectly enlightened; in other words, to a state of society in which strict methods of inquiry were unknown, and in which, as yet, there had been no development of logical or scientific principles.

Omitting some subordinate circumstances, there were three leading causes to which the corruption of history in the middle ages is now, with apparent accuracy, ascribed. The first cause is believed to have been the sudden introduction of the art of writing, and the consequent fusion of different local traditions till then preserved orally and kept distinct; traditions which, while individually separate, might to some extent be accurate, but when united and confounded with each other, became false. The second cause was the change of religion from Paganism to Christianity; a change which acted in two ways, producing, in course of time, not merely an interruption of the old traditions, but also, in many cases, an interpolation of them with new extraneous materials. And the third cause—probably the most powerful of all—was, that history from this time became monopolized by a class of men whose professional, monkish habits made them quick to believe, and who, moreover, had a direct interest in increasing the general credulity, since it was the basis on which they established their own authority.

By the operations of these causes, the history of Europe became corrupted to an extent for which there is no parallel in any other period. History, properly speaking, there was none existing; and in the absence of real facts to be related, their place was supplied by vague rumors and the wildest possible inventions. One species of these inventions is particularly worth noticing, inasmuch as they evince that extravagant reverence for antiquity, which is a marked characteristic of those classes by whom history was then written. We allude to fictions regarding the origin of different nations, in all of which the spirit of the middle ages is very discernible. During many centuries, it was believed by every people that they were directly descended from ancestors who had been present at the siege of Troy. That was a proposition which no one thought of doubting. There might be some question about the details of so illustrious a descent, but the substantial

reality of the main circumstance was universally accepted. As regards the details even, there was a certain unanimity of opinion; since, not to mention inferior countries, it was admitted that the French were descended from Francus, whom every body knew to be the son of Hector; and it was also known that the Britons came from Brutus, whose father was no other than the renowned Æneas. Whence this information was originally derived, or on what grounds of testimony it was received, no one thought of inquiring; it was enough to know that it had been previously believed, and no question was entertained as to the authenticity of the statement.

Touching the origin of particular places, the historians of the middle ages are no less circumstantial. "In the accounts they give of them," says a modern author, "as well as in the lives they write of eminent men, the history usually begins at a very remote period; and the events relating to their subject are often traced back, in an unbroken series, from the moment when Noah left the ark, or even when Adam passed the gates of Paradise. On other occasions, the antiquity they assign is somewhat less; but the range of their information is always extraordinary. They say that the capital of France is called after Paris, the son of Priam, because he fled there when Troy was overthrown. They also mention that Tours owed its name to being the burial-place of Turonus, one of the Trojans; while the City of Troyes was actually built by the Trojans, as its etymology clearly proves. It was well ascertained that Nuremberg was called after the Emperor Nero; and Jerusalem after King Jebus, a man of vast celebrity in the middle ages, but whose existence later historians have not been able to verify. The river Humber received its name because, in ancient times, a king of the Huns had been drowned in it. The Gauls derived their origin, according to some, from Galathia, a female descendant of Japhet; according to others, from Gomer, the son of Japhet. Prussia was called after Prussus, a brother of Augustus. This was remarkably modern; but Silesia had its name from the Prophet Elisha—from whom, indeed, the Silesians descended; while as to the city of Zurich, its exact date was a matter of dispute; but it was unquestionably built in the time of Abraham. It was likewise

from Abraham and Sarah that the gipsies immediately sprung. The Scotch certainly came from Egypt; for they were originally the issue of Scota, who was a daughter of Pharaoh, and who bequeathed to them her name. On sundry similar matters the middle ages possessed information equally valuable. It was well known that the city of Naples was founded on eggs; and it was also known that the order of St. Michael was instituted in person by the archangel, who was himself the first knight, and to whom, in fact, chivalry owes its origin. In regard to the Tartars, that people, of course, proceeded from Tartarus; which some theologians said was an inferior kind of hell, but others declared to be hell itself. However this might be, the fact of their birth-place being from below was indisputable, and was proved by many circumstances which showed the fatal and mysterious influence they were able to exercise. For the Turks were identical with the Tartars; and it was notorious that since the cross had fallen into Turkish hands, all Christian children had ten teeth less than formerly; an universal calamity which there seemed to be no means of repairing.*

Other points relating to the history of past events and circumstances were cleared up in the same astonishing fashion. It may not be generally known that, during many centuries, the only animal food in common use in Europe, was pork; beef, veal, and mutton being comparatively modern articles of diet, and almost at that period unknown. It therefore created some surprise when the Crusaders returned from the East, and told their countrymen that they had been among a people who, like the Jews, reckoned pork unclean, and did not eat it; and the feelings of lively wonder thus excited brought out some curious particulars in explanation of the fact. The subject was taken up by Matthew Paris, the most eminent historian during the thirteenth century, and one of the most eminent during the whole of the middle ages. This celebrated writer informed his wondering cotemporaries that the Mohammedans refuse to eat pork on account of a singular circumstance which happened to their Prophet. It appears that Mohammed, having, on one occasion, gorged himself with food and drink till he was in a state of insensibility,

fell asleep on a dunghill, and in this disgraceful condition was discovered by a litter of pigs. The pigs, no doubt disgusted by the spectacle, attacked the fallen Prophet, and stifled him to death; for which reason his followers abominate pigs, and, quite consistently, decline to eat their flesh. This striking fact satisfactorily explains one great peculiarity of the Mohammedans; and another fact, equally striking, is adduced to show how the Mohammedan sect first came into existence; for it was well known, says Matthew, that Mohammed was originally a Cardinal of the Holy Catholic Church, and only became a heretic because he failed in his ambitious design of being elected Pope!

Such ingenious explanations of perplexing events and customs must have been found extremely edifying; and had it been the practice of the people of those times to erect statues in honor of their instructors, Matthew Paris would have probably been deemed worthy of that flattering species of commemoration. His historical achievements, however, are equaled, if not surpassed, by another notable historian, named Matthew of Westminster, with whose name, at least, most readers are probably familiar. This distinguished writer, who flourished in the fourteenth century, directed his attention, among other matters, to the history of Judas, in order to discover the circumstances under which the character of that arch-apostate was formed. His researches seem to have been very extensive; but their principal results were, that Judas, when an infant, was deserted by his parents, and exposed on an island called Scarioth, from whence he received the name of Judas Iscariot. To this the historian adds, that after Judas grew up, he, among other enormities, slew his own father, and then married the widow, his own mother. A man of such villainous antecedents could not be expected to come to a good end; and therefore it was in strict accordance with his character that he should have first betrayed his Master and then hanged himself. In another part of his history, Matthew mentions a fact interesting to those who study the antiquities of the Papal See. It seems, some question had been raised as to the propriety of kissing the Pope's toe, and even theologians had their doubts touching so singular a ceremony. But this difficulty was set at rest by the learn-

* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, pp. 287-8.

ed Westminster historian, who explains the true origin of the custom. He says that formerly it had been usual to kiss the *hand* of his Holiness; but that towards the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making the Pope an offering, not only kissed his hand, but also incontinently pressed it. Whereupon the Pope, seeing danger from such carnal contact, cut off the polluted hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which he had been exposed. Since that time, the precaution had been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of the account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, was still in his own time existing at Rome, where indeed it was a standing miracle, being preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from any appearance of corruption! And as some readers might wish to be informed respecting the Lateran itself, where the hand was kept, this also was considered by the historian, and, in another part of his work, a lucid explanation given. He connects it with the Emperor Nero; relating how this wicked persecutor of the faith, on one occasion, vomited a frog covered with blood, which he believed to be his own progeny, and therefore caused it to be shut up in a vault, where it remained hidden for a considerable period. Now, in the Latin language, says Matthew, (with a wondrous philological precision,) *latente* means hidden, and *rana* means a frog; so that, by putting these two words together, we obtain a compound which points to the origin of the Lateran—that being, in fact, a building erected where the frog was found!

It would be easy, as Mr. Buckle observes, to fill volumes with the account of similar notions; all of which were devoutly believed in those curious middle ages. Whether "Ages of Faith," or not, as they are sometimes called, they were evidently ages of remarkable credulity. As further evidence of this credulity, let us take a glance at the surprising romances which passed current as authentic histories of Prince Arthur and Charlemagne; histories which, of all others, were, during a long period the most popular, exercised most influence, and were most universally accredited. Both productions bear the names of dignitaries of the Church, and were received with the

respect due to their illustrious authors. That concerning Charlemagne is called the *Chronicle of Turpin*, and purports to be written by Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, a friend of the Emperor, and his companion in his military exploits. From some passages it contains, Mr. Buckle thinks there is reason to believe that it was really composed at the beginning of the twelfth century; but, as he remarks, "In the middle ages, men were not nice in these matters, and no one was likely to dispute its authenticity. Indeed, the name of an Archbishop of Rheims was sufficient recommendation; and we find accordingly, that in the year 1122 it received the formal approbation of the Pope; and that Vincent de Beauvais, one of the most celebrated writers in the thirteenth century, and tutor to the sons of Louis IX., mentions it as a work of value, and as being the principal authority of the reign of Charlemagne. A book thus generally read and sanctioned by such competent judges, must be a tolerable standard for testing the knowledge and opinions of those times."

What then do we learn from this *Chronicle of Turpin*? It informs us that the invasion of Spain by Charlemagne took place in consequence of the direct instigation of St. James, the brother of St. John; who, of course, being long previously dead, must have revealed his wishes in some supernatural manner. The apostle being the cause of the attack, appears to have adopted measures to secure its success. When Charlemagne besieged Pamplona, that city made an obstinate resistance; but as soon as prayers were offered up by the invaders, the walls suddenly fell to the ground. After this the Emperor rapidly overran the whole country, almost annihilated the Mohammedans, and built innumerable churches. But the resources of Satan are very large; and to stop the progress of Christianity, he raised up an enormous giant, named Fencute, who was descended from the ancient Goliath of Gath, and who proved a most formidable opponent, the most formidable by far, of any the Christians had yet encountered. His strength was equal to that of forty men; his face measured a cubit; his arms and legs four cubits; his very fingers were three palms long; and his total height was twenty cubits. A thoroughly Brobdingagian monster! Against him Charlemagne sent the most

eminent warriors without avail; they were all easily discomfited by the giant, who, if he did not "grind their bones to make him bread," at any rate cut them into mince-meat for the vultures. The Christians were naturally filled with consternation. In vain did more than twenty chosen men advance against the giant; not one returned from the field; Fenacote took them all under his arms, and carried them off into captivity. Matters were getting extremely desperate, when fortunately, at length, a proper knight appeared — the celebrated Orlando, who boldly challenged the giant to single combat. An obstinate fight ensued, and the Christian champion, not meeting with the success he expected, adroitly engaged his adversary in a theological discussion. Herein he was more than a match for the huge pagan; and in the heat of the controversy, he all of a sudden drew his sword, with which he smote the giant, and dealt him a fatal wound. Every thing, of course, is fair in controversy and war; and there was accordingly great joy among the Christians over the fall of their stupendous enemy. After this, the Mohammedans were easily vanquished; the Christian arms triumphed; and Charlemagne divided Spain among those gallant followers who had aided him in effecting its conquest.

Touching the history of Prince Arthur, the middle ages possessed information equally authentic. Different accounts had, from very early times, been circulated respecting this celebrated British potentate; but their comparative value was still unsettled, when, in the twelfth century, the subject attracted the attention of Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Monmouth. This eminent personage, in the year 1147, published the result of his inquiries, in a work which he called *History of the Britons*. In this book he relates the life of Arthur, and also traces the circumstances which prepared the way for his appearance. The writer had some assistance from his friend Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, who supplied him with most of the materials having reference to Arthur's personal actions. The work is, therefore, the joint composition of the two archdeacons; and is entitled to respect, not only on this account, but also because it was one of the most popular productions of the mediæval ages.

The earlier part of this remarkable history is occupied with the result of those

researches which the Archdeacon of Monmouth had made into the state of Britain prior to the accession of Arthur. This does not much concern us in the present condition; though there are some few particulars which may incidentally be mentioned on account of their curiosity. The Archdeacon, for instance, informs us, on some authority which he pleases to keep secret, that after the taking of Troy, Ascanius, one of its vanquished defenders, fled from the city, and begat a son, who became the father of the before-named Brutus, the founder of the British kingdom. In those days, England was peopled by giants, all of whom were slain by this Brutus, who, having extirpated the entire race, built London, settled the affairs of the country, and called it after himself, by the name of Britain. Geoffrey goes on to relate the actions of a long line of kings who succeeded Brutus, most of whom were renowned for their abilities, and some were famous for the prodigious occurrences that happened in their time. Thus, during the government of Rivallo, we are told that it rained blood for three consecutive days; and when Morvidus was on the throne, the coasts were infested by a horrid sea-monster, (perhaps the sea-serpent,) which having devoured innumerable persons, at length swallowed his Majesty himself.

These and smaller matters are related by Geoffrey as the fruit of his own inquiries; but in the subsequent account of Arthur, in which he was aided by his friend the Archdeacon of Oxford, still more surprising things are brought to light. King Arthur, it seems, owed his existence to a magical contrivance of Merlin, the celebrated sorcerer; the particulars of which are recorded with a minuteness which, considering the sacred character of the historians, is somewhat astounding. The subsequent actions of Arthur were conformable to his supernatural origin. His personal might was so great, that nothing could withstand it. He slew an immense number of Saxons, overran Norway, invaded Gaul, fixed his court at Paris, and made preparations to effect the conquest of all Europe. Like other heroes of his times, he occasionally fell in with giants, two of whom he killed in single combat. One of these giants, who inhabited the Mount of St. Michael, was the terror of the whole country, and destroyed all the soldiers sent against

him, except those he took prisoners, in order to eat them, like oysters, while they were yet alive. It was a great deliverance when he fell a victim to Arthur's prowess; though there was another giant, named Ritho, who was, if possible, still more formidable: for Ritho, not content with warring on the meaner sort of people, actually clothed himself in furs which were made entirely of the beards of the kings he had killed! Him, also, as was right fitting, Arthur slew; but how he disposed of his remarkable costume, we believe is not related, which is a sad oversight of the historian.

Such are some of the eccentric accounts of men and things which, under the name of history, formerly passed current with the world. And it is to be observed that they are not taken from obscure writers, but from the works of high Church dignitaries, who were the most liberally-cultured and most intelligent persons of their generation.

Geoffrey of Monmouth was raised to the Bishopric of St. Asaph—a preferment which he is said to owe to the reputation of his book, which, moreover, on its first publication, was dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the son of Henry the First. As is remarked by Mr. Buckle—to whose researches we are indebted for the group of curiosities here collected—"A book thus stamped with every possible mark of approbation, is surely no bad measure of the age in which it was admired." One has only to compare it with any modern

history, conceived in the spirit of modern investigation, to perceive the immense progress that has been made in the methods of historical inquiry. Such a comparison, moreover, affords an evident and very important proof of our advances in civilization—of the nearer and more perfect accuracy which is now demanded and attained in all departments of human interest and belief; proof, in short, that men are very considerably more cultivated and enlightened than they used to be; that they have reached a stage of intellectual development, in which Truth, and not Fables, is required to satisfy their mental cravings; and that if truth can not be had, in historical or other provinces, it is best to admit that in such provinces there is nothing certain to be known, and with that result to be content. There is no good in tilling an utterly barren soil; and a wise husbandman will always choose to labor only in fields that are likely to yield him a return, in the shape of some reasonable crop. The history of every nation runs back into fabulous traditions, even as navigable rivers have their sources in intricate mountain-regions; and neither rivers nor nations are to be estimated by the misty remoteness of their origin—but rather by their services in the divine plan of the universe; in that vast and magnificent economy in which all earthly and human things are working, and are ordained to work, in subservience to the appointment and will of the Creator.

TO THE CUCKOO, BIRD OF SPRING.

BIRD of the sunny spring,
Oh! thou art heralding
Moments that soon will bring
Roses loved well.
Violets and cowslips blow,
Bluebells and fern-leaves grow,
Where, a short while ago,
Icicles fell.

Ah! well thou know'st again,
Past is cold Winter's reign,
Flow'rets in Nature's train,
Rise from decay.

Up from the sunny dells,
Gladly thy music swells,
Welcome as chiming bells
On God's blessed day.

Glad are thy tidings, bird,
Joyous thy strain is heard,
Sweet as a kindly word,
Breathed to the sad;
For when thy voice we hear,
Summer we know is near,
Earth's brightest forms appear,
All things are glad.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BUCKLAND'S "BRIDGEWATER TREATISE."*

"GEOLOGY, in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, undoubtedly ranks in the scale of sciences next to astronomy."—*Herschel*.

ADDISON, on Saturday, the twenty-second of November, 1712, delighted the readers of the *Spectator* with a paper on anatomy, so charmingly written that all the unpleasant details of the science are kept out of sight, while abundant evidence is given from the outward and inward make of the human body, that it is the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As yet Geology, in the sense which it now bears, was not. If the structure of the earth was alluded to at all, the allusion to it was mere crude speculation. Palæontology, the now vigorous handmaiden of Geology, by whose aid the medals which illustrate the history of the earth are so plainly deciphered, was non-existent. If any one was induced to look at any of the numerous organic remains whose preservation in a petrified state is now accepted as incontrovertible proof that life from its earliest manifestation in the palæozoic rocks was followed by death, the forms were regarded as mere curiosities. The extinct fauna, which is now, thanks to our palæontologists, among whom Professor Owen stands preëminent, almost as well known as that which at present exists, was hardly noticed; or if attention was called to the multitudinous examples turned up by the plow or the pickaxe, they were attributed to a *vis plastica* in the earth itself. Yet we find Addison, in the second paragraph of the paper of the twenty-second of November,

and in the beginning of the last century, writing thus in the spirit of prophecy:

"The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal."

Few words could better foreshadow the work before us, written twenty-one years since at the request of Mr. Davies Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, in pursuance of the testamentary wishes of the Earl of Bridgewater, to illustrate "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation." There was but one opinion as to the fitness of the selection; and when it was known that the President had chosen Dr. Buckland as the exponent of the geological branch of the subject, every one competent to pronounce judgment felt that here, at least, the right man was in the right place.

When the book appeared in 1837, it fully justified the foregone conclusion. The arrangement, the comprehensive view of the extensive subject, the aptness of the argument, the brilliant descriptive power, the number and accuracy of the illustrations, combined to make the two volumes the most attractive of the treatises: no small result, when all were so good. In the production of this remarkable work,

* *Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By WILLIAM BUCKLAND, D.D., F.R.S., Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford, and Dean of Westminster. By PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S., etc.; PROFESSOR PHILLIPS, M.A., LL.D., etc.; MR. ROBERT BROWN, F.R.S., etc. And a Memoir of the Author. Edited by FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, M.A., Assistant Surgeon Second Life Guards. 8vo. 2 vols. London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & Co. 1858.

Dr. Buckland received the willing assistance of many scientific friends, whose aid was handsomely acknowledged at the commencement of the treatise. Nor must we forget the great help which he derived from one of the best women that ever lived, his good and gifted wife. Well up in the subject, and an accomplished mistress of her pen and pencil, she wrote and wrought at the dictation of her husband, perseveringly and indefatigably. Nearly the whole of the ms. was in her handwriting. Nor let it be supposed that the slightest blame is to be attached to the memory of the eloquent author for suffering such a consumption of midnight oil by his affectionate and gifted partner. The hearts of both were in the work. Hear the son of this exemplary wife and mother :

"During the long period that Dr. Buckland was engaged in writing the book which I now have the honor of editing, my mother sat up night after night, for weeks and months consecutively, writing to my father's dictation ; and this, often till the sun's rays shining through the shutters at early morn, warned the husband to cease from thinking, the wife to rest her weary hand.

"Not only with her pen did she render material assistance, but her natural talent in the use of her pencil enabled her to give accurate illustrations and finished drawings, many of which are perpetuated in Dr. Buckland's works (see several drawings in Vol. II. of this Treatise, likewise in Cuvier's *Ossemens Fossiles*.) She was also particularly clever and neat in mending broken fossils ; and there are many specimens in the Oxford Museum now exhibiting their natural forms and beauty, which were restored by her perseverance to shape from a mass of broken and almost comminuted fragments. It was her occupation also to label the specimens, which she did in a particularly neat way ; and there is hardly a fossil or bone in the Oxford Museum which has not her handwriting upon it.

"Notwithstanding her devotion to her husband's pursuits, she did not neglect the education of her children, occupying her mornings in superintending their instruction in sound and useful knowledge. The sterling value of her labors they now, in after life, fully appreciate, and feel most thankful that they were blessed with so good a mother. She also occupied herself much in schemes of charity for promoting the comfort and education of the villagers of Islip, (Dr. Buckland's rectory near Oxford,) where her name will long be remembered with love and respect among its poorer inhabitants."*

* Sir Roderick Murchison, in his obituary memoir of Dr. Buckland, justly characterizes her as "A truly excellent and intellectual woman, who, aiding him

Never was tribute better deserved. Her whole life was spent in doing good.

Twenty-one years had elapsed since the appearance of the *Bridgewater Treatise* ; and twenty-one years in this vigorous age of improvement, when the car of Science is driven onward with a rapidity strongly contrasted with the sluggish advances of the last century, produce marvelous changes. A new edition, bringing down the progress made in geology since the time of its first appearance to the Saturday night preceding its second was called for. The call has been well answered by the author's eldest son.

The names of the eminent men which adorn the title-page as assistants of the efficient editor, form a sufficient guarantee of the value of the present edition. But it is a remarkable proof of the sterling soundness of the original work that so much remains unchanged. The alteration of some names in accordance with the present geological nomenclature was of course necessary, and some emendations consequent on the advanced state of the science were requisite. The lucid arrangement and argument, and the highly interesting details, remain as the hand of the gifted author left them.

But before we enter upon the consideration of the work, you will naturally wish to know something of the author.

William Buckland was born on the twenty-fourth of March, 1784, at Axminster, in Devonshire. His father, the Rev. Charles Buckland, was Rector of Templeton and Trusham, in that county ; and the family of his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Oke, had since the time of the Stuarts occupied extensive lands in the neighborhood of Combyne, near Axminster, where her father, a landed proprietor, lived.

Near William's birthplace were the Axminster lias quarries, abounding in organic remains. His father,* who like many clergymen of that time, took great interest in the improvement of roads, made his son the companion of his walks, and both collected ammonites and other shells from the quarries ; so that young Buckland had fossils for playthings. An inclin-

in several of his most difficult researches, has labored well in her vocation to render her children worthy of their father's name."

* The Rev. Charles Buckland was afflicted with blindness, the consequence of an accident, during the last twenty-two years of his life.

ation for natural history showed itself early, unfortunately for the poor birds, in a talent for finding their nests and collecting their eggs; and his ichthyological propensities were manifested at the expense of the flounders, roaches, eels, minnows, and miller's thumbs, whose habits he studied in the Axe. The birds'-nesting passion must have been very strong. We have seen the Dean feed a nest of young jackdaws, which had been taken from the towers of Westminster Abbey, with all the skill and something of the satisfaction of the boy.

When William was thirteen years old, he was sent one for one year to the grammar-school at Tiverton, and when he had attained the age of fourteen, Dr. Huntingford, Warden of Winchester, moved thereunto by the good offices of Mr. Pole Carew, then (1798) Speaker of the House of Commons, gave him a nomination to the noble foundation of William of Wickham. This was a great step. The boy's uncle, the Rev. J. Buckland, Rector of Warborough, Oxford, and fellow of Corpus, wrote to his father: "As William appears to excel your other boys by many degrees in talent and industry, he will probably make a better return for any extraordinary expense you may incur on this occasion." These words of a stern but sagacious and judicious man, who was ever encouraging or admonishing his nephew, flowed from a prophetic pen.

Established at Winchester, the boy soon became familiar with the chalk formation. He could not pass along the pathway to the playground on St. Catherine's Hill, without coming close upon great chalk-pits, abounding in petrified sponges and other fossils. He could not dig the field-mice out of their holes in the vallum of the ancient camp on the top of the hill, where the Roman soldiers once kept watch and ward, without penetrating the surface of the chalk. Nor did he not hunt for mole-crickets in the valley,

"Where Health, a Naiad fair,
With rosy cheek and dripping hair,
From the sultry noon tide beam,
Dives in Itchen's crystal stream."

Such were young William Buckland's amusements. "He was slow to learn, taking time thoroughly to understand what he read, but what he once comprehended he never forgot." He construed Latin remarkably well, and was ready

with the nearest corresponding English words in the rendering of difficult phrases. His uncle says of him: "William is a very good Latin scholar, not a very good Greek one, and a very bad English one." The writer was, we suspect, in no very good humor when he was delivered of the last member of that sentence; for it certainly does not agree with the boy's acknowledged aptitude at applying the nearest corresponding English expressions to the construction of difficult Latin passages. That he was above the average is manifest from the observation of Dr. Goddard, the head-master, who on one occasion, when the boy had lost several places in his class, and immediately afterwards retook them, said to him: "Well, Buckland, it is as difficult to keep a good boy at the bottom of the class, as it is to keep a cork under water"—and Dr. Goddard was no flatterer.

Buckland left Winchester, leaving the usual tablet inscribed with his name; and, in 1801, became a candidate for a vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, by the advice of his uncle; and on the thirteenth of May in that year, had the satisfaction of thus writing to his father:

"I am happy to inform you that I have just been elected the Senior Scholar for Devonshire, after a course of many days' rigorous examination against eight competitors; all of whom, especially Moore and Strong, have received high commendations from the electors—a very formidable phalanx, among whom were the Head of Tiverton School, the Head of Gloster, the Head of Truro, and the Head of Exeter: the testimonial Dr. Huntingford sent of my behavior was highly approved of by the President and electors."

The scholar of Corpus, in his journeyings from Axminster to his college through Charmouth, purchased for a college friend such specimens of lias fossils as were brought for sale to coach-passengers by itinerant collectors from the cliffs above; but though this friendly act may have revived his recollection of his old playthings, the ammonites, and have made him familiar with the form of belemnites, it does not appear that he then thought of collecting for himself; indeed, we think we may safely assert that he did not.

In 1804, he took his Bachelor's degree, and in 1809 was elected Fellow of Corpus. In the same year he was admitted into holy orders at the Chapel Royal, St.

James's, by the Bishop of Winchester. The interval between his Bachelor's and Master's degree afforded him leisure to attend the lectures of Dr. Kidd on mineralogy and chemistry, and of Sir Christopher Pegge, then Regius Professor of Anatomy. These no doubt revived the early taste for natural history, and fanned the latent fire: but the time of the Fellow of Corpus was principally occupied in taking pupils, and no one would have then thought of the road by which he was to arrive at fortune and fame. One of those accidents, slight in themselves, but which have in so many instances exercised an influence on the career of remarkable men, went far to pave the way for Buckland's brilliant future.

There was at this time a young under-graduate of Oriel College whose father possessed a very fine collection of shells and corals, and a very good cabinet of minerals and organic fossils, all of which the under-graduate had arranged according to the systems of that day before he had seen fourteen summers, and before he was entered Oxford in the early part of the present century. As the old cock crows, so crows the young; and the spirit of collecting was strong in the youth. Birds of a feather soon get together, and the under-graduate was kindly noticed by the graduate. On one occasion, after a breakfast at Corpus, during which the under-graduate had held forth rather enthusiastically to his host upon geology in general, and organic fossils in particular, both set out to walk over to Oriel, to see what fossils old Snow, the quarryman, (who was expected,) had brought for the under-graduate. As they were passing across Corpus quad toward the neighboring college, Buckland, kicking over two loose flints lying on the gravel, said:

"I suppose you will say next that these are organic, and once had life."

"They contain what once had life; and, if you will crack one, you will find the remains of a sponge, or of an alcyonium."

"We'll soon see that. Mr. Manciple, be so good as to bring a hammer."

The hammer was brought, and a blow struck on one of the flints, which happened to be a very good specimen, and exhibited just what the under-graduate had foretold. Without saying a word, Buckland put the pieces in his pocket, and walked on to the neighboring college,

where old Snow opened his budget, and the under-graduate explained the contents as well as he could. Among the specimens were two marsupial jaws—from Stonesfield,* one of which, at his earnest desire, the under-graduate spared to his friend. A walk to Shotover hill followed, and within a week afterward, Buckland was seen riding into Oxford with a huge *cornu ammonis* at his saddle-bow. He thus writes in a ms., which is in the possession of his son Frank, the editor of the present edition of the Treatise:

"In my earlier years of residence at Oxford, I took my first lesson in Field Geology, in a walk to Shotover Hill, with Mr. William John Broderip, (late magistrate at the Westminster Police-court, then of Oriel College,) whose early knowledge of conchology enabled him to speak scientifically on the fossil shells in the Oxford oolite formation, and of the fossil shells and sponges of the green sand of the Vale of Pusey, (Pewsey,) near Devizes, as to which he had been instructed by the Rector of Pusey, (Pewsey,) Mr. Townsend, the friend and fellow-laborer of Mr. William Smith, the father of English Geology. The fruits of my first walk with Mr. Broderip formed the nucleus of my collection for my own cabinet; which in forty years expanded into the large amount which I have placed in the Oxford Geological Museum."

The impulse was now given, and the earnest energy of Buckland soon carried him deep into the subject. He collected every thing that he could lay his hands on illustrative of it. Long afterward, and when he had attained to his well-deserved eminence, he was wont to introduce Mr. Broderip to strangers as his "tutor in geology," not a little to their surprise, as they marked the difference of age. The answer of the "tutor" was as obvious as it was true: "The pupil has become far wiser than his teacher."

Sir Roderick Murchison thus writes:

"The study of the collection made by his juvenile companion, including the jaw of a marsupial quadruped found in the Stonesfield slate, first awakened the dormant talent of Buckland. Cultivating the friendship of the precocious fossilist, he soon developed that peculiar power which characterized him through life, of catching up and assimilating with marvelous rapidity, every thing that illustrated the new science of

* *Phascalotherium* and *Thylacotherium*. Dr. Buckland's specimen, *Thalacotherium*, is in the Oxford Museum.

Professor Owen has recently described, under the name of *Thylacoleo carnifex*, an extinct marsupial carnivore, about the size of a tiger, from Australia.

fossil organic remains, then just coming into vogue through the work of Parkinson. So strongly did Buckland feel in after years the deep obligations he was under to young Broderip, that I have myself heard him speak of the latter as his 'tutor in Geology.'

We must now pause for a moment to consider the state of Geology when Buckland took up the study of the science in earnest. Organic remains, which had formerly been looked upon as mere remarkable objects under the name of extraneous fossils, petrifications, and secondary fossils, were now made objects of general attention by Parkinson.

William Smith—a name never to be pronounced by geologists without veneration and gratitude—or, as he was familiarly called by his friends, Will Smith, had made a great step by showing the characteristic organic fossils that marked the strata. Among these friends, Mr. Townsend, the Rector of Pewsey, better known at that time as "Pewsey Townsend," and the Rev. Benjamin Richardson, of Farley near Bath, were especially remarkable. Townsend was well up in the green sand and its fossils, and in the stratification, so far as it was then known generally. Richardson, besides his knowledge of the general stratification, was full of information as to that of his neighborhood and the fossils which characterized it. This information he freely imparted, but we are not aware that he ever published on the subject. Great as the merit of these and others was, there was still wanting some master-spirit, to carry the science onward, and spread the knowledge of it through the land. At this critical time Buckland threw himself heart and soul into the arena, overcoming every obstacle, and diffusing the principles of geology far and wide. The hour was come and the man.

Being now fairly entered, Buckland began to spend his summers in solitary tours on horseback, looking at the country with a penetrating geological eye. The first year he crossed the chalk downs of Berks, Wilts, and Dorset, recognizing the chalk in the vertical strata of hard white limestone on which Corfe Castle stands. The next, he explored a considerable part of South-Devon down to Plymouth, not forgetting to visit the granite of Dartmoor. He traveled in solitude over the whole of the Mendip, ordnance map in hand, coloring it geologically on the spot. Feeling his strength, he took a wider range, and

made the tour of the center and north of England, exploring the extent of the then unknown strata, and noting the results of his research in color on Carey's large map of England. In 1811, he again crossed England by another route, and entered Scotland, returning from Inverness to Port Patrick, whence he proceeded to the north of Ireland, bending his course homeward by Dublin, and thence to North-Wales.

In 1812 he made a tour of Kent and Sussex with that distinguished geologist, William Conybeare, author of the *Outlines of Geology of England and Wales*, and afterwards Dean of Llandaff. He visited the west of Devon and East-Cornwall with John Conybeare, an accomplished mineralogist, ripe scholar, and most amiable man, subsequently Vicar of Bath-easton, who, at his death in 1825, bequeathed his fine collection of minerals to the University of Oxford. In concert with William Conybeare, Buckland published his first important paper—the result of a tour in 1813—*On the Coasts of the North of Ireland*. All this time collecting was assiduously going on, and specimens were rapidly accumulating. Sir Roderick Murchison gives, with his usual felicity, a graphic sketch of our geologist in the midst of these accumulations:

"Those persons who like myself, can go back to the days when Dr. Buckland was an inmate of Corpus Christi College, can never forget the impression made upon his visitors, when, with difficulty, they discovered him in the recess of a long collegiate room, seated on the only spare chair, and buried, as it were, amidst fossil bones and shells. So strange was this conduct considered by the graver classicists, and so alarmed were they lest these *umanitates academicæ* should become dangerous innovations, that when he made one of his early foreign tours to the Alps and parts of Italy, which enabled him to produce one of the boldest and most effective of his writings, an authoritative elder is said to have exclaimed: 'Well, Buckland is gone to Italy; so, thank God, we shall hear no more of this geology.'"

We can easily understand the heartiness of this thanksgiving, short-sighted as the thanksgiver was, for the result of this very visit to Italy was more geology than ever, from the snubbings and sneerings which we ourselves underwent from no doubt well-intentioned tutors, for following the public lecturers on natural science. A more liberal spirit now prevails, and we may thank Dr. Buckland principally for it.

We must now introduce to you a mute companion of our geologist's toil. His excursions were nearly all followed out on the back of a favorite old black mare. The mare and her rider were made for each other, and formed a practical illustration of Philosopher Square's dogma, exhibiting a remarkable example of "the eternal fitness of things." The mare was a character in her quadrupedal way. At first sight, and in ordinary circumstances, there appeared a pensive patience and submission about her; but when she came in sight of a quarry how her eye brightened, how she pricked up her ears! The men used to say that she would stand a fossil as stanch as a well-bred pointer would a partridge. However this may have been, certain it is that it was a most difficult thing, an all but impossible thing, to get her past a chalk-pit or a quarry till her rider dismounted and examined (or, if a stranger to her, pretended to examine) the place at which she had come to a full stop. When Buckland was in the saddle, geologically armed cap-à-pie, and she was caparisoned all over with ponderous bags of fossils, huge hammers, and other geognostical paraphernalia, he who beheld and exclaimed,

"Sure such a pair were never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature,"

was pardonable. The mare on such occasions seemed perfectly comfortable; 'twas her vocation, and she was content. And if rude boys occasionally shouted after them, *Bags! Bags!* she heard it but she heeded not, and the good-natured geological bagman, with a smile, rode on his way rejoicing.

During the years from 1812 to 1815, both inclusive, he made extensive tours with Greenough, to whom the science owes so much, collecting materials for the geological map of England. In 1816 he made a tour in Germany with Greenough and Conybeare, and with Greenough in Austria and the north of Italy. At Weimar they saw the great and gifted author of *Faust*, and at Freyberg visited Werner, who gave them a grand supper, talking learnedly of his books and of music, of any thing, in short, but geology. *Optat ephippia*, etc., the well-worn line of the caustic Venusian *will rise in judgment* against such affectation.

From 1812 to 1824, Buckland rode once or twice a year on his trusty black

mare from Oxford to Axminster; nor did he not often call on Richardson of Farley, and Townsend of Pewsey, gathering information from their learned and liberal lips. In 1813 he was elected Reader in Mineralogy in Oxford, on the resignation of Dr. Kidd, the successor of Sir Christopher Pegge.

Once in the chair, Buckland, you may be sure, did not confine himself to mineralogy, but launched forth into the full tide of geology, and made almost all Oxford his class. No wonder. His conversational eloquence, his happiness of illustration, his earnestness—for he believed in his subject and in himself—his winning manner, not without an occasional flash of humor, soon attracted a large audience, and what they heard and saw went home to their heads and hearts. He said of poor Hugh Miller: "What would I not give for that man's powers of description!" His own were of the highest order. Heads of houses, and eminent and learned members of the University graced his lecture-room, drinking in the flood of new light which he poured upon the subject. Some of these who came to scoff, remained to listen. His eloquent pleading for the study of the natural sciences in general, and of primeval nature in particular, awakened at Oxford and elsewhere an enthusiasm which led to the public recognition of Geology as a science; and the year 1819 was marked by the endowment of a Readership in Geology. A stipend of £100 per annum was allotted to the Reader by the Treasury, at the desire of the Prince Regent.

"Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro."

To this new office Buckland was appointed; and from the time of that appointment down to the year 1849, annually gave one course of lectures on Mineralogy, and one on Geology.

In the year 1818 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon afterward his well-known account of the teeth and bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, etc., discovered in Kirkdale Cave, in 1821, appeared in the *Transactions*. This most interesting essay, which was rewarded by the Copley medal, was, in 1823, reprinted, in quarto, with copious and accurate illustrations, and gave a powerful stimulus to the cultivation of Geology and Palæon-

tology. The work justly led to the honor and advancement of the author, who vacated his fellowship at Corpus by accepting (March 3, 1825) the living of Stoke Clarity, Hants, in the gift of the college; and in July of the same year, through the interest of Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool gave him a canonry in the Cathedral of Christchurch, Oxford. Upon his appointment the new canon proceeded to his degree of Doctor of Divinity in that University. In the previous year he had been chosen President of the Geological Society of London, for which he had done much, in concert with Aikin, Bostock, Greenough, Fitton, Warburton, and other good men and true, toward obtaining a royal charter of incorporation, in which the King, George the Fourth, appointed the "Reverend W. Buckland to be the first President."

In 1832 Dr. Buckland presided over the second meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, which was held at Oxford. On that occasion he lectured on the summit of Shotover Hill, to a large class of the members and a goodly number of ladies, enforcing the importance of applying a knowledge of geology to agriculture, pointing out the many defects in the ordinary system of drainage, which could be remedied by a knowledge of the structure of the strata, and advertising to the possibility of reclaiming the Irish Bogs. A second lecture, on the fossil remains of the Megatherium, proved even more attractive than the first. With that readiness which characterized him, he caused one of his children to sit inside the pelvis. Then the vast proportions of the extinct quadrupedal giant were at once perceived by his audience, to whom some idea of the enormous bulk of the extinct creature when it was in the flesh, was conveyed.

But it was not only in the lecture-room, or in the scientific meeting-room, or under the canopy of heaven, that Dr. Buckland orally advanced the now publicly acknowledged science. He was as popular in the saloons of the aristocracy as he was among the band of geological brothers in London; or among the pupils, young and old, who crowded to hear him at Oxford.

Those who knew him well will remember a certain portentous blue bag which was his constant companion. Wherever he went, there the bag went also. Whether he slept upon it, as Frederick the

Great is said to have slept in his cocked hat, we can not say; but we know that we never saw him without it, whether the *locus in quo* was a coffee-house or a gilded drawing-room.

Long, long ago, we were acquainted with a most excellent lady who rejoiced in a wonderfully capacious pocket. Her family used to say that if any thing was wanted, the pocket would be sure to supply it. Traveling one day in the old posting times, a linch-pin was lost, and the travellers came to a stand-still. One of the party turning to her of the pocket, said jestingly: "You don't happen to have a linch-pin about you?" She immediately put her hand into the inexhaustible receptacle, and to the surprise, amusement, and relief of her fellow-travelers produced one.

Buckland's omnivorous and omniparous bag was no whit behind that marvelous pocket. Like the purse of Fortunatus, it was always full. If in the course of conversation an illustration was necessary, the hand of the owner was plunged into this cornucopia, and out came the illustrative object. A well-known and most accomplished titled lady was obliged to answer a note delivered to her in her drawing-room, where a large party was assembled. She went to her writing-table, and having sealed her answer by the help of the taper on her silver inkstand, said playfully to Dr. Buckland, who was standing near: "You don't happen to have an extinguisher in your bag?" For all answer the Doctor put in his hand, produced part of the spindle of a belemnite hollowed out by the absence of the areolus, and with it extinguished the taper. Of course the extinguisher attracted general attention; and the Doctor improved the occasion as no other could improve it. The consequence was a general rummage, and a drawing-room lecture on the teeth of old baby elephants, bones in general, bones marked by the teeth of old-world hyænas, and the jaws of the hyænas that gnawed them, Ichthyosaurs, Pterodactyles, coprolites, etc., all making their appearance from the bag, handled by fair hands and examined by bright eyes. That improvised lecture made palæontologists of the greater part of the brilliant assemblage, male and female.

Nor, when upon rural excursions, were certain creature-comforts not to be found in this capacious receptacle; a crab or a

lobster would occasionally be extracted from its recesses, and the hammer that had been wielded to lay open a nodule containing an ancient fossil fish or an extinct prawn potted in the indurated mud of bygone ages, was used as the ready instrument for cracking the shell of the recent and relishing crustacean.

Those who attended Dr. Buckland's Field Lectures will not forget the pleasure with which they heard, at the conclusion of one delivered in the lecture-room—"To-morrow the class will meet on the top of Shotover Hill at one o'clock," or, "The next lecture will take place in the field above the quarries at Stonesfield"—though he occasionally astonished a *fresh* class by slyly sticking them in the mud, "to make them remember the Kimmeridge clay."

The iron road not unfrequently bore tutor and pupils, as they shot along in consequence of some such notice as this: "The class will meet at the Great Western Railway station at nine o'clock; where, in the train between Oxford and Bristol, I shall be able to point out and explain the several different formations we shall cross; and, if you please, we will examine the rocks, and some of the most interesting geological features, of Clifton and its neighborhood." Such proposed excursions were always regarded with pleasant anticipations; for the lecturer's genial good-humor and felicitous mode of conveying information made the pupils happy to listen, while his impressive manner fixed their attention, so that they not only learned but remembered.

Hear the eloquent President addressing the Geographical Society:

"Let me assure you from long personal acquaintance with Dr. Buckland, and having indeed received some of my first lessons in the field from him, that he was really a good physical geographer. No one who followed him even from the valley of the Isis to the summit of Shotover Hill, can ever forget how forcibly he impressed upon the minds of his auditors the causes which had operated in producing the outlines of the ground—how well he made his pupils comprehend why water rose in wells, at certain spots and levels, and why other tracts were dry; or how he taught the young agriculturists the elements of draining, and showed them where the vegetation changed, as dependent on the nature of the sub-soil. To whatever realm he traveled, whether over the undulations of Germany, or the heights and glaciers of the Alps, he adroitly applied and extended

these views, and every where exemplified (what I have endeavored to imitate in my own walk) that union of geology with geography, without which the latter science is deprived of its firmest foundation."

The great and well-deserved success of Sir Roderick in this united line is patent to all.

In the year 1830, Dr. Buckland was selected to write the work now before us; and in the year 1835, Sir Robert Peel, ever on the look-out for merit, and forming a just estimate of his public and private worth, appointed Dr. Buckland to the Deanery of the Collegiate Church of Westminster, vacated by the promotion of Dr. Samuel Wilberforce to the Bishopric of Oxford. As a necessary consequence, Dr. Buckland was inducted to the living of Islip, near Oxford, a preferment attached to the Deanery. Sir Robert Peel has left on record his opinion of the new Dean: "I never advised an appointment of which I was more proud, or the result of which was, in my opinion, more satisfactory, than his nomination to the Deanery of Westminster." Such words from such a man must be precious in the eyes of Dr. Buckland's family and friends.

He carried to the Deanery the same energy and activity which had characterized his former career, and immediately set about the reformation of abuses, at the same time diligently and zealously performing his clerical duties.

"Though much interested in scientific pursuits, let no man imagine that Dean Buckland was inattentive to his duties as the head of an important ecclesiastical body. Not only do his surviving colleagues advert with marked respect and gratitude to his judicious efforts and his honorable conduct in improving their establishment, but the public owe him their real thanks for the energy and determination with which, in a brief space of time, he effected the reform of abuses which had crept into the ancient School of Westminster. In that foundation education could no longer be obtained except at costly charges, and even where these were paid, the youths were ill-fed and worse lodged. All these defects were speedily rectified by the vigor and perseverance of Dean Buckland. The charges were reduced, good diet was provided, the rooms well ventilated, and the building properly under-drained; so that these physical ameliorations accompanying a really sound and good system of tuition, the fame and credit of this venerable Seminary were soon restored."*

* Sir Roderick Murchison.

His care of the venerable pile, and of the precious monuments which it contains, was exemplary. His eye was every where, and saw that every thing was kept in order and repair. He carefully watched the vergers, and other subaltern attendants of the church, seeing that they not only conducted themselves with civility to visitors, but that they did their duty as preventives of spoliation, which he had good reason for knowing their predecessors had not done, not only from the mutilation of some of the monuments, but from unmistakable evidence, an example of which is given by his son in the well-written memoir which precedes the text of the present edition :

"During Dr. Buckland's holding office as Dean of Westminster he had a brown parcel sent him, most carefully folded up ; this contained a portion of black oak-wood, about the size of a common lucifer match. A letter accompanied the relic, from an unknown person, stating that the writer, very many years ago, when quite a boy, had cut off the inclosed bit of wood from the coronation-chair in the Abbey, and that in his old age, repenting of what he had done, he begged to restore it to the Dean and Chapter, in hopes that it might be refitted into the place whence he had taken it. Dr. Buckland frequently told this story as a warning to eager and unscrupulous collectors of antiquarian subjects."

This was not the only proof of the awakened conscience of mean, petty pilferers, who do not hesitate to deface a work of art for the sake of gratifying their magpie-like propensity. Other fragments were sent to the Dean in the old age of the penitent thieves, or by their executors. Among these tardy returns was a floral ornament from the beautiful tomb of Henry the Seventh, which, as it was wrought in solid metal, could not have been knocked off without considerable force and some noise. This sufficiently showed the culpable negligence of the officer whose duty it was to accompany visitors at the time of the abominable abstraction. No man was kinder or more liberal to servants and laborers than Buckland, but he looked sharply after them. Mr. Cundy, the builder, knows how vigilantly he kept his eye on the masons employed in the Abbey, examining the various cements, the blocks of stone, the details of keeping up and in order the regal and other monuments, and taking special care that no faulty bits of stone or

other material should be used. Many years before this, when he was a Canon of Christchurch, and the turrets of "Tom Tower" were undergoing repair during the long vacation, he had reason to suspect that all was not right. To ascend the slight scaffolding to the turrets was to a man not used to the perilous trade all but impossible, so he bethought him of the good and trusty telescope with which he had examined many a geological section, and brought it to bear on the scene of operation. Presently he saw an unsuspecting mason, who thought himself out of the reach of human ken, put in a faulty bit of stone, whose worthlessness the Canon detected by the aid of his "opti-glass." Down he instantly hurried into the quadrangle, and frightened the man out of his wits by shouting to him from below to bring down immediately "that bit of stone which he had just built into the turret."

Dr. Buckland was a trustee of the British Museum, and of the Royal College of Surgeons in England. He was an honorary member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Great George street ; and, indeed, wherever there was a scientific or useful institution, there he was to be found helping with all his heart. He did not, like some, confine himself to mere scientific considerations. Catching the spirit of the age, which, above all others, has made science ancillary to the business, wants, and comforts of life, he never lost an opportunity of enforcing the application of geology to practical purposes. But he shall speak for himself :

"In reviewing public transactions connected with Geology, conducted beyond the limits of our establishment, and of the deepest interest to us as furthering our primary object of advancing the knowledge of the structure of the earth, we gratefully acknowledge the coöperation of her Majesty's Government in the departments of Woods and Forests, and of the Board of Ordnance, and also that of the British Museum, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the Institution of Civil Engineers : and in these coöperations we recognize an increasing feeling and general acknowledgment not only of the scientific importance, but also of the pecuniary value and statistical utility of geological investigations, in directing the researches of industry to those points where they may be profitably applied, and in preventing such large expenditures of capital, as under ignorance of the internal structure of the earth and the peculiar productions of each geological formation, we have in times

past seen thrown away in ruinous searches after coal, where the slightest knowledge of geology would have given information that no coal could possibly be found. Never more shall we witness a recurrence of such unpardonable waste of public money as that which is said to have been lavished in sending lime from Plymouth to build the fortress of Gibraltar, on a rock exclusively composed of limestone.*

And again in the same address :

"You will rejoice to hear that at the last Meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, measures were taken for the appointment of a committee, and a grant of money from the funds of the Association, to begin the important work of collection and preserving information as to the structure and mineral riches of the country, which is now accessible in sections of the strata exposed in cuttings on the numerous rail-roads in various parts of the United Kingdom. As many of these traverse important mineral districts on the coal formation, and will be speedily covered up, much valuable information which they are calculated to afford will be lost, unless advantage be taken of the present moment."

Dr. Buckland's indomitable energy carried him through a variety of hard work wonderful to contemplate. Besides the large portion of his time which he conscientiously devoted to his deanery and his theological duties, he was to be found at every meeting where good was to be done. Nothing came amiss to him—music, architecture, literature, agriculture, general and particular science, found in him an eloquent and persevering advocate. He appeared to be gifted with the power of ubiquity. He was to be seen attending in his place as a commissioner of sewers, on sanitary thoughts intent; distributing the prizes at St. George's Hospital—for he loved the healing art, and held its practitioners in high esteem†—at the British Museum, at the College of Surgeons—here, there, and every where; running down in the midst of his multifarious engagements to lecture at Oxford, and attending a scientific or other meeting in London the same evening. If he had not the coat of darkness, he seemed to possess the shoes of swiftness; and indeed the

quantity of labor which he got through was a complete puzzle to those who do not know that those who have most work to do find most time for doing it.

But *prædantur anni*. It was evident that the worn machine was crushingly over-worked. The threatened chartist outbreak gave him great anxiety; and he not unfrequently spent the greater part of the night in walking about and considering how to protect the noble building committed to his care, and its invaluable contents from the apprehended danger. Yet he still continued his labors with unabated zeal, but with a deficiency of power. To a friend who saw this, as many did, and who inculcated the necessity of rest, rest, rest, the Dean replied in tones never to be forgotten: "The night cometh when no man can work." We are not made of adamant. He broke down. It was impossible to know him intimately and not to love him, and when the cloud descended which veiled him from his friends and the world, there was many a sad heart beyond the circle of his sorrowing family. On the twenty-fourth of August, 1856, he was released from his sufferings, at the age of seventy-three. No man ever performed his mission more zealously or more successfully, till the sad and prolonged closing scene.

By his will he bequeathed to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and his successors for the time being, for the use of his successors in the said University, as Readers in Geology, for the time being, all his geological charts, drawings, sections, and engravings connected with geology which should be in the Clarendon at the time of his decease. His collections, which his able successor, Professor Philips, now the respected President of The Geological Society of London, suggests should be henceforth known as the "Bucklandian Museum," in memory of the donor, are remarkable, for the most part, for their beauty, delicacy, and rarity. Indeed, he spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring the best examples. But it must not be supposed that all are of the cabinet class. Some of the ponderous specimens brought from different parts of the world are gigantic in size.

His publications prove the industry, the acuteness, and the sagacity of the man. Any attempt to give even a catalogue of them here is impossible. But some idea may be formed of their number by the

* Address to the Geological Society, 1841.

† He was a Doctor of Medicine of the University of Bonn, and among the numerous societies, foreign and English, which were proud to rank him among their members, he was an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, whose President, Mr. Caesar Hawkins, paid a deserved tribute to Dr. Buckland's memory, in his address in March, 1857.

fact that the mere titles fill nearly seven large octavo pages. The new edition of the most important of his works is now before us.

And a most satisfactory production it is, in the shape of a handy book which you may take to the fire with you. If the science be new to you, you have only to read the pictures in the second volume, and take a glance at the clear description printed opposite to each, to find yourself among the early manifestations of life on our planet, and at a later period, but countless ages since, among extinct monsters, marine, terrestrial, and aerial, such as no fairy tale can furnish, every one of them teeming with evidence of the same omnipotent care for its well-being, and of the same wonderful adaptation of construction to its wants, as characterizes the deer which now bounds before you, and the dog that pursues it. If you are well up in the subject, you will be struck with the concentration of information which the pregnant book contains, the eloquence of the vivid descriptions, and the felicity of the illustrations.

The editor, with praiseworthy foresight, secured all the original plates, and the present edition is enriched by several additions. In all there are no less than ninety beautifully-executed engravings,* some of them containing from twelve to fifteen figures, so accurately made out that a naturalist might describe from them. The description, which faces every plate but the first great colored one, brings down the nomenclature and information connected with the figure to the present time; and though the nomenclature of that first print has necessarily become in some degree antiquated, Professor Phillips's lucid Comparative Table of the New and Old Classification of British strata, makes it as available in the present state of the science as it was when it was first published.

Dr. Buckland was wont to say that lecturers and teachers in general are in the habit of giving their hearers, especially beginners, credit for knowing a great deal more than they do; and it is edifying to observe with what tact he takes the reader by the hand, and as he leads him on, is careful that he shall be well aware of the point whence he set out, and that every step shall be strengthened by a clear re-

trospect of the nature of the ground over which he was supposed to have previously trod. With what clearness does he show that all the physical changes, convulsions, and apparent confusion which have broken up and dislocated the earth's crust, were wise provisions to fit it for the use and accommodation of man, and that the mineral treasures which it contains must have been in great measure lost to him if the strata had remained undisturbed, and those physical changes had not taken place.

"The important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, gives to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connection with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth, before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but, treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these later ages have become to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas, derived from coal that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition* strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct, by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron; those two fundamental elements of art and industry which contribute more than any other mineral production of the earth to increase the riches and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind."

Again :

"The total quantity of all metals known to exist near the surface of the earth (excepting iron) being comparatively small, and their value to

* At first there were only sixty-eight.

* Almost equivalent to "palaeozoic" of the present day.

mankind being of the highest order, as the main instruments by the aid of which he emerges from the savage state, it was of the utmost importance that they should be disposed in a manner that would render them accessible by his industry, and this object is admirably attained through the machinery of metallic veins.

"Had large quantities of metals existed throughout Rocks of all formations, they might have been noxious to vegetation; had small quantities been disseminated through the Body of the Strata, they would never have repaid the cost of separation from the matrix. These inconveniences are obviated by the actual arrangements under which these rare substances are occasionally collected together in the natural magazines afforded by metallic veins.

"In my inaugural lecture (page 12) I have spoken of the evidences of design and benevolent contrivance, which are apparent in the original formation and disposition of the repositories of minerals; in the relative quantities in which they are distributed; in the provisions that are made to render them accessible, at a certain expense of human skill and industry, and at the same time secure from wanton destruction and from natural decay; in the same general dispersion of those metals which are most important, and the comparatively rare occurrence of others which are less so; and still further, in affording the means whereby their compound ores may be reduced to a state of purity.

"The argument, however, which arises from the utility of these dispositions, does not depend on the establishment of any one or more of the explanations proposed to account for them. Whatever may have been the means whereby mineral veins were charged with their precious contents; whether Segregation or Sublimation were the *exclusive* method by which the metals were accumulated; or, whether each of the supposed causes may have operated simultaneously or consecutively in their production; the existence of these veins remains a fact of the highest importance to the human race: and although the Disturbances, and other processes in which they originated, may have taken place at periods long antecedent to the creation of our species, we may reasonably infer, that a provision for the comfort and convenience of the last and most perfect creatures He was about to place upon its surface, was in the providential contemplation of the Creator, in his primary disposal of the physical forces which have caused some of the earliest and most violent of the Perturbations of the globe."

But notwithstanding the great changes which our earth has undergone, it is impossible for any geologist, or, indeed, any inquirer who goes at all deeply into the subject, not to be satisfied from the evidence of the ancient strata themselves, and the organic remains entombed in them, that long, long before man was cre-

ated—nay, that from the earliest manifestation of life upon our planet, the same overruling Power provided for the well-being of the animated forms then in existence. Then, as now, the atmosphere was healthily stirred and agitated by air-currents and winds; and tides, which have left their ripple-marks upon the then yielding surface of the now indurated strand, ebbled and flowed. Showers that dimpled the ancient sands are still to be traced, after the lapse of countless ages, upon the long-buried slab which still retains the impression of the rain-drops. Yes, meteoric phenomena similar to those of the present time, prevailed; and light, then as now, shed its cheering influence on God's creatures.

"We have evidence of the presence of light during long and distant periods of time, in which the many extinct fossil forms of animal life succeeded one another upon the early surface of the globe: this evidence consists in the petrified remains of eyes of animals found in geological formations of various ages. In a future chapter I shall show that the eyes of Trilobites,* which are preserved in strata of the transition formation, were constructed in a manner so closely resembling those of existing crustacea, and that the eyes of Ichthyosauri in the lias, contained an apparatus so like one in the eyes of many living reptiles and birds, as to leave no doubt that these fossil eyes were optical instruments calculated to receive in the same manner impressions of the same light, which conveys the perception of sight to living animals. The conclusion is further confirmed by the general fact, that the heads of all fossil fishes and fossil reptiles, in every geological formation, are furnished with cavities for the reception of eyes, and with perforations for the passage of optic nerves, although the cases are rare in which any part of the eye itself has been preserved. The influence of light is also so necessary to the growth of existing vegetables, that we can not but infer, that it was equally essential to the development of the numerous fossil species of the vegetable kingdom, which are coëxtensive and coëqual with the remains of fossil animals."

Many of these fossil animals were of the most gigantic proportions; *Megalosaurus*, for example, an extinct highly carnivorous Lizard, which is calculated to have measured from forty to fifty feet in length, and probably fed on smaller reptiles, such as Crocodiles and Tortoises. Dr. Buckland thinks that it may also have taken to the water in pursuit of the Plesiosaurs and

* The oldest crustacean form, now extinct. Trilobites occur through almost all the palæozoic strata of our islands.

fishes. Here is the Doctor's description of the formidable teeth of this saurian, so admirably adapted to the destructive office for which they were designed :

"In the structure of these teeth, we find a combination of mechanical contrivances analogous to those which are adopted in the construction of the knife, the saber, and the saw. When first protruded above the gum, the apex of each tooth presented a double cutting edge of serrated enamel. In this stage, its position and line of action were nearly vertical, and its form like that of the two-edged point of a saber, cutting equally on each side. As the tooth advanced in growth, it became curved backwards, in the form of a pruning-knife, and the edge of serrated enamel was continued downwards to the base of the inner and cutting side of the tooth ; whilst, on the outer side, a similar edge descended, but to a short distance from the point, and the convex portion of the tooth became blunt and thick, as the back of a knife is made thick for the purpose of producing strength. The strength of the tooth was further increased by the expansion of its sides. Had the serrature continued along the whole of the blunt and convex portion of the tooth, it would, in this position, have possessed no useful cutting power ; it ceased precisely at the point beyond which it could no longer be effective. In a tooth thus formed for cutting along its concave edge, each movement of the jaw combined the power of the knife and saw ; whilst the apex, in making the first incision, acted like the two-edged point of a saber. The backward curvature of the full-grown teeth enables them to retain, like barbs, the prey which they had penetrated. In these adaptations we see contrivances which human ingenuity has also adopted, in the preparations of various instruments of art."

But is all this contrivance directed to the perfection of a living destructive and death-dealing machine, exactly in harmony with the attributes of the great and benevolent Being who rules all things ? Dr. Buckland shall answer :

"In a former chapter I endeavored to show that the establishment of carnivorous races throughout the animal kingdom tends materially to diminish the aggregate amount of animal suffering. The provision of teeth and jaws, adapted to effect the work of death most speedily, is highly subsidiary to the accomplishment of this desirable end. We act ourselves on this conviction, under the impulse of pure humanity, when we provide the most efficient instruments to produce the instantaneous, and most easy death, of the innumerable animals that are daily slaughtered for the supply of human food."

Let us turn back to this chapter, (13,) and follow our author in his satisfactory

explanation of this apparently anomalous dispensation :

"Before we proceed to consider the evidences of design, discoverable in the structure of the extinct carnivorous races which inhabited our planet during former periods of its history, we may briefly examine the nature of that universal dispensation, whereby a system of perpetual destruction, followed by continual renovation, has at all times tended to increase the aggregate of animal enjoyment over the entire surface of the terraqueous globe.

"Some of the most important provisions which will be presented to us in the anatomy of these ancient animals, are found in the organs with which they were furnished for the purpose of capturing and killing their prey ; and as contrivances exhibited in instruments formed expressly for destruction may, at first sight, seem inconsistent with the dispensations founded in benevolence, and tending to produce the greatest amount of enjoyment in the greatest number of individuals, it may be proper to premise a few words upon this subject, before we enter on the history of that large portion of the animals of a former world, whose office was to effect the destruction of life.

"The law of universal mortality being the established condition on which it has pleased the Creator to give being to every creature upon earth, it is a dispensation of kindness to make the end of life to each individual as easy as possible. The most easy death is, proverbially, that which is the least expected ; and though, for moral reasons peculiar to our own species, we deprecate the sudden termination of our mortal life, yet, in the case of every inferior animal, such a termination of existence is obviously the most desirable. The pains of sickness, and decrepitude of age, are the usual precursors of death, resulting from gradual decay ; these, in the human race alone, are susceptible of alleviation from internal sources of hope and consolation, and give exercise to some of the highest charities and most tender sympathies of humanity. But, throughout the whole creation of inferior animals, no such sympathies exist ; there is no affection or regard for the feeble and the aged ; no alleviating care to relieve the sick ; and the extension of life through lingering stages of decay and of old age, would to each individual be a scene of protracted misery. Under such a system, the natural world would present a mass of daily suffering bearing a large proportion to the total amount of animal enjoyment. By the existing dispensations of sudden destruction and rapid succession, the feeble and disabled are speedily relieved from suffering, and the world is at all times crowded with myriads of sentient and happy beings ; and though to many individuals their allotted share of life be often short, it is usually a period of uninterrupted gratification ; whilst the momentary pain of sudden and unexpected death is an evil infinitely small, in comparison with the enjoyments of which it is the termination."

Take, for example, the terrestrial herbivora, without the check of the carnivora :

"Without this salutary check, each species would soon multiply to an extent exceeding in a fatal degree their supply of food, and the whole class of herbivora would ever be so nearly on the verge of starvation, that multitudes would daily be consigned to lingering and painful famine."

Go down to the sea. Just think what that would be if, in the police of nature, the large division of herbivorous fishes and molluscs were not kept down by the carnivora :

"Here again we see, that in the absence of carnivora, the uncontrolled herbivora would multiply indefinitely, until the lack of food brought them also to the verge of starvation ; and the sea would be crowded with creatures under the endurance of universal pain from hunger, while death by famine would be the termination of ill-fed miserable lives."

The very deep would rot.

When we have fossil ripple-marks, fossil rain-drops, fossil tracks of small crustacea, and other animals, fossil tubular holes in which marine worms resided thousands of years ago, and even fossil castings of those worms, made when the stone on which they are impressed was in a state of loose sand at the bottom of the sea, no one will be surprised at the frequent occurrence of fossil footsteps of the larger and vertebrate animals. Here is Dr. Buckland's graphic notice of those of one of the many families which have stamped the print of their feet on the recording stones :

"The historian or the antiquary may have traversed the fields of ancient or modern battles ; and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles, that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction ; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away, between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare, and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent

snow ; as if to show that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity—and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind."

Descending to the fossil *testacea* and *mollusca*, generally so valuable to the geologist as indicative of the age of the strata, we can only glance at the Cephalopods, whose carnivorous habits made them active and able agents in checking the too rapid increase of marine animal life, and must ask you to be content with the beautiful evidence of design and contrivance in the Ammonites :

"As all these shells served the double office of affording protection and acting as floats, it was necessary that they should be thin, or they would have been too heavy to rise to the surface : it was not less necessary that they should be strong, to resist pressure at the bottom of the sea ; and accordingly we find them fitted for this double function, by the disposition of their materials, in a manner calculated to combine lightness and buoyancy with strength.

"First, the entire shell is one continuous *arch*, coiled spirally around itself in such a manner that the base of the outer whorls rests upon the crown of the inner whorls, and thus the keel or back is calculated to resist pressure, in the same manner as the shell of a common hen's egg resists great force, if applied in the direction of its longitudinal diameter.

"Secondly, besides this general, arch-like form, the shell is further strengthened by the insertion of *ribs* or transverse arches, which give to many of the species their most characteristic feature, and produce in all that peculiar beauty which invariably accompanies the symmetrical repetition of a series of spiral curves.

"From the disposition of these ribs over the surface of the external shell, there arise mechanical advantages, for increasing its strength, founded on a principle that is practically applied in works of human art. The principle I allude to, is that by which the strength and stiffness of a thin metallic plate are much increased by corrugating, or applying *flutings* to its surface. A common pencil-case, if made of corrugated or fluted metal, is stronger than if the same quantity of metal were disposed in a simple tube. . . . The recent application of thin plates of *corrugated* iron to the purpose of making self-supporting roofs, in which the corrugations of the iron supply the place and combine the power of beams and rafters, is founded on the same principle that strengthens the vaulted shells of ammonites. In all these cases, the ribs of elevated portions add to the plates of shell or metal, the strength, resulting from the convex form of an arch, without materially increasing their weight ; whilst the intermediate depressed parts between these arches are suspended and supported by the tenacity and strength of the material."

After further allusion to the divisions and subdivisions of the ribs upon the same principle as those of the ribs beneath the groin-work in the flat vaulted roofs of the florid Gothic architecture, and to the strengthening of the shells of many species of ammonites by the elevation of parts of the ribs into little dome-shaped *tubercles* or *bosses*, he thus concludes his observations on the structure of these most interesting extinct shells :

"In all these cases we recognize the exercise of discretion and economy in the midst of abundance ; distributing internal supports but sparingly to parts which, from their external form, were already strong, and dispensing them abundantly beneath those parts only, which, without them, would have been weak.

"We find an infinity of variations in the form and sculpture of the external shell, and a not less beautiful variety in the methods of internal fortification, all adapted, with architectural advantage, to produce a combination of ornament with utility. The ribs also are variously multiplied, as the increasing space demands increased support ; and are variously adorned and armed with domes and bosses, where there is need of more than ordinary strength."

The unnoticed extinct mammalia, birds,

radiata, and numbers of other wondrous forms with which the fossil fauna and flora teems, and which are described and engraved in this admirable treatise, seem to call from their stone tombs, "Take me"—but we must abstain. In the words of General Portlock, speaking of the book in his presidential address to the Geological Society :

"It would be in vain to attempt here a perfect analysis of its rich stores of knowledge, or a full exhibition of the ability of its author by applying them to the illustration of his subject."

But you can judge for yourself ; for this compendium of geological and palæontological science is now laid before the public in the handsome new edition, and, with great additions, brought down to the time of publication by the editor, aided by such accomplished experts as Owen, Phillips, and that prince of botanists, the beloved and lamented Robert Brown. It is a most satisfactory renovation of the most remarkable of the works of the distinguished father, by the talented, industrious, and pious son.

From the London Review.

PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER.*

THIS little book tells with simplicity and effect the memorable story of Palissy's life ; and the Religious Tract Society does good service by making known to a wide circle of readers that hero of the sixteenth century. Bernard Palissy may well teach all who are conscious of native talents, and are disposed to trust to them, that genius is helped by industry, and that it flourishes most when sustained as well as sanctified

by piety. Miss Brightwell avails herself of Mr. Morley's guidance ; but her flowing narrative will be liked by a class of readers, who would never take the pains to search for the facts and lessons of the brave old Huguenot's life amid the obscurities of that writer's fragmentary chapters.

This little volume enables us to trace the double-thread of the Potter's history. We have his nature-loving, science-seeking life ; his gifts and attainments ; his experiments, his frequent failures, and his eventual success : and we have too his reli-

* *Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. A True Tale.* By C. L. BRIGHTWELL. London : The Religious Tract Society. 1858.

gious life; his friendship for the fiercely persecuted Huguenots, and his sufferings with them unto the death. Miss Brightwell tells us how he began life with the principle that it is every man's duty to turn to good account God's gifts within him. This upheld him through sixteen years of unrewarded toil in search of the lost art of enameling porcelain—years spent in building furnaces and taking them down; "in trying pots and breaking them; in grinding drugs and burning them;" till, fuel failing, he broke up the palings of the little garden and the flooring and tables of his house; while his neighbors taunted him with being a madman, as he passed down the streets of Saintes; and his wife, destitute of his insight and foresight, crushed by poverty, and weary with "hope deferred," added her remonstrance and reproach. "And all this talk," quoth Palissy, "they brought to mingle with my grief." Few and sad words, conveying a keen yet not a bitter reproof. How did Palissy rejoice, when, having taken three hundred trial-pieces to the glass-furnace, he saw one melt after four hours' exposure to the heat, and come out white and polished! Thenceforth, through years of further disappointment, he felt sure of final success. And so it was, that at last his object was achieved by the production of the ware that bears his name. Palissy had been ever a lover and close student of nature; and now he covered his rustic pieces with the bright colors and elegant forms of the plants and animals with which he had become familiar by the sea-shore, along the riverside, in woods and fields; broad-leaved marsh-plants, delicate and minute mosses, sea-weeds and corals, snails and lizards, butterflies and beetles, no fancy leaf among them, no imaginary insect, but all so accurately true, that even their species might be noted, and their home ascertained.

During the brief season of Bernard Palissy's highest fortunes—when, named by his early patron, the Sire Antoine de Pons, to the Grand Constable Montmorency, and by him to Catherine de Medicis, he was summoned to Paris—he resided in the precincts of the Tuileries, gained acquaintance with Italian art, and designed and executed his own master-

pieces. Here he turned his museum into a lecture-room, and spoke of "fountains, stones, and metals," to an assembly of choice students, imparting to them the "secrets which God had given him grace to understand, while scratching in the earth for the space of forty years." His theory on springs of water anticipated the discoveries of modern science; and a careful examination of the structure of rocks, and of certain fossils that they inclosed, led him to conclusions substantially agreeing with those of the geologists of our day.

The charm and wonder with which we regard this self-taught man, so using his endowments and his daily opportunities as to be far in advance of his age, deepen into reverence when we read that he was "valiant for the truth upon earth." He was one of six poor unlearned men, who formed the first Reformed Church at Saintes, and his name occurs in a cotemporary list of preachers. True to his earliest convictions, the first text from which he exhorted was the Parable of the Talents. At the age of seventy-five, Bernard Palissy was sacrificed by his monarch to the Protestant-hating Guises, and was imprisoned in the Bastille. Three years passed by, of which no record remains. Then the King visited the dungeon, and threatened the aged man with a martyr's death, unless he would change his religion. But neither his courage, nor his trust in God, failed him. "Sire," said Bernard, "I am ready to yield up my life for the glory of God. You say, you feel pity for me. It is rather I that should pity you, who utter such words as these, 'I am compelled.' This is not the language of a King, and neither yourself, nor the Guises, with all your people, shall compel me; *for I know how to die.*" To the last fiery trial he was not, however, called. Some powerful friend interfered to shelter him. A few months passed, and God took him from an earthly prison to a heavenly home.

This little volume is nicely illustrated, and written in a popular and pleasing style. Our remarks, which are somewhat out of proportion to its size, have been prompted by its merits and the unusual interest of its theme.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A FEAR FOR THE FUTURE.

It has happened that for the last five-and-twenty years I have lived altogether out of "the world." Of course, an intelligent reader will understand what I mean by the expression. I haven't been staying in Sirius, nor making the tour of the Great Bear. But circumstances have combined to keep me and my dear wife and family in a remote corner of this busy England, whereto the clash and clamor of its onward progress has penetrated but imperfectly, and wherein our experience of society has been limited in extent and primitive in quality.

Not but that we have been very happy, in spite of our disadvantages and privations. Our utmost dissipation in the winter-time (our social season) consisted in going to tea among our one or two neighbors, and playing a rubber at whist in the evening; or at Christmas-time, a round game at vingt-un or speculation for the children. The pretty speckled beans of the scarlet runners were our counters, and a penny per dozen the rate at which we gambled. What excitement there used to be over those momentous stakes, and what laughing and fun! Yes; we enjoyed those festivities, and thought them very pleasant. People don't know the true worth of a pack of cards who have never lived in the country, five miles from a post-town, and in the midst of a small social circle, wherein the desideratum is to obtain the greatest amount of amusement at the smallest intellectual expense.

Still, though I repeat we were very happy, with our summer picnics and our winter card-playings—still, it will easily be perceived that our "life" for twenty years past has been a very different sort of thing from what you London people call by the same name. And no doubt it is simply natural that now we have temporarily emerged from our seclusion; now that we are in this great metropolis, staying on a visit, and going about as country visitors usually do, doubtless, it is only to be expected that we should be very much astonished at many things we see—that

we find nothing as it used to be, and are perpetually involved in bewilderments and perplexities. But there are some phases of this changed aspect of things which more than perplex; they alarm me. Some metamorphoses in the state of affairs which have taken place "since my day," cause me, I must own, serious uneasiness.

I have got over my first surprise and dismay at a good deal. Different as evening parties are from the routs and assemblies of my youth, I can now "assist" at one without making my eyebrows ache with perpetual astonishment, or tiring out my intimate friends by my continual questions. It no longer overwhelms me to hear a gentleman, in asking a lady to dance, abrogate all the chivalrous old-fashioned ceremony of petition with which I used to prefer that request; nor, when the free and easy invitation is accepted, does it quite shock me out of my self-possession to see the cavalier enfold the lady in his embrace, and then whirl her off at a speed and in a fashion at which the more dignified maidens of thirty or forty years ago would have been both frightened and ashamed. I have grown accustomed also to the wonderful spectacle of a lady in evening dress. I can regard it at last with tolerable composure, though I admit it was long before my old-fashioned eyes could patiently endure the sight of that head about which hangs such a mass of tropical vegetation; or the extraordinary incongruity of that vast and voluminous extent of skirt, and marvelously scanty provision for sleeve, and what my wife, I believe, calls *corsage*. I don't marvel now, when the guests that were invited at eight o'clock don't appear till eleven; and I have ceased to be distressed by people of moderate means and small-sized houses, persistently and periodically inviting a hundred and fifty of their fellow-creatures to cram themselves into an apartment designed to afford comfortable sitting-room and breathing space for about a third of that number. Nor do I *now* look wildly for supper towards the close of these entertainments,

though I admit I did at first; for standing for five consecutive hours is hard work, particularly when singing has to be listened to all the time; and exhausted nature *does*, I must say, crave for some refreshment beyond the thin biscuits and weak negus which are served out in the china-closet down-stairs, on such occasions at these festive mansions. At Slowington, now, our card-parties were always wound up by a famous supper, when at least thrice the amount of comestibles that could possibly be consumed by the number of visitors, were ranged upon the board. *There*—the scarcity always was of people to partake, and not of things to be partaken. The style of hospitality prevalent in this modern Babylon is certainly much more ethereal—wine and water, biscuits, and “*jam*,” as my son Charles says, is all you need expect at these crowded *reunions*. Well, I’m getting used to it; and by dint of fortifying myself with a solid meal beforehand, manage to get creditably through similar severe evenings.

But there are other changes than these, that have taken place within this quarter-century, to which all my philosophy is unable to reconcile me. These changes are not of that class which simply affect dress, manners, or customs. Humanity itself comes under their influence; and the great soul of Womanhood especially, seems to me to be no less altered from what it used to be, than is its external appearance. It is this which excites my most lively apprehensions. As the father of six boys, all of whom I hope one day to see husbands of wives and fathers of families, I feel particularly interested in the younger generation of women now growing up around us. And in no one particular do I find that “world” from which I have thus long been isolated, so signally changed as among them.

I miss every thing I have been accustomed to meet with, in these charming members of the great human family. I could almost imagine they had become a different race of beings altogether. In my time, girls were romantic, addicted to falling in love, and to wasting their time over novels and letter-writing. Their worst foible was apt to be love of admiration; their most perilous tendency one towards thin shoes and young officers. In a word, they were a thoughtless, foolish, bewitching, loving, helpless, irresistible set of creatures, in whom one saw at

a glance all that was faulty or pernicious; and found out more and more with every day of closer intimacy the great underlying wealth of worth and goodness.

I know it was so in my case. My wife was a slender young thing of seventeen when I first made her acquaintance. What nonsense we used to talk in the moonlight, leaning out on the balcony of her father’s house, till we were summoned in and reprimanded for our imprudence! What colds she used to catch, walking with me along the banks of the river after sunset, clad in a muslin dress and lace pelerine! When I quoted poetry, (sometimes Byron’s, but more frequently my own, which she preferred,) how she listened, her blue eyes fixed on my face, in breathless admiration and delight! When I played the flute, (dreadfully out of tune, I’ve no doubt, and looking any thing but sublime in the act,) how innocently charmed she always was. Many a day she has asked me to play “The Thorn” and “The Manly Heart” six or seven times over. There’s enthusiasm and sentiment for you! Then how shy and timid she was! I think it was in helping her to cross the stream by a narrow plank one day, that I lost my heart irretrievably. The way in which she clung to my arm, the bewildering helplessness with which she looked at me with those dove-like eyes—ah! it was irresistible! No man could be expected to stand it.

But nowadays, no such peril menaces masculine bosoms. No, my six dear sons; your peace of mind is little likely to be disturbed by similar feminine attractions. Nothing of that kind is characteristic of the female nature of this present time. The pretty ignorance, the fascinating helplessness, the charming unconsciousness that enslaved us bachelors of long ago—where are they all gone to? Where is the graceful weakness that appealed so eloquently to our awkward strength; where the delicious unreasonableness that so subtly flattered our logical profundity; where the enthusiastic romance that seemed designed expressly to temper and balance the matter-of-fact worldliness inevitable more or less to the nature of the masculine animal which has to work for its living? Where, I ask, in eager anxiety, for the sake of my six boys?

As for Romance, it has had its day. Young women, in whose fresh untutored minds and generous hearts it had

known from time immemorial its sure stronghold and sanctuary, have gone over in a body to the enemy, and now range themselves under the brown banner of Matter-of-Fact, Stern Reality, and Common-Sense. They no longer pore over Byron and Lamartine, delight in moonlight and solitude, and the sacred sympathy of one congenial spirit. They study McCulloch and Adam Smith, and light the candles directly it is too dusk to read or write. Moreover, they have grown gregarious in their habits; they incline towards Committees, and take pleasure in Associations. They know too much about sanitary laws, and pay too great attention to them, ever to think of such things as moonlight rambles, or meditations after dark at an open window. The Juliets of the nineteenth century would entirely decline holding any clandestine communication with Romeos from a balcony. In the first place, they would consider it weak and nonsensical; and secondly, they wouldn't like to risk catching cold. They have a wholesome consideration for rheumatism and catarrh—disorders which the damsels of *my* day regarded with lofty and incredulous disdain. As for thin shoes, except for dancing, they appear to have altogether vanished from the feminine toilet. "Balmoral" boots, soles half-an-inch thick, and "military heels," have usurped their place. Those boots, and the martial red petticoats, now so familiar to every eye, are to me eloquent manifestations of the change that has come over the spirit of womanhood. They are sensible, strong, and matter-of-fact; just as the thin slipper and muslin robes of old time were foolish, fragile, and poetical. I suppose the influence on the statistics of female health under this new *régime* must be considerable. All very well; but when I was a young man the notion of statistics in connection with a woman would have appeared to me almost profanely impertinent.

Again, looking back on those long-past days, I recollect how few were the acquirements, how limited the information, of the fairer half of humanity. I know they generally employed themselves indoors with wool-work, harmless flower-painting, or a little gentle music. I never heard of any thing more profound than these forming their pursuits. Few among them were readers, (at least of aught but

novels and poetry,) and as for writing, they used to write "letters" with much state and ostentation, retiring to their own rooms for the purpose, and occupying whole long mornings in crossing and re-crossing divers pages of fair paper with those long-tailed straggling characters of theirs. No exigencies of "writing for the press" had as yet cramped their free flowing caligraphy. No ideas of original composition had ever entered their innocent heads. They detailed the events of their daily lives, they repeated their mild sentiments and innocuous platitudes in these latticed-worked epistles with the most contented self-complacency, never dreaming that any thing better or wiser could be required of them. They were *women*, the helpmates, consolers, and adornments of our homes; like the lilies, they toiled not, but fulfilled the end of their existence, being lovely and pure amid the coarser and more useful herbs of the field.

But *now*! What modern young woman, of average ability and education, who is not at least "a writer" in some magazine, or probably yet more ambitious, the author of a book, be it novel in three volumes, travels in two, or poetry in one? As for the exceptionally clever among their sex, such light labors in literature no longer content them. They attack science, and produce authoritative tomes, books of reference, to be regarded with awe by all men, on the several subjects on which they have brought their minds to bear. Or they devote their energies to politics, indite fierce "leaders" in newspapers, and make themselves obnoxious to sundry Continental governments. I need hardly say, that like all respectable country gentleman, I am a stanch Conservative, and it at once adds to my alarm, and confirms my unfavorable impression of this new state of things, when I find that all these female politicians are furious Radicals and Reformers.

What do you suppose are my feelings when I took around me at an evening party, inspecting what used to be the brightest ornaments of that social institution—the young girls—and find that, according to my notion and definition of the species, no such creature exists there? No. These are women, old, elderly, middle-aged, *passées*, in their prime; young, very young—very young indeed, in years; but as for the freshness, the

bloom, the artlessness, the timidity, the *every thing* most characteristic of girlhood—all has fled, and is no longer there.

There are plenty of good-looking young ladies, whose toilette is not the most carefully adjusted in the world, and whose hair is arranged in a fashion suggestive of the very probable idea that they were called away just *before* achieving the desirable ceremony of washing their faces. They are influential members of society; they are presiding influences of sundry Committees and Female Associations for the Alteration of This, the Abolition of That, or the Advancement of the Other. They write pamphlets, and issue manifestoes; they speak at crowded meetings, and take an ardent part in important controversies. They are not really young women—they are Public Persons. Any of my sons, I am quite sure, would as soon think of making love to Lord Brougham or the statue of Mr. Canning, as of uttering a word of any thing sentimental to these ladies. Moreover outward appearances can by no means be assumed to be a reliable criterion. At one of the first evening parties which I attended this season, I was greatly attracted by a group of pretty, fair-looking damsels, who seemed to herd together in one corner of the room, chirping like sparrows among themselves—their flower-decked heads nodding and tossing with charming impetuosity, and their little gloved hands gesticulating with fans, bouquets, and handkerchiefs. They appeared to me almost children in years; and something in their aspect quite warmed my disappointed heart with a sense of freshness and sweetness. I assumed the privilege of my age and gray hairs, and approached them, with some conciliatory remark, at once suave, benignant, admiring, and jocose—in fact, couched after the usual manner of old gentlemen to young ladies.

“And what breeze is stirring the flowers?” say I—“what momentous subject is rippling over those rosy lips? Will you admit an old man to your conference?”

At this they all look at me, and then at each other, with sudden seriousness. They are evidently astonished; and presently the rosy lips assume curves not of the pleasantest; and I am conscious, before any reply is vouchsafed me, that these innocent white-robed maidens know what sarcasm means.

“We are talking about our dolls, of course,” replies one.

“That subject and dress, are all that ever occupy our minds,” says another.

“Now what did you suppose we were discussing?” a third asks me, laughingly, and with an air of candor that would be very delightful if on such a smooth brow, there were not a suspicion of boldness about it.

“Oh!” I rejoin, determined not to fix the theme too low, “I might have thought you were canvassing the merits of the last new song, or picture, or novel. Young ladies nowadays, are great critics on such matters.”

“But we don’t talk ‘shop’ when we come out to parties,” flippantly observes Nymph No. 1. At which I am mystified, not understanding slang: and no doubt I look so, for they all exchange glances again, and laugh, and the candid one obligingly explains.

“You see we all of us either write, or compose, or paint. We are professional artists.” But here she broke off suddenly, as another lady came quickly towards us, and said with great earnestness and energy:

“Mr. —’s in the other room. Go and speak to him about the Bill. I’ll get hold of —, and attack *him*.”

Off they all fluttered, and I was left stranded in a very blank solitude. Yes, though in the midst of a brilliant crowd, and with the hum and buzz of conversation, and music, and laughter thrilling around me, I confess I felt a strange sense of loneliness creep over me; I seemed to have lived too long: I had ceased to be a part of the things of this present world. I was like a harpsichord tuned to the concert-pitch of a quarter of a century ago, which could take no part in the orchestra of to-day, being utterly discordant with every instrument therein; and while depressingly conscious of my own “flatness,” I could not but feel some anxiety as to the issue of this fiercely strung-up, highly-tensioned state of things. What would it all end in? I experienced a yearning after the little girls of my friend Brown, at Slough, nice little things in short frocks and pinafores, and I marveled if they would grow up into women, simply (ah! could they do better?) or if they would graft on to that fair heaven’s work alien growths resulting in something strange and nondescript, like many of

those I saw about me then? I don't deny that a profound, and perhaps an unreasonable melancholy overcame me as I looked round that well-filled room, and took note, individually and collectively, of the fairer half of its occupants. For not the least perplexing element in this new system of perplexities, is to see external characteristics remaining as they were, and musical proportion, grace of form, and delicacy of coloring still marking the broad distinction between the physical nature at least, of woman and man. But how long will this lingering remnant of the original idea remain? I thought to myself. Will politicians, like that one in pink silk there, who, I am told, understands the state of foreign affairs as well as any man living, continue to boast the fresh, shell-like complexion, the lustrous eyes, the winning dimples on the cheek, that I see now? As the mind hardens with its abstruse studies and its bitter experience of practicalities, will not the skin grow coarse and rough, the lines deepen into furrows, and the whole aspect alter, till the outward aspect of a woman becomes feebly masculine, answering to what, as I take it, she is now trying to make her mind? And if so—if this should come to pass—I want to know what is to become of my sons, and other men's sons? Where are they to look, when they go seeking among the daughters of the land that they may take unto themselves wives? How is it to be expected that they will feel towards these public characters, who have been working side by side with them in the great arena of business, politics, or science; blackening their faces and roughening their hands in the same hard labor, only with the difference that they have to stand on their tip-toes to reach their fingers to the tool-board, and to run very fast to keep pace with the bigger laborer's slow walk? Can it be supposed that my sons and their compeers will continue to regard these anomalous beings with the chivalric deference that conscious strength always feels to conscious helplessness? Are they to be supposed capable of entertaining for them the proper manly feeling of protecting tenderness to the physical weakness, of self-reproaching, half-wondering admiration of the gentleness, purity, and moral strength that in former times used to make women, women? Yet of these pe-

culiar feelings love is born; and I want to know what is to be done when the last blow is struck at them, and they cease to be?

I declare to you (and hence the source of my dismay) that if I were a young man thrown into the society of the present day, I should find myself perfectly incapable of falling in love with any of the young ladies that as yet have come under my notice. I couldn't do it. These followers of the arts, whose life is in the pictures they paint, or the books they write, these scientific damsels who would strike me dumb with a sense of my helpless ignorance if I began to converse with them—these political ladies, above all, who influence the affairs of Europe by their pens, and talk leading articles at you by the hour together, if you give them a chance—could I ever feel a tender sentiment for any of these? Does a man fall in love with artist, novelist, mathematician, or politician? No, he doesn't; and the end of all these speculations is, that I turn with a feeling of profound relief and thankfulness to my beloved Alicia, who is, as she always was, neither more nor less than a loving woman, strong enough in mind and body for all a woman's work and duties, but for no more; who would as soon think of picking pockets as of writing books—knows no more of algebra than a flower, or of politics than a skylark. Oh! if I could find six such women for my boys! But I despair of it: I don't believe they exist. Education, cultivation, intellectual elevation, and so forth, have absolutely annihilated the species. Alas! the day!

Doubtless I shall be deemed illiberal in these lamentations. Doubtless the cry of my heart, "Oh! for a little ignorance among women! oh! that their minds were not so expanded and their intelligence so developed!" sounds narrow, selfish, and shallow. Probably I shall find few to echo my wish that the sex was rather what it used to be, with all its weaknesses and follies and shortcomings, than what I dismally fear it is about to become. Be it so. Of course, if the world is satisfied with itself as it goes on, it is all very well for the world, and I must even keep my doubts and discontents buried in my own old-fashioned breast.

This once, however, I may surely be allowed to speak out and unburden my mind of this Fear for the Future.

From the London Review.

CECIL AND MARY; OR, PHASES OF LIFE AND LOVE.*

THERE are many beauties, both moral and poetical, in this little volume; and also, we are bound to say, many artistic blemishes. We will not now insist upon the latter, as it would lead us unto a repetition of much that we have said before, when characterizing the effusions of Mr. Alexander Smith. As a poet, Mr. Jackson belongs to the same school. He has evidently made the *Balder* of Mr. Dobell a particular study. His illustrations are out of all proportion to the amount of truth and incident, and their profusion is far more evident than their felicity or force. Considering this ornate style, nothing could be more ill-chosen than the dramatic form. Of course, all the interlocutors use the same lavishly embroidered language. Every epithet is a metaphor, and every sentiment shrined in Oriental phrase; and though this might be allowed as a peculiarity of the polished and fastidious Cecil, it is hardly right that his good mother should be made to drop so many tropes, and that too under circumstances of severe maternal trial. We do not object to the following excellent advice, except that it is not very happily addressed to one whose choice was made; but the terms are not such as even noble mothers use upon like occasions. Cecil is about to go to India as a missionary, leaving home and his betrothed behind him:

———"Hearken now, my son:
We who have sailed far down the stream of life
Know better than those nearer to its source
Where lie its perilous rapids, shoals, and falls.
You can not take her with you whom you have
Most wisely chosen, and absence, like long
drought,

Withers the flower of love, or other chance
May leave you loverless; and should you have
To choose again—nay, start not—let her be
A woman worthy of a true man's love.

Use ears as well as eyes—she should be praised
By those who know her, but who fear her not;
And from her lips should fall, like summer dew,
Words wise and holy. Oh! wed not a wife
Whose tongue is like a clock that has no dial,
Which goes, but to no purpose; and beware,
Let no foul gold-sores leprosy your choice,
The kiss of Judas once was given for gold—
A kiss which scorched his hard and icy soul.
And be not dazzled by a pretty face;
A phosphorescent sea has rocks below,
And fair-hued flowers may have a worm within.
A face shone through by piety and love
Is beautiful, whatever be its mold.

Kind words and kinder deeds
Are gentle rain to the sweet flower of love.
Oh blow not on it with the blighting breath
Of anger or of sarcasm, lest its leaves
Fall fluttering to the ground: let no harsh
words

Strip off the flowers from an unyielding bond
Which links you to each other. Even in jest
Let not the mocking sprite of banter tease
Her gentle patience. Sun her with your smile
When she is joyful; and whenever she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too.
Pray with her, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
The spot whence one of you shall be caught up
And landed on the golden steps of heaven."

This is a fair specimen of the author's style, and every page is of the same elaborate pattern. The whole poem breathes a pure, religious, and missionary spirit; and it is for this reason we the more regret its excess of sentiment and imagery. A manly, simple, and direct style would surely have better seconded the author's moral purpose; for how shall we believe in the devotion of a hero whose tones are of the daintiest, and who can not plainly tell you what a thing *is*, but must needs tell you handsomely what it is *like*?

* *Cecil and Mary: or, Phases of Life and Love.*
By JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON. Parker & Son.
1858.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND.*

IN the present volume of Mr. Prescott's attractive history, Philip himself is not often seen upon the stage. It is only in the two concluding chapters that we catch more than a glimpse of his majesty, the previous eleven being occupied by the narrative of the Rebellion of the Moriscoes, and war with the Turks. With his usual completeness of arrangement, the historian makes his reader conversant with the checkered past of the Moors in Spain, before he details the exciting story of their fatal present. He takes us back to the beginning of the eighth century, when the Arabs, on warlike thoughts intent, as inspired thereto by the prophet of their aggressive faith, having traversed the southern shores of the Mediterranean, now reached the borders of those straits which separate Africa from Europe. Here we see them pausing for a moment, before carrying their banners into a strange and unknown quarter of the globe, and then descending, with accumulated strength, on the sunny fields of Andalusia, there to meet the whole Gothic array on the banks of the Gaudalete, and, after that fatal battle in which King Roderick fell with the flower of his nobility, spreading themselves, like an army of locusts, over every part of the Peninsula. "Three years sufficed for the conquest of the country—except that small corner in the north, where a remnant of the Goths contrived to maintain a savage independence, and where the rudeness of the soil held out to the Saracens no temptation to follow them.

"It was much the same story that was repeated, more than three centuries later, by the Norman conqueror in England. The battle of Hastings was to that kingdom what the battle of the Gaudalete was to Spain; though the Norman barons, as

they rode over the prostrate land, dictated terms to the vanquished of a sterner character than those granted by the Saracens."

We may here remark, in passing, that Mr. Prescott has a pleasant habit of thus illustrating his recital by allusions to historical parallels, or, as the case may happen, historical contrasts. A little further on, for example, he describes the intercourse between these Moslem conquerors and the subject-natives in Spain, as having been "certainly far greater than that between our New-England ancestors and the Indian race which they found in possession of the soil—that ill-fated race," as he too truly calls it, which seem to have shrunk from the touch of civilization, and to have passed away before it, like the leaves of the forest before the breath of winter. On the other hand, he supposes the union in question to have been not so intimate as that which existed between the old Spaniards and the semi-civilized tribes that occupied the plateau of Mexico, whose descendants, he adds, are at this day to be seen there, filling the highest places, both social and political, and whose especial boast it is to have sprung from the countrymen of Montezuma. In a similar way he speaks of the war carried on by Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors of Granada, as one "which rivaled that of Troy in its duration, and surpassed it in the romantic character of its incidents;" and of the *chronic* war, so to speak, maintained age after age by Christian against infidel—generation after generation passing their lives in one long, uninterrupted crusade—as having something of the "same effect on the character of the nation that the wars for the recovery of Palestine had on the Crusaders of the Middle Ages"—namely, that every man learned to regard himself as in an especial manner the soldier of Heaven—forever fighting the great battle of the faith. So again the fall of the favorite, Cardinal

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Vol. III. London: Routledge & Co. 1859.

Espinosa, is called "an event as signal and unexpected by the world, and as tragical to the subject of it, as the fall of Wolsey." And the massacre in the prison of the Chancery of Granada "no where finds a more fitting parallel than in the murders perpetrated on a still larger scale, during the French Revolution, in the famous massacres of September"—with this difference, that whereas the Parisian miscreants were the tools of a sanguinary faction, that was regarded with horror by every friend of humanity in the country—in Granada, on the contrary, it was the government itself, or at least those of highest authority in it, who were responsible for the deed.*

Of course the historian's sympathies are with the Moriscos in the systematic oppression that crushed them in the latter days. Upon the impolicy as well as the injustice of that oppression he descants with glowing emphasis. He traces the degrees by which the Spaniards became more and more arrogant, in proportion as the Arabs, shorn of their ancient opulence and power, descended in the scale; and shows how the latent fire of intolerance was fanned into a blaze by the breath of the fanatical clergy, who naturally possessed unbounded influence in a country where religious considerations entered so largely into the motives of action—while, to crown the whole, the date of the fall of Granada (1492) coincided with that of the establishment of the Inquisition, "as if the hideous monster had waited the time when an inexhaustible supply of victims might be afforded for its insatiable maw." Ximenes set most Christian Spain an example in the art of conversion. Proselytism made easy was the apparent fruit of his endeavors. Turn Christian, or turn out—of house, home, country:

* Possibly Mr. Prescott's wholesome appetite for allusion leads him occasionally to become far-fetching in his fare. For example, in his description of the allied fleet making for the gulf of Lepanto, and, as it swept down the Ionian Sea, passing many a spot famous in ancient story, none of these, he suggests, would be so likely to excite an interest at this time as Actium, "on whose waters was fought the greatest naval battle of antiquity. But the mariner, probably," it is added—and the probably is a most safe conjecture—"gave little thought to the past, as he dwelt on the conflict that awaited him at Lepanto." The mariner, honest man, had, in vulgar parlance, other fish to fry, that foggy morning, than any that were kept in (Ionian) hot water by the Roman tragedy of *All for Love*, or the *World Well Lost*, some fifteen hundred years before.

choose ye. The Moors chose the former alternative—that horn of the dilemma appearing to them the less of two evils, for there are such things as conversions not even skin-deep, the Ethiopian being, in fact, incapable of changing his skin, and the leopard his spots—on compulsion. Charles the Fifth had not been ten years upon the throne, when the entire Moorish population were "brought within the pale of Christianity," and were henceforth to be called Moriscos, old things (it was hoped) having passed away, and all things become new. But all things are not apt to become new, and remain so, even in cases the most miraculous of wholesale conversions. Morisco is but Moor corrupt. Call him what you will, after baptism, it is still the article of his faith that there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet; and he thinks it best, as a ward of the Inquisition, and mere step-son of Christendom, to put his trust in that one God, and keep his powder dry. He will want it soon, and plenty of it.

When Philip succeeded to the throne, the larger part of the Moorish population was spread over the mountain range of the Alpujarras, where, in scattered hamlets, they kept alive as best they could the traditions of their fathers, and that spirit of independence without some remnant of which, life was not worth the living. For a year or two the King had too engrossing a call from foreign affairs to allow of his devoting much attention to Morisco rats and mice, and such small deer of the sierras in the south. By and by, however, ordinances were published which tended to discourage and irritate the alien race. These "impolitic edicts" were but precursors of a revolutionary measure—a grand inquisitor's masterpiece—which forbade the use of Arabic, the continuance of family names, of Oriental costume, of feminine vails in public, of private religious ceremonies, of national songs and dances at home festivities, and of the warm baths which every cleanly Morisco accounted a necessary, not mere luxury, of every-day life. Stern penalties were attached to the non-observance of this index prohibitorum. Imprisonment and exile were to overtake the transgressor of a law which, says Mr. Prescott, "for cruelty and absurdity, has scarcely a parallel in history." For it would be difficult, as he observes, to imagine any

greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their vails—associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligation of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in relation to the baths—so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm climate of the South.

"But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language, as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years, [at the end of which period this provision was to be enforced,] could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that, too, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who, in the cities, had separate quarters assigned to them, in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians." Indeed, with Mr. Prescott we may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslem, as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether—which "shrewd suspicion" is confirmed by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the edict, gave his hearty approbation of it, by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies the better." It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards, who looked with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven.* "With these evil passions rankling in their bosoms, the Spaniards were gradually prepared for the consummation of their long train of persecutions by that last act, reserved for

the reign of the imbecile Philip the Third—the expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Peninsula—an act which deprived Spain of the most industrious and ingenious portion of her population, and which must be regarded as one of the principal causes of the subsequent decline of the monarchy."*

It is a relief—in the true sense of relief by contrast—to meet here and there with some public man to whom this intolerant policy of the Inquisition school was objectionable, whether as misdoing or mistake. Some few from policy or higher principle were opposed to the ordinances. Even Alva found fault with them, as likely to do the state disservice. Don Juan Henriquez, grandee whose large estates were in the heart of Granada, deserves honorable mention as one who "felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives," and undertook to lay their remonstrance before the throne. Him Philip referred to the worst enemy of the Moriscoes, Espinosa, whose ungracious answer, disheartening as it was, did not deter the mediator from pleading in other quarters, and pushing the cause of his clients wherever an opening could be made.

Ruy Gomez, again, the time-tried favorite of the King, though discreditably compliant with his master's humors, and keenly alive to his own interests, "was humane and liberal in his temper, and inclined to peace." His influence is therefore described as having been good on the whole—persons of a generous nature ranging themselves under him as their leader. But the most eminent of the tolerant statesmen of the day was Mendoza, Marquis of Mondejar, Captain-General of the forces, who was decidedly opposed to the obnoxious ordinance, more perhaps from motives of expediency than from any better impulse, yet with a strength of conviction which emboldened him to protest with the best member that he had. But Espinosa was too strong for Mendoza; the Grand Inquisitor would have, and had, the last word against the Commander-in-Chief, and put an end to all controversy by bidding him go about his business—which business (a black one) was, to carry out his majesty's ordinance, and to put down (what inevitably ensued) a Morisco rebellion.

In the opposite scale—too heavy to be

* Prescott, iii. p. 24.

Ibid. 241.

counterbalanced by any number of mild remonstrants—were an inexorable Espinosa; his subservient *attaché* Deza, afterwards Cardinal, whose “plausible manners covered an inflexible will;” Guerrero, the meddlesome, bigoted Archbishop of Granada; the Marquis of Los Velez, who was all for fire and slaughter; and, it must be added, Don John of Austria himself, whose dealings with the rebels were ruthless and relentless as the very grandest of grand inquisitors, or the most Catholic of Catholic kings, could reasonably desire.

That the infidel insurgents should, in the course of their hard struggle, be guilty of foul deeds, cruel and revolting to the last degree, is more deplorable than surprising. At Guecija there was a convent of Augustine monks, whom the Moriscoes murdered by throwing them into caldrons of boiling oil—the olives being abundant in that neighborhood. There are episodes that read like excerpts from the Book of Maccabees. “Sometimes the death of the victim was attended with circumstances of diabolical cruelty not surpassed by any thing recorded of our North-American savages. At a place called Pitres de Ferreyra, the priest of the village was raised by means of a pulley to a beam that projected from the tower, and was then allowed to drop from a great height upon the ground. The act was repeated more than once in the presence of his aged mother, who, in an agony of grief, embracing her dying son, besought him “to trust in God and the blessed Virgin, who through these torments would bring him into eternal life.” The mangled carcass of the poor victim, broken and dislocated in every limb, was then turned over to the Moorish women, who with their scissors, bodkins, and other feminine implements, speedily dispatched him.

“The women, indeed, throughout this persecution, seemed to have had as rabid a thirst for vengeance as the men. Even the children were encouraged to play their part in the bloody drama; and many a miserable captive was set up as a target to be shot at with the arrows of the Moorish boys. The rage of the barbarians was especially directed against the priests, who had so often poured forth anathemas against the religion which the Moslems loved, and who, as their spiritual directors, had so often called them to account for offenses against the religion which they abhorred. At Coadba the priest

was stretched out before a brazier of live coals, until his feet, which had been smeared with pitch and oil, were burned to a cinder. His two sisters were compelled to witness the agonies of their brother, which were still further heightened by the brutal treatment which he saw them endure from their tormentors.

“Fire was employed as a common mode of torture, by way of retaliation, it may be, for similar sufferings inflicted on the infidel by the Inquisition. Sometimes the punishment seemed to be contrived so as to form a fiendish parody on the exercises of the Roman Catholic religion. In the town of Filix the pastor was made to take his seat before the altar, with his two sacristans, one on either side of him. The bell was rung, as if to call the people together to worship. The sacristans were provided with a roll containing the names of the congregation, which they were required to call over, as usual, before the services, in order to see that no one was absent. As each Morisco answered to his name, he passed before the priest, and dealt him a blow with his fist, or the women plucked his beard and hair, accompanying the act with some bitter taunt, expressive of their mortal hate. When every one had thus had the opportunity of gratifying his personal grudge against his ancient pastor, the executioner stepped forward, armed with a razor, with which he scored the face of the ecclesiastic in the detested form of the cross, and then, beginning with the fingers, deliberately proceeded to sever each of the joints of his wretched victim!”

These be thy converts, O Ximenes! These thy first-fruits, O Inquisition! It would seem that if the devil left the Moor when he became a Morisco, it was only to come again and take unto himself seven other devils, more wicked than himself, and so make the last state of that man worse than the first.

It is said that three thousand Christians, of the Alpujarras, perished in these massacres in the course of a single week. Neither women (especially those who having abjured crescent for cross, now refused to recant) nor children, were always spared. This outburst was the beginning of sorrows, and took Spain by surprise. At a later period, when the war had been raging for some time, we have another dark example of Moorish atrocity in the cruel fate of the garrison

at Seron. This beleaguered fortress, reduced to extremity, mainly it would seem through the neglect of the Marquis of Los Velez—who could not brook Don John's interference with his command—was compelled to surrender on honorable terms. "But no sooner had they given up the place, than the victors, regardless of the terms of capitulation, murdered in cold blood every male over twelve years of age, and made slaves of the women and children. This foul act was said to have been perpetrated by the secret command of Aben-Humeya. The Morisco chief might allege, in vindication of his perfidy, that he had but followed the lesson set him by the Spaniards."

What was that lesson? What the example set by a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, to His praise who had called them or their fathers out of darkness into his marvelous light? Even Mondejar—exceptionally mild—infuriated at the obstinate resistance of Guajaras, orders the disabled remnant of the garrison to be put to the sword—heeds no prayer for mercy—pays no regard to age or sex—but stands by to see them cut down one by one, and is said to have "stimulated the faltering soldiers to go through with their bloody work." His son, the Count of Tendilla, outdid the sanguinary sire, (who had again and again been taxed with "excessive lenity" to the Moriscos.) The brave commandant of the fortress, El Zamar—who, with all that were not too feeble, from age and infirmity, had silently evacuated the place the night before, scrambling down the precipice "with the fearlessness of the mountain-goat," and making their escape without attracting the besiegers' notice—was now wandering among the crags with his little daughter, whom he carried in his arms. "Famished and fainting from fatigue, he was at length overtaken by his enemies, and sent off as a prisoner to Granada, where the fierce Tendilla caused the flesh to be torn from his bones with red-hot pincers, and his mangled carcass, yet palpitating with life, to be afterwards quartered. The crime of El Zamar was that he had fought too bravely for the independence of his nation." There were many "criminals" like this El Zamar, and far too many executioners like that Tendilla.

At the battle of Filix, again, besides six thousand Moriscos—many of them wo-

men—left dead upon the field, there were two thousand children, we are told, butchered by the Spaniards.* Some fled for refuge to the caves and thickets, but were speedily dragged out thence, and massacred by the soldiers in cold blood. Others, to escape death from the hands of their enemies, threw themselves headlong down the precipices—some of them with their infants in their arms—and thus miserably perished. "The cruelties committed by the troops," says one of the army, who chronicles its achievements, "were such as the pen refuses to record. I myself," he adds, "saw the corpse of a Morisco woman, covered with wounds, stretched upon the ground, with six of her children lying dead around her. She had succeeded in protecting a seventh, still an infant, with her body; and though the lances which pierced her had passed through its clothes, it had marvelously escaped any injury. It was clinging," he continues, "to its dead mother's bosom, from which it drew milk that was mingled with blood. I carried it away and saved it." So there was one Christian, after all, in the Christian army that day. Hita was his name, worthy of remembrance, the doer of one good deed in that dark day's work, and historian of the Wars of Granada.

The massacre in the prison of the Chancery of Granada, to which allusion has already been made, occurred at midnight, in March, 1569. The alcaide had distributed arms among a body of Spaniards, who, at the signal of a bell in one of the towers of the Alhambra, when the doors of the prison were flung open by that magistrate, fell at once on their defenseless victims, many of whom "were old and infirm, and most of them inoffensive citizens, whose quiet way of life had little fitted them for brawl or battle," and who being now destitute of arms of any kind, "seemed to be as easy victims as the sheep into whose fold the famishing wolves have broken in the absence of the shepherd." Mr. Prescott gives a spirited, yet dispiriting, account of the effort that even these "impotent folk" made to save their lives if possible; if not, to sell them dearly. He tells us how despair lent them strength—how they snatched up whatever was at hand, chairs, benches, to make good their defenses; how some even suc-

* Prescott, iii. 87 and *seq.*

ceded in wrenching stones from the walls or iron bars from the windows, and fought as those who fight for dear life; how others, hopeless of escape, piled together a heap of mats, bedding, and other combustibles, and, kindling them with their torches, threw themselves into the flames, intending in this way to set fire to the building, and to perish in one general conflagration with their murderers. But the flames they had kindled were soon extinguished in their own blood, and their mangled remains were left to blacken among the cinders of their funeral pile.

For two hours, adds the historian, "the deadly conflict between parties so unequally matched had continued; the one shouting its old war-cry of 'Saint Iago,' as if fighting on an open field; the other, if we may take the Castilian account, calling on their prophet to come to their assistance. But no power, divine or human, interposed in their behalf; and, notwithstanding the wild uproar caused by men engaged in a mortal struggle, by the sound of heavy blows and falling missiles, by the yells of the victors and the dying moans and agonies of the vanquished, no noise to give token of what was going on—if we are to credit the chroniclers—found its way beyond the walls of the prison. Even the guard stationed in the court-yard, we are assured, were not roused from their slumbers.

"At length some rumor of what was passing reached the city, where the story ran that the Moriscoes were in arms against their keepers, and would soon probably get possession of the jail. This report was enough for the people, who, roused by the alarm-bell, were now in a state of excitement that disposed them to any deed of violence. Snatching up their weapons, they rushed, or rather flew, like vultures snuffing the carrion from afar, to the scene of slaughter. Strengthened by this reinforcement, the assailants in the prison soon completed the work of death; and, when the morning light broke through the grated windows, it disclosed the full extent of the tragedy. Of all the Moriscoes only two had escaped—the father and son of *Aben-Humeya*, over whom a guard had been specially set. Five Spaniards were slain, and seventeen wounded, showing the fierce resistance made by the Moslems, though destitute of arms." The apathy shown by cotemporary Christian writers about this prison-massacre—one

of whom pleasantly terms it a "mishap"—is or ought to be a world's wonder. And yet, not so; for, as the historian elsewhere observes, the Moriscoes were everywhere regarded as infidels and apostates, and there were few Christian nations whose code would not at that day have punished infidelity and apostasy with death. Hence Don John's "revolting massacre" of the Moriscoes at *Galera*, in 1570—a massacre so wholesale and indiscriminate that not one man, soldier or citizen, Turk, African, or Morisco, but was mercilessly butchered on the spot—appears to have left no stain on the reputation of that prince in the eyes of his cotemporaries; rather it "threw a gloomy *éclat* over his achievement," and made his countrymen regard him with pride as fairly entered on a "splendid career, that would place his name among those of the great paladins of the nation." Every allowance that can be made, is made by our author for the future conqueror at *Lepanto*.

The story of that battle is told with stirring effect. The sea-piece is worthy of the painter's best powers; and he puts them forth. Many a minor study of siege and skirmish and battle, taxes them in various ways; that fierce struggle at *Alfajarali*, when poisoned arrows rained like hail from the Moslem ranks; the surprise of *Guejar*; the investment, prolonged resistance, and utter demolition of *Galera*; and the last campaign of *Aben-Aboo*, with whom closed the royal line of the *Omeiyades* in Spain, and who, had he lived in the peaceful and prosperous times of the Arabian empire there, "might have swayed the scepter with as much renown as the best of his dynasty." Both of him, and of his assassinated predecessor, *Aben-Humeya*, portraits are drawn as by one who nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. More elaborate, and full of interest, is the likeness here presented of Don John of Austria; and some progress is made with that of the central figure, Philip himself. In the latter instance, if it can not be said that Mr. Prescott warms to his subject—for who could warm to so chill-diffusing, cold-compelling a hero?—at any rate, he continues to make the best of his majesty, and directs us, if ever a chance occurs, to catch glimpses of a soul of goodness in this supposed thing of evil—glimpses of human nature after all, and good points where only bad ones had been recognized. Indolent as Philip constitu-

tionally was, he never shirked work of the in-doors, clerk's-office kind. If he was shy of tented field and siege-works, and could never take to robust sports in the open air, he was yet mightily given to "blue-book" business, and indulged in a very "debauch" of dispatches. He would sit up alone till the small hours, reveling in state-papers. He husbanded his time thriftily; the pleasures of the table had nothing of its seduction that might be supposed for his father's son; and "after a light repast, he gave audience to such of his subjects as desired to present their memorials," receiving these petitioners graciously, and listening to all they had to say with patience—"for that was his virtue." As he grew older, his natural reserve and mistrust increased upon him, and his ministers suffered accordingly; nevertheless he is said to have continued "kind, even liberal to his servants, was not capricious in his humors, and seldom, if ever, gave way to those sallies of passion so common in princes clothed with absolute power." Of his personal habits there are abundant details given in the closing chapters of this volume—an over-thin one, by the way, of which the best-disposed reader will incline to say, as Cæsar of Iank, lean Cassius: Would it were fatter!

The same chapters—illustrative generally of the domestic affairs of Spain under Philip's rule—contain interesting notices of his fourth queen, Anne of Austria; of the fall of Espinosa; of the authority of the Cortes, practically naught, and of the influence of the clergy, virtually supreme. There is also an excellent description, in the author's happiest vein, of the Escorial and its construction, which for long years seemed a work that was never ending, still beginning. This sumptuous edifice, "eighth wonder of the world," with its twelve thousand doors and windows, its variegated marble and costliest jasper, its curiosities in bronze and iron, in damask and velvet, its gorgeous tapestries from Flemish looms, and richly-tinted wood-work from American forests—the brilliant decoration within contrasting utterly with the "stern simplicity of its exterior"—this magnificent pile was intended, much to the architect's embarrassment, to comprehend at once a convent, a palace, and a tomb. How to evolve artistic unity out of this syncretic design, was a problem of troublesome character. "Another difficulty, of a more whimsical nature, imposed

on the architect, was the necessity of accommodating the plan of the building to the form of a gridiron—as typical of the kind of martyrdom suffered by the patron saint of the Escorial, [St. Lawrence, on whose day the great battle of St. Quentin was fought—whence, it is said, Philip's vow of building him a house of praise.] Thus the long lines of cloisters, with their intervening courts, served for the bars of the instrument. The four lofty spires at the corners of the monastery, represented its legs inverted; and the palace, extending its slender length on the east, furnished the awkward handle." The entire description of this convent-palace and its contents is one of the best things in the book.

No wonder that Mr. Prescott is so widely popular an historian, his style being exactly adapted to attract and retain the mass of readers. It is so clear, fluent, animated, with just that amount of flourish and ornamentation which people like, to whom Mr. Carlyle is aggravating and past finding out. The similes and imagery employed are just of that level standard which he who runs may read, nor cease his running to appreciate. Thus: "The blood-hounds of the Inquisition were not as yet allowed to run down their game at will; and if they did terrify the natives by displaying their formidable fangs, the time had not yet come when they were to slip the leash and spring upon their miserable victims."—"And when the hour arrived, and the Christians discerned their danger in the menacing looks and gestures of their Moslem neighbors, they were as much astounded by it as the unsuspecting traveler on whom, as he heedlessly journeys through some pleasant country, the highwayman has darted from his covert by the roadside."—"The wild animal of the forest, now that he had regained his freedom, gave little heed to the call of his former keeper—unless it were to turn and rend him."—The Moriscos in Granada, in peril of a Spanish outbreak, (1568), "were like the traveler who sees the avalanche trembling above him, which the least jar of the elements, or his own unwary movements, may dislodge from its slippery basis, and bring down in ruin on his head."—"Ambushes and surprises formed part of the regular strategy of the Moorish warrior, who lost heart if he failed in these—like the lion, who, if balked in his first spring upon his prey, is said rarely to attempt another."—"The clemency

shown [to the Moslems] by the conqueror [Mendoza] was doing more for him than his arms—as the snow which the blasts of winter have only bound more closely to the hill-side loosens its hold and falls away under the soft touch of spring.”—Don John was rebuked by Philip for rashly exposing himself in the front of battle; “but it would have been as easy to rein in the war-horse when the trumpet was sounding in his ears, as to curb the spirits of the high-mettled young chieftain when his followers were mustering to the charge.” Of the same impetuous Prince, cooped up inactive within the city-walls, we read, that “as he gazed on the blue mountains that rose as an impassable barrier around him, he was like the bird vainly beating its plumage against the gilded wires of its prison-house, and longing to be free.”—On his giving the order to retreat, during one of the foiled assaults on Galera, we are told that the men who

had so impetuously rushed to the attack in defiance of the commands of their officers, now showed the same spirit of insubordination when commanded to leave it; like the mastiff, who, maddened by the wounds he has received in the conflict, refuses to loosen his hold on his antagonist, in spite of the chiding of his master.”

There is a dash of Sir Walter in this class of similes, which tells famously with the majority. Hackneyed the imagery may be, and a certain sameness may pervade it throughout; but it has a charm for the multitude in being never recondite, always intelligible on the surface, and always fulfilling the popular conception of what is “neat and appropriate.” On the whole, Mr. Prescott embodies Chateaubriand’s ideal of the only popular and generally readable historian *Dont la diction claire et animée se pare aussi d’élégance et d’harmonie*, and who, by these tokens, *est sûr d’être lu et relu*.

From the Eclectic Review.

FRANCE, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

It has come again. The political volcano which never slumbers in the heart of Europe has once more burst forth into alarming activity, and the world is rudely roused from its dreams of peace by the startling presence of impending war. The Nemesis that waits on all great crimes never fails to follow close upon that greatest of all crimes—the lawless suppression of a nation’s life. Enceladus heaves and writhes under the weight of mountainous despotism, and the most imposing fabrics of power tremble to their base as he struggles. They may cry, “Peace, peace,” as they will; but there is, there can be, there ought to be, no peace for Europe while the state of Italy remains what it is. “The state of Italy is a standing menace to the peace of Europe;” such in 1856 was the representation made at the Con-

ferences of Paris to the assembled powers of Europe, not by visionaries and partisans, but by the thoroughly informed and responsible ministers of England, France, and Sardinia.

It can not be otherwise: for what in truth is the state of Italy? It is the state of a territory which aspires to be a country, and is in fact but “a geographical expression.” It is the state of twenty-five millions of men speaking a common language, proud of a common literature, inheritors of an unrivaled renown; who feel with equal bitterness the grandeur of the past and the nothingness of the present. It is the state of a race, who eager for union, see nothing but disintegration; who, desiring a federation of states flourishing side by side in one common motherland under native rulers and equal laws,

look abroad upon a confused medley of provinces whose governments (with one glorious exception) are uniformly arbitrary and frequently alien. To hate strangers and to be the vassals of strangers; to despise priests and to be the slaves of priests; to love freedom passionately and to have it denied persistently; this is, and for generations this has been the fate of the best and most intelligent among the inhabitants of the Peninsula. As long as this is so—as long as a vast and populous territory in the very center of the European State-system is inhabited by a race thus justly and incurably alienated from their rulers—the elements of local insurrection can never be wanting. The smoldering fire may burst forth at any moment; nor can it be confined within the territorial limits of its origin. In the present electric state of European feeling, a mere spark may suffice to set the continent in a blaze. The armed resistance of a single Italian province may wrap the world in the conflagration of a general war.

There is imminent danger then to all Europe in this perpetuated disaffection and discontent of Italy. It is a danger, too, which is constantly on the increase. This last point is of great importance: Even if the Italian difficulty were to remain precisely what it is, all the great Powers would be deeply concerned in devising some remedy for it. But it can not and it will not remain as it is. Every year of fresh endurance and increased enlightenment adds strength to the passion whose object is: "Italy for the Italians." Every year of constitutional government in Sardinia intensifies the yearning felt by every Italian worthy of the name, for the extension to the whole Peninsula of that beneficent system of regulated freedom which has achieved results so magnificent in the little kingdom under the shadow of the Alps. The years that have elapsed since 1848 have been prolific in some of the most priceless lessons of freedom. The Italians have learned the worth of a manly moderation and the worthlessness of sentimental extravagance. They have found out that other things are wanted for winning fields and wielding states, than the noisy *vivas* of elutheromaniac enthusiasm and the centralizing principles of Parisian republicanism. Sardinia is now their model. Mazzini has ceased to be the prophet of Italian liberation. In no respect

is there a broader distinction between the Italy of 1848 and the Italy of 1859, than in the different relations that subsisted then and that subsist now between Sardinia and the general party of the Liberation. Then, not unreasonably, Charles Albert was an object of mistrust and dislike. His early treachery was not forgotten; his reign, though not austere, had been only doubtfully liberal: when, grasping the sword, he crossed the Ticino, it was very generally felt that his object was at least as much the aggrandizement of Piedmont as the liberation of Italy. The last ten years have wrought a wondrous change. A thoroughly liberal government, a wise ministry, a patriot-king, and a prosperous people, have won for Sardinia the just respect of Europe, and the emulous admiration of Italy. All wise and liberal spirits, from one end of the Peninsula to the other, have unanimously given in their adhesion to the policy which would intrust to the King of Sardinia the avenging sword of Italian liberation, and the federative scepter of Italian supremacy. There is vast progress here: it is a progress which, though not recent in its origin, has been of late unusually rapid in its growth.

There is no necessity to dive curiously into the fountal sources of the Italian past, in order to estimate the probabilities of the Italian future. We can calculate the horoscope of Italy without prying into her cradle. Modern Italy, the Italy of to-day, dates from the first Napoleon. The Charlemagne of the nineteenth century has left profound traces of his genius on the beautiful land, which was endeared to him by the ties of family origin, and the congenial associations of historical grandeur. No doubt his rapacity as a conqueror, his dominant and coercive spirit as a ruler, did much to violate the sensibilities, and disappoint the political hopes of the Italians. But for these transgressions he made great amends. He drove out the Austrians; he annihilated the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Every where he substituted for the old tyrannies a more civilized policy, and more equal laws. He did not indeed give the Italians nationality; but he associated them with the glories and the greatness of the Empire. He covered their land with magnificent public works. He bestowed on them the imperishable gift of his Codes. He taught the Italian middle-classes the

value of real work, and the power of individual energy. He preached and practiced among them his great gospel, "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*." He roused them from torpor and frivolity, and opened before them a vast vista of civil and military exertion. He did not, indeed, give them political freedom; but he trained them for civic life.

After the fall of Napoleon came the resurrection of the kings. Waterloo had freed the hereditary rulers of Europe from the domination of their Suzerain: the task of Vienna was to impose fresh fetters on the Peoples by whose aid the battle of liberation had been won. Those who "had struck the lion down," were only too ready to "pay the wolf homage;" and "servile knees were proffered to thrones," on the strength of promises, lavishly made, never meant to be kept, and without exception, punctually broken. Italy, among the rest, was handed back, without pledge or guarantee, to her old masters; and her history, for the forty-four years that have since elapsed, has been one long protest against this stupid and preposterous crime. We need not follow the progress of the heroic and melancholy story. The confessors of that long martyrdom—the fugitives from the dungeon and the scaffold—have filled all free and generous hearts in Europe with sympathy for the oppressed and execration of the oppressors. The burden of the desolation of Italy, is the most familiar and the most eloquent of all those national dirges which are sung in strange lands, by voices tremulous with passion and hoarse with hate.

And now once again, after ten years of enforced suppression, the national emotion has reached the fever-point. All the old signs are abroad in the land. Every symptom, short of actual insurrection, by which a rigidly-coerced people can manifest the extremity of its disaffection, and the cordiality of its hatred, are visible in abundance through the length and breadth of Italy—especially in those portions of it which are more immediately subjected to the detested yoke of Austria. A people fond of the excitements of society, scrupulously shun all social reunions which may bring them into contact with the dominant race. Ball-rooms are deserted; the theaters are a solitude. The conventional forms of politeness are studiously disregarded by a people eminently conven-

tional and naturally polite. If a lady well affected towards the ruling powers is seen approaching a group of Italian gentlemen, the conversation instantly becomes so absorbing, that not one of the party is conscious of her presence, till she has passed by unsaluted. A prince was punished a week or two ago, for omitting to take off his hat to an Archduchess. A vexatious change in the currency, and the impolitic rigor of a conscription which allows no exemption from service, even in the case of only sons, (except where the father is past seventy,) have roused the lethargy of that peasant class, whose enmity to the *Tedeschi* has hitherto been rather passive than active. The popularly-enforced prohibition against the use of Austrian tobacco—one of the most menacing symptoms of 1848—has again become almost universal. The enthusiasm of the students has grown irrepressible. Universities have been dispersed and broken up. The dagger of the assassin has been at work. The name of a popular composer has been made the cover for forbidden ovations, in honor of a patriot-king: and "*Viva Verdi!*" is shouted from end to end of Italy, because the master's name comprises the initials of the prohibited words, *Vittorio Emanuele Re D' Italia*. Of course profound observers are not wanting, who tell us that all these things are trivial and puerile. Each may be so in itself; all are not so in the aggregate. They are trifling in themselves; they are not so in what they indicate. A handful of matches thrown on the surface of a lava-stream, sputters, stinks, and is extinguished in a moment; but it shows as plainly as the charred homestead or the blazing forest-tree, the intense ardor of the molten mass by whose mere contact it has been ignited. Italy, let the open or concealed partisans of Austria write or say what they will, is in a state ripe for sudden insurrection.

And what is the attitude of Sardinia? On the throne is a chivalrous and patriotic king, of decided military tastes, eager as a soldier and a sovereign to wipe away in blood, the disgrace of Novara; not less eager in the interests of his dynasty, and in the cause of Italian nationality, to extend his kingdom of Sardinia into a kingdom of northern Italy, and to accept the proffered supremacy over a federation of Italian states. At the helm of affairs is Camillo di Cavour—the ablest, the

wisest, and the most enlightened statesman in Europe, who has hitherto safely accomplished his triple task of developing the prosperity and freedom of Sardinia; curbing the impatient zeal of the ultra-liberals; and at the same time maintaining in the face of Italy the expectant attitude of a prudent champion, ready to strike when the hour comes, but resolute not to strike before.

The speech delivered by Victor Emmanuel on the tenth of January last, is a clear exposition of the present position of Sardinia towards Italy and towards Europe. "Relying," said the King, "upon the experience of the past, we shall meet the eventualities of the future with resolution. Our country, though small in extent, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe; it is great in virtue of the ideas it represents, and the sympathy it inspires. This position is not free from danger, since, while we respect treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of suffering (*dolore*) which reaches us from so many parts of Italy. Strong in concord, and confiding in our rights, we shall await the decrees of Providence with prudence and resolution." It is impossible for language to convey more clearly, determination without defiance—a firm resolve neither to rush recklessly into a desperate struggle, nor to shrink by one hair's-breadth from the heroic responsibilities of a great and arduous position.

The unanimous feeling of the whole sub-Alpine population, responds with enthusiasm to the position thus taken by the King. On the fifteenth of January, the Chamber of Deputies agreed to an address, which, after expressions of firm confidence for the future, proceeds and concludes in these memorable terms:

"At present, sire, your voice, influential and respected among all civilized nations, magnanimously expressing pity for the woes of Italy, will certainly revive the memory of the solemn promises which have as yet remained without fulfillment, and at the same time will tend to calm down blind impatience, and will uphold among the population a firm confidence in the irresistible force of civilization and the power of public opinion. If these consolatory thoughts and this appeal to public reason were to draw down perils or menaces on your sacred head, the nation—which venerates in you its sincere and straightforward prince, and looks on you as the powerful interceder with the various European cabinets for the cause of liberty—which beholds all the anger of factions give

way before the great example of your fidelity—which knows that in you, and by you, at last has been found the secret, lost for so many centuries, of Italian concord—the nation, we say, will to a man, range themselves around your person, and show that they have again learned the ancient art of uniting the obedience of the soldier to the liberty of the citizen."

The reading of this address was greeted with the loudest cheers from every part of the Chamber, and even the ministerialists themselves are said to have been surprised at the unanimity displayed. It is impossible to show more clearly the spirit that animates both King and people. Obviously, Count Cavour's difficulty will be rather to restrain them to check the military ardor of his sovereign and of his countrymen. It is eminently necessary on all grounds, strategic as well as political, that this check should be rigorously exercised. A rapid glance at the military resources of Austria and of Piedmont, will prove clearly that the latter could not without more powerful aid than an Italian insurrection, attempt the enterprise of driving the Austrians out of Lombardy.

It is never an easy task to estimate with accuracy the effective military force which at any given time can really be disengaged for active service in the field. As the result, however, of considerable investigation among the most reliable sources, it may probably be stated as a fair approximation to the truth, that Sardinia might at the present time be able to bring into the field from 50,000 to 55,000 men of all arms. This army is in a high state of efficiency; the artillery is admirably officered and served; the rifle corps (*Bersiglieri*) are not excelled by any in Europe; the infantry of the line showed at the battle of Traktir that it was not unworthy to take rank in steadiness, valor, and discipline, with the fleshed veterans of England and France.

On the other hand, the military resources of Austria are vast; her strategic position in Lombardy is of one almost unexampled strength. Marshal Radetzky always declared his opinion that the war-footing of the Austrian army of occupation in Lombardy ought not be below 150,000 men. At the present time there is good reason to believe that it very nearly approaches this standard. A force of this kind, after making every possible allowance for sickness and garrison duty, would leave at least 90,000 men for act-

ive operations in the field. The two great lines of Austrian defense are the line of the Mincio, and the line of the Adige. Of these two the former is the strongest; it is difficult, indeed, to conceive any thing stronger. The Mincio, Virgil's river—"smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds"—runs with a deep, sluggish stream right across the plain of Lombardy from the bottom of the Lago di Garda, on the north, to the Po on the south. Just where it issues from the lake is Peschiera, a fortress always formidable, but by the efforts of the last ten years, rendered almost impregnable. At the other extremity of the line of defense stands Mantua—situated in the midst of marshes, which in a few hours can be converted into a lake by the simple management of a few dams and sluices. Mantua, thus strong by natural position, has been trebly strengthened by art. It is practically impregnable; its earth-works defy artillery, its swamps are mortal with malaria. For a weaker force to endeavor, in face of a stronger force, to pass the line of the Mincio with Peschiera on one flank, and Mantua on the other, would be among the most hazardous of military enterprises; and yet, until the line of the Mincio is forced, Austria remains strategically the mistress of Lombardy. The line of the Adige resting on the vast entrenched camp of Verona is at least equally strong.

The experience of 1848 proves conclusively the hopelessness of any attempt by Sardinia, with the sole aid of insurrectionary Italy, to drive Austria from Lombardy. In 1848 every thing was in favor of Sardinia—every thing against Austria. Radetzky, instead of 150,000 had only 60,000 men: the loss of Venice in his rear interrupted his communications with Vienna and compelled him to abandon the line of the Mincio. The Austrian empire struggling for bare existence—with Hungary in active revolt, the Emperor driven into the Tyrol, the capital in possession of the revolutionists—could send no effective reinforcement. All Italy, all Europe was in a ferment, there was every thing to animate attack, every thing to discourage resistance; and yet we know the result. Radetzky, rallying on the Adige, doubled upon the army of liberation, drove them back beyond the Mincio, drove them back beyond the Ticino, finally within the frontiers of Sar-

dinia won at Novara, "that dishonest victory," fatal to the ambition of Charles Albert and to the hopes of Italy. It may be argued that the generalship of Radetzky had much to do with this result; no doubt it had, but Radetzky has left able masters in the art of war behind him. The foremost of these is General Hess, to whom it is generally understood that the chief command in Lombardy would be intrusted in case of war. It was General Hess who planned the short campaign of 1849, and with the prophetic tact of military science indicated Novara as the battle-ground on which the decisive action would probably be fought. The great difference in favor of Austria between 1848 and 1859 is that at the former date she was taken by surprise, at the latter she is thoroughly prepared. It may readily be admitted that a great improvement has taken place within the last ten years in the *materiel* of the Sardinian army, but it must not be forgotten that corresponding improvements have been effected in the services of Austria. Financially, neither the empire nor the kingdom are prepared for war. The King of Sardinia admits this; all the world knows it to be true of Austria. From these considerations there is only one conclusion to be drawn: it would be the extremity of indefensible recklessness for Sardinia, with no other ally than the Italian insurrection, to assume an attitude of hostility to Austria.

There *is* another ally, and that ally is France; an ally, as we confidently believe, fully prepared not only to urge Sardinia "to the perilous edge of battle," but to assist her in the struggle with an imposing military force. In the presence of those daily and earnest denials of the possibility of war, which have invariably been found to grow stronger and stronger down to the very outbreak of actual hostilities, it may be as well quietly to state some of the grounds of this belief. The designs of Louis Napoleon at any given moment may be difficult to fathom, but the basis of his character ought by this time to be known. No one can doubt the tenacity with which he clings to a once-conceived design, or the fidelity with which he has sought to work out the ideas of the first Empire. To chase the Austrians out of Italy was a Napoleonic idea, worked out, as the world knows, with some success by the young

conqueror. Again, Napoleon never forgot that as a Bonapart he was an Italian; the nephew too remembers this. In his hot youth, (if youth was ever hot with him,) in 1831, when Leo XII. was Pope, he joined the *Carbonari* in the insurrection of Romagna. His brother was shot down by his side; he himself narrowly escaped with life. Such was the result of his first attempt at Italian liberation.

It has been frequently but incorrectly said that Louis Napoleon is responsible for the French expedition that restored the Pope to Rome. It is not so. That was the work of the majority of the Chamber before he became President: after he was raised to power, he profited by the situation to make capital among the *Curés* and the peasants as the Pope's champion and defender. When *Orsini* failed in his atrocious attempt, Louis Napoleon allowed his doom to take its course, but he published in the *Moniteur* the letters of the foiled assassin—a severe reproof and a studied insult to Austria. At Plombières in the course of last summer Count Cavour was for some days in close and intimate communication with the Emperor. The Prime Minister of Sardinia returned from that interview full of confidence: what passed is of course as yet a state secret; but its general nature may be pretty safely inferred, from a remarkable passage in the Turin correspondence of the *Daily News*. In this communication of the thirteenth of January, this singularly well-informed correspondent writes: "There will be no doubt feigned retreats and armistices, but war has been declared in high places. *Should there be no war—and pray note well these words—some one would signally break his plighted faith and compacts already sealed.*" Scarcely had the world recovered from that memorable greeting on New Year's day to the Austrian ambassador, the echoes of which heaved like the roll of an earthquake among the exchanges of Europe, before the announcement came that Prince Napoleon, "our wild cousin," for whose active ambition it is so eminently desirable and so particularly difficult to find an adequate and a distant theater—was about to proceed forthwith to Turin, there to be betrothed to the Princess Clotilda—a lady not yet sixteen—the eldest and beloved daughter of the proud and far-descended house of Savoy.

The Prince has just been visiting his future bride, in the capital of his future father-in-law, amid an explosion of enthusiasm only natural to those who view in this alliance of the two families a firm pledge for the alliance of the two states—who regard the Bonaparte Prince as the harbinger of an imperial army. What would be more feasible—when the Austrians were once driven back upon the Tyrol—than to create for the energetic cousin a principality in Lombardo-Venetia; to assure to his father-in-law the rich inheritance of Lombardy, Modena, and Parma; to replant a Murat on the throne of continental Sicily, and to give to insular Sicily that independence for which she has so often and so gallantly struggled?

But we are told that the French ministry is dead against war—that the Prefects throughout France have reported a general disinclination for war in all their departments. What then? This might prove much in many cases, it proves nothing in this case. We have to deal with a man who always takes his own counsel—always acts up to the resolves of his own will—whose main reliance is the army, and who, if the army is satisfied, cares nothing for the dissatisfaction of the *bourgeoisie*. War with the French army is always popular: Louis Napoleon can reckon safely on the enthusiasm of the Zouaves for a campaign in Italy against Austria—a campaign which, in the vague popular notion, promises easy victory and boundless spoil. A few fine phrases about Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, and the business is done with the army and with the populace.

For these and similar reasons our belief is that the armed intervention of France in Italy, is an eventuality which all present appearances conspire to render probable and imminent. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of some interest to inquire what part, if any, the other Great Powers of Europe are likely to take in the strife. We fully recognize the duty which is imposed on all these Powers—the duty of making every practicable effort towards averting, by diplomatic intervention, the great calamity of war; but we should be doing violence to our own convictions, if we expressed any sanguine expectation as to the success of diplomacy, in finding a pacific solution for such a problem as this. Austria, as it has been well said by one of our daily cotem-

poraries, is not to be "protocolled out of Lombardy." The high spirit of her young and warlike Emperor, the pride of her powerful aristocracy, alike forbid the notion that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces will be surrendered by Austria without a struggle. The absolute refusal by the representative of the Court of Vienna at the Conferences of Paris, to listen to any remonstrances on the state of the Italian possessions of Austria, far less to entertain any projects for their liberation, ought to be conclusive on this point. Schemes of territorial compensation have been proposed. It was suggested some years back by Count Cesare Balbo, in his remarkable essay *Le Speranze d'Italia*, that those Sclavonic races on the coasts of the Adriatic who now pay a doubtful obedience to the Suzerainty of Turkey, should be transferred to the dominion of the Austrian empire. In Bosnia and the Herzegovina it was supposed that the Court of Vienna might be induced to find an equivalent for the loss of her Lombardo-Venetian provinces and her Italian predominance. This proposal, with certain extensions and modifications, is said, on good authority, to have recently found favor in very influential quarters. We need not pause to canvass its merits. Whatever may be said for or against it on other grounds, it is liable to one simple and conclusive objection—Austria will never consent to it, *except as a last resource after an unsuccessful war*. And this is, in truth, the insuperable obstacle to every scheme of the kind. Austria can be only rooted out of Italy by the sword. Good offices, friendly interpositions, conferences, a congress may follow, but they can not precede, an armed struggle for the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, and the general resettlement of Italy.

In that struggle, it is probable that Austria might succeed in securing the active alliance of Prussia. Russia, as far as a judgment can be found from the facts now patent to all the world, would take part with France and Sardinia. Should she adopt this course, her coöperation would have great weight. It is not, indeed, by a fleet on the Mediterranean, but by a *corps d'armée* on the eastern frontier of the Austrian empire, that she would embarrass the resources and cripple the movements of the government of Vienna. A sign from Russia would rouse

Hungary and Galicia to revolt, and the center of the empire would be menaced by the wide-spread insurrection of its Sclavonic populations.

The course of England is clear. As one of the Great Powers of Europe she has a deep interest in the permanent settlement of the Italian question; as the first free nation in the world, her people have the deepest sympathy with the Italians, in their struggles for independence, the heartiest good wishes for their success. No English Government dare propose any aid, direct or indirect, to Austria, in the attempt to perpetuate her detested rule. The English minister who should venture on such a policy as this, would find his tenure of office not worth a moment's purchase. But on the other hand, England is not called upon for active interference on behalf of France and Sardinia. It is difficult to believe that the liberation of Italy and the interest of Europe are the sole motive that have induced Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to embark in the enterprise on which he seems resolved: nor could England, until this point becomes more clear, safely commit herself to an alliance that might compromise her position in Europe, without conducing to the permanent settlement, or the constitutional liberties of the Peninsula. There is one point, indeed, to which, in any rearrangement of Italy, the honor of this country is deeply bound. If there be faith in nations, the faith of this country is pledged for securing to Sicily her insular independence and her constitutional liberties. She is worthy of both. Lord William Bentinck, in 1812, bestowed on her a constitution; in 1814, when the British troops left the island, a distinct assurance was given by the British Government that no material encroachment on her liberties should be permitted. In 1815 Castlereagh at Vienna, by "a cold dastardly spurt of his pen," handed over the beautiful island to its old oppressors; an infamy which three years after drew down from Sir James Mackintosh one of the noblest masterpieces of denunciatory eloquence ever heard in the British House of Commons. We all know how the gallant struggle of 1847-48 was quenched in gore, and how the vilest even of the Bourbons, the *lazzarone* Caligula, now tramples on the patience of a race to whom England once gave a pledge of freedom. The time may be near at hand when that

pledge can be redeemed and the stain of that dishonor washed away. But that time is not yet. The first act in the drama of Italian liberation, is the uprooting of the Austrians from Lombardy. In that act we are not called on to take a part. In the struggle, which we believe

to be imminent, the best wishes, the heartiest sympathies of the English people will be on the side of Italian liberation, nor will they be slow to hail the triumphs of France, as long as those triumphs are made subservient to the promotion of the cause they have at heart.

From Chambers's Journal.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE drums are all muffled; the bugles are still:

There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;

And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill

Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garnerers to fill,

And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's low cry—

'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?

Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,

With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last triumph which they may not defy,

Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,

As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;

While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,

Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;

The vain pomps of the peace-time are all swept away

In the terrible face of the dread battle-day:

Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;

Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—

A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe

Like a storm-wave's retreating—spent, fitful,
and slow,

With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go

By yon red-flowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow

To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came,

In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game.

Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of Fame,

Never lift the stained sword which they drew;

Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,

They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn.

Like the giant's of Gaza, their strength it was shorn

Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky:
From the flash of our steel a new daybreak seemed born

As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.

Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?

Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where ye passed,

And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE GRAND ASSIZE CAUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A CROWD of busy idlers was gathered round the guildhall at Riverton, and a dense crowd, both of workers and idlers, was packed inside it, especially in the Nisi Prius court. The spring assizes were being held: they had commenced that morning, Monday, and the great cause was on, *Carr v. Carr*.

Not that the cause was any thing so very great in itself; only the good citizens of Riverton had chosen to take it up and magnify it into one. It turned upon the legitimacy of Robert Carr, now dead; if that could be proved, his widow and children would inherit the fortune of his grandfather: if not, that fortune went to more distant relatives, Squire Carr and his son Valentine.

Robert Carr's father (whose name was also Robert) had written a document upon his death-bed to the effect that he had been married in Riverton, at the church of St. James the Less; but this document had been mislaid until after the death of Robert Carr. His widow found it, and dispatched it to Mr. Fauntleroy, the Riverton solicitor who was conducting their cause. Mr. Fauntleroy, upon receipt of the important letter, sent a clerk to search the register of St. James the Less, and there the marriage was found, duly entered. This was the previous autumn: and Mr. Fauntleroy hugged himself and buoyed up Mrs. Carr with the certainty of success; when, just upon the assizes, the unaccountable discovery was made that no entry of the marriage was in the register. Mr. Fauntleroy—though he had not himself seen it—asserted that it had been there,

and must have been taken out; and the other side held to it that the marriage had never taken place, and the entry had never been there.

The trial came on about two in the afternoon, and it progressed equably up to five; then there arose the fierce discussion touching the register. Mr. Fauntleroy's counsel, Sergeant Wrangle, declaring that the marriage was there up to very recently; and Mynn and Mynn's counsel, Sergeant Siftem, ridiculing the assertion, Mynn and Mynn being the lawyers for Squire Carr. The judge ordered the register to be produced.

It was brought into court and examined. The marriage was not there, neither was there any sign of its having been abstracted. Lawrence Omer was called, Mr. Fauntleroy's clerk, and he testified to having searched the register, seen the marriage, and copied the names of the witnesses to it. In proof of which he tendered his pocket-book, where the names were written in pencil.

Up rose Sergeant Siftem. "What day was this, pray?"

"I forget the precise day. It was in October!"

"And so you think you saw the marriage of Robert Carr and Martha Ann Hughes there?"

"I am sure I saw it," replied Mr. Omer.

"Were you alone?"

"I looked over the book alone. Hunt, the clerk of the church, was present in the vestry."

"It must appear to the jury as a singular thing that you only, and nobody else, should have seen this mysterious entry," continued Sergeant Siftem.

"Perhaps nobody else looked for it; they'd have seen it if they had," shortly returned the witness, who felt himself an aggrieved man, and spoke like one, since half the town had publicly accused him of having gone down to St. James's in his sleep, and seen the entry in a dream alone.

"Does it not strike you, witness, as being extraordinary that this one particular entry, professed to have been seen by your eyes, and by yours alone, should have been abstracted from a book safely kept under lock and key?" pursued Sergeant Siftem. "I am mistaken if it would not strike an intelligent man as being akin to an impossibility."

"No, it does not strike me so. But events, hard of belief, happen sometimes. I swear the marriage was in the book last October: why it is not there now, is the extraordinary part of the affair."

It was no use to cross-examine the witness further: he was cross and obstinate, and persisted in his story. Sergeant Siftem dismissed him; and Hunt was called, the clerk of the church, who came hobbling in.

The old man rambled in his evidence, but the point of it was that he didn't believe any abstraction had been made, not he; it must be a farce to suppose it; a crotchet of that great lawyer, Fauntleroy; how could the register be touched when he himself kept it sure and sacred, the key of the safe in a hiding-place in the vestry, and the key of the church hanging up in his own house, outside his kitchen door? His rector said it had been robbed, and in course he couldn't stand out to his face as it hadn't, but he were upon his oath now, and must speak the truth without shrinking.

Sergeant Wrangle rose. Did the witness mean to tell the court that he never saw or read the entry of the marriage?

No he never did. He heard say as it were there, but he never looked.

"But you were present when the witness Omer examined the register?" persisted Sergeant Wrangle.

"Master Omer wouldn't ha' got to examine it, unless I had been, my lord judge and jury," retorted Hunt to Sergeant Wrangle. "I was a sitting down in the vestry, a nursing of my leg, which were worse than usual that day; it always is in damp weather, and——"

"Confine yourself to evidence," interrupted the judge.

"Well, your reverences, I was a nursing of my leg while Master Omer looked into the book. I don't know what he saw there; he didn't say: and when he had done looking, I locked it safe up again."

"Did you see him make an extract from it?" demanded Sergeant Wrangle.

"Yes, your worship, I saw him a writing something down in his pocket-book."

"Have you ever intrusted the key of the safe to strange hands?"

"I wouldn't do such a thing, your reverent worships. I never gave it to nobody, and never would; there's not a soul knows where it is to be found, but me, and the rector, and the other clergyman, Mr. Prattleton, what comes often to do the duty. I couldn't say as much for the key of the church, which sometimes goes beyond my custody, for the rector allows one or two of the young college gents to go in to play the organ. By token, one on 'em—the quietest o' the pair, it were, too—flung in that very key on to our kitchen floor, and shivered our cat's beautiful chaney saucer into seven atoms, and my missis——"

"That is not evidence," again interrupted the judge.

Nothing more apparently, that was evidence could be got from the witness, so he was dismissed.

Call the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce.

The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, rector of St. James the Less, minor canon of Riverton Cathedral, and head-master of the collegiate school, came forward.

"You are the rector of St. James the Less," said Sergeant Wrangle.

"I am," replied Mr. Wilberforce.

"Did you ever see the entry of Robert Carr's marriage with Martha Ann Hughes in the church's register?"

"Yes, I did." Sergeant Siftem pricked up his ears.

"When did you see it?"

"On the twenty-fourth of last October."

"How do you fix the date, Mr. Wilberforce?" inquired the judge, who recognized him as the minor canon who had officiated in the chanter's desk, the previous day in the cathedral.

"I had been marrying a couple that morning, my lord, the twenty-fourth. After I had entered their marriage, I turned back and looked for the registry of Robert Carr's, and I found it and read it."

"What induced you to look for it?" asked the counsel.

"I had heard that his marriage was discovered to have taken place at St. James's, and that it was recorded in the register. Curiosity induced me to turn back and read it."

"You both saw and read it," continued Sergeant Wrangle.

"I both saw it and read it," replied Mr. Wilberforce.

"Then you testify that it was undoubtedly there?"

"Most certainly it was."

"The reverend gentleman will have the goodness to remember that he is upon his oath," cried Sergeant Siftem, impudently bobbing up.

"*Sir!*" was the indignant rebuke of the clergyman. "You forget to whom you are speaking," he added, amidst the dead silence of the court.

"Can you remember the words written?" resumed Sergeant Wrangle.

"The entry was properly made; in the same manner that the others were, of that period. Robert Carr and Martha Ann Hughes had signed it; also her brother and sister as witnesses."

"You have no doubt that the entry was there, then, Mr. Wilberforce?" observed the judge.

"My lord," cried the reverend gentleman, somewhat nettled at the question, "I can believe my own eyes. I am not more certain that I am now giving evidence before your lordship, than I am that the marriage was in the register."

"It is not in now," said the judge.

"No, my lord; it must have been cleverly abstracted."

"The whole leaf, I presume?" said Sergeant Wrangle.

"Undoubtedly. The marriage entered below Robert Carr's was that of Sir Thomas Ealing; I read that also, with its long string of witnesses: that is also gone."

"Can you account for its disappearance?" asked Sergeant Wrangle.

"Not in the least. I wish I could: and find out the offenders."

"The incumbent of the parish at that time is no longer living, I believe," observed Sergeant Wrangle.

"He has been dead many years," replied Mr. Wilberforce: "four or five have held the living since then. But it was not the incumbent who married them: it

was a strange clergyman who performed the ceremony, a friend of Robert Carr's."

"How do you know that?" snapped Sergeant Siftem, bobbing up again.

"Because he signed the register as having performed it," replied Mr. Wilberforce, confronting the Sergeant with a look as undaunted as his own.

What cared Sergeant Siftem for being confronted? "How do you know he was a friend of Robert Carr's?" went on he.

"In that I speak from hearsay. But there are many men of this city, older than I am, who remember that the Reverend Mr. Bell and Robert Carr were upon exceedingly intimate terms: they can testify it to you, if you choose to call them."

Sergeant Siftem growled and sat down.

"Allow me to ask you, sir," continued Sergeant Wrangle, "whether the marriage, being entered there, is not a proof of its having taken place?"

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. Wilberforce. "A proof indisputable."

But courts of justice, judges, and jury require ocular and demonstrative proof. It is probable there was not a soul in court, including the judge and Sergeant Siftem, but believed the evidence of the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, even had they chosen to doubt that of Lawrence Omer; but the register negatively testified that there had been no marriage, and upon the register, in law, must rest the onus of proof. Had there been positive evidence, not negative, of the abstraction of the leaf from the register, had the register itself afforded such, the aspect of affairs would have been very different. When the court rose that night, the trial had advanced down to the summing-up of the judge, which was deferred till morning: but it was felt by every body that that summing-up would be dead against the client of Mr. Fauntleroy, and that Squire Carr had gained the cause.

The Squire and his son Valentine, and Mynn and Mynn, and one or two of the lesser guns of the bar, but not the great gun, Sergeant Siftem, took a late dinner together, and drank toasts, and were as merry and uproarious as success could make them: and Riverton, outside, echoed their sentiments—that 'cute old Fauntleroy had not a leg to stand upon.

'Cute old Fauntleroy—'cute enough, goodness knew, in general—was thinking the same thing, as he took a solitary chop

in his own house. After the meal was finished he sat over the fire in a dreamy mood, he scarcely knew how long, and full of vexation.

An hour or so previous to that, Henry Arkell was in his home, not at his lessons, as was customary at that hour, but idly talking with his mother, when Cookesley, the second senior of the college-school, came in, Mr. Wilberforce having sent him to inquire after Arkell.

"Oh! I think my head is a little better to-night, Cookesley," was his reply.

"Such a game!" cried Cookesley. "Wilberforce has been at the assizes all the afternoon: he had to give evidence about that register business, and Roberts worked himself into a passion, trying to domineer over us upper boys, but of course we were not going to let him. Isn't Aultane in a fury, though, about the medal business!"

"Is the Carr cause over?" interrupted Mrs. Arkell.

"All but the summing up of the judge and the verdict, ma'am," replied Cookesley. "It is virtually over, for, in consequence of the abstraction from the register, the verdict must go against Mrs. Carr. Mr. Wilberforce says it is a cruel injustice upon her and her children."

"The verdict would have been for her, had not the leaf been taken out of the register?" cried Henry, lifting his head.

"Of course it would, for it proved the marriage. People are saying that if there were only direct evidence of the theft, the verdict would be given for her, Mr. Wilberforce and Fauntleroy's clerk having testified that the entry was there."

"It will be a cruel verdict," acquiesced Mrs. Arkell warmly. "She and her children will be destitute, while their own lawful money will be enjoyed by others. Are you going?"

"I must," replied Cookesley; "the master timed me. Good night, ma'am; good night, old fellow."

After Cookesley's departure, Henry Arkell leaned his hands on the table and his head down upon them: his mother supposed that his head felt easier in that position, but, in reality, he was in a tumult of debating thought. Suddenly he started up and took his cap.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Mrs. Arkell in surprise.

"Only to Prattleton's, mamma."

He flew out of the house, giving Mrs.

Arkell time for no further questioning. She supposed he had something to say to one of the young Prattletons, his school-fellows, but when he reached their residence, he inquired for Mr. George, a relative of the Reverend Mr. Prattleton.

"George is off in the Grounds for the evening," cried Prattleton, senior; "Griffin has got a bachelor's party. I say, Arkell, you should have seen Aultane this morning, when St. John said one of the fellows had been down to Rutterley's, trying to pledge a spoon with the Aultane crest upon it: that is, he did not actually say the crest was the Aultanes', but his manner let us know it. Aultane said afterwards if he had had a pistol ready capped and loaded, he should have shot himself, or the dean, or somebody else. Serve him right, for splitting about Rutterley's: there'll be a row over that yet, with Wilberforce."

Henry had no time to waste on gossip, and ran back to the Grounds—as the immediate precincts of the cathedral were called. He knocked at Mr. Griffin's house, another minor canon, whose son and heir was holding, as Prattleton, senior, termed it, a bachelor's party. He asked for George Prattleton, and the latter came out to him, and stood outside the door.

"Mr. Prattleton," he whispered, "you have heard, I suppose, how the trial is turning: that it is going wrong and unjustly, because there is no direct proof of the fraud on the register. You must release me from my promise."

"I'll be shot if I do," returned George Prattleton, in a tone of alarm. "You just hold your tongue, Arkell. What is it to you? The Carr folks are not your friends or relations."

"If I were to let the trial go against her, for the want of telling the truth, I should have it on my conscience always."

"My word!" cried George Prattleton, "a school-boy with a conscience! I never knew they were troubled with any."

"Will you release me from my promise of not speaking?"

"Not if you go down on your knees for it. What a green one you are!"

"Then I shall speak without."

"You won't," foamed Prattleton, with an oath.

"I will. I gave the promise only conditionally, remember; and, as things are

turning out, I am under no obligation to keep it. But I would not speak without asking your consent first, whether I got it or not."

"I have a great mind to carry you, by force, and fling you into the river," uttered Prattleton in a savage tone.

"You know you couldn't do it," returned Henry quietly; "if I am not your equal in age and strength, I could call those who are. But there's not a moment to be lost. I am off to Mr. Fauntleroy's."

Henry Arkell meant what he said: he was always resolute in *right*: and Prattleton, after a further confabulation, was fain to give in. Indeed, though he had made a last effort at holding out, this was nothing but what he had expected all day and for several days; and he had, in a measure, prepared himself for it.

"I'll tell the news myself," said George Prattleton, "if it must be told: and I'll tell it to Mr. Prattleton, not to Fauntleroy, or any of the law set."

"I must go to Mr. Prattleton with you," returned Henry.

"You can wait for me out here, then. We are at whist, and my coming out has stopped the game. I shan't be more than five minutes."

George Prattleton retreated in-doors, and Henry Arkell paced about, before the houses of the prebendaries. He came, in turn, to the deanery, and was standing near its door, lost in thought, when Miss Beauclerc, the dean's pretty and giddy daughter, came out of a neighboring house, attended by an old manservant. She was muffled in a shawl, and wore a pink silk hood: the latter she threw back from her face when she saw Henry Arkell.

"Why, it's never you!" cried she, as she halted at her door. "Thank you, Jacob, that will do," she added to the servant: "don't stand, or you'll catch your rheumatism: Mr. Arkell will remain with me, till the door is opened. Were you calling to see me, Harry?" she asked, as the old man went away.

"No, Miss Beauclerc. I am waiting for George Prattleton: he is at Griffin's."

"Harry, tell me—why is it you never come to the deanery? I can assure you there is not another boy in the college who would dare to set at naught the dean's invitations."

"Knowing what passed the last night I was at the deanery, the audit night,

can you ask why I stay away?" he rejoined.

"Oh! but you were so stupid."

"Yes, I know. I have been stupid for years past."

Miss Beauclerc laughed. "And you think that stopping away will cure you?"

"It will not cure me; years will not cure me," he passionately broke forth, in a tone whose anguish was irrepressible. "Absence and years alone will do that. When I go to the university——" He stopped, unable to proceed.

"When you go to the university you will come back a wise man. Henry," she continued, changing her manner to seriousness, "it was the height of foolishness to suffer yourself to care for me. If I—if it were reciprocated, and I cared for you, if I were dying of love for you, there are barriers on all sides, and in all ways."

"I am aware of it: there is the barrier between us of disparity of years; there is a wide barrier of station; and there is the greatest barrier of all, want of love on your side. I know that my loving you has been nothing short of madness, from the first: madness and double madness since I knew where your heart was given."

"So you will retain that crotchet in your head!"

"It is no crotchet. Do you think my loving eyes—my jealous eyes, if you so will it—have been deceived? You must be happy, now that he has come back to Riverton."

"Stupid!" echoed Miss Beauclerc.

"But it has been your fault, Georgina," he resumed, reverting to himself. "You saw what my feelings were becoming for you, and you did all you could to draw them on: though you may have deemed me a child in years, you know I was not in heart. They might have been checked in the onset, and repressed: why did you not do it? why did you do just the contrary, and give me encouragement? You may have called it flirting, and thought it good sport: but you know that what is sport to one, may be death to another."

"This estrangement makes me uncomfortable," proceeded Miss Beauclerc. "Papa keeps saying, 'What is come to Henry Arkell that he is never at the deanery?' and then I invent white stories, about believing that your studies take up your time. I miss you every day; I do,

Henry: I miss your companionship; I miss your voice at the piano; I miss your words in speaking to me. But here comes your friend Prat, for that's the echo of old Griffin's door. I know the different sounds of the doors in the Grounds. Good night, Harry: I must go in."

She bent towards him to put her hand in his, and he—he was betrayed out of his propriety and his good manners. He caught her to his heart, and held her there; and kissed her face with his fervent lips.

"Forgive me, Georgina," he murmured, as she released herself. "It is the first and the last time."

"I will forgive you for this once," cried the careless girl; "but only think of the scandal, had any body come up: my staid mamma would go into a fit. It is what *he* has never done," she added in a deeper tone.

Henry wrung her hand. "But for him, Georgina, I should think you cared for me. Not that the case would be less hopeless."

Miss Beauclerc rang a peal on the door-bell, and was immediately admitted. Whilst Henry Arkell walked forward to join George Prattleton, his heart a compound of sweet and bitter, and his brain in a mazy dream.

But we left Mr. Fauntleroy in a dream by the side of his fire, and by no means a pleasant one. He sat there he did not know how long, but until he was interrupted by his servant.

"You are wanted, sir, if you please."

"Wanted now! Who is it?"

"The Reverend Mr. Prattleton, sir, and one or two more. They are in the drawing-room, and the fire's gone out."

"He has come bothering about that tithe case," grumbled Mr. Fauntleroy to himself. "I won't see him: let him come at a proper time. My compliments to Mr. Prattleton, Giles, but I am deep in assize business, and can not see him."

Giles went out and came in again. "Mr. Prattleton says they must see you, sir, whether or no. He told me to say, sir, that it is about the cause that's on, Carr and Carr."

Mr. Fauntleroy proceeded to his drawing-room, and there he was shut in for some time. Whatever the conference with his visitors may have been, it was evident, when he came out, that for him it had borne the deepest interest, for his

whole appearance was changed; his manners were excited, his eyes sparkling, and his face was radiant.

They all left the house together, but the lawyer's road did lie not far with theirs. He stopped at the lodgings occupied by Sergeant Wrangle, and knocked. A servant-maid came to the door.

"I want to see Sergeant Wrangle," said Mr. Fauntleroy, stepping in.

"You can't, sir. He is gone to bed."

"I must see him for all that," returned Mr. Fauntleroy.

"Missis and master's gone to bed too," she added, by way of remonstrance, "and I was just a going."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Fauntleroy. "I must see the Sergeant."

"Taint me, then, sir, that'll go and awaken him," cried the girl. "He's gone to bed dead tired, he said, and I was not to disturb him till eight in the morning."

"Give me your candle," replied Mr. Fauntleroy, taking it from her hand. "He has the same rooms as usual, I suppose; first floor."

Mr. Fauntleroy went up the stairs, and the girl stood at the bottom and watched and listened. She did not approve of the proceedings, but did not dare to check them; for Mr. Fauntleroy was a great man in Riverton, and their assize lodger, the Sergeant, was a greater.

Tap—tap—tap: at Sergeant Wrangle's door.

No response.

Tap—tap—tap, louder.

"Who the deuce is that?" called out the Sergeant, who was only dignified in his wig and gown. "Is it you, Eliza? what do you want? It's not morning, is it?"

"Taint me, sir," screamed out Eliza, who had now followed Mr. Fauntleroy. "I told the gentleman as you was dead tired and wasn't to be woke up till eight in the morning, but he took my light and would come up."

"I must see you, Sergeant," said Mr. Fauntleroy.

"See me! I'm in bed and asleep. Who the dickens is it?"

"Mr. Fauntleroy. Don't you know my voice? Can I come in?"

"No; the door's bolted."

"Then just come and undo it. For see you I must."

"Can't it wait?"

"If it could I should not have disturbed

you. Open the door and you shall judge for yourself."

Sergeant Wrangle was heard to tumble out of bed in a lump, and undo the bolt of the door. Eliza concluded that he was in his night attire, and modestly threw her apron over her face, as a veil. Mr. Fauntleroy entered.

"The most extraordinary thing has turned up in Carr *versus* Carr," cried he. "Never had such a piece of luck, just in the nick of time, in all my practice."

"Do shut the door," responded Sergeant Wrangle; "I shall catch the shivers."

Mr. Fauntleroy shut the door, shutting out Eliza, who forthwith sat down on the top stair, and wished she had ten ears. "Have you not a dressing-gown to put on?" cried he to the Sergeant.

"I'll listen in bed," replied the Sergeant, vaulting into it.

A whole hour did that ill-used Eliza sit on the stairs, and not a syllable could she distinguish, listen as she would, nothing but an eager murmuring of voices. When Mr. Fauntleroy came out, he put the candle in her hand and she attended him to the door, but not in a gracious mood.

"I thought you were going to stop all night, sir," she ventured to say. "Dreadful dreary it was, sitting there, a waiting."

"Why did you not wait in the kitchen?"

"Because every minute I fancied you must be a coming out. Good night, sir."

"Good night," returned Mr. Fauntleroy, putting a half-a-crown in her hand. "There; that's in case you have to wait on the stairs for me again."

Eliza brightened up, and officiously lighted Mr. Fauntleroy some paces down the street, in spite of the gas-lamp at the door, which shone well. "What a good humor the old lawyer's in!" quoth she. "I wonder what his business was: I heard him say something had arose in Carr and Carr."

II.

Tuesday morning dawned, and before nine o'clock the Nisi Prius court was more densely packed than on the preceding day: all Riverton—at least, as many as could push in—were anxious to hear his lordship's summing up. At twenty-eight minutes after nine, the javelins of the

sheriff's men appeared in the outer hall, ushering in the procession of the judges.

The senior judge proceeded to the criminal court, the other, as on the Monday, took his place in the Nisi Prius. His lordship had his notes in his hand, and was turning to the jury, preparatory to entering on his task, when Mr. Sergeant Wrangle rose.

"My lord—I must crave your lordship's permission to state a fact, bearing on the case Carr *v.* Carr. An unexpected witness has arisen; a most important witness; one who will testify to the abstraction from the register; one who was present when that abstraction was made. Your lordship will allow him to be heard?"

Sergeant Siftem, and Mynn and Mynn, and Squire Carr and his son Valentine, and all who espoused that side, looked contemptuous daggers of incredulity at Sergeant Wrangle. But the judge allowed the witness to be heard, for all that.

He came forward; a remarkably handsome boy, at the stage between youth and manhood. The judge put his silver glasses across his nose and gazed at him: he thought he recognized those beautiful features.

"Swear the witness," cried some official.

The witness was sworn.

"What is your name?" demanded Sergeant Wrangle.

"Henry Cheveley Arkell."

"Where do you reside?"

"In College-terrace, Riverton."

"You are a member of the college school and a chorister, are you not?" interposed the judge, whose remembrance had come to him.

"A king's scholar, my lord, and senior chorister."

"Were you in St. James's Church on a certain night of last November?" resumed the counsel.

"Yes."

"For how long? And how came you to be there?"

"I went in to practice on the organ, when afternoon school was over, and some one locked me in. I was there until nearly two in the morning."

"Who locked you in?"

"I did not know then. I have heard since that it was one of the senior boys."

"Tell the jury what you saw."

Henry Arkell, amidst the confused scene, so unfamiliar to him, wondered

which was the jury. Not knowing, he stood as he had done before, looking alternately at the examining counsel and the judge.

"I went to sleep on the singer's seat in the organ-gallery, and slept till a noise awoke me. I saw two people stealing up the church with a light; they turned into the vestry, and I went softly down-stairs and followed them, and stood at the vestry-door looking in."

"Who were those parties?"

"The one was Mr. George Prattleton; the other a stranger of the name of Rolls, who was staying somewhere in Riverton. Mr. George Prattleton unlocked the safe and gave Rolls the register, and he sat down and looked through it; he was looking a long while."

"What next did you see?"

"When Mr. George Prattleton had his back turned to the table, I saw Rolls blow out the light. He pretended it had gone out of itself, and asked George Prattleton to fetch the matches from the bench at the entrance-door. As soon as George Prattleton had gone for them, a light reappeared in the vestry, and I saw Rolls place what looked to be a piece of thick pasteboard behind one of the leaves, and then draw a knife down it and cut it out. He put the leaf and the board and the knife into his pocket, and blew out the candle again."

"Did Mr. George Prattleton see nothing of this?"

"No. He was gone for the matches, and when he came back the vestry was in darkness, as he had left it. 'Nothing risk, nothing win,' I heard Rolls say to himself. 'I thought I could do him.'"

"After that?"

"After that, when Mr. George Prattleton came back with the matches, Rolls lighted the candle and continued to look over the register, and George Prattleton grumbled at him for being so long. Presently Rolls shut the book and hurried, saying it was not in, and Mr. Prattleton might put it up again."

"Did you understand what he meant by 'it'? Can you repeat the words he used?"

"I believe I can, or nearly so, for I have thought of them often since. 'It's not in the register, Prattleton,' he said. 'Hurrah! It will be thousands of pounds in our pockets. When the other side brought forth the lame tale that there was

such an entry, we thought it a bag of moonshine. Put up your register.' I think that was it."

"What next happened?"

"I saw Rolls hand the book to George Prattleton, and then I went down the church as quietly as I could, and found the key in the door and got out. I hid behind a tombstone, and I saw them both emerge from the church, and Mr. George Prattleton locked it and put the key in his pocket. I heard them disputing at the door, when they found it open: Rolls accused George Prattleton of unlocking the door when he went to fetch the matches; and George Prattleton accused Rolls of having neglected to lock it when they entered the church."

"Meanwhile it was you who had unlocked it, to let yourself out?"

"Yes. And I was in too great a hurry, for fear they should see me, to shut it after me."

"A very nicely concocted tale!" sneered Sergeant Siftem, after several more questions had been asked of Henry, and he rose to cross-examine. "You would like the court and jury to believe you, sir?"

"I hope all will believe, who hear me, for it is the truth," he answered, with simplicity. And he had his wish; for all did believe him; and Sergeant Siftem's searching questions, and insinuations that the fancied George Prattleton and Rolls were nothing but ghosts, failed to shake his testimony, or their belief.

The next witness called was Roland Lewis, who had just come into court, marshaled by the head-master. A messenger, attended by a javelin man, had been dispatched in hot haste to the college school-room, demanding the attendance of Roland Lewis. Mr. Wilberforce, confounded by their appearance, and perplexed by the obscure tale of the messenger, that "two of the college gentlemen, Lewis and another, was found to have had som'at to do with the theft from the register, though not, he b'lieved, in the way of thieving it theirselves," left his desk and his duties, and accompanied Lewis.

"You are in the college school?" said Sergeant Wrangle, after Lewis was sworn and had given his name.

"King's scholar, sir, and third senior," replied Lewis, who could scarcely speak for fright; which was not lessened when

he caught sight of the Dean of Riverton on the bench, next the judge.

"Did you shut up a companion, Henry Cheveley Arkell, in the church of St. James the Less, one afternoon last November, when he had gone in to practice on the organ?"

Lewis wiped his face, and tried to calm his breathing, and glared fearfully towards the bench, but never spoke.

"You have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, sir, and you must do so," said the judge, staring at his ugly face, through his glasses. "Answer the question."

"Y—es."

"What was your motive for doing so?" asked Sergeant Wrangle.

"It was only done in fun. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"Pretty fun!" ejaculated one of the jury, who had a timid boy of his own in the collegeschool, and thought how horrible might be the consequences should he get locked up in St. James's Church.

"How long did you leave him there?"

"I don't know. I took back the key to the clerk's, and the next morning, when we went to let him out, he was gone."

"Who is 'we'? Who was with you?" cried Sergeant Wrangle, catching at the word.

"Mr. George Prattleton. He was at the clerk's in the morning, and I told him about it, and asked him to get the key, for Hunt would not let me have it. So he came with me and opened the church; but Arkell was not there. He had got out somehow."

When this witness, after a good deal of badgering, was released, Sergeant Siftem, a bright thought having occurred to him, desired that the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce might get into the witness-box. The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce did so; and the Sergeant began, in an insinuating tone:

"The witness, Henry Cheveley Arkell, is under your tuition in the collegiate school, I assume?"

"He is," sternly replied Mr. Wilberforce, who had not forgotten Sergeant Siftem's insult of the previous day.

"Would you believe him on his oath?"

"On his oath, or without it."

"Oh! you would, would you!" retorted the Sergeant. "Schoolboys are addicted to romancing, though."

"Henry Arkell is of strict integrity. His word may be implicitly trusted."

"I can bear testimony to Henry Arkell's honorable and truthful nature," spoke up the Dean of Riverton, from his place beside the judge. "His general conduct is exemplary; a pattern to the school."

"Henry Cheveley Arkell," roared out the undaunted Sergeant Siftem, drowning the dean's voice. "I have done with you, Mr. Wilberforce." So the master left the witness-box, and Henry reëntered it.

"I omitted to put a question to you, Mr. Chorister," began Sergeant Siftem. "Should you know this fabulous gentleman of your imagination, this Rolls, if you were to see him?"

"Yes," replied Henry. "I saw him this morning as I came into court."

That shut up Sergeant Siftem.

"Where did you see him?" inquired the judge.

"In the outer hall, my lord. He was with Mr. Valentine Carr."

The judge whispered a word to somebody with a white wand, who was standing near him, and that person immediately went hunting about the court, to find Rolls and bring him before the judge. But Rolls had made himself scarce ere the conclusion of Henry Arkell's first evidence, and, as it transpired afterwards, decamped from the town. The next witness put into the box was Mr. George Prattleton.

"You are aware, I presume, of the evidence given by Henry Cheveley Arkell," said Sergeant Wrangle. "Can you deny that part of it which relates to yourself?"

"No, unfortunately I can not," replied Mr. George Prattleton, who was very down in the mouth—as his looks were described by a friend of his in court. "Rolls is a villain."

"That is not evidence, sir," said the judge.

"He is a despicable villain, my lord," returned the witness, giving way to his injured feelings. "He came a stranger to Riverton, and I got acquainted with him; that is, he scraped acquaintance with me, and we were soon intimate. Very soon he began to make use of me; he asked if I would do him a favor. He wanted to get a private sight of the register in St. James's Church. So I consented, I am

sorry to say, to get him a private sight; but I made the bargain that he should not copy a single word out of it, and of course I meant to be with him and watch him."

"Did you know that his request had reference to the case of Carr *versus* Carr?" inquired Sergeant Wrangle.

"No, I'll swear I did not," retorted the witness, in a savage tone, forgetting, probably, that he was already on his oath. "He never told me why he wanted to look. He would go in at night: if he were seen entering the church in the day, it might be fatal to his client's cause, was the tale he told; and I am ashamed to acknowledge that I took him in at night, and suffered him to look at the register."

"You knew where the key of the safe was kept?"

"Yes; I was one day in the church with the Reverend Mr. Prattleton, and saw him take it from its place."

"Did you see Rolls abstract the leaf?"

"Of course I did not," indignantly retorted the witness. "I suddenly found the vestry in darkness, and he got me to fetch the matches, which were left on the bench at the entrance-door. It must have been done then. Soon after I returned, he gave me back the register, and I locked it up again. When we got to the church-door, we were astonished to find it open, but——"

"But you did not suspect it was opened by one who had watched your proceedings," interrupted the judge.

"No, my lord. Rolls left the town the next day, and I have never seen him since. That's all I know of the transaction, and I can only publicly repeat my deep regret and shame that I should have been drawn into such an one."

"Drawn, however, without much scruple, as it appears," rebuked the judge with a severe countenance. "Allow me to ask you, sir, when it was you first became acquainted with the fact that a theft had been perpetrated on the register?"

Mr. George Prattleton did not immediately answer. He would have given much not to be obliged to do so: but the court wore an ominous silence, and the judge waited his reply.

"The day after it took place, Arkell, the college-boy came and told me what he had seen, but——"

"Then, sir, it was your duty to have proclaimed it, and to have had steps taken

to arrest your confederate, Rolls," interrupted the stern judge.

"But, my lord, I did not believe Arkell. I did not indeed," he added, endeavoring to impart to his tone an air of veracity, and therefore—as is sure to be the case—imparting to it just the contrary. "I could not believe that Rolls, or any one else in a respectable position, would be guilty of so felonious an action."

"The less excuse you make upon the point, the better," observed the judge.

For some few minutes Sergeant Siftem and his party had been conferring in whispers. The Sergeant at this stage spoke:

"My lord, this revelation has come upon my instructors, Mynn and Mynn, with the most utter surprise, and——"

"The man, Rolls, is clerk to Mynn and Mynn, I believe," interrupted the judge, in as significant a tone as a presiding judge permits himself to assume.

"He was, my lord, but he will not be in future. They discard him from this hour. In fact, should he not make good his escape from the country, which it is more than likely he is already endeavoring to effect, he will probably, next assizes, find himself placed before your lordship for judgment, should you happen to come this circuit, and preside in the other court. But Mynn and Mynn wish to disclaim, in the most emphatic manner, all cognizance of this man's crime. They——"

"There is no charge to be brought against Mynn and Mynn in connection with it, is there?" again interposed the judge.

"Most certainly not, my lord," replied the counsel, in a lofty tone, meant to impress the public ear.

"Then Brother Siftem, it appears to me that you need not take up the time of the court to enter on their defense."

"I bow to your lordship's opinion. Mynn and Mynn and their client, Squire Carr, are not less indignant that so rascally a trick should have been perpetrated, than the public must be. But this evidence, which has come upon them in so overwhelming a manner, they feel they can not hope to confute. I am therefore instructed to inform your lordship and the jury that they withdraw from the suit, and permit a verdict to be entered for the other side."

"Very good," replied the judge.

And thus, after certain technicalities

had been observed, the proceedings were concluded, and the court began to empty itself of its spectators: the next cause coming on, had no interest for them. For once the right had prospered.

The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce laid hold of Henry Arkell. "Tell me," said he, but not in an angry tone, "how much more that is incomprehensible are you keeping secret, allowing it to come out to me piece-meal?"

Henry smiled. "I don't think there is any more, sir."

"Yes there is. It is incomprehensible why you should not have disclosed, at the time, all you had been a witness to in the church. Why did you not?"

"I could not speak without compromising George Prattleton, sir; and if I had, he might have been brought to trial for it."

"Serve him right too," said Mr. Wilberforce.

"It would have been an ungrateful return, sir, to the Reverend Mr. Prattleton, after all the kindness he has shown my family."

"Gratitude is a praiseworthy feeling, Arkell, but it should yield to justice. Had Mrs. Carr and her orphans lost their cause, through your not speaking, you would have reflected on yourself all your life. You ought to have thought of this."

"It is only within a day or two, sir, that I knew the leaf, taken out, had reference to Mrs. Carr's case: indeed, it was only yesterday evening that I heard it would be likely to cost her the trial. And I immediately went to George Prattleton and told him he must absolve me from the promise I had given him, or else I should speak without it."

"Then you gave him a promise not to betray him?" hastily interrupted the master.

"Yes, sir; conditionally. The day following the scene in the church, I told George Prattleton what I had seen done. At first I could not decide how to act: had my father been in town I think I should have disclosed all to him: once I thought of telling you; then Mr. Prattleton; but it was impossible to tell any one, without betraying George. At last I decided to go to George himself, and I did so, and related what I had seen. Though he professed not to believe me, he wanted me to take an oath never to

divulge it to any one. I would not do that: but I gave him my word not to disclose it, unless circumstances compelled me. He asked me to define what I meant by 'circumstances,' and I explained that should any mischief or injustice arise, through the theft, which my speaking would remedy, then I should speak."

"Like what has arisen?" cried Mr. Wilberforce.

"Yes, sir. So yesterday evening, when George found I was determined, he himself told Mr. Prattleton, and called me in to confirm it: and then Mr. Prattleton made us go with him to Mr. Fauntleroy."

"Did your evidence in court to-day comprise all you saw and heard in the vestry?"

"Yes, sir; nearly."

"Nearly! What do you omit?"

"I omitted nothing of what I saw, and but little of what I heard. It was only some conversation that passed between Rolls and George Prattleton: nothing that could affect the case either way, so I did not think myself obliged to mention it."

"I suspect what it was," said Mr. Wilberforce: "George Prattleton got paid for his services: and he would do the same again to-morrow, for money. I wonder Mr. Prattleton will have any thing to do with him. Did you know it was Lewis who locked you up in the church?"

"Not that same night. George Prattleton told me at the interview of the next day."

"And you generously screened him from punishment! like you now would screen George Prattleton to me. You are a good boy, Arkell," the master emphatically added, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "and you will make a good man."

"I hope so, sir: if I live."

"If you live!—what do you mean by that? By the way," added the master, recollecting himself, "have you found any ill effects to-day from the fall?"

"There is a dull pain in my head, sir: I did not feel it much in court to-day: it is aching again now."

"Well, don't come to college until you feel quite equal to it," concluded the master, walking away.

Henry was nearer his own home when he met a party: the dean and Miss Beaclere, some friends of theirs, with Mr. St.

John and his cousin, Lady Anne. Henry touched his cap to the dean, and took it off to Miss Beauclerc. The dean stopped him.

"What do you call yourself? A lion?"

Henry smiled.

"I think you stand a fair chance of being promoted into one. Do you know what I wished to-day, when you were giving your evidence?"

"No, sir."

"That you were my own son."

Henry involuntarily glanced at Georgina, and she glanced at him: her face retained its calmness, but a flush of crimson came over his. No one observed them but Mr. St. John.

"I want you at the deanery to night," continued the dean, releasing Henry.

"No excuse about lessons now: your fall on Sunday has given you holiday. You will come?"

"Yes, sir."

Georgina's eyes sparkled, and she nodded to him in triumph a dozen times, as she walked on with the dean.

Following in the wake of the dean's party came the Reverend Mr. Prattleton. Henry approached him timidly.

"I hope you will forgive me, sir. I could not help speaking."

"Forgive you!" echoed Mr. Prattleton; "I wish nobody wanted forgiveness worse than you do. You have acted nobly throughout. I have recommended Mr. George to get some employment out of the town, not to remain in it in idleness and trouble my table any longer. He can join his friend Rolls on the Continent if he likes: I understand he is most likely off thither."

So, taking one thing with another, it was a satisfactory termination to the renowned cause, Carr *versus* Carr.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN EVIL SEEMINGLY WITHOUT A REMEDY.

[As this article was meant to have a primary reference to English ladies, we should be sorry if it had an equally pertinent application in all respects to our fair country-women.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.]

THERE is one evil under the sun without a remedy, and that is the power of what is called Fashion over women. In some mysterious way, it comes to be understood that the correct thing for ladies this winter is to carry an amount of inflated dress round the lower part of their persons, which will make them from ten to twelve feet in circumference. Implicitly they submit to have themselves so dressed as if it were some supernal decree which it was futile to try to resist, let the consequences be never so inconvenient to themselves and the society of which they form a part. The resulting contour of the figure is, in the first place, ridiculous; in the second place immoral, because false. It involves waste, to the distress of those who have to pay the milliners' bills, and to the offense of God, who tells us that not

merely our superfluities, but much of our ordinary means, should be bestowed upon those who want. Finally, it creates danger, for a dress sweeping wide of the person is apt to catch fire, and often does so, with the most tragical effects. Not a month before we write, two daughters of a noble house, had their dresses thus ignited, and, as the arrangement is favorable to combustion, they were so severely burned that they only survived a few days. Yet the inconvenience, the ridiculousness, the immoral falsity, the sinful waste, and the frightful danger, while on all hands acknowledged, are wholly unavailing to abate one inch of the evil. The mysterious decree has gone forth, "We," say the ladies, "can not be singular"—the evil, consequently, great as it is, must be endured.

It is important to observe regarding the subserviency to these mysterious decrees, that there is no progressive improvement. One year, it is one absurdity; another year, another. Balloon-sleeves now—mud-trailing skirts then. Here, invisible bonnets, exposing the head to colds, and the complexion to injury; there, wasp-waists, destroying the play of the organs of circulation and digestion. Always some enormity, and no one better than another, or more partially exemplified. Reasoning on the part of the other sex is wholly in vain to effect any correction—of what use, indeed, is reason, with people who admit the absurdity of their conduct, but say they can not help it?

Side by side with all this folly, we hear cries from various quarters for the acknowledgment of female equality, and consequent female rights. What an amusing set of enthusiasts! A part is claimed in great and serious affairs for a portion of the community who can not avoid wearing any ridiculous attire which is proclaimed to be the fashion. A perfect equality with the reasoners is expected for those who confess themselves below the power of reason.

We lately thought of writing a powerful paper on the custom of typifying every thing silly and foolish under the phrase "an old woman." It seemed to us unfair, on the part of our sex, to pay such court to women while they were young, pleased to listen for hours perhaps to their prattle, professing compliance with their faintest wishes; idolizing, deifying them; yet, after all, turning away from them in their maturer years, when, if any thing, they had become wiser and more solid. But a little reflection upon the conduct of women in respect to dress has obliged us to give up our intended article. Our design was, we believe, amiable and gallant—for, be it known, we are extremely kind to women, and great favorites with them—but we now see the position was indefensible. Young women, judged by their conduct in this important part of the economy of life, are evidently no better than old women—not a bit more able to resist weak impulses. They may be described as only old women with the gloss of youth in their favor, the latter peculiarity being alone that which brings them the deference which is denied to their seniors. Now, of course, this gloss of youth being a mere external accident, and

no proper ground of esteem, whatever it may be of passionate admiration, we must needs admit that the claims of women to respect are equal at all times of their life; and there is no injustice whatever in arraigning them in age for qualities which ought equally to be condemned in them at every period.

No—the proverb must still hold its sway—men of weak taste and apprehensions must still submit to be called old women, and old women must submit to have such men likened to them—but surely not forever. There is a progress in most things in this fair world; and we may therefore hope that a moiety of the human race—a most interesting one, and invested with great influence, for good or evil, over the other moiety—is not to be left from age to age to doll-dressing, gossip, and the chronicling of small beer. The brain of woman, though not so powerful as that of man, is composed of the same elements, and equally capable of an indefinite improvement. The occasion which women have for rational accomplishments and skill in serious affairs is, if not so great as that of men, very great nevertheless; why should they not know something of business, and so save themselves from becoming the victims of Western banks and other traps? Why should they not take an intelligent concern in the making of laws by which they are to be affected as wives and mothers? Why should they not be somewhat informed in physiology and the laws of health, and so save themselves and their offspring from much of what is now suffered in disease, sickly uselessness, and premature death? They have these things in their power, and by such, and the general cultivation of their minds—above all, of their reasoning powers—they might make their young and old days alike respectable, thus extinguishing the ignominy conferred upon them in this proverbial reference to "old women," or rather, as we think we have shown, to women generally. In no other way that we can think of is there to an end to this imputation on the sex.

It often is impressed on us that the ordinary women of the world lose an immense portion of the happiness placed by Providence in their power, from want of a right apprehension of their capacities, as well as duties. When a lady of the middle rank has an independent provision, or a father or husband to provide for her,

she is generally a very idle person. She reads a little in a literature that gives her no intellectual advance; works at some utterly useless texture—a laborious idleness; or plays indifferently on some instrument. All very miserable work indeed. Say she even conducts a household, it is but a poor sole occupation for a human being—one day the same as another—no advance—nothing to look forward to, but the same routine of trivial orderings to the end. When we consider what a wonder-

ful power a healthy brain even in woman really is, and what a potential destiny is connected with it, we might well wonder that such multitudes go on thus forever, unconscious of what they are failing to do, and what they are failing to enjoy. There is not one of the great class in question but might become something unspeakably superior to what she is as a moral and intellectual being, immensely more useful to herself, her family, and society, and, by consequence, immensely more happy.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRANGELY FALSELY ACCUSED.

A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN NÜRNBERG, 1790.

No one can forget Nürnberg who has ever, even for a few hours, rambled through its medieval streets. It remains a living type of the vanished past. Not a modern building is to be seen; for even those houses which were erected yesterday have been fashioned after the sixteenth century model, or earlier. Hence, although the situation of Salzburg and Prague gives them a certain picturesque superiority over all other German cities, there is no city in Europe so interesting, so perfect an historical picture, as this Nürnberg, every house of which has a physiognomy of its own, every street of which is a panorama. The varied gables, the quaint windows, the high roofs, the fantastic galleries, towers, and doorways, with the endless effects of color, make the streets a perpetual delight to the traveler. Here one feels thoroughly at home in the past.

While no change whatever has come over the spirit of the architecture, there has, happily, a profound change come over the spirit of criminal law in Nürn-

berg; and if the lover of medieval institutions wants an illustration of those times which will make him join with the lover of progress in blessing the results of the wiser laws which in our day regulate society, imperfect, and in many respects still barbarous, as these are, let him attend to the narrative of the following trial, which occurred in Nürnberg at the very close of the last century. Among criminal trials it has an exceptional interest, which is, however, more psychological than legal, and the mystery is even yet not cleared up.

On the thirtieth June, 1790, at five in the morning, the merchant Johann Marcus Sterbenk was awakened by his maidservant, with the unpleasant news that the doors of the house, and the counting-house, stood open, and that from the latter the iron cash-box had been stolen. As this cash-box contained two thousand gulden in silver, (about two hundred pounds reckoning by our standard, but really a much larger sum in those days,) the agitation of Sterbenk may be conceived. He hastened to the counting-

house with his clerks and servants, found that a pane of glass had been removed from the window, which looked from the counting-house on the staircase, and that the door was wide open. The maid said that she had bolted the house-door overnight. The reader must remember that in Continental houses the house-door, or *porte cochère*, is the entrance to all the dwellings contained in one pile of building; and, unlike our English houses, merely admits to the vestibule. The separate doors have to be unlocked after entrance has been effected through the house-door. In this case the house-door had no lock; nothing but a bolt, which the maid declared she had pushed into its staple. She had heard no sound whatever during the night, such as the opening of this door would occasion; but on descending in the morning to take in the milk when the milk-woman rang, she was surprised to find this milk-woman inside the house—the door having yielded to her accidental pressure. Alarmed, she looked to the counting-house door, and found that also open. She looked in, and found the iron cash-box missing.

It was at once evident that the robbery must have been committed by some one perfectly acquainted with the localities. This very pane of glass which had been removed was the same that, ten days before, Sterbenk had ordered to be taken out when one of the clerks had lost the key of the counting-house, and it was necessary to open the door from within, which could be effected by a man's thrusting his arm through this opening, and thus reaching to the lock. A messenger, named Schönleben, remarked that this was very suspicious.

But whom to suspect? At present there was not a clue. The whole town rang with the news; and gossips on the door-steps and in beer-shops freely vented their hypothetical suspicions, as is usual in such cases. A shopkeeper swore that on the night in question about two o'clock he quitted the tavern *zum Reichsadler*, where he had been in jovial company, and saw two suspicious-looking fellows in the neighborhood of the Sterbenk house, who crossed the Horse-market; a barber also swore that he saw two men that night near the house, and had asked them the time; a maid-servant declared that she had seen a young man the day before standing opposite the house, considering

it attentively. But as these witnesses could neither identify the persons they had seen, nor give any other clue, their attestations shed little light over the question.

Suddenly suspicion settled on Schönleben, the messenger, who had found the history of the pane of glass so suspicious. It grew and grew, till it became very like conviction. He happened to say to one of the shopboys that "if he could only be certain the cash-box had been carried across the Fish-market, as report said, he would easily trace out the rest." This remark, surely not very compromising, seems to have excited attention. It was remembered that his life had not been blameless; and the busy imaginations of men instantly built up a thousand probabilities to convict him. The very day after the robbery, his brother, a peasant living in a neighboring village, had called upon him at the Sterbenk house, had spoken with him in an undertone, and then had quitted the town with his dung-cart—"of course carrying away the cash-box in this cart," as quick imaginations readily divined. It was further remembered that some days before the robbery, Schönleben had twice made his appearance at the counting-house an hour later than usual, for which he could only give very unsatisfactory excuses; and the day after the robbery he had affected a forced jocularity, etc., etc. On such indications was this man arrested.

It was clear that Schönleben could not alone have accomplished the crime. His accomplice was soon fixed on. It was Beutner, a poor spangle-maker. The indications against him were these: he was poor; he had assisted Schönleben to carry a load of wood into the Sterbenk house, and in doing so passed up the stairs leading to the counting-house; arrived at the top-stair, he was said to have paused there some minutes looking intently into the counting-house, fascinated by the sound of the money he heard chinking there. This was asserted by more than one witness, although resolutely denied by him. It *could* only be from a desire to make himself familiar with the locality previous to his criminal attempt. He also was arrested.

The idea of arresting, imprisoning, and examining two men on such evidence as this, will astound the reader; but he will be still more astounded on learning that the possibility of their being innocent was

never entertained. They were assumed to be criminals; and all that remained was to extort, or entrap, a confession of their guilt.

While the cumbrous procedure of those days was being carried out against these men, a new clue seemed to have been discovered, of far greater importance than any yet detected. A barber, named Kirchmeier, upon whom let the reader's attention be fixed, called on Sterbenk, and, under the seal of secrecy, as regarded himself, declared that, "unless he was mistaken," he had, on the morning of the thirtieth June, seen a cash-box, very closely resembling that which was advertised in the papers as the one stolen, in the room of the gilder Maunert, who lived in the same house with Schönleben. Kirchmeier called a day or two after the thirtieth on Maunert, and the cash-box was no longer visible. This Kirchmeier was a citizen of Nürnberg, the father of a large family, well to do in the world, bearing the character of an upright, religious man. His testimony was considered unimpeachable; a fatal credulity was the result. On the unsupported testimony of this man, human beings were not only imprisoned, but tortured and destroyed.

Maunert, the accused, was married, the father of two sons aged ten and fifteen, very poor, but hitherto of blameless reputation. He was arrested and examined. He denied that he had ever had any such cash-box, painted or gilded, in his possession. He knew Schönleben, knew that he was Sterbenk's messenger, but knew nothing of his private affairs. Maunert's wife and sons also denied that any such box had been in their house. Kirchmeier, confronted with the accused family, declared that, on the thirtieth June, at eight in the morning, as he entered Maunert's room, to shave him, he saw under the table, near the oven, an iron box with green stripes, the top painted with flowers, the lock ornamented with four painted oak-leaves, which he now perfectly well remembered, and could describe. He never saw that box afterwards.

Kirchmeier was so honored a citizen, and his statement was so explicit, and so firmly insisted on by him, that inasmuch as he seemed free from all possible motive in the matter, not bearing any malice towards the Maunerts, but, on the contrary, testifying to their being, as far as he knew,

honest, truthful people, the idea of doubting his declaration never entered the heads of the Nürnbergers, assuredly not of the executive, which at once cast Maunert into a dark solitary cell, and his wife into a cell with condemned women.

Maunert's lodgings were searched. Neither cash-box, nor trace of any burglarious instrument, could be found, but—and this was thought important—in a lumber-room one of the planks showed traces of having been lately raised, and with inexperienced hands restored to its place. After this, nothing was needed but the full confession of the crime.

Schönleben firmly denied any knowledge of the crime or the criminals; nor could he name any one on whom his suspicions fell, although he would say that Beutner, on the occasion of helping him with the load of wood, did ask where the counting-house was, and whether all the people in the house slept above. He knew nothing of Beutner's having stood looking into the counting-house, as had been asserted. He denied every thing that was alleged against him, or explained it away. There is one point in his evidence which is noticeable, and was much noticed—namely, that he described the cash-box in precisely the same terms as those employed by Kirchmeier in reference to the box seen in Maunert's room. This gave additional weight to the barber's testimony; for, it was argued, how could Kirchmeier, who had never been in Sterbenk's house, and consequently had never seen the cash-box there, accurately describe it, unless he had actually seen it? He described it precisely as the messenger who saw it daily; and what he described was, he averred, under the table in Maunert's room. Now Maunert and his wife distinctly denied ever having had *any* cash-box whatever in their rooms.

Beutner, the spangle-maker, on being questioned respecting his dialogue with Schönleben, admitted its truth, but said he was in liquor at the time, and knew not much what he had talked about. Of the crime of the criminals, he knew absolutely nothing; and as proof that he was not concerned in the robbery either as principal or assistant, he offered to prove an *alibi*. Unhappily for him, this proof was far from satisfactory, and the suspicion deepened against him. The witnesses he called did not admit that he was with them drinking till two in the morn-

ing; but, on the contrary, declared they had accompanied him home at eleven. Now if he reached home by eleven, there was abundance of time for him to have committed the robbery.

The examination of the Maunerts now occupied the court. It was determined to put in force the rigor of the law to extort a confession. Kirchmeier reiterated, and even added to his former statements, and declared himself ready, if necessary, to affirm them on oath. In those days the criminal law did not absolutely require witnesses to be sworn; only in extreme cases was the oath administered; and the punishment of perjury was very severe. The oath was a last step, when the evidence was otherwise imperfect. Now as the two Maunert boys on being interrogated, and solemnly warned to speak the truth, persisted in unwavering denial of having ever seen such a box; and suggested that what the barber saw must have been a painted box filled with plaster-cast medallions, which indeed was under the table, but not behind or near the door; this steady denial forced the court to administer the oath.

Kirchmeier again declared his readiness to take the oath, which he could do with a clear conscience. He was solemnly warned to consider what he said, to be quite clear with himself as to whether the box seen by him was really such a box as the one stolen; the severe punishment of perjury was rehearsed to him; and the oath was slowly read aloud to him. He remained unshaken. The despairing Maunerts on their knees implored him to have pity; adjured him by all that he held sacred not to ruin them; pointed to their children in hopes of moving him. Kirchmeier was immovable. In calm and solemn tones he took the oath. Nothing that was said made him swerve in his statement that he had seen the box. "That which I saw, I saw: the green painted cash-box with green wooden legs, I saw in the rooms of the man who is now kneeling imploringly before me. I can not help it. I am quite convinced that in this I am not mistaken. His blood be on my head!"

It was done. The oath had been taken. God had heard it, and would avenge it if false. The excitement was not confined to Nürnberg and Franconia; all Germany shared in it. Pamphlets, pictures, and discussions made it the talk of the day.

The court, after Kirchmeier's solemn testimony, saw in the accused nothing but hardened and obstinate sinners; the public shared this conviction. So high ran the feeling against all the accused on account of their obstinacy, that the mob smashed Schönleben's windows, and his youngest child was killed in its mother's arms by a stone.

Kirchmeier, the demon of this story, after his damnatory oath, communicated fresh indications of Maunert's criminality, which, of course, helped to confirm the prejudice against the unhappy man. He stated that some days after he had seen the box in Maunert's rooms, he had called on him and narrated how he had just seen Schönleben's wife carried through the crowd by the police, accused of having with her husband stolen Sterbenk's cash-box; whereupon Maunert said: "And what compensation will these poor people get if they are innocent?" Surely a very natural and humane question: too humane apparently for general appreciation then, since it was interpreted as a sign of guilt by a logical process not unexampled in public reasonings. A week later, the barber again called on Maunert, and showed him the newspaper in which a reward was offered for the detection of the criminals. Maunert remarked: "How could Sterbenk imagine that the robber would be discovered merely if poor people were observed to have or spend more money than usual? He, Maunert, happened to have lately paid some debts, and was in possession of more money than usual; but he did not suppose that suspicion could fall on him on that account."

It can not escape the reader as something peculiarly removed from modern jurisprudence, that not only should such implicit reliance have been placed on the barber's assertions, unsupported as they were, but that no suspicion seems to have been awakened at his remarkable freedom from all inculpation of Maunert till after Schönleben and Beutner had been examined. He declares that the very day of the robbery he saw the cash-box in Maunert's room. But he said nothing. When Schönleben was arrested, he called on Maunert, in continuance of friendly relations with the man whom he must have suspected to be the thief. A week afterwards he calls again; and although all Nürnberg is discussing the question,

Who is the thief? and every one is freely suggesting suspicions, the barber is silent as to Maunert. Of this no notice seems to have been taken. Had the accused employed an advocate, it would have been duly insisted on.

A confession the court would have; and as Maunert obstinately refused to confess, he was ordered to be flogged. The flogging extorted nothing but groans and denials. He was flogged again; but as the judicial report naively remarks, "although he showed an extreme susceptibility to the stripes, he was not to be brought to confess; on the contrary, stoutly maintained his innocence, but begged that a full investigation of his whole life might be made, which would show he had always lived honestly and above suspicion." Nothing of the kind was undertaken. In those days—the close of the "enlightened" eighteenth century—it did not occur to men to ask, What compensation will the innocent receive if their innocence is proved?

After this a second search was made in Maunert's dwelling; but nothing was found which in any way bore on the robbery. Schönleben's dwelling was also searched with equally fruitless result. What was to be done? It was clear these men were guilty; but their obstinacy set justice at defiance. How extort a confession? Appeals to their terrors had been tried, and failed. Examination and cross-examination had been tried, and failed. Floggings had been tried and failed. There remained only two resources: first, the priest, and next, the rack.

The power of the priest in extorting confession, even from the most hardened criminals, had often successfully been employed; accordingly, two celebrated Nürnberg theologians and preachers, Schöner and Fuchs, were commissioned to try their powers. The public expectation was raised by the news of this. Every one felt assured that, hardened as these criminals were, the spiritual influence of such men as Schöner and Fuchs would be irresistible, and justice would at length be satisfied.

Alas! even this failed. The priests reported that the two sons, no less than Maunert and his wife, repeated that they knew nothing whatever of the cash-box, that Kirchmeier had perjured himself, and that God would even yet make their innocence manifest. "And," said Schöner,

"when I warned Maunert's wife of that judgment which awaited her in another world, which none could escape however they might escape the judgment in this world; when I painted in glowing terms the terrors of eternal damnation, the immovable justice of the Lord, and the awful power of his decrees, she interrupted me with the exclamation: 'To Him I appeal!' When I argued with her on the sad consequences which would ensue unless she confessed, not only that her imprisonment would continue, but that even *harder* measures would be adopted towards herself and family, she replied: 'And if they flog me to death, what is it? I want nothing more from this world, and care not to enter it again!'"

In this manner she encountered every exhortation, every argument, every reference to temporal or eternal justice. She was innocent; her husband and children were innocent; she could say nothing else.

The state of opinion was so inconceivably fixed against them, that we doubt whether any presumptive evidence would at that moment have had much weight, otherwise it is probable—but only probable—that this steadfast reiteration of innocence on the part of the whole family, under such severe trials of their firmness, would have suggested a doubt in their favor. It was true that the barber's evidence was explicit. But there was no *other* evidence; and against it might fairly be set that of the whole family, two of them young boys, who never swerved in their statements. There was one awkward circumstance, it is true: the barber swore he saw a cash-box; whereas the whole family steadily denied that *any* cash-box had been in their room. It was impossible to doubt the barber's statement. The prisoner's denial looked like sheer obstinacy. Nevertheless this denial, and the impression of sincerity which innocence must have made on the priests, at least, accustomed to hear confessions and to interrogate criminals, would have had its weight, had not Maunert's wife committed a very common mistake—a mistake to which we are all liable, and which daily experience seems incapable of eradicating—namely, that of *attributing motives* to the acts of others. Whatever is done, especially when it is in any way injurious to us, we insist on assigning to its true motive. Now the motive which really actuates a

human being, is almost inevitably hidden from us; we never altogether know it, we are not often thoroughly aware of our own motives; yet in this state of blank ignorance, we *guess* at what the motive may probably be; no sooner is that guess seen to have a tolerable consistency with the circumstances known to us, than we at once give it entire faith, and treat it as an established *fact*. "It must be so," we say; and we proceed to act as if it were so. In the present case the motives which *may* have actuated Kirchmeier are numerous, but could not be known to another. Had Maunert's wife contented herself with saying, "Kirchmeier has sworn falsely. Why? I do not know; how *should* I know why?" her assertion would have been forcible; but unhappily she could not rest satisfied without *guessing* at his motives, and stated that what she guessed was the fact. Kirchmeier, she said, had sworn against them, because Maunert owed him some money for shaving, and had not made him a new-year's present! To an irritated and feeble female intellect this doubtless seemed an adequate motive; at any rate it was the motive she guessed, and, having guessed it, she believed it. On the public mind this accusation produced no effect save that of strengthening the prejudice against her family.

It is clear from the concluding words of the priest's report, that a misgiving had entered his mind respecting the guilt of this family. "My heart beats sorely," he says, "at the obstinacy of these people (who otherwise seem to have lived honestly, though in poor circumstances,) if they are guilty; but still more at their fate if they are innocent—if Kirchmeier has been mistaken, or if, like other men, he has been capable of having been led astray."

Up to this time a plausible explanation had been propounded, and of course unhesitatingly accepted, as to the mode in which the cash-box had been transferred from Schönleben's dwelling to that of Maunert. As we do not sufficiently understand the localities to form a correct idea of this explanation, we shall not trouble the reader with it. Enough that at this juncture it was proved by professional witnesses that the said explanation was physically absurd. The cash-box *could not* have been so transferred. Moreover, the plank which had been found

recently taken up and laid down again in Schönleben's dwelling, and which was one of the indications against him, now turned out to have been removed by his predecessor in that dwelling, who testified thereto.

The court felt that its case was becoming weaker. Nevertheless it had no doubt of the guilt of the Maunerts; and, since priestly exhortation had failed, it was determined to try the effect of flogging on the wife. She *must* confess! She must learn that denials were useless, and that those who set themselves in opposition to the law should taste its full severities. It was thus decreed that she should be flogged—and in case her bodily health did not permit her suffering such chastisement, she was to be imprisoned alone on bread and water in the darkest dungeon of the prison. Should this fail, the court would proceed to the last extremity—the Rack. *That* could not fail. Abundant experience on criminals of all kinds proved that, however long they might persist in denying their guilt, however fruitless might be imprisonment, flogging, and exhortation, the test of torture was almost infallible. How many miserable victims had confessed crimes of which they were innocent, under the solicitation of the thumbscrew and boot, no one knew, although all knew that some innocent men had done so. The rack* had consequently been gradually falling into disuse; but it was not yet condemned as a horror, it was not yet banished from the code of civilized nations; and the Nürnberg court of justice resolved to apply it to the Maunerts.

At this period Schönleben, still a prisoner, requested to be heard. He stated to the court that it now occurred to him, and he was ready to swear to it, if necessary, that the spangle-maker, Beutner, had on the occasion of assisting him with the load of wood, stood some time at the door of the counting-house, and, on their leaving the house together, had said, "Your old one has a heap of money up there; couldn't we ease him of a little?"—a proposition which he, Schönleben, re-

* A few summers ago we visited by torch-light the old dark saloon of torture at Ratisbon City on the Danube, not a long journey from Nuremberg, and found there all the varied instruments of torture, in place as they were when applied to the last victim, and tried them moderately on our own frame, for their historic impression.—EDITOR BOLMETIC.

jected with indignation. To this he added, that three days ago he had *dreamt* that the cash-box had been found, and that he himself had seen it under a heap of wood in Beutner's house, whereupon, as he naively remarked, "he had felt great joy, and requested the magistrates to release him from prison to the sound of music."

The effect of this deposition was once more to direct inquiry towards Beutner. The Maunerts stoutly denied their guilt; Schönleben denied his; and it was thought that perhaps Beutner could be brought to confess. That *none* of them were guilty never seems to have been suspected. All the indications against Beutner were carefully collected together. The very dream of Schönleben, instead of being treated as a dream, natural enough in the circumstances, and after so long an imprisonment in a damp dismal cell, was accepted as a clue. Beutner's house was thoroughly searched; but then, where no cash-box could be found, none of course was found. In vain was every plank torn up, and every corner ransacked; rats, dust, and rubbish in abundance were there, but no cash-box, no trace of money.

Beutner was then examined, but denied ever having said any thing about their easing Sterbenk of some of his money. On being confronted with Schönleben, he persisted in this denial, and solemnly declared, like the rest, that his innocence must sooner or later come to light; and on that conviction he relied with confidence. As if to strengthen this statement, and as if no sooner was one clue caught up than the next moment it was to be broken, the very day after Beutner's examination, a smith, in whose service lived one of the witnesses called to prove Beutner's *alibi*, informed the court that this workman had confessed to him, the smith, that he had concealed the truth on his examination; that in reality Beutner did *not* go home on the night of the twenty-ninth—thirtieth at eleven o'clock, but at two in the morning, at which hour the workman accompanied him. Why had he concealed this, and stated what he knew to be false? Because he was afraid of the punishment which would have fallen on him for having been drinking in the beer-shop past the hour permitted by the police! Hereupon all Beutner's witnesses who had been previously examined on the *alibi*, were once more examined, and they one and all

confessed that it was two o'clock, not eleven, when Beutner and they left the beer-shop; they all confessed that it was only fear of the police regulations being enforced against them, which had made them conceal the fact on their first examination. There was a not unnatural suspicion excited that these witnesses had told the truth at first, and that Beutner had found some means of corrupting them, so as to induce this retraction; but they persisted in this second statement, and were not only unanimous, but spoke out with the greatest precision and confidence as to the fact. Nobody believed them, and the strictest inquiry was made into every conceivable circumstance that could possibly throw light on their testimony; but the upshot was that the strongest point against Beutner—namely, his supposed presence near the spot at the assumed period when the robbery was committed—was, reluctantly, but inevitably, allowed to sink into utter obscurity.

The locksmith, Hölzel, who for years had been employed by Sterbenk, was now interrogated. Hölzel had three years before repaired the cash-box in question, and he deposed that, according to his recollection, it weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, was striped with green, painted with white flowers, and had the lock ornamented as the barber Kirchmeier had stated. But Hölzel added two details which, singularly enough, seem to have made no impression at the time, although they afterwards became of great importance. He stated that on the thirtieth of June—the day the robbery was discovered—Kirchmeier had informed him of the robbery at Sterbenk's, adding that he had seen a cash-box *somewhere*. On being asked *where*, and in whose house he had seen it, Kirchmeier *could give no satisfactory answer*. Nevertheless, *ten days* afterwards, Kirchmeier privately informed him that he had seen the cash-box in Maunert's house on the thirtieth of June, but since then had not set eyes on it. Hölzel urged him to communicate this to Sterbenk, which for the first time he then did.

This was all confirmed by Kirchmeier. "He distinctly remembered every circumstance, and remembered moreover that Maunert, on his entrance, seemed somewhat confused, had moved rapidly away from the table, while his wife managed to keep the barber at the door till the cash-

box was hidden. He also distinctly remembered that the cash-box was such as the one described ; a box with plaster cast medallions he does not remember to have seen."

Meanwhile the medical report respecting the capability of Frau Maunert to support a flogging was registered. It stated that she was quite capable of bearing some stripes ; and there can be no doubt that this cruelty and indignity would have been suffered by her, as it had been already by her husband, had not nature given an emphatic denial to the medical evidence, by carrying her off. On the twenty-eighth September, after an imprisonment of more than three months, death beneficently put an end to her sufferings. She died in great agony, bodily and mental. The priest who alone stood beside her during the last hours, declared that in the whole of his fifteen years' experience he had never known a sadder case. The cell in which she was imprisoned was underground, shut off from the light of the sun and the breath of heaven ; as she herself was shut off from the embraces of her children, and the anxious love of her husband. He also sat alone in darkness, with the knowledge of his innocence, and the knowledge that all men believed him to be guilty. The priest in gentle persuasive accents urged the dying woman to free her soul from its load by confession ; her constant reply was, that she had nothing to confess ; she and her family were innocent. "God will bring our innocence to light ; you will see that one day." And as the final preparations for her end were being made, she said, "God has been with me, and called to me : Fear not ; I am beside thee ; I go joyfully to Him, for I go at once to heaven." The priest took his leave, and shortly afterwards all was over for her in this world.

As a criminal she had died ; as a criminal she was buried. In silence and darkness she was laid in the earth without rites of sepulture. At any rate she was free now from all torture of mind or body.

Three victims still remained. Nothing had as yet been pronounced as to their fate. They had every thing to fear ; nothing to hope. By one of those coincidences which act powerfully on the public mind, ever prone as the public is to build conjectural romances out of insignificant and unrelated facts, on the very day of Frau Maunert's death the advocate Faulwetter

announced that his house had been burglariously entered. It was a small garden-house, outside the town, where on account of quiet he was in the habit of working over his briefs. This had been violently entered early in the morning, but nothing was stolen. On his bureau an inkstand had been upset, and the ink had flooded the papers lying there, some of which were torn, and several moved from their places.

Such was the fact. Now for the interpretation. Faulwetter was one of the counsel employed in the Sterbenk case, and, as he had several times had the papers of the *procès-verbal* with him, to look over—a fact notorious in Nürnberg—it was clear that some yet undetected participator in the robbery had broken into the house, hoping to carry off the papers, and so destroy evidence which might be brought against him, or at any rate throw fresh difficulties in the way of justice. No sooner was this hypothesis started than it gained, of course, instant credit ; and it set men speculating as to who the yet undetected accomplice, or accomplices, might be. The power of guessing was illimitable ; and we have seen that the worthy Nürnbergers were not backward in suspicion ; but with all their efforts they could get at no clue.

Even when the mystery was finally cleared up, the burglary at Faulwetter's remained inexplicable ; and not until some time afterwards, when Faulwetter was murdered by one of his exasperated clients, was even a tolerable guess as to the motive of the burglary arrived at.

Thus, day after day, suspicion rose and fell ; fresh lights glimmered through the obscurity, but after leading men a strange dance through the morass, they were all recognized as will-o'-wispes ; and real steady daylight could no where penetrate. Weeks rolled on. Every thing had been done to extort a confession, but the hardened obstinacy of the prisoners baffled every effort. Had not one of them died impenitent, carrying her bold assurances of innocence to the grave ? What could now be hoped from such criminals ? Nothing, except that they would yield to the persuasion of the rack. This, as we have seen, had been already threatened, and even resolved on ; but with a natural reluctance, it had hitherto been left untried. Although the age had gradually learned a little more humanity—learned that torture

was a terrible means of investigation, only to be employed in extreme cases, and therefore the court was slow in proceeding to such extremities—yet the age had not arrived at the conviction that torture was an infamy and a folly.

Fortunately for all concerned, this last iniquity was avoided. On the thirtieth October, exactly four weeks after the burial of Frau Maunert, a new turn was given to the inquiry. Indeed, before that there had been rumors which grew more and more serious, and which directed suspicion to quite other persons than the accused. But the court would not be led away from its present course, by following new and uncertain tracks. It was felt that the whole city was implicated—that justice herself was in peril, unless the truth could be made evident. At length rumor became so loud, that one of the judges sent for the locksmith's apprentice, Wagner, and in his private house took down the following deposition:

On Sunday the seventeenth October, a friend of his told him at the beer-shop, that a little while before he, Wagner, arrived there, one of Meister Berger's workmen, named the Berliner, had spoken very abusively of Meister Gösser, the locksmith, and of Blösel, his man; boldly telling the latter that people suspected him of being concerned in the Sterbenk robbery. Blösel had quietly accepted all the reproaches, insults, and vituperation of the Berliner, and sat, as if dumb, in the presence of his antagonist. The suspicion to which the Berliner alluded was founded on the fact that Blösel and Gösser had bought themselves silver watches, were dressed in new suits from top to toe, and seemed to be altogether in much more prosperous circumstances than formerly. Wagner further deposed that on the Monday after that scene, Meister Gösser had come to the beer-shop, and endeavored to clear his man from the imputations which had been cast on him, declaring that he had received money from his relations in Saxony which would account for his prosperous condition.

On further questioning, Wagner deposed that about a week ago a fellow-workman of his had remarked: "Blösel is cutting a figure! He has had a new coat made. He stood treat to me in princely style: two bottles of wine at one place: and whenever we have been together he has insisted on paying for both."

Had any thing else been observed? Yes, this. Since the scene at the beer-shop, Blösel had not been seen with his watch, which previously he had always carried. Moreover, Blösel had always seemed very poor; came to the beer-shop in a jacket. Now he was very differently dressed. Wagner would say, and all his comrades said so too, that if Blösel's conscience was clear he wouldn't have put up with the Berliner's language.

The investigation now rapidly changed its course. The prisoners were left alone, while this new clue was eagerly followed up. But they were only left alone after a final effort had been made with Schönleben. The court seemed more than ever desirous to extort a confession, now that the affair threatened to take a new turn. The idea of the prisoners being innocent, after all, and of having suffered so long and so much unjustly, was of course extremely painful, and was rejected as long as possible. Hence the redoubled eagerness to get a confession, which should justify the court in its own eyes and in the eyes of men. But Schönleben would confess nothing; could confess nothing; they might do what they pleased with him, he knew nothing of the robbery. Baffled, the court asked him if he had perhaps any suspicion of one of the locksmiths who had ever done work for Sterbenk—and then suddenly asked him, Which of these men?—and if either, on what grounds? A light seemed suddenly to break in upon Schönleben. He at once named Gösser. But his grounds were not very strong. He said that Gösser was very poor, being unable to pay three gulden (six shillings) for a window ornament he had bought; that he had repaired the house-door lock; and that just before his (Schönleben's) arrest, Gösser had met him in the street, and asked if he would not soon be ordered to make a new cash-box?

Other evidence now poured in fast. Evidence trivial for the most part, but helping in its cumulative effect to strengthen the suspicions against Gösser and his man. The strongest indication of all was that Gösser, who was notoriously in very straitened circumstances, had applied for a passport to Dresden—"intending to visit his relatives there." Instead of going to Dresden, he went to prison; he, his wife, and man. His house had been searched, and facts discovered which ad-

mitted of no denial; as the accused at once saw, for they confessed all.

Christian Gottlieb Gösser, thirty-three years of age, was born in Dresden, where his father, a shoemaker, had honestly earned a livelihood, but had died not long before the arrest of his son. Gösser came to Nürnberg in 1789, and settled there as locksmith, and lived there with his wife and two children. Business was very slack with him; and it was only by serious money sacrifices that he obtained admission into the guild of locksmiths and the citizenship of Nürnberg. He thus began in debt; and was not the man to clear himself by energetic and punctual business habits. He appears to have been one of those negatively good men who keep from sin so long as temptation does not press heavily on them; who reject the idea of a crime with shuddering at first, and each time with less and less horror, till, having perfectly familiarized themselves with it, they end by accepting it as a necessity. He confessed that he had often had occasion to enter Sterbenk's house, and had become aware of the facility with which the counting-house door might be opened by any experienced hand. He was often in want of the very necessities of life; his family would not, or could not, assist him; and he began to despair of ever honestly making his way. There was a box full of money; the half of it, nay the third of it, would help him out of all difficulties.

This idea haunted him. It grew more and more fascinating every hour. At length, on the night of the twenty-ninth—thirtieth June, towards two o'clock, he proceeded to the house, opened the door, which he found to have been left unbolted, took out the window-pane, opened the counting-house door, and entered without having made the least noise. He was now in presence of the coveted cash-box; all was silent; all was darkness; but he knew the localities, and stealthily tried to force the cash-box open. But this was impossible; after repeated trials and failures, he tried to carry it off; but this also he found impossible without assistance. The perspiration poured down his face. He had come so far, been hitherto so successful, and now all seemed hopeless! He had incurred the risk, and not gained his object.

Suddenly the thought of his man Blösel occurred to him. He could be in-

duced to assist. In another minute he had crept from the counting-house, and through the street-door, which he closed carefully, and hurried to the bedside of his sleeping apprentice. Blösel, half-stupified with sleep, heard him describe in glowing colors the wealth and enjoyment which awaited him if he had the courage to make one bold and easy stroke. It did not seem to require much eloquence to overcome the scruples of the apprentice, if indeed he felt any; for, rubbing his eyes to assure himself that he was awake, he jumped out of bed, dressed rapidly, and followed his master down-stairs.

In the silent sleeping streets they only met one single living soul, and concluded it was a watchman—it was probably the very shopkeeper who deposed to having seen two suspicious-looking men crossing the Horse-market about that hour. They found the street-door slightly ajar. They entered, carried off the cash-box without disturbance, and transported it home. They opened it, and divided the spoil, during the absence of Gösser's wife. They hid the box in a hole under the workshop, and there it had remained until three weeks ago, when it was removed, broken to pieces, and thrown into the Pegnitz—the muddy stream which flows through Nürnberg.

Four days after the robbery, Gösser confessed it to his wife, who swooned away, and on recovering herself implored him to restore the money, as indeed she had continued daily to implore him, ever since. But he paid some pressing debts, bought what was needed for his business, as well as clothes for himself and family; and would not hear of restoring the money.

Gösser further declared that no one had ever instigated him to the deed; no one had even hinted at it. The idea occurred to him; he had no accomplice but Blösel; had never spoken to any one on the subject except Blösel and his wife, neither before nor since, least of all to the Maunerts, Schönleben, or Beutner. These were entirely innocent. He and Blösel alone were guilty.

Before his arrest and imprisonment Gösser had attempted suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor; and in prison he tried to open a vein; but both attempts had been frustrated. He confessed having made these attempts "from despair." Beyond this single crime he had nothing

of which to accuse himself. His life had been honest until that fatal twenty-ninth June. He could give no reason for that deed, except the pressing poverty which weighed him down.

This confession was made so simply, so explicitly, and was corroborated in so many details, that no doubt could arise as to its perfect truth; and one would have thought that the previously accused prisoners would now be set at liberty, and their entire innocence proclaimed. Not so however. Nürnberg justice, rash enough in suspicion of crime, was tardy in recognition of innocence. It dreaded the idea of having been so deplorably misled.

Gösser's wife was next examined. She corroborated in all essential points the statement of her husband. On the night in question she slept away from her husband on account of the sickness of her baby, then at the breast; so that she knew nothing of his getting up and quitting the house. Only in respect of the day on which he confessed the crime to her did she differ from his statement. It was on the second, not on the fourth day after the deed. She had just returned from being "churched" at St. Laurenz; and saw her husband pay a dollar for some nails he had bought; on her asking him, when alone, where that money came from, he replied that Herr von Scheidlin had paid him some money in advance for work ordered. She reproached him for acting without her advice and knowledge, keeping her in ignorance of his affairs; whereupon he replied that if she would only be a decent woman and leave off reproaching him, he would willingly tell her every thing. He constantly went out into the shop, and after whispering with the apprentice Bösel, returned again; and as she, with some impatience, demanded what this all meant, he seized her by the arm, led her into the bed-room, and having first asked her if she would forgive him, and not be startled at what he told her, he confessed all. She thought the earth would swallow her. She implored him not to ruin her and the children; but he pacified her, and assured her that no one would ever know anything about it. She gave an accurate account of how the money had been spent: an account which proved them to have been in the utmost need; and she described the various places where the rest of the money was hidden, naming which sums belonged to the

apprentice, and which to her husband. She declared that repeatedly she had urged the restoration of at least a part of the money, and entreated him to make his peace with God and man by a confession; but he was immovable. When she painted to him the sufferings which the innocent were undergoing for his crime, he tried to reassure her, declaring that their innocence must soon be proved, and then they would be set free.

Magnus Melchior Blösel, the apprentice, aged twenty-five, son of a working carpenter, still living in Nürnberg, confessed to all that Gösser had said. He only urged, as a defense, that he had struggled against temptation. When Gösser on the night of the twenty-ninth of June shook him in his bed and awoke him by the assurance that both of them should be made happy, he asked, how? and where? No sooner had these questions been answered than he exclaimed, "For God's sake, master! what will come of it? We should both come to grief!"—hoping by this to dissuade the master. Blösel, in subsequent investigations, did not persist in even this modest scruple; and admitted that the master's reply, "Pho! nothing will come of it," quite silenced him. He corroborated all the other details, and declared that it was on his repeated remonstrances that Gösser at length made a clean breast of it to his wife. He had also often spoke with Gösser about the unhappy accused suffering for them, but only got for answer, that "these must be set free at last, and thus we are safe."

After a second search in Gösser's dwelling, which completely confirmed all that had been said, and which yielded upwards of 200 gulden, from various hiding-places; and after pieces of the iron-box had been fished up from the Pegnitz, and recognized—in fact, after no shadow of doubt could exist as to the truth of Gösser's story, the unfortunate Maunert, Schönlleben, and Beutner were lightened of their irons, and their imprisonment in many respects mitigated; but it still *continued*; and it was only by degrees that they were informed of the new turn the affair had taken.

And now imagine the torrent of public wrath against the barber Kirchmeier, whom every one accused of being the sole cause of all the cruel injustice perpetrated on the Maunerts, no one, of course, accusing himself of having, by credulity and

facile hypothesis of guilt, aided and abetted. Kirchmeier was held responsible for all. It was not enough that he had perjured himself; he had misled justice, had caused the death of one poor woman, and the sufferings of a whole family. He was arrested on the fourth November; and after the three confessions had been read aloud to him, was asked if he still ventured to affirm what he had sworn?

With firm voice Kirchmeier declared: "That he could still in clear conscience affirm that, on the morning in question, in the presence of Frau Maunert and her youngest son, while shaving Maunert, he had seen a dark green-striped cash-box, painted with flowers on the cover, and the lock ornamented with four leaves, such as he had previously described, standing by the oven behind the door. It was to him inexplicable and inconceivable that God should so have suffered him to be deceived, inasmuch as he had never traced the slightest tendency to illusion, or defect of understanding, all his life. He could not believe in such a deception of his senses."

In vain were the confessions read to him; in vain was all the corroborative evidence adduced; in vain were the fragments fished up from the river laid before him; he steadfastly held to his original position, that he had seen a box in the place stated, and on the day stated. No one knew—no one ever knew—whether this was a real conviction, or a simulated confidence adopted out of self-defense.

And here the psychological interest of this case rises to its height, precisely where the criminal interest ceases. What mystery lies at the bottom of Kirchmeier's accusation? He was not himself in any way implicated in the robbery, so that his motive could not have been to divert suspicion. He was not known to be in any degree unfriendly with the Maunerts, and the absurd idea of his having accused them, because irritated at receiving no new-year's gift, by its very absurdity shows that no intelligible motive for hatred existed. If therefore the motive was neither one of self-defense nor of diabolical malice, what was it? To this day the problem of that conduct remains unsolved; and the psychologist may fairly ask, Was it not wholly an hallucination on the barber's part? Was not this pretended cash-box, *seen* at Maunert's, the

product of a too vivid imagination giving reality to its conceptions, as Macbeth's heat-oppressed brain saw the actual dagger marshaling him the way which he was going, "and on its blade and dudgeon gouts of blood"? There are sufficient examples of hallucination, even in persons not suspected of any mental disturbance, to render such an idea very probable.

Kirchmeier declared that he had never known himself liable to any illusions of the senses. And this may have been the case. But he was of a bilious, excitable temperament; and had only quite recently recovered from a severe attack of bilious fever. If now we imagine such a man greatly excited by the news of the robbery, and hearing on all hands descriptions of the cash-box, it is very conceivable that the image of this cash-box would soon become so vivid to his mind, that to believe he *had* seen it somewhere would be an easy, almost irresistible step. But where? That he had noticed it at Maunert's might have occurred to him, either from a dim recollection of the medallion box, or perhaps from a supposed suspiciousness in the behavior of the Maunerts. At any rate, it seems quite clear to us that this idea of Maunert's room being the locality must have been an after-thought, since on his mentioning to Hölzel that he had seen such a cash-box *somewhere*, he did not, on being asked where? give any direct answer. Now it is in the highest degree improbable that he should have concealed such a fact—having no motive for concealment—as that he had seen the box on the very morning of that day, in Maunert's room. Not until ten days afterwards did Kirchmeier tell Hölzel where he had seen it. Having once conceived the idea that he had seen the cash-box at Maunert's, the belief could only strengthen in his mind. Indeed, this is the very nature of an hallucination; and perhaps the reader may be interested if we digress a little here to narrate an authentic case, which will render Kirchmeier's hallucination intelligible. We take it from Professor Draper's *Human Physiology*, where it is narrated by the physician to whom it occurred.

When he was five or six years old, he dreamed that he was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree, that looked as if it had been struck by lightning; and in the pond, at another

part, an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. "On a sudden," he says, "a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters, I awoke, trembling with terror. About eight years after, while recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me again, identical in all respects. Even up to this time I do not think I had even seen a living tortoise or turtle; but I indistinctly remembered there was the picture of one in the first spelling-book that had been given me." This fact of never having *seen* a turtle is worth noticing, because Kirchmeier also had never *seen* Sterbenk's cash-box; but he, of course, heard it described with some accuracy, and the description sufficed for his imagination, as the spelling-book picture sufficed for the boy's dream. "A dozen years elapsed," continues the narrative. "I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon I had to take a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, and not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence which is characteristic of this part of the day; all the wild animals and birds seemed to have gone to their retreats to be rid of the sun. Suddenly at one point of the road I came upon a great stagnant water-pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine-tree blasted by lightning, and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands; an unutterable fear overshadowed me as I slunk away from the accursed place."

For years the horror of that moment was upon him; and although business often led him in that direction, he always went by another path to avoid that stagnant pool and blasted pine-tree, which he had *seen* (as he believed) in broad daylight. At last reflection—he being a reflecting man—came to his aid. He asked himself whether it was not more probable that he should, for the third time, have dreamed this dream, than that the dream itself should actually have come true? "Have I really seen the blasted pine-tree and basking turtle?" he said. "Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noon-tide

heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocatives to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile, and have awoke and known it, and so I resolved, if ever circumstances should call me into those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter."

Accordingly, some time afterwards he visited the well-remembered spot. There, sure enough was the stagnant pool; but the blasted pine-tree was not there. He searched all round, but not a stump or trace of any tree having grown there could be found, and he rightly concluded that, as he was falling asleep, the glimpse of the water had been incorporated with his dream, and that in reality he had dreamed, but had not *seen* the vision which so deeply moved him. Suppose this physician to have been an unreflecting man, and he would at any time have been ready to swear solemnly to having seen in broad daylight, the thing which we know he could not have seen. Now the difference between dreams and hallucinations is little more than that, in the one case, we dream with our eyes closed, in the other, with our eyes open. Let the imagination be vividly impressed, and it will *see* its objects as distinctly as the eye can see realities; and when there is nothing to warn a man of his error, he can not do otherwise than believe in it.

This is the only explanation of Kirchmeier's conduct that we can offer; and that some such view was taken of it by the court seems certain, for although tried as a perjurer, he was acquitted of having falsely sworn from any bad motive; his oath was regarded as a sincere act on his part, although he himself had been unaccountably deceived. He was, therefore, simply condemned to the costs, and received no other punishment from the court.

It was otherwise with the verdict of Nürnberg. The law might acquit him; society was implacable. In vain had he given three hundred gulden to the wretched Maunert, as the only compensation in his power for the injury done him; the public wrath was very nearly proceeding to Lynch Law. He was scouted in the streets; all his friends turned away from him in contempt; neither he nor any of his family found a word of compassion or of credit; all his customers deserted him; so that to save himself from execration, if not from starvation, he had to quit

Nürnberg, where he had so long been known and respected, as a religious, honorable, punctual citizen. With what thoughts he must have endured this punishment, if he felt himself innocent! What he really felt was never known to others than his family; nor was there ever any clue as to whether he really continued to believe what he had so steadfastly asserted.

After such a case, the value of a single witness, however explicit his statement, and however honorable his character, necessarily became comparatively slight. No two persons would be likely to have had *precisely* the same illusion; and unless two persons swear to a fact, jurisprudence very properly sees a possibility of the witness being in error.

And the unhappy accused? Public

opinion of course turned completely round, and every one was anxious to help by sympathy, or friendly offices, those whom it had so unjustly condemned. It is not recorded how many gossips on door-steps and in beer-houses asserted that they had always thought the accused were innocent; but we may be sure that this *ex-post-facto* clear-sightedness was abundantly proclaimed. Maunert, indeed, had lost his wife, and his children were motherless; Schönleben's youngest child had also been murdered. These graves could not be re-opened; but these sorrows might to some extent be lightened, and the simple good-natured Nürnbergers did their best to make the sufferers forget what was in truth unforgettable.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

"WHAT, I pray, are yonder towers—
High they are, and brightly glow?
This, my lord, is the Alhambra,
That a Mosque for solemn show;
The others are the Alcares,
Marvelously wrought, I trow;
Yonder, too, the Generalife,
Gardens that no rivals know;
There you see the ruddy towers,
Fortresses of strength and snow."—*Ancient Moorish Song.*

A WORD more about the Alhambra, and the scenes around it. The events which have had their birth-place within its walls are redolent of historic memories. We turn our mind's eye in the direction of Granada, and fix our gaze, and away in the dim distance we see the walls and towers of the Alhambra come up to view on the fields of mental vision. Gradually, the mists clear away, and the curtains of the grand and gorgeous panorama of Granada—its Vega plains—its flowing rivers—its Alpine scenery—the vast mountain ranges of the Sierra Nevada, with their snowy summits piercing the clouds, burst with crystal light into view before the admiring gaze. We see the gardens, and groves, and palace-walls of the Al-

hambra, and the friendly reader, with our humble self upon its battlements, looking round upon the numerous and varied objects which are represented upon this colossal panoramic painting, which on earth has none to excel it. At this imaginary point, the curtain suddenly dropped down over page 436. We believe it has been rolled up again.

Let us now face about and look eastward. Behind us, and far down below is the old city of Granada. Before us we see the grand plateau of the Alhambra and its palace buildings. The Alhambra is not, as many who have not seen it suppose, simply a palace; but a vast fortress covering a league of ground. Within the lofty walls which environ and defend it,

are gardens, groves, alamedas and fountains—the numerous buildings of the Alhambra palace, with columns, corridors, and courts, and room besides within its fortress walls for an army of fifty thousand men.

Beyond these gardens, and groves, and palace walls, and behind them, rise the mountain ranges of the Sierra Nevada. You need to lean backward to see its snowy peaks away up in the deep blue skies. A mile up the side of this grand amphitheater, at some four hundred feet elevation above the Alhambra, and its gardens, and in full view, stands the beautiful palace of the Generalife, once the favorite home of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings.

It is still early morning. The old celestial sun is not half-way up to the zenith. The air is soft and balmy. The whole scene is like fairy-land. In the days of its primeval glory and grandeur, the Alhambra and its gorgeous surroundings was a wondrous Moorish paradise. In various cities and countries, widely over Europe, we have seen nothing to equal it. No language is adequate to a life-like description of its full panorama. It is doubtless presumption in our humble pen to attempt even a brief and imperfect sketch. The scene and the objects in view invite the reader to a morning walk in the Alhambra. Let us lose no time.

We begin by ascending the winding stairs of the bell-tower just here on our right. We are upon its summit. It is the ancient watch-tower from which the Moorish watchmen looked out with constant vigils over the Vega plains for the appearance of hostile armies or enemies. We descend into the gardens. Directly before us across the Alameda, are the walls of the unfinished palace of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, which he began but never completed. It is a monument of unfinished grandeur. Let us pass it. The palace of the Alhambra is before us. It is the most magnificent edifice which the Moors erected in Spain. It was built in 1280, by the second Moorish King of Granada.

Alhambra! What mighty associations and historic memories cluster around thy very name! What wondrous chapters in Moorish history are written on thy walls—on thy towers—on thy columns and corridors—on thy marvelous frescoes—in thy once gorgeous saloons and ban-

queting halls! Thou wast the glory and pride of thy Moorish kings! They were born, and lived, and luxuriated in earth's pleasures within thee! But where now are thy successive twenty kings who bore imperial sway within thy fortress-walls! Where the proud and haughty nobles—the black-eyed maidens of wondrous beauty of form and surpassing loveliness, which once graced thy luxurious ottomans—that danced and sung in thy courts—that walked in thy gardens at evening twilight, inhaling the fragrance of countless flowers, attended by Moorish warriors, who guarded well thy massive gates? Yonder skies are as blue and bright—the air as soft and balmy—the mountains as grand and colossal—the landscape as beautiful as in days of yore; but where are the hands that built thy palace walls, and the eyes that gazed and admired the enchanting scenes and scenery around and within thy precincts? Where sleep the dust of thy haughty kings? In what mausoleum do their bones repose? This very morning thy gardener brought to me a bleached and whitened skull while I was gathering roses! I took it, and examined its aspect with intense curiosity, to discover who was its earthly tenant, whether it were Moorish king, or Moorish maiden. But that forsaken cranium could not tell the name of its owner, and thou art silent and voiceless. Thou canst not reveal the strange and marvelous scenes which thine eyes have seen! But all that secret history is written! It will be read. It is on record in the imperial archives of heaven. We will not question further this voiceless palace of ancient days! Reader, pardon this apostrophe digression? We breathe a Moorish atmosphere, and could not help it. We frequently overheard ourself talking to King Boabdil for a month after leaving Granada, although he died in exile in Africa three hundred years ago.

Let us next enter the palace of the Alhambra. It is the most perfect specimen of Moorish magnificence which the world contains. Passing through an oblong court with a colonnade at each end, we enter the court of lions. It is a beautiful specimen of Moorish taste. It is surrounded with one hundred and forty white marble pillars. In the center is a fountain supported by thirteen lions. Upon the alabaster bowl which the lions support are Moorish inscriptions. One is

as follows: "Beautiful is the stream which flows from my bosom; thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mohammed. His generosity excels the strength of the lion." From the court of lions passages lead into varied halls. The hall of the ambassadors, or audience-chamber, is one of them. Another is the bed-chamber of the King and Queen. There also are two alcoves for their separate beds, with pillars in front of them. In the middle of the chamber is a marble fountain. Adjoining this room are two baths. But the boudoir of the Queen is in the circular tower above, and commands a most enchanting prospect. In the Queen's garden adjoining was every thing beautiful in its time. One inscription gives an idea of the garden's view of itself, and runs thus: "The beauty and excellence that are in me, proceed from Mohammed! His goodness surpassed all things past, and all that are to come. Among five stars, three turn pale beside his superior brightness. My master gives brightness to the murkiest atmosphere. The stars sicken with love for him. To them he communicates the perfume of plants, and the sweet odor of virtues. Their business is to enlighten the firmament, else would they dart down from their places and seek his presence. The marble softens at his voice, and the light of his eyes scatters darkness. Where is there a garden like unto this? Its verdure and its fragrance excel all others, and its freshness is diffused all around."

Let us next enter the renowned hall of the Abencerages. It was the scene of a terrible tragedy. In the year 1491, when Abdali was king, two great families, the Gomels and the Zegris, conspired the ruin of the Abencerages, the greatest of the Moorish families. To effect this, they invented a tale, by which they fixed dishonor upon the Queen, and connected it with Abin Hamit, the chief of the family. The King in his fury resolved to extirpate the whole family. They were sent for to the Alhambra, one by one. The moment they entered, each one was beheaded beside the alabaster vase, which you see standing there. It was filled, and overflowed with blood. Thirty-five of the family fell victims. But the rest being warned by a page who escaped, aroused and enlisted the city of Granada in their cause—broke into the palace and slew many of the Gomels and the Zegris,

who defended the King, who took refuge in the mosque near by. The conquest and fall of Granada soon followed. But we must not linger even among these historic scenes and saloons of the Alhambra.

Let us next walk up the heights to the palace of the Generalife. We had spent hours in its gardens, its colonnades, and in its magnificent apartments during our sojourn in Granada, previous to our morning reminiscence alluded to in our last. Let us enter and view this beautiful palace of the Generalife. Its name in Arabic signifies a pleasure-house. It was built by Omar, who in this delightful seclusion gave himself entirely to the enjoyments of music. Inscriptions abound on its walls. Read this on one of the arcades of the court:

"Charming palace! splendid art thou, and great as thou art splendid! All is bright around thee! Worthy art thou to be praised, for divinity is in all thy charms. Flowers adorn thy gardens. They nod upon their stalks, and fill the air with their sweet perfume. A breeze plays with the blossoms of the orange trees, and their delightful fragrance is wafted all around. Hark! voluptuous music mingles with the gentle rustling of the leaves. Sweet harmony! Verdure and flowers encompass me." And much more to the same effect, which we have not room to record.

The ancient cypress trees old as the Moors, are renowned as the spot where the Queen Sultana met her unfortunate lover, the Abencerage. The Generalife is a palace of waters. The waters of the Darro on their way down from the snow-melting summits of the Sierra, boil through the court under evergreen arches. Amid the heats of summer its cooling waters are made to murmur and dance through the interior of the palace. Portions of its crystal streams are made to enter the upper stories of the palace, and whirling around in marble basins at the foot of each staircase, pass down through hollow banisters on either hand from the top to the bottom of the palace. It is enriched with galleries of paintings, and works of art. This was the home, in retirement, of the unfortunate Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings.

Let us now descend to the gardens of the Alhambra, and call up to view the closing scenes in the history of the Moors and Moorish kings of Granada. Let us

stand again upon the battlements of the Alhambra. Let us fancy that we were standing here a few months previous to the discovery of America by Columbus. We have glided back along the track of centuries to gaze at Granada in its primeval grandeur. It is an immense city. It was nine miles in circumference. Its ramparts were defended by a thousand and thirty towers. It inclosed within its walls seventy thousand houses. Its inhabitants numbered nearly half a million. It had a standing army of sixty thousand. In 1491, the armies of Spain began the siege of Granada, for a last combined struggle, to conquer the Moors, and drive them out of Spain, after they had held possession for eight hundred years. For more than a year, Granada was defended by one hundred thousand men around her ramparts and defenses. But the day and hour of its downfall had come. On the second of January, 1492, the flags of the Moorish kings ceased forever to wave above the towers of the Alhambra, and the flag of Queen Isabella took its place. How fallen is Granada since that time from its primeval splendor! Its glory has departed long ages ago.

Let us hasten back now from our brief excursion into by-gone years, and go to the postern-gate beneath the tower, and pass down the winding stairs by which Boabdil made his final exit from the Alhambra, when he went to deliver up its keys to Queen Isabella. Here they are. We have passed down them before. But our descent is impeded. Its lower walls are in ruins. There is no exit. The foundation walls of the fortress have been here upheaved. By whom? By order of Marshal Sebastiani, the commander of the French armies here in 1810. He desolated the Alhambra. He mined and blew up eight of these Moorish towers. Models of art. We remember this man. We were in Paris in 1831, and saw the hotel of this same Marshal Sebastiani, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, nearly destroyed by an incensed populace, because he would not interpose the power of the French government to prevent the down-

fall of Warsaw. We thought of his own violence to the towers of the Alhambra. By a marked coincidence, we attended the funeral of this same Marshal Sebastiani at Paris in 1851. It was in the Hotel des Invalides. There was an immense military assemblage. The funeral obsequies were attended in the chapel adjoining where the old Napoleon sleeps, whose face embellishes our present ECLECTIC. The edifice was gorgeously draped with the old war-flags captured at Austerlitz and Marengo, etc., and the sad insignia of death and the grave. The old veterans and Marshals of France were there. The catafalque covering the coffin of Sebastiani was in the centre. Innumerable wax tapers burned. The ceremonies had begun. The deep, solemn strains of the funeral dirge poured down from the orchestra. We were sitting near the coffin, when the drapery took fire over the grand altar. The whole was soon in flames, and coffin, and catafalque, and every thing movable was tumbled and dragged out amid fire, and smoke, and confusion, ended only by a deluge of water from the fire-engines. The Imperial personage whose portrait imperializes this number of the ECLECTIC was present, and gave prompt and appropriate orders. We thought of the Alhambra and its attempted destroyer. Peace to his ashes! Pardon the episode.

Boabdil, the last Moorish King of Granada, took up his sad march across the Vega plains, and upon that hight yonder, some five miles distant, he turned and took a last lingering look at the distant towers and walls of the Alhambra, and so did we, but with far different feelings. He went to die in exile in Africa. We returned across the Atlantic to our home in America.

"On the lofty towers he gazes,
When far off upon the plain,
And without the expectation
Of beholding them again.
Beauteous Granada!
He mournfully cries,
Oh! pity my anguish
And list to my sighs!
Woe is me, Alhambra!"

From Colburn's New Monthly.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

POPE AT TWICKENHAM.

Beyond a hundred years and more,
A garden lattice like a door
Stands open in the sun,
Admitting fitful winds that set
Astir the fragrant mignonette
In waves of speckled dun :

Sweet waves, above whose odorous flow
Red roses bud, red roses blow,
In beds that gem the lawn—
Enameled rings and stars of flowers.
By summer beams and vernal showers,
From earth nutritious drawn.

Within the broad bay-window, there—
Lo! huddled in his easy-chair,
One hand upon his knee,
A hand so thin, so wan, so frail,
It tells of pains and griefs a tale—
A small bent form I see.

The day is fair, the hour is noon,
From neighboring thicket trills the boon
The nuthatch yields in song:
All drenched with recent rains, the leaves
Are dripping—drip the sheltering eaves,
The dropping notes among.

And twinkling diamonds in the grass
Show where the fitting zephyrs pass,
That shake the green blades dry:
And golden radiance fills the air,
And gilds the floating gossamer,
That glints and trembles by.

Yet; blind to each familiar grace,
Strange anguish on his pallid face,
And eyes of dreamful hue,
That lonely man sits brooding there,
Still huddled in his easy-chair,
With memories life will rue.

Where bay might crown that honored head,
A homely crumpled night-cap spread,
Half veils the careworn brows:
In morning-gown of rare brocade
His puny shrunken shape arrayed,
His sorrowing soul avows—

Avows in every drooping line,
Dejection words not thus define
So eloquent of woe;
Yet never to those mournful eyes
The heart's full-brimming fountains rise
Sweet tears to overflow.

No token here of studied grief,
But plainest signs that win belief,
A simple scene and true.
Beside the mourner's chair displayed,
The matin meal's slight comforts laid
The trimly board bestrew.

'Mid silvery sheen of burnished plate,
The chilled and tarnished chocolate
On snow-white damask stands:
Untouched the trivial lures remain
In dainty pink-tinged porcelain,
Still ranged by usual hands.

A drowsy bee above the cream
Hums loitering in the sunny gleam
That tips each rim with gold.
A checkered maze of light and gloom
Floats in the quaintly littered room
With varying charms untold.

Why sits that silent watcher there,
Still brooding with that face of care—
That gaze of tearless pain?
What bonds of woe his spirit bind—
What treasure lost can leave behind
Such stings within his brain?

He dreams of one who lies above,
He never more in life can love—
That mother newly dead:
He waits the artist-friend whose skill
Shall catch the angel-beauty still
Upon her features spread!

A reverent sorrow fills the air,
And makes a throne of grief the chair
Where filial genius mourns:
Death proving still, at direst need,
Life's scepter-wand—a broken reed,
Love's wreath—a crown of thorns!

EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON III.

THE leading portrait embellishment of our present number is the living Emperor of France. His name, his character, his position, on an imperial throne give interest to his portrait. Perhaps, upon the life of no man living does so much depend, of political and national importance. As our last number was embellished with the portrait of the Empress, it seems fitting that next in order, the Emperor should appear on our monthly stage. We hope our readers will be pleased with our embellishments and with the following biographical sketch of Napoleon III.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON III., Emperor of France, is the third and youngest son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and of Hortense Eugenie, daughter of the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon I., by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnais. He was born in Paris, at the palace of the Tuileries, on the twentieth of April, 1808. His father Louis was the fourth in age of the brothers of the Emperor; but Napoleon I., by the imperial edicts of 1804 and 1805, set aside the usual order of descent, and declared the succession to the imperial crown to lie in the family of his brother Louis. Louis Napoleon was the first prince born under the imperial rule in the direct line of succession, and his birth was in consequence announced throughout the Empire by discharges of artillery and other solemnities. At his baptism, in 1810, the sponsors were the Emperor and the Empress, Maria Louisa. From his infancy the young prince resided with his mother, and his education was conducted under her superintendence. Until the abdication of Napoleon, with whom she was always in great favor, Hortense resided at Paris, where she had an hotel and a princely household, and went by the title of Queen of Holland, though her husband was no longer king. She was in fact separated, though not divorced from her husband. Whilst Napoleon was at Elba, Louis Bonaparte instituted a suit in the courts at Paris to have his sons removed

from their mother's charge and restored to him; but the Emperor's return put a stop to the proceedings, and henceforth the children remained under the charge of their mother. During the Hundred Days she resided at the Tuileries, and did the honors of Napoleon's court. At the great assemblage on the Champ-de-Mai, Napoleon presented his nephew Louis Napoleon, then seven years old, to the soldiers and to the deputies; and the scene is said to have left a deep and abiding impression on the memory and the imagination of the boy. After the battle of Waterloo, Hortense and her sons attended Napoleon in his retirement at Malmaison. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons she made a visit to Bavaria, but being forced to quit Germany, she retired to Switzerland, residing first at Constance, and subsequently, in 1816, at the estate she had purchased of Arenenburg in the canton of Thurgau. Here she used with her sons to spend the summers; the winters she passed in Rome, at the Villa Borghese, which belonged to her sister-in-law Pauline. Her sons had thus opportunities of observing very different forms of government, and forming extensive connections with politicians and political adventurers both in Switzerland and Italy—opportunities which the young Louis Napoleon by no means neglected.

The scholastic education of Louis Napoleon was conducted under the direction of M. Lebas. He was for a time a student in the military college at Thun, and is said to have made much progress in the art of gunnery. In these years he also made several pedestrian tours, knapsack on shoulder, among the wilder parts of Switzerland.

On the revolution of 1830, Louis Napoleon memorialized Louis Philippe for permission to return to France, offering to serve as a common soldier in the national army. The request was peremptorily refused; and the government of Rome fancying that a meeting of the Bonaparte family in that city had a political tend-

ency, Louis Napoleon and his brother were ordered to quit the papal territory. They retired to Tuscany, and at once united themselves with the Italian revolutionary party. In the insurrectionary movement of 1831, both the brothers took an active part; and under General Sercognani they shared in the victories gained over the papal troops. But the interference of Austria and France soon put an end to the progress of the popular arms. The elder brother, Napoleon, died at Pesaro, a victim to fatigue and anxiety, March, twenty-seventh, 1831; but Louis Napoleon succeeded, though with much difficulty, in escaping from Italy, and with his mother returned to the château of Arenenburg. Here he settled quietly for a while, obtained letters of naturalization as a citizen of the canton of Thurgau, and pursued steadily his military and political studies.

But a new career was gradually unfolding itself before him. His eldest brother died in infancy; the second, as we have seen, died in 1831; and in 1832 the only son of the Emperor, now known as Napoleon II., but then as the Duke of Reichstadt, also died. Louis Napoleon had thus become, according to the decree of 1804, the immediate heir to the Emperor. Thenceforward the restoration of the empire, and the Napoleon dynasty in his person, became the predominant idea of his life. He labored hard, not only to fit himself for the lofty post his ambition led him to believe he should at no distant period occupy, but also to impress his countrymen with his views, and to accustom them to associate his name with the future. He now published his first work, *Political Reviews*, in which the necessity of the Emperor to the state is assumed throughout as the sole means of uniting republicanism with the genius and the requirements of the French people.

At length he fancied the time had arrived for attempting to carry his great purpose into effect. He had become convinced that the French people were tired of their citizen king, and that it only needed a personal appeal on the part of the heir of the great Napoleon to rally the nation around his standard. He had obtained assurances of support from military officers and others; and finally at a meeting in Baden he secured the aid of Colonel Vaudry, the commandant of ar-

tillery in the garrison of Strasburg. His plan was to obtain possession of that fortress, and with the troops in garrison, who he doubted would not readily join him, to march directly on Paris, which he hoped to surprise before the government could make sufficient preparations to resist him. Having made all necessary preparations, on the morning of the thirtieth of October, 1836, the signal was given by sound of trumpet, and Colonel Vaudry presented the Prince to the regiment, assembled in the square of the artillery barracks, telling the soldiers that a great revolution was begun, and that the nephew of their Emperor was before them. The soldiers who heard the address received him with acclamation; some of his partisans had secured the prefect and other civil officers; and for a few minutes all seemed prospering. But the commanders of the other regiments were true to their duty. One of them denounced the Prince as an impostor, and the soldiers hesitated. Louis was separated from his friends and hurried off a prisoner, and the affair was speedily at an end.

His mother, on the instant of hearing of his arrest, hastened to Paris, and her appeals, and perhaps the want of sympathy which the Parisians exhibited, induced the King to treat the aspirant to his throne with singular forbearance. The only punishment inflicted was banishment from France. He was accordingly embarked on board a ship bound for the United States. He remained in the New World but a comparatively short time, though in that time he traveled over a considerable space in South as well as in North-America. Hearing of the illness of his mother, he hastened back to Europe, and was with her at her death, which occurred at Arenenberg, October fifth, 1837. Hortense Bonaparte was devotedly attached to her son, and her affection was warmly returned. She was a woman of ardent feelings and of considerable mental powers. She was also fond of music, and composed several airs which have been much admired.

Louis Napoleon now set himself, by means of the press, to defend his conduct in regard to the affair at Strasburg, and the government of France, fearing the effect of his pertinacity, demanded his extradition from Switzerland. The cantons at first refused to comply, and expressed a determination to uphold his rights as a

citizen of Thurgau. But Louis Philippe sent an army to enforce his demands, and Louis Napoleon, not wishing to involve Switzerland in difficulty, withdrew to England. Here for a couple of years he led the life apparently of a man of pleasure, but he was really revolving his lofty schemes, though he had as yet formed but a very inadequate notion of the obstacles which had to be overcome. In 1839 he published in London his famous *Idées Napoléoniennes* a remarkable illustration of the intensity of his own grand thought. In August, 1840, he sailed from Margate in a hired steamer, accompanied by Count Montholin, the attendant of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, a retinue of about fifty persons, and a tame eagle. He landed on the morning of the sixth of August at Boulogne, and marching with his followers straight to the barracks, he summoned the few troops there to join him, or surrender. The soldiers did neither, and Louis Napoleon retreated to the hill on which stands the Napoleon column. Meanwhile the garrison mustered under arms, a few shots were fired, and the Prince, in attempting to get back to the steamer, was arrested with most of his followers.

This time the government was less placable. Louis Napoleon was brought for trial before the House of Peers on a charge of treason. Berryer appeared as his advocate, and defended him with boldness and eloquence. The Prince himself made a speech, exhibiting great firmness and resolution. He was found guilty of a conspiracy to overturn the government, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a French fortress. He was sent to Ham, and there he remained till May, 1846, when, in the dress of a workman, he succeeded, by the assistance of Dr. Conneau, the present court physician, in effecting his escape. Once more he took refuge in England. The revolution of February, 1848, found him ready to avail himself of any favorable circumstances. But he had learned caution, and he bided his time.

He had not to wait long. The vast power still remaining in the name of Napoleon had been shown in the unbounded enthusiasm every where displayed on the restoration to France of the body of the great Emperor, and Louis Napoleon's partisans had taken care to keep the nephew of the Emperor prominently be-

fore the public eye. At the election of deputies to the National Assembly in June, 1848, Louis Napoleon was chosen for the department of the Seine, and three other departments. The Prince applied to take his seat. M. Lamartine on the twelfth of June moved the adoption of a decree banishing Louis Napoleon from France. A warm debate ensued, and Paris got into a state of great excitement. The discussion was renewed on the next day, and ended in the admission of the Prince, by a great majority, to take his seat in the assembly. At the next election he was returned by an immense majority for the department of the Seine and five other departments. He took his seat on the twenty-sixth of September.

Louis Napoleon's election as President, for a term ending May, 1852, followed in December. From the moment of his election to this office he took a much more decided stand than either of those who had preceded him as head of the executive. There were symptoms of red republican discontent, but they were speedily checked. The contest with the legislative assembly was more important and of longer continuance. But the Prince-president was looking to popular support, and he soon found the means of winning public favor by his progresses through the country, his sounding and significant addresses, and the desire he constantly expressed for the exaltation of France in the eyes of the surrounding nations. His dismissal, at the beginning of 1851, of a man so able and so popular as Changarnier from the command of the army in Paris, showed that he would not permit himself to be bearded with impunity; and rash as it might at first glance seem, it served to strengthen his position. He was met apparently by an equally firm resolution in the National Assembly, who, after repeatedly expressing want of confidence in his ministers, proceeded on the tenth of February, 1851, by a majority of one hundred and two, to reject the President's Dotation Bill. In November the President sent a message to the assembly proposing to restore universal suffrage, and in accordance with the message a bill was introduced by the ministers, but thrown out by a small majority. The contest was hastening to a close. In a public speech the President had denounced the assembly as obstructive of all amelior-

atory measures, and a government journal now plainly accused that body of conspiracy against the Prince-President, and of designing to make Changarnier military Dictator. Paris was filled with troops. It was evident some decided measure was at hand. The leaders of the Assembly hesitated, and their cause was lost. On the second of December the Prince-President issued a decree dissolving the Legislative Assembly; declaring Paris in a state of siege; establishing universal suffrage; proposing the election of a President for ten years, and a second Chamber or Senate. In the course of the night one hundred and eighty members of the Assembly were placed under arrest, and M. Thiers and other leading statesmen, with Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, etc., were seized and sent to the castle of Vincennes. This was the famous *coup d'état*: it was eminently successful, and an occasion of fearful slaughter. Numerous other arrests and banishments occurred subsequently. On the twentieth and twenty-first of December a "plebiscite," embodying the terms of the decree, with the name of Louis Napoleon as President, was adopted by the French people, the numbers, according to the official statement, being 7,439,216 in the affirmative and 640,737 negative. A decree, published on the day of the official announcement of the vote, restored the imperial eagles to the national colors and to the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In January the new constitution was published; the National Guard reorganized; and the titles of the French nobility restored.

It soon became evident that the restoration of the empire was only a matter of time. Petitions which had been presented to the Senate were printed in the newspapers, praying for the establishment of the hereditary sovereign power in the Bonaparte family; cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" were heard in every public ceremonial in which the President took part; and at length the President himself, in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, declared that "the empire is peace." On the twenty-first and twenty-second of November, the people were convoked to accept or reject a "plebiscite," resuscitating the imperial dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon, with hereditary in his direct legitimate or adoptive descendants. The affirmative

was declared to be voted by 7,864,189 to 231,145. The Prince, in formally accepting the imperial dignity, assumed the title of Napoleon III. The new Emperor was at once acknowledged by England, and subsequently, though not till after a greater or less delay, by the other leading powers of Europe.

The career of the Emperor is too recent to require to be related in detail. As is well known, it has hitherto been a career of unbroken prosperity. In the January following his acceptance of the empire, he married Eugenie, Comtesse de Téba, a lady who had the good fortune to win general popularity, before she presented the Emperor and the nation with an "Enfant de France." From the first, as President as well as Emperor, Napoleon displayed a strong desire to draw closer the alliance with Great Britain. The feeling was warmly reciprocated in this country, and the aggression of Russia, by leading the two powers to unite their arms in resistance to the outrage, has served to render the union as ardent as such a union could possibly be. Should it be as lasting as it is ardent, and as for the common good of the two countries it is most earnestly to be desired it may be, it can not fail to form one of the most abiding glories of the reign of Napoleon. In March, 1854, France, in conjunction with England, declared war against Russia, and the soldiers of the two countries have stood side by side, winning equal renown, in many a famous field. As was to be expected, in a war against such a colossal empire, the war has proved a long and costly one. But the very expenditure rendered necessary by it has served to show in the most striking manner the deep hold the Emperor has on the regard of the French people. It became necessary for the French government in December, 1854, to ask for a loan of 500,000,000 francs: in ten days 2,175,000,000 were subscribed.

Another loan was required in the following July, of 750,000,000 francs, (£30,000,000,) the amount subscribed was 3,652,591,985 francs, (£146,103,680,) or nearly five times the amount required, and of this no less than 231,920,155 francs were made up of subscriptions of fifty francs and under.

In April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress visited England, and in the following August Queen Victoria and Prince Albert

visited Paris; and in each country the reception of the respective sovereigns was of the most splendid, and with the people of the most enthusiastic character. In May, 1855, the Emperor opened a Temple of Concord, the grand Exposition of the arts and industry of all nations, which had the effect of attracting to Paris the largest number of visitors almost ever known

there. Paris itself too has been improved by new streets of almost unrivaled architectural splendor.

In March, 1856, the conferences for negotiating a peace between the Western Powers and Russia opened at Paris. And on the sixteenth of the same month, the Emperor was made happy by the birth of a son and an heir to the imperial crown.

NAPOLEON AND THE CONCORDAT.

PARTLY as a historical and partly as a portrait embellishment, we place in the foreground of this number the engraved scene of Napoleon and the Pope discussing the principles and terms of the celebrated Concordat. In connection with that event it will interest the reader. The scene and the interview took place in one of the saloons of the Palace of Fontainebleau. We visited the apartment long years ago, while the imperial throne of Napoleon, with his chair of state upon it, and his bed, with all its furniture, remained in place—interesting relics of the first empire. Napoleon had designed to make Paris the Capital of the Roman world with the Pope as his Imperial High Priest, and was vexed at his inability to remove the colossal edifice of St. Peter's to Paris. He was mortified with the bad taste of Notre Dame.

But the disasters of the Russian campaign cut short these splendid projects, and awakened the Emperor to the necessity of immediately, and at all hazards, depriving his enemies of the powerful subject of invective which arose from his contention with, and open imprisonment of the head of the Church. Within a fortnight after his arrival at Paris, he commenced the attempt by sending to congratulate his holiness on the beginning of the year: Cardinal Doria was dispatched from Fontainebleau, to return the compliment. This led to an interchange of civilities, and the renewal of the negotiations between the two courts. The Bishop of

Nantes was intrusted with its direction on the part of Napoleon, and the Cardinals Doria and Dugnani on that of the Pope. When the negotiations were deemed sufficiently advanced to render the personal presence of the Emperor desirable, he appeared suddenly at Fontainebleau with the Empress Marie Louise, and immediately hastened to the apartments of the captive pontiff. Appearing to forget altogether that there had been any difference between them, he immediately embraced him, and, without touching on matters of business, spent the remainder of the evening in the most agreeable and varied conversation. No man possessed the art of fascination, when he chose to exert it, in a higher degree than Napoleon, or was more capable of dazzling the minds of his hearers by the charms of a seductive and entrancing discourse; and these powers proved more than a match at Fontainebleau for an aged pontiff, whose intellectual faculties had been weakened by a long captivity and protracted misfortunes. No violence was either required or employed: the Pope and his attendants, charmed with this unexpected change in their fortunes, speedily fell into the snare which was so skillfully decked with flowers; and, six days after his arrival, the Emperor had the satisfaction of seeing the signature of his holiness to a Concordat, which settled the principal points in dispute between the court of the Tuileries and the Holy See.

P O P E P I U S V I I .

THIS personage, who appears on the plate of this number with Napoleon I., had a somewhat remarkable history. He lived in stormy times. We have only room for a brief sketch to illustrate his portrait on the plate. Pope Pius VII. was of noble descent—was born at Cesena in 1740—became a Cardinal in 1785, Chiaramonti by name—was elected Pope March the thirteenth, 1800. Napoleon by the Concordat of 1801, restored Catholicism in France and bound Pius VII. to recognize the independence of the French Church.

In 1804 the Pope was induced to crown the Emperor at Paris, hoping, perhaps, to deter him from his purpose of extending the same principles of independence to Germany and Italy. In this effort Pius VII. had the mortification to fail, and as he still resisted the policy of the Emperor, the latter, in 1808 and 1809, united all the states of the Church to the French Empire, and on being excommunicated, arrested the Pope himself, and finally car-

ried him prisoner to Fontainebleau. Here, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1813, the Pope signed a Concordat granting all that Napoleon demanded, but retracted again, when the French soon after were expelled from Germany. He now temporized and awaited the issue of events, and was restored to his capital on the twenty-fourth of May, 1814, by the coalition of the Protestant states, with the house of Austria, against Bonaparte. In 1817 Pius VII. revoked the Concordat of 1801, and concluded a new one with the French crown. This year, also, he commenced the persecution of the secret societies of patriots, known as the Carbonari, but was a little deterred by the revolutions of 1820 and 1821 in Spain, Naples, and Piedmont; the patriots at the same time being soothed by the friendly disposition of Gonsalvi. Affairs were in this feverish state when the aged Pope died, as the result of an accident, on the twentieth of August, 1823.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

TELEGRAPH LINE TO INDIA.—It is stated that the telegraph between Constantinople and the Persian Gulf, so long promised by the Turkish Government, is making progress, and that the section from Constantinople to Bagdad (the principal part of the work) will be completed in a few months. Already a certain portion is in operation. If the submarine telegraph through the Persian Gulf, from Kurrachee to Bussorah, were in a state of preparation, we might thus hope for a new and independent communication with India. At present, even for the merely partial communication that exists, we are entirely dependent on the line through Egypt and Austria, or on that through Egypt, and thence by the Sardinian station at Cagliari. In the event of a continental war, the prospect of these routes remaining uninterrupted would be doubtful, and the statesmen responsible would then have to explain and justify their neglect of the alternative means.

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN DENMARK.—In Denmark they won't marry people who come to the Minister without each producing a certificate of vaccination. Certain English people were in the habit of running away to Denmark for the purpose of marrying deceased wives' sisters. Alas! they did not take their certificates of vaccination with them. Who would have dreamed of it? Well, the only solution of the difficulty was to be vaccinated again—regularly shedding one's heart's blood for love, you see—a thing more often talked about than done.—*From an article on Jenner, Leisure Hour.*

At the opening of Parliament her Majesty wore a skirt of white satin with stripes of gold, a tiara of diamonds, and a necklace composed of the same precious stones, her mantle and train being of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

